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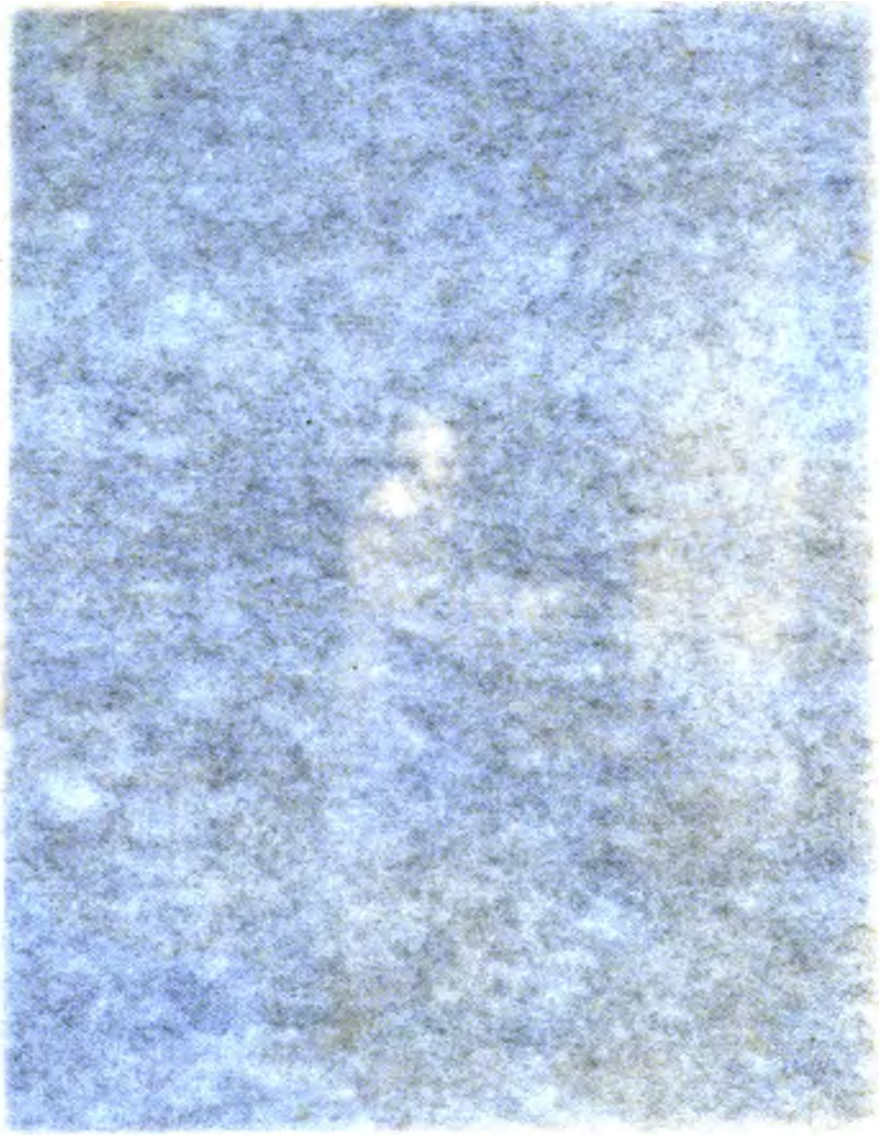
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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1853.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

From the Westminster Review.

JOHN KNOX.\*

THE Scotch Reformation in the sixteenth century is remarkable for an almost complete absence of the dubious and questionable features by which violent revolutions are so often disfigured. Less happy than the English, the Protestants of Scotland had no alternative between an armed resistance to the Government, and the destruction of themselves and their religion; and no body of people who have been driven to such resistance, were ever more temperate in the conduct of it, or more moderate in their use of victory. The problem which they had to solve was a simple one: it was to deliver themselves of a system which, when judged by the fruits of it, was evil throughout, and with which no good man was found any more to sympathize.

Elsewhere in Europe there was some life left in Catholicism; it was a real faith, by which sincere and earnest men were able to direct themselves, and whose consciences it was painful or perilous to wound by over-sweeping measures. In Scotland, it was

dead to the root, a mass of falsehood and corruption; and, having been endured to the last extremity, the one thing to be done with it, when endurance was no longer possible, was to take it utterly away.

So great a work was never executed with slighter loss of human life, or smaller injury to a country. It was achieved by the will of one man, who was the representative of whatever was best and noblest in the people to whom he belonged; and as in itself it was simple and straightforward, so of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

\* *The Life of John Knox.* By Thomas McCrie, D.D.

The struggle, therefore, was an illustration, on a large scale, of the ordinary difficulties of common men; and we might have expected, in consequence, to have found Knox better understood, and better appreciated, than almost any man who has played so large a part in history. There are no moral blemishes which we have to forgive, no difficulties of position to allow for. His conduct throughout was single, consistent, and direct; his character transparent to the most ordinary eye; and it is a curious satire upon modern historians, that ill as great men usually fare in their hands, Knox has fared the worst of all. A disturber of the peace, a bigot, a fanatic—these are the names which have been heaped upon him, with what ludicrous impropriety some one man in a million who had looked into the subject was perhaps aware, but the voices of these units, until very recent times, had little chance of being heard in remonstrance. The million, divided into Whig and Tory, could not afford to recognize the merit of a man who had outraged both traditions. The Tories hated him because he was disobedient to constituted authorities: the Whigs hated him because he was their *bête noire*, an intolerant Protestant; and the historians, ambitious of popularity, have been contented to be the exponents of popular opinion. There are symptoms, however, at the present time, of a general change for the better in such matters. In the collapse of the old political parties, and the increasing childishness of the ecclesiastical, the prejudices of the two last centuries are melting out from us, and we are falling everywhere back upon our common sense. The last fifty years have not past over our heads without leaving a lesson behind them; and we, too, in our way, are throwing off "the bondage of tradition," for better ascertained truths of fact. In contrast with the tradition, Mr. Carlyle has placed Knox by the side of Luther as the Hero Priest; and, more recently, (which is also no inconsiderable indication of the state of public feeling,) a cheap edition of Dr. M'Crie's excellent life of him has been brought out by Mr. Bohn,\* in the belief that there is now sufficient interest in the subject to justify the risk. Let us hope that these are real signs of the growth of a more wholesome temper, and that before any very long time has elapsed, some judgment will have

been arrived at, which will better bear the test of time than that which has hitherto passed current. As far as it goes, M'Crie's book is thoroughly good; it is manly, earnest, and upright; and, in the theological aspect of the subject, it leaves nothing to be desired, except, indeed, a little less polemical asperity. But a history written from a theological point of view, if not incorrect, is necessarily inadequate; and, although the soundness of Dr. M'Crie's understanding has gone far to remedy the unavoidable deficiency, yet the account of John Knox which shall tell us fully and completely what he was, and what place he fills in history, remains to be written.

He was born at Haddington, in the year 1505. His family, though not noble, were solid substantial landowners, who, for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably at Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even of the first eight and thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of a weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study: for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever know-

\* Why does not Mr. Bohn republish Knox's own "History of the Reformation" for us in the same form?

ledge was to be obtained out of books concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

The national traditions of Scotland, which for some centuries held it together in some sort of coherence, in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; the organic life of it as a separate independent nation died there; and the anarchy which followed, during the long minority of James V., resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer and closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was, that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth a preparation, produced, as might have been anticipated, as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.

The high ecclesiastics, the bishops and archbishops, being, in almost all cases, the younger sons, or else the illegitimate sons, of the great nobles, were brought up in the same way, and presented the same features of character, except that a certain smoothness and cunning were added to the compound, which overlaid the fierce sensuality below the surface. Profligate they were to a man; living themselves like feudal chiefs, their mistresses were either scattered at the houses of their retainers, or openly maintained with themselves; and so little shame was attached to such a life, that they brought up their children, acknowledging them as their own, and commonly had them declared legitimate by act of parliament. So high an example was naturally not unfollowed by the inferior clergy. Concubinage was all but universal among them, and, by general custom, the son of the parish priest succeeded to his father's benefice. Enormously wealthy, for half the land of Scotland, in one way or another, belonged to them, of duty as attaching to their position they appear to have had no idea whatsoever; further than that the Masses, for the sins of themselves and the lay lords, were carefully said and paid for. Teaching or preaching there was none; and the more arduous obligations of repentance and practical amendment of life were dispensed with by

the convenient distribution of pardons and absolutions.

For the poor, besides these letters of pardon, the bishops it appears provided letters of cursing, which might or might not be of material benefit to them. "Father," said a village farmer to Friar Airth, one of the earliest reforming preachers, "can you resolve a doubt which has risen among us: What servant will serve a man best on least expense?"—"The good angel," answered the friar, "who makes great service without expense."—"Tush," said the gossip, "we mean no such great matters. What honest man will do greatest service for least expense?" and while the friar was musing, "I see, father," he said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops serve us husbandmen? will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleepin' boy that will have three shillin' of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year?"

Such were the duties of ministers of religion in Scotland in the first half of the sixteenth century; and such was the spiritual atmosphere into which Knox, by his ordination, was introduced. If ever system could be called the mother of ungodliness, this deserved the title. What poor innocent people there may have been in the distant Highland glens, who still, under the old forms, really believed in a just and holy God, only He knows; none such appear upon the surface of history; nothing but evil—evil pure and unadulterated. Nowhere in Europe was the Catholic Church as it was in Scotland. Lying off remote from all eyes, the abuses which elsewhere were incipient, were there full blown, with all their poison fruits ripened upon them. "The Church, the Church," said Dean Annan to Knox, "ye leave us no Church."—"Yes," answered he, "I have read in David of the church of the malignants. *Odi ecclesiam malignantium*; if this church ye will be, I cannot hinder you."

But as long as it continued, it answered too well the purposes of those who profited by it, to permit them to let it be assailed with impunity; and when we say, "profited by it," we do not mean in the gross and worldly sense of profit, but we speak rather of the inward comfort and satisfaction of mind which they derived from it. It is a mistake to suppose that such a religion was a piece of conscious hypocrisy. These priests and bishops, we have no doubt, did really believe that there were such places as Heaven and



Hell, and their religion was the more dear to them in proportion to their sinfulness, because it promised them a sure and easy escape from the penalties of it. By a singular process of thought, which is not uncommon among ourselves, they imagined the value of the Mass to be dependent on the world's belief in it; and the Reformers who called it an idol, were not so much supposed to be denying an eternal truth, as to be spoiling the virtue of a convenient talisman. No wonder, therefore, that they were angry with them; no wonder that they thought any means justifiable to trample out such pernicious enemies of their peace. For a time, the Protestant preachers only made way among the common people, and escaped notice by their obscurity. As the profligacy of the higher clergy increased, however, they attracted more influential listeners; and at last, when one of the Hamiltons came back from Germany, where he had seen Luther, and began himself to preach, the matter grew serious. The Archbishop of Glasgow determined to strike a decisive blow, and, arresting this young nobleman, he burnt him in the Glasgow market-place, on the last of February, 1527. He had hoped that one example would be sufficient, but the event little answered his expectations. "The reek of Mr. Patrick Hamilton," as some one said to him, "infected as many as it did blow upon," and it soon became necessary to establish a regular tribunal of heresy. Of the scenes which took place at the trials, the following is not, perhaps, an average specimen, but that such a thing could have occurred at all, furnishes matter for many curious reflections.

A certain Alexander Ferrier, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish and had been kept seven years in England, found on his return that "the priest had entertained his wife, and consumed his substance the while." Being over loud in his outcries, he was accused of being a heretic, and was summoned before the bishops: when, instead of pleading to the charges against himself, he repeated his own charges against the priest:—

"And for God's cause," he added, "will ye take wives of your own, that I and others, whose wives ye have abused, may be revenged upon you." Then Bishop Gavin Dunbar, thinking to justify himself before the people, said, "Carle, thou shalt not know my wife." The said Alexander answered, "My lord, ye are too old, but with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart." And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughing of some: for the bishop had a daughter, married with Andrew Balfour in the same town. Then, after divers purposes, they

commanded him to burn his bill, and he demanding the cause, said, "Because ye have spoken the articles whereof ye are accused." His answer was, "The muckle devil bear them away that first and last spake them;" and so he took the bill and chewing it, he spit it in Mr. Andrew Oliphant's face, saying, "Now burn it or drown it, whether ye will, ye shall hear no more of me. But I must have somewhat of every one of you to begin my pack again, which a priest and a priest's whore have spent," and so every prelate and rich priest, glad to be rid of his evil tongue, gave him somewhat, and so departed he, for he understood nothing about religion."—*Knox, Hist.* p. 16.

Knox tells the story so dramatically, that he was probably present. He had gone to the trial perhaps, taking his incipient doubts with him, to have them satisfied by high authority. Lists of obnoxious persons, containing several hundred names, were presented to the king, and at one time a sort of consent was extracted from him: but there was a generosity of nature about James which would not let him do wrong for any length of time, and he recalled the permission which he had given before any attempt had been made to execute it. Profligate himself, and indifferent to the profligacy of others, his instincts taught him that it was not for such princes as he was, or such prelates as those of his church, to indulge in persecution; and as long as he lived the sufferings of the Protestants, except at rare intervals, were never very great. The example of England, and the spoliation of the abbey lands now in rapid progress there, forbade the bishops to venture on a quarrel with him, he might so easily be provoked into following a similar course: and for a time they thought it more prudent to suspend their proceedings, and let things take their way.

So the two parties grew on, watching one another's movements; the Reformation spreading faster and faster, but still principally among the commons and the inferior gentlemen; the church growing every day more fruitful in wickedness, and waiting for its opportunity to renew the struggle. The Protestants showed no disposition to resent their past ill treatment; they were contented to stand on their defence, and only wished to be let alone. We are apt to picture them to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim MacBriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives; and the temper in which they set about it

was quiet, simple, and unobtrusive; a certain broad humorous kindliness shows in all their movements, the result of the unconscious strength which was in them; they meddled with no one, and with nothing; the bishops were welcomed to their revenues and their women; they envied them neither the one nor the other; they might hate the sin, but they could pity the sinner, and with their seraglios and their mitres these great, proud men, believing themselves to be the successors of the apostles, were rather objects of compassionate laughter. Naturally they recoiled from their doctrines when they saw the fruits of them, but desirous only to live justly and uprightly themselves, and to teach one another how best to do it, they might fairly claim to be allowed to go on in such a purpose without interference; and those who chose to interfere with them were clearly responsible for any consequences which might ensue.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James's death, before he finally left the Catholic church. He must then have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and that he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory, that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself forward; he settled down to plain quiet work as a private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this: an ambitious man with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird. Whatever be the real account of him, we must not look for it in dispositions such as these. But we are now coming to the time when he was called upon to show what he was.

The death of James was followed by a complication of intrigues, which terminated in the usurpation of the supreme power by Cardinal Beaton, the nominal authority being left to the regent—the foolish, incompetent

Earl of Arran. Cardinal Beaton, who was the ablest, as well as the most profligate of the prelates, had long seen that if the Reformation was to be crushed at all it was time to do it. The persecution had recommenced after the death of the king; but the work was too important to be left in the hands of the hesitating Arran. And Beaton, supported by a legatine authority from Rome, and by the power of the French court, took it into his own hands. The queen-mother attached herself to his party, to give his actions a show of authority; and with law, if possible, and if not, then without law, he determined to do what the interests of the church required. At this crisis, George Wishart, a native Scotchman, who had been persecuted away a few years before by the Bishop of Brechin, and had since resided at Cambridge, reappeared in Scotland, and began to preach. He was by far the most remarkable man who had as yet taken part in the Protestant movement, and Knox at once attached himself to him, and accompanied him on a preaching mission through Lothian, carrying, we find (and this is the first characteristic which we meet with of Knox), a two-handed sword, to protect him from attempts at assassination. They were many weeks out together; Wishart field-preaching, as we should call it, and here is one little incident from among his adventures, which will not be without interest:

"One day he preached for three hours by a dyke on a muir edge, with the multitude about him. In that sermon, God wrought so wonderfully by him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Lawrence Ranken, Laird of Shiel, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance, that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all time to come."

Surely that is very beautiful: reminding us of other scenes of a like kind fifteen hundred years before: and do not let us think it was noisy rant of doctrine, of theoretic formulas; like its antitype, like all true preaching, it was a preaching of repentance, of purity and righteousness. It is strange, that the great cardinal papal legate, representative of the vicar of Christ, could find nothing better to do with such a man than to kill him; such, however, was what he resolved on doing, and after murder had been tried and had failed, he bribed the Earl of Bothwell to seize him and send him prisoner to St. Andrew's. Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was be-

fore him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate; but Wishart forced him away. "Nay," he said, "return to your bairns; one is sufficient for a sacrifice."

It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle; the cardinal himself, the archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded with in the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious, it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many—but this one will, for the present, be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal; and the execution was, therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings, does not alter the character of them; it appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal, the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes, he must be held to have deserved. It is necessary to keep this in view, if we are to bring our judgment to bear fairly on what followed. When governments are unwilling or unable to enforce the established law, we are thrown back upon those moral instincts on which rightly understood law itself is founded, and those who feel most keenly the horrors of great crimes, are those who, in virtue of that feeling, are the appointed avengers of them. We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter; it was now the beginning of summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

"Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th

of May, the gates being open, and the drawbridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking? who answered, 'No,'—and so it was indeed; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of physic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and ~~the~~ workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They addressed them to the middle of the closs, and immediately came John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him."

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire, forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself; and then he continues:

"The cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest—I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Carmichael. But James Melvin—a man of nature, most gentle, and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest—I am a priest—fie, fie, all is gone.'"

"The foulest crime," exclaims Chalmers, "which ever stained a country." \* \* \* "It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, "to consider the joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

"Expectes eadem summo minimoque poetâ,"

even those most favorable to the Reformers,

not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative: if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

The regent, who had been careless for Wishart, was eager to revenge Beaton. The little "forlorn hope of the Reformation" was blockaded in the castle; and Knox, who, as Wishart's nearest friend, was open to suspicion, and who is not likely to have concealed his opinion of what had been done, although he had not been made privy to the intention, was before long induced to join them. His life was in danger, and he had thought of retiring into Germany; but the Lord of Ormiston, whose sons were under his care, and who was personally connected with the party in the castle, persuaded him to take refuge there, carrying his pupils with him. Up to this time he had never preached, nor had he thought of preaching; but cast in the front of the battle as he was now, the time was come when he was to know his place, and was to take it. The siege was indefinitely protracted. The castle was strong, and supplies were sent by sea from England. The garrison was strengthened by adventurers, who, for one motive or another, gathered in there, and the regent could make no progress towards reducing them. The town of St. Andrews was generally on their side, and, except when it was

occupied by the regent's soldiers, was open to them to come and go. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Knox was often with his boys in the church, and used to lecture and examine them there. It attracted the notice of the townspeople, who wished to hear more of the words of such a man. The castle party themselves, too, finding that they had no common person among them, joined in the same desire: and as—being a priest—there could be no technical objection to his preaching, by a general consent he was pressed to come forward in the pulpit. The modern associations with the idea of preaching will hardly give us an idea of what it was when the probable end of it was the stake or the gibbet; and although the fear of stake or gibbet was not likely to have influenced Knox, yet the responsibility of the office in his eyes was, at least, as great as the danger of it, and he declined to "thrust himself where he had no vocation." On which there followed a very singular scene in the chapel of the castle. In the eyes of others his power was his vocation, and it was necessary to bring him to a consciousness of what was evident to every one but himself. On Sunday, after the sermon, John Rough, the chaplain, turned to him as he was sitting in the body of the chapel, and calling him by his name, addressed him thus:—

"Brether, ye shall not be offended, albeit, that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this. In the name of God, and of his son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation; but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his grace with you."

Then, turning to the rest of the assembly, he asked whether he had spoken well. They all answered that he had, and that they approved.

"Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in the most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behavior from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any signs of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man many days together."

Again, we ask, is this the ambitious demagogue—the stirrer-up of sedition—the enemy of order and authority? Men have strange ways of accounting for what perplexes them. This was the call of Knox. It may seem a light matter to us, who have learnt to look on preaching as a routine operation in which only by an effort of thought we are able to stimulate an interest in ourselves. To him, as his after history showed, it implied a life-battle with the powers of evil, a stormy tempestuous career, with no prospect of rest before the long rest of the grave.

The remainder of this St. Andrews business is briefly told:—At the end of fifteen months the castle was taken by the French in the name of the regent; and the garrison, with John Knox among them, carried off as prisoners to the galleys, thenceforward the greater number of them to disappear from history. Let us look once more at them before they take their leave. They were very young men, some of them under twenty; but in them, and in that action of theirs, lay the germ of the after Reformation. It was not, as we said, a difference in speculative opinion, like that which now separates sect from sect, which lay at the heart of that great movement; the Scotch intellect was little given to subtlety, and there was nothing of sect or sectarianism in the matter. But as Cardinal Beaton was the embodiment of everything which was most wicked, tyrannical, and evil in the dominant Catholicism, so the conspiracy of these young men to punish him was the antecedent of the revolt of the entire nation against it, when the pollution of its presence could no longer be borne. They had done their part, and for their reward they were swept away into exile, with prospects sufficiently cheerless. They bore their fortune with something more than fortitude, yet again with no stoic grimness or fierceness; but, as far as we can follow them, with an easy, resolute cheerfulness. Attempts were made to force them to hear mass, but with poor effect, for their tongues were saucy, and could not be restrained. When the *Salve Regina* was sung on board the galley, the Scotch prisoners clapt on their bonnets. The story of the painted *Regina* which Knox, or one of them, pitched overboard is well-known. Another story of which we hear less, is still more striking. They had been at sea all night, and Knox, who was weak and ill, was fainting over his oar in the gray of the morning, when James Balfour, as the sun rose, touched his arm, and pointing over the water, asked him if he knew where he was. There was the white church-tower, and the white houses,

gleaming in the early sunlight, and all which was left standing of the Castle of St. Andrews. "I know it," he answered; "yes, I know it. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I shall not depart this life till my tongue again glorify his Name in that place." Most touching, and most beautiful. We need not believe, as some enthusiastic people believed, that there was anything preternatural in such a conviction. Love, faith, and hope, the great Christian virtues, will account for it. Love kept faith and hope alive in him, and he was sure that the right would prosper, and he hoped that he would live to see it. It is but a poor philosophy which, by comparison of dates and labored evidence that the words were spoken in one year and fulfilled so many years after, would materialize so fine a piece of nature into a barren miracle.

Such were the conspirators of St. Andrews, of whom we now take our leave to follow the fortunes of Knox. He remained in the galleys between three and four years, and was then released at the intercession of the English Government. At that time he was, of course, only known to them as one of the party who had been at the castle; but he was no sooner in England than his value was at once perceived, and employment was found for him. By Edward's own desire he was appointed one of the preachers before the court; and a London rectory was offered to him, which, however, he was obliged to refuse. England, after all, was not the place for him; nor the Church of England, such as, for political reasons, it was necessary to constitute that Church. Indeed he never properly understood the English character. A Church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the State; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that, to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic; which should at once be vague, and yet definite; diffident, and yet peremptory; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of a serious and earnest people; such a midge-madge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eye), suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it. The "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*" at which Calvin smiled, to him were not tolerable; and he shrank from identifying himself with so seemingly unreal a system, by ac-

cepting any of its higher offices. The force of his character, however, brought him into constant contact with the ruling powers; and here the extraordinary faculty which he possessed of seeing into men's characters becomes first conspicuous. At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons with whom he had to deal; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and to that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sate below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before or since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahitophel is counsellor; and Shebnah is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahitophel and Shebnah were both listening to his judgment of them: the first in the person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet Marquis of Winchester. The force which then must have been in him to have carried such a practice through, he, a poor homeless, friendless exile, without stay or strength, but what was in his own heart, must have been enormous. Nor is it less remarkable that the men whom he so roughly handled were forced to bear with him. Indeed they more than bore with him, for the Duke of Northumberland proposed to make him Bishop of Rochester, and had an interview with him on the subject, which, however, led to no conclusion; the duke having to complain that "he had found Mr. Knox neither grateful nor pleaseable:" the meaning of which was, that Knox, knowing that he was a bad, hollow-hearted man, had very uncourtously told him so. But upheld as he was by the personal regard of the young king, his influence was every day increasing, and it was probably in consequence of this that the further developments of Protestantism, which we know to have been in contemplation at the close of Edward's reign, were resolved upon. It is impossible to say how far such measures could have been carried out success-

fully, but we cannot think that it was for the interest of England that Knox, who had formed his notions of Catholicism from his experience of Scotland, should determine how much or how little of it should be retained in the English polity. Sooner or later it would have involved the country in a civil war, the issue of which, in the critical temper of the rest of Europe, could not have been other than doubtful; and it has been at all times the instinctive tendency of English statesmen to preserve the very utmost of the past which admits of preservation. The *Via Media Anglicana* was a masterpiece of statesmanship, when we consider the emergencies which it was constructed to meet; the very features in it which constitute its imbecility as an enduring establishment, being what especially adapted it to the exigencies of a peculiar crisis. A better scene for Knox's labors was found at Berwick, where he could keep up his communication with Scotland, and where the character of the English more nearly resembled that of his own people. Here he remained two years, and appealed afterwards, with no little pride, to what he had done in reining in the fierce and lawless border-thieves, and the soldiers of the English garrison, whose wild life made them almost as rough as the borderers themselves. For the time that he was there, he says himself, there was neither outrage nor license in Berwick. But he had no easy work of it, and whenever in his letters he speaks of his life, he calls it his "battle."

At Berwick, nevertheless, he found but a brief resting-place, and on the death of Edward, and the re-establishment of Catholicism, he had to choose whether he would fly again, or remain and die. He was a man too marked and too dangerous to hope for escape, while as an alien he had no relations in England to be offended by his death. In such a state of things we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated. Life was no pleasant place for him. He saw the whole body of the noblemen and gentlemen of England apostatize without an effort; and the Reformation gone, as it seemed, like a dream—Scotland was wholly French—the Queen in Paris, and betrothed to the Dauphin; with the persecution of Protestantism in full progress under the Archbishop of St. Andrews. And though his faith never failed him, the world appeared, for a time, to be given over to evil; martyrs, he thought, were wanted, "and he could never die in a more noble quarrel;" it was better that he should stay where he was, and "end his battle."



In this purpose, however, he was overruled by his friends, who, "partly by admonition, partly by tears, constrained him to obey, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan." He escaped into France, and thence into Germany; and after various adventures, and persecuted from place to place, he found a welcome and a home at last with Calvin, at Geneva. While in England he had been engaged to the daughter of a Mr. Bowes, a gentleman of family in the north, and with Mrs. Bowes, the mother, he now kept up a constant correspondence. These letters are the most complete exhibition of the real nature of Knox which remain to us. We cannot say what general readers will think of them. It will depend upon their notions of what human life is, and what the meaning is of their being placed in this world. It might be thought that, flying for his life into a strange country, without friends and without money, he would say something, in writing to the mother of his intended wife, of the way in which he had fared. She, too, we might fancy, would be glad to know that he was not starving; or, if he was, to know even that, in order that she might contrive some means of helping him. And afterwards, when he had found employment and a home at Geneva, we look for something about his prospects in life, his probable means of maintaining a family, and so on. To any one of ourselves in such a position, these things would be at least of some importance; but they were of none either to him or to his correspondent. The business of life, as they understood it, was to overcome the evil which they found in themselves; and their letters are mutual confessions of shortcomings and temptations. When Knox thinks of England, it is not to regret his friends or his comforts there, but only to reproach himself for neglected opportunities:—

"Some will ask," he writes, "why I did flee—assuredly I cannot tell—but of one thing I am sure, that the fear of death was not the cause of my fleeing. My prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again."

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself, he had been a mere coward:—

"This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man ex-

pressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcase, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly I ask my God mercy." . . . "And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favor, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vainglory had almost gotten the upper hand."

And again, with still more searching self-reproof:—

"I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolor for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity in which I did offend; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself (I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for professing Christ's truth; God has done great things for thee, delivering thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honorable vocation, and thy labors are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest rejoice and give praises to God. Oh, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it."

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be anything except a change of one evil for a worse. Who can judge others who has not judged himself? or who can judge for others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even "anathema for his brethren," he had better leave reforming alone.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to de-

aire which such a man as he could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die there. But news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage them. The queen-mother had manœuvred the regency into her own hand, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found everywhere a temporary respite from ill usage. It was a shortlived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

At the end of 1555, John Knox ventured to reappear there; and the seed which had been scattered eight years before, he found growing over all the Lowlands. The noble lords now came about him; the old Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, better known after as Earl of Murray, Lord Glencairn, the Erskines, and many others. It was no longer the poor commons and the townspeople; the whole nation appeared to be moving; much latent skepticism, no doubt, being quickened into conversion by the prospect of a share in the abbey-lands; but with abundance of real earnestness as well, which taught Knox what might really be hoped for. Knox himself, to whom, with an unconscious unanimity, they all looked for guidance, proceeded at once to organize them into form, and, as a first step, proposed that an oath should be taken by all who called themselves Protestants, never any more to attend the mass. So serious a step could not be taken without provoking notice; the Hamiltons patched up

their differences with the regent on the spot, and Knox was summoned before the Bishops' Court at Edinburgh to answer for himself. It was just ten years since they had caught Wishart and burned him; but things were changed now, and when Knox appeared in Edinburgh he was followed by a retinue of hundreds of armed gentlemen and noblemen. The bishops shrank from a collision, and did not prefer their charge; and, on the day which had been fixed for his trial, he preached in Edinburgh to the largest Protestant concourse which had ever assembled there. He was not courting rebellion, but so large a majority of the population of Scotland were now on the reforming side, that he felt—and who does not feel with him?—that, in a free country, the lawful rights of the people in a matter touching what they conceived to be their most sacred duty were not to be set aside and trampled upon any more by an illegal and tyrannical power. In the name of the people he now drew up his celebrated petition to the queen regent, begging to be heard in his defence, protesting against the existing ecclesiastical system, and the wickedness which had been engendered by it. It was written firmly but respectfully, and the regent would have acted more wisely if she had considered longer the answer which she made to it. She ran her eye over the pages, and turning to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was standing near her, she tossed it into his hands, saying, "Will it please you, my lord, to read a pasquil?"

"Madam," wrote Knox, when he heard of it, "if ye no more esteem the admonition of God, nor the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquils, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest."

It is the constant misfortune of governments that they are never able to distinguish the movements of just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. The sailor knows what to look for when the air is moaning in the shrouds; the fisherman sees the coming tempest in the heaving of the under-roll; but governments can never read the signs of the times, though they are written in fire before their eyes. For the present it was thought better that Knox should leave Scotland while his friends in the meantime organized themselves more firmly. To a grave and serious people civil war is the most desperate of remedies, and by his remaining at this moment it would have been inevitably precipitated. He was no sooner gone than the Archbishop of St. Andrews again sum-

moned him. He was condemned in his absence, and burned in effigy the next day at the market cross. But the people were no longer in the old mood of submission, and to this bonfire they replied with another. "The great idol" of Edinburgh, St. Giles, vanished off his perch in the rood-loft of the High Church, and, after a plunge in the North Loch, the next day was a heap of ashes. The offenders were not forthcoming, and not to be found; and the regent, in high anger, summoned the preachers to answer for them. To secure herself against being a second time baffled as she had been before, by the interference of the people, she put out a proclamation that all persons who had come to Edinburgh without authority should forthwith depart from it. It so happened that "certain faithful of the west," some of Lord Argyle's men, probably, were in the town. They had come in at the news that the preachers were to be tried, and the meaning of this proclamation was perfectly clear to them; so, by way of reply to it, they assembled together, forced their way into presence-chamber, where the queen was in council with the bishops, to complain of such strange entertainment; and not getting such an answer as they desired, one of them said to her, "Madam, we know this is the malice and device of those jeswellis and of that bastard (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) that stands by you; we avow to God we shall make a day of it. They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies. They trouble us and our preachers, and would murder them, and us. Shall we suffer this any more? Nay, madam, it shall not be." "And therewith every man put on his steel bonnet."

When ruling powers have listened to language like this, and answer steel bonnets with smooth speeches and concessions, the one thing left for such rulers is to take themselves away with as much rapidity as they can, for rule they neither do nor can. At this time almost the whole of the nobility, for honest or dishonest reasons, were on the reforming side. The Church, unluckily for itself, was rich: they were poor; and if some of them had no sympathy with Protestantism, they had also ceased to believe that any service which Catholicism could do for them entitled it to half the land in Scotland. It was, consequently, with little or no effect, that the bishops now appealed for protection to the nobles. The Archbishop of St. Andrews sent a long remonstrance to Lord Argyle for maintaining a reforming preacher.

"He preaches against idolatry," Lord Argyle answered coldly. "I remit it to your lordship's conscience if that be heresy. He preaches against adultery and fornication. I remit that to your lordship's conscience." And the archbishop's connection with Lady Gilton being somewhat notorious, it was difficult for him to meet such an answer.

If the question had been left for Scotland to settle for itself, the solution of it would have been rapid and simple. But the regent knew that sooner or later she might count on the support of France; and she believed, with good reason, that if the real power of France was once brought to bear, such resistance as the Scotch could offer to it would be crushed with little difficulty. The marriage of the young queen with the Dauphin, and the subsequent death of Henry, removed the causes which had hitherto prevented her from being supported. The Guises were again omnipotent in Paris, and their ambition, not contented with France and Scotland, extended itself on the death of Mary Tudor to England as well. With the most extravagant notions of England's weakness, and with a belief, which was rather better grounded, that the majority of the people were ill affected to a Protestant sovereign, they conceived that a French army had only to appear over the border with the flag of Mary Stuart displayed, for the same scenes to be enacted over again as had been witnessed six years before; and that Elizabeth would as easily be shaken from the throne as Jane Grey had been. But the success of the blow might depend upon the speed with which it could be struck; and no time was, therefore, to be lost in bringing Scotland to obedience. Accordingly, under one pretence and another, large bodies of troops were carried over, and the queen regent was instructed to temporize and flatter the Protestants into security, till a sufficient number had been assembled to crush them. It is no slight evidence of their good meaning that they should have allowed themselves to be deceived by her, but deceived they certainly were; and except for Knox's letters, with which he incessantly urged them to watchfulness, they might have been deceived fatally. But the clear strong understanding of Knox, far away as he was, saw through the real position of things. There was no one living whose political judgment was more sound than his, and again and again he laid before them their danger and their duty. He saw that the intention was to make Scotland a French province, and how it would

fare then with the Reformation was no difficult question.

"God speaketh to your conscience, therefore," he wrote to the lords, "unless ye be dead with the blind world, that you ought to hazard your lives, be it against kings and emperors, for the deliverance of your brethren. For that cause are ye called princes of the people, and receive of your brethren honor, tribute, and homage—not by reason of your birth and progeny, as most part of men falsely do suppose, but by reason of your office and duty, which is to vindicate and deliver your subjects and brethren from all violence and oppression to the uttermost of your power."

In the meantime time the Church, as a prelude to the energetic measures which were in contemplation, thought it decent to attempt some sort of a reformation within itself. We smile as we look through the articles which were resolved upon by the episcopal conclave. They proposed, we presume, to proceed with moderation, and content themselves with doing a little at a time. No person in future was to hold an ecclesiastical benefice except a priest, such benefices having hitherto furnished a convenient maintenance for illegitimate children. *No kirkman was to nourish his bairn in his own company, but every one was to hold the children of others.* And such bairn was in no case to succeed his father in his benefice. The naïveté of these resolutions disarms our indignation, but we shall scarcely wonder any more at the rise or the speed of Protestantism. On the strength of them, however, or rather on the strength of the French troops, they were now determined to go on with the persecution; Walter Milne, an old man of eighty, was seized and burnt; and although the queen regent affected to deplore the bishops' severity, no one doubted that either she herself or the queen in Paris had directed them to proceed.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called,—it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects ought to have recourse—a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God; or to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign

without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times; and treason is not against person, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to depose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

On the 2nd of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment was a critical one; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration; and throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come she believed when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyle, were still with the queen regent, so even was Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day fixed for

their trial; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice, was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him. He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast; the high cheekbone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad under jaw; with long full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature—the power which we call humor, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph, the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking; that "it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass; when the first was over the other took its turn: and as Knox had been longer than the priest expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager-hearted boy who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out when he saw it, "This is intolerable, that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a

stone at him in return. Missing the priest he hit the tabernacle, and "did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewed with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, tabernacle, vestments, crucifixes, images were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankment and swept everything before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a mob, "the rascal multitude," as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child, that she would drive a plough over it and sow it with salt; and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine anything; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with the regent, and endeavor, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

The town people in the meantime had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High-street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his chil-

dren; and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom. It was still uncertain what support they might expect, and before any support had actually arrived, when Knox hastened to realize the conviction which long ago he had expressed on board the French galley, and to "glorify God" in the pulpit of the Church where "God had first opened his voice." If he had superstitious feelings on the matter we cannot quarrel with him for them; and although it was at the risk of his life, (for a detachment of the French were at Falkland, only twelve miles distant, and the archbishop had sent a message to the lords, "that in case the said John presented himself to the preaching place in his town, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose.") yet at such a time the boldest policy is always the soundest, and he refused to listen to the remonstrances of his friends. "To delay to preach to-morrow," he said the evening before the day fixed, "unless the body be violently withholden, I cannot of conscience. For in this town and kirk began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, and this I cannot conceal, which more than one heard me say when the body was far absent from Scotland, that my assured hope was to preach in St. Andrews before I departed this life." He went straightforward, he preached as he had done at Perth, and with a still more serious effect, for the town council immediately after the sermon voted the abolition of "all monuments of idolatry." The circumstance of the prophecy, and still more the circumstance of their previous knowledge of him, his present position as an outlaw with a price upon his head, the threats of the archbishop with the doubt whether he would attempt to put them in force; all these, added to the power of Knox's own thunder, explain the precipitancy

of the resolutions in the excitement which they must have produced; and the resolutions themselves were immediately carried into effect. *Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution, and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen, and citizens, were in arms to receive them, that they shrank back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments; and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appearance of this one man had summoned into action. We require no better witness of the prostration of the Catholic faith in Scotland, or of the paralysis into which it had sunk.

"And now," wrote Knox to a friend, "the long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance. Forty days and more hath my God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my own carcase, His holy name be praised."

The rest of the summer the queen regent was obliged to remain a passive spectator of a burst of popular feeling with which, as long as it was at its height, her power was wholly inadequate to cope, and which she was forced to leave to work its will, till it cooled of itself. . . . That it would and must cool sooner or later, a less shrewd person than Mary of Guise could foresee: feeling of all kinds is in nature transient and exhausting, and the goodness of a cause will not prevent enthusiasm from flagging, or unpaid and unsupported armies from disintegrating. Her turn, therefore, she might safely calculate would come at last; and, in the meantime, there was nothing for it but to sit still, while, by a simultaneous movement over the entire Lowlands, the images were destroyed in the churches, and the monasteries laid in ruins. Not a life was lost, not a person was injured, no private revenge was gratified in the confusion, no private greediness took opportunity to pilfer. Only the entire material of the old faith was washed clean away.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no



doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it,—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in his ears as if it came from heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Scone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was invited to appear at the conference of the lords, but, unwilling or afraid to come forward, he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the townpeople of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door: but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues. From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a *son of the bishop* ran an artisan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of the people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Scone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruction, “a poor aged matron,” he tells us, “who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were thereat offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, ‘Now I perceive that God’s judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish. Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated, and

virgins deflowered by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended.’”

Such was the first burst of the Reformation in Scotland; we need not follow the course of it. It was the rising up of a nation, as we have said, against the wickedness which had taken possession of the holiest things and holiest places, to declare in the name of God that such a spectacle should no longer be endured. Of the doctrines of Scotch Protestantism, meaning by that the speculative scheme of Christianity which was held and taught by Knox and the other ministers, we say but little, regarding it as by no means the thing of chiefest importance. Formal theology at its best is no more than a language,—an expression in words of mysteries which the mind of man can never adequately comprehend, and is, therefore, like all other human creations, liable to continual change. In Knox’s own words, “All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual, doth decay;” and all languages become in time dead languages, and the meaning of them is only artificially preserved among us. Religion, as these Reformers understood it, (and as all religious men understand it, whatever be their language,) meant this, that the business of man upon earth was to serve Almighty God, not with forms and words; but with an obedient life, to hate all sin, impurity, hypocrisy, and falsehood; and whatever Protestantism may have become after three centuries of establishment, Protestantism at its outset meant a return to this, from formalism, the mother of all wickedness. It were a poor conception, indeed, that so great a quarrel was for the truth or falsehood of a speculative system of theology. Then, indeed, the world gained little by the change; for, if Calvinism was once a motive power to holiness, so, too, was once the mass itself; and if the mass became an idol and a cause of confusion and sin, by a process exactly analogous the theory of vicarious righteousness may now be found in the Welsh valleys producing an identical result. So it is, and so it always will be, as long as any special virtue is supposed to reside in formal outward act, or formal inward theory, irrespective of purity of heart and manliness of life.

The details of the war which followed need not concern us here. The French were reinforced; the Protestants, as had been fore-

seen, broke in pieces at the beginning of the winter; and, reverse following on reverse, there was soon as much despondency as there had been enthusiasm, and they were driven in the end to throw themselves on the protection of Elizabeth, which she was, only with the utmost difficulty, prevailed upon to consent to extend to them. Her English love of order was outraged by their turbulence. Her despotic Tudor blood could not endure the rising of subjects against their sovereign; and, though she *knew* that the right was on their side, it was less easy for her to *feel* it. Knox himself, by his unfortunate "Blast against the Regimen of Women," had made himself personally odious to her; and though she could hardly have failed to see his merit, yet his character would under no circumstances have attracted her affection. Nor had he any skill to deal with such a temper as hers. The diplomatic correspondence with England fell to his conduct; and he began it with a justification of his book, which, right or wrong, he had much better have passed over; he told her that she was to consider herself an exception to a rule, that she reigned by the choice of God, and not by right of inheritance; and he could not have touched a nerve on which she was more sensitive, or challenged a right of which she was more jealous. Nor did Cecil fare any better than his mistress. To him he commenced with rebukes for his "horrible apostasy" in having conformed, under Mary, to the Romish ritual. He was unable to understand the difference in the circumstances of the two kingdoms, or in the characters of the two nations. Cecil was an Englishman—it is at once the explanation of, and the apology for his conduct; but to Knox it was neither the one nor the other. He could only conceive of the Mass as the service of the devil; and the "adiaphorism" of the English was to him no better than atheism. Elizabeth took no notice of the letter to herself; Cecil answered him for her as well as for himself, with quiet and well-timed humor. "*Non est masculus neque femina*," he wrote, "*omnes enim ut ait Paulus unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.*" He knew, and the queen knew, however difficult she found it to make the acknowledgment to herself, that the French must not be allowed to triumph in Scotland; and as soon as it became clear that the Protestants could not maintain themselves without assistance it was freely and effectively given.

And now we pass on to the meeting of the  
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estates and the settlement of the new kirk constitution. Mary of Guise was dead; the French were finally driven out, and the queen of Scotland had been so identified with them that, on their defeat, she was left without authority or influence in the country. The estates met as an independent and irresponsible body to act for themselves as they should think good; and the French commissioners had engaged on behalf of the titular queen that she would ratify whatever they should resolve upon. The session opened with a national thanksgiving; and, considering how vast a victory had been gained, and how "manifestly," as Knox conceived, God had fought for the movement, it was natural that he should be sanguine in his expectation of what would now be done by a grateful people. In the enormous revenue of the church he saw a magnificent material, not to salary the new kirk ministers, but to found schools and universities, to endow hospitals and almshouses; in his own broad language, he called it restoring the temple; and perhaps for the moment, he allowed himself to believe that the noble lords of Scotland were as enthusiastic for the good of the people as he was himself. But it was one thing to win the victory, and another to divide the spoil. "Heh, then," said young Maitland of Lethington, "we must forget ourselves now; we mun' bear the barrow, and build the house of the Lord." Not quite. The ministers should have sufficient stipend, but for the rest they would consider. Nor was this the only disappointment. We have seen that what Knox had chiefly valued in the Genevan reformation was the discipline of morals, which was established along with it. A serious attempt had been made by Calvin to treat sins as civil crimes, to graduate all punishments inflicted by the law, according to the scale of moral culpability; and he had succeeded apparently so well, that the example was pressed upon Scotland; a body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "*in fide parentum*," as children were baptized; and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; insomuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everything which repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mock-

age, 'Devout Imaginations.'\* And yet if there were partial failures, when we consider the necessary imperfection inherent in all human things, and when we remember that the work which actually was done by the estates was the extemporizing in a few weeks a new ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, civil constitution for an entire kingdom, we shall not be disposed to complain of them. It was roughly done, but done sternly and strongly, and the substantial evils were swept utterly away. Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much, was actually realized, that laws were passed with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication, and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited for ever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

Oh! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern Liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamoring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. We do not look for the explanation, with some modern apologists, in the want of reciprocity on the part of the Catholics, in the impossibility of tolerating a creed which is in itself intolerant. In England, the mass was forbidden because it was identified with civil disaffection. In Scotland, it was forbidden because it was supposed to be idolatry, and so to be forbidden by God; the Bible was positive and peremptory; and the Bible was accepted, *bonâ fide*, as the guide of life. The fact is, toleration, in the modern sense, is a phenomenon of modern growth, and the result of a condition of things of very recent existence. We have no toleration for what we believe to be evil, or for what plainly and

obviously leads to evil; God forbid that we should. But as we look round among the sects into which we are divided, and see that good and evil are very equally distributed among us, we learn to speak of our speculative differences, no longer as matters of conscience, but merely as differences of opinion, which do not touch the conscience at all. We experience, as matter of fact, that the holding of this or that opinion is no obstacle to an adequate discharge of public and private duty; that a man may be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Socinian, or a Jew, and yet be an honest man and a good citizen; and we cannot permit the persecution of speculations of which moral evil is not a visible result. This is what we mean by toleration, and three centuries ago it could not exist, because the reason for it did not exist. In England, a Catholic *could not be* a good citizen: in Scotland, he *was* not an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolater should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

So then, in spite of the Maitlands and the Erskines, and the other spoliators of church property, Knox could find matter enough for exultation. "What adulterer," he asks, triumphantly, "what fornicator, what known mass-monger, or pestilent papist, durst have been seen in public in any reformed town within this realm before that the queen arrived?" Work greater than this was never achieved by reformers on the earth. We may well wonder that the arrival of a young lady, hardly twenty years old, should have been able to disintegrate it. We have seen Knox in conflict with many forms of evil: he had now to contend with it under one more aspect, the last, but most dangerous of all.

But one year had passed since Mary Stuart had been queen of France as well as of Scotland, and self-elected queen of England, with the full power of a mighty nation preparing to enforce her right; and now she was com-

\* This well-known expression has been placed by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of the Earl of Murray. If the mistake were ever so insignificant it would be worth correcting; and it is therefore as well to say that Knox himself is the only authority for the words, and that the description which he gives of the speaker as little agrees with the opinion which he elsewhere expresses of Murray as the words themselves with Murray's general character. There is no evidence, either positive or probable, in favor of Scott's conjecture—if, indeed, it was a conjecture at all, and was more than carelessness.

ing to her own poor inheritance a lonely widow, at the moment when it was flushed with a successful revolt, her influence in France lying buried in her husband's grave, and her claim to England disavowed in her name by her own commissioners: and yet, feeble as she seemed, she was returning with a determined purpose to undo all that had been done; to overthrow the Reformation, to overthrow Elizabeth, and, on the throne of the two kingdoms, lay them both as an offering before the Pope. Elsewhere, in this "Review," we have given our opinion of this remarkable woman, and she will only appear before us here in her relation with the reformers; but the more we examine her history, the more cause we find to wonder at her; and deep as were her crimes, her skill, her enterprise, her iron and dauntless resolution, almost tempt us to forget them:

She never doubted her success; she knew the spell which would enchant the fierce nobles of her country. There was but one man whom, on the eve of her setting out, she confessed that she feared, and that was Knox. He alone, she knew, would be proof against her Armida genius, and if she could once destroy him, she could carry all before her. Nor had she either misjudged her subjects or overrated her own power. Before she had been three years at home, she had organized a powerful party, that were wholly devoted to her, she had broken the Protestant league, and scattered disaffection and distrust among its members. Murray had quarrelled with Knox for her. Argyle was entangled with the Irish rebels. The mass was openly re-established through town and country; and, while the Reformation was melting like snow all over Scotland, the northern English counties were ready, at a signal, to rise in arms against Elizabeth.

The self-restraint which she practised upon herself in order to effect all this is as remarkable as the effect itself which she produced. She pretended, at her return, that all which she desired was the love of her subjects. She would govern as they wished, and do what they wished. For her religion she could not immediately answer: she had been brought up a Catholic, and she could not change her faith like a dress; but she had no thought of interfering with them; and, in return, she modestly requested, what it seemed as if she might have demanded as a right, that for the present she should be allowed the private exercise of the religion of her fathers. How was it possible to refuse a petition so humble? urged, too, as it was, in

the name of conscience by lips so beautiful. Honor, courtesy, loyalty, every knightly feeling forbade it. What was there in a single mass, that the sour ministers, with Knox at the head of them, should make such a noise about it? Even Murray was the warmest advocate for yielding. Scotland, he said, would be disgraced forever if she was driven away from it on such a plea. It would only be for a little while, and time and persuasion, and above all, the power of the truth, would not fail to do their work upon a mind so tender and so gentle.

And yet, as Knox knew well, a conviction which courtesy could influence, was no longer a sacred one; and to concede a permission to do what the law declared to be a crime, was to condemn the law itself as unjust and tyrannous. "That one mass," he said, "was more fearful to him than the landing of ten thousand men;" he knew, and Mary knew too, that to grant her that one step was to give up the game, and that on the mere ground of political expediency to yield on that point was suicide.

Here is a picture of the way in which things went. At a distance from Holyrood the truth had a better chance of being felt, and the noblemen who were in the country hurried up, "wondrous offended," when they heard of this mass, to know what it meant:—

"So that every man, as he came up, accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a space, they were as quiet as the former; which thing perceived, a zealous and godly man, Robert Campbell, of Kingancleugh, said to Lord Ochiltree, 'My lord, now ye are come, and almost the last, and I perceive by your anger the fire edge is not off you; but I fear that, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled upon you; that ye shall become as temperate here as the rest. I have been here now five days, and I heard every man say at the first, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched.'"

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and

princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered by instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors:—

“‘But they resisted not with the sword,’ she said.

“‘God, madam,’ he replied, ‘had not given them the means.’

“‘Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes,’ she said.

“‘If the princes exceed their bounds, madam,’ was his answer, ‘and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honor nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and, finally, bind his hands, and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast—think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.’”

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen “stood as it were amazed,” and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there anything disrespectful in this? Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and, for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. “He is not afraid,” some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. “Why,” he answered, “should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure.” Dr. M’Crie has

spoilt this by inventing “a sarcastic scowl!” for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not “scowl sarcastically,” except in novels, and Dr. M’Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her brother. “Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen,” Randolph writes to Cecil, “and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me.” Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, “In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God, and against his truth, my judgment faileth me.” But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

But there were forces deeper than human will, and stronger than human error, on the side of the Protestants. In their language we should say God fought for them; in our own, that the laws by which he governs the world would have their way; and that the inherent connection of Catholicism, in those the last days of its power, with evil, was forced again to manifest itself. Even at the outset, in its claim for toleration, unconsciously it confessed its nature. When the municipal law was read according to custom at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, that “no adulterer, fornicator, or obstinate papist that corrupted the people, be found after forty-eight hours’ notice within the precincts of the town,” the council who had ordered it were deposed by command of the court, and a counter-proclamation issued, “That the town

should be patent to all the queen's lieges." And so, says Knox, "the devil got freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street." How it came to pass that the Roman Catholic religion had come to be attended with such companions, why it was then so fruitful in iniquity, when once it had been the faith of saints, and when in our own day the professors of it (in this country) are at least as respectable as those of any other communion, are questions curious enough, but which would lead us far from our present subject; the fact itself is matter of pure experience. The cause perhaps was, briefly, that it was not a religion at all; with the ignorant it was a superstition; with the queen and the ecclesiastics it was the deadliest of misbeliefs; they had been brought to conceive that in itself it was a cause so excellent, that the advocacy and defence of it would be accepted of Heaven in lieu of every other virtue.

The court set the example of profligacy. Mary's own conduct was at first only ambiguous; but her French relations profited by the recovered freedom of what Knox calls the devil. The good people of Edinburgh were scandalized with shameful brothel riots, and not Catherine de Medicis herself presided over a circle of young ladies and gentlemen more questionable than those which filled the galleries of Holyrood. From the courtiers the scandal extended to herself, and in two years two of her lovers had already died upon the scaffold under very doubtful circumstances. Even more offensive and impolitic was the gala with which she celebrated the massacre of Vassy, the first of that infernal catalogue of crimes by which the French annals of those years are made infamous, and at last she joined the league which was to execute the Tridentine decrees, and extirpate Protestantism. Knox, from his pulpit, in St. Giles's, week after week, denounced these things; but the knights of the holy war were all wandering enchanted in the Armida forest, and refused to listen to him; and the people, though they lay beyond the circle of the charm, were, as yet, unable to interfere. Yet, in Knox, the fire which Mary dreaded was still kept alive, and she left no means untried to extinguish it. She threatened him, she cajoled him, sending for him again and again. Once she thought she had caught him, and he was summoned before the council to answer for one of his addresses, but it was all in vain. No weapon formed against him prospered. "What are you," she said

another time, "in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," he answered; "and albeit neither earl nor baron, yet God has made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a profitable member within the same." If no one else would speak the truth, the truth was not to remain unspoken, and should be spoken by him. After one of these interviews we find him falling into very unusual society. He had been told to wait in the anteroom, and being out of favor at court, "he stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beauties, by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"Oh, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

So, however, matters went on growing worse and worse, till the Darnley marriage, the culminating point of Mary's career. Hitherto, as if by enchantment, she had succeeded in everything which she had attempted. The north of England was all at her devotion; with her own subjects her will had become all but omnipotent. The kirk party among the commons were firm among themselves; but the statesmen and the noblemen had deserted their cause, and they were now preparing to endure a persecution which they would be unable to resist. The Earl of Murray, whose eyes at last were opened, knowing that Darnley had been chosen by his sister as a prelude to an invasion of England, had opposed the marriage with all his power; and well it would have been for her if she

had listened to him. But Murray utterly failed. He called on his old party to support him, but it was all gone—broken in pieces by his own weakness, and by others' faults; and he had to fly for his life over the borders.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined everything, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had over-calculated her powers of endurance, and though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to see her vices, and would have been contented with so much favor as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonor and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable persons so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that

when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right;—right in the plain, common-sense, human view;—and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crimes increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power, commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that when sovereigns are the offenders sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of Almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the power to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy anywhere for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral courage.

But for all that Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and murders, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape? Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died mad in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland escaped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over: the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond recovery: the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature, than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office

of bishops had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their creditable service.

Yet if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood, had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself as we saw to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart; he believed too well, and he hoped too much of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant; and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first years of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself, he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind,



and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now—but he dared it all, and the happiest three years which Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of those golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less favored times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators:—

“On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots), or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence, the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty-eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish.”

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think, that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that “gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the pure;” under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way, and for the present, such is the “hardness of our hearts,” it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is anything but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our

present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the meantime, however, if by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind: and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given to him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials, more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now when it seemed played out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

“God comfort that little flock,” he wrote about this time, “among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased His Majesty above all men's expectation to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies.”

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said himself, “bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them.”

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the time at which he thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *Nunc dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him: years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place, to the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τις οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθάνειν  
Τὸ καρθάνειν δὲ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our

business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the re opening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that before long, there would be an active interference in her favor: and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame, but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary, when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the north was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent" as they called her, without further scruple, it was not likely that he would forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman, even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have laid down on an unbloody pillow, which was elided away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause; and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation,"

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice."

When the rule of right is absolute, at all haz-

ards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debateable land of equity which the imperfection of human understandings can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can feel its way. That other formula, "the idolater shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would at the moment at which he uttered it have destroyed Francis Xavier.

Yet, again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the Regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

"Oh Lord, what shall we add to the former petitions we know not; yet alas, oh Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reason of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou commandedst to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. Oh Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm. To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labors he brought the same all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, oh Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

"If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, oh Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awin husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can deprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give

thou strength to us to fight our battle; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name."

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years, but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before, he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with their *tulchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to peremptory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would) should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more in this distracted time Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the queen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favor of the world. And for what I have spoke against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which then they risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to

silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

"What I have been to my country," he said, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men that has anything to oppose against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howlettes*, that dare not abide the light."

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a bodyguard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny lights are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

"He ludgit," we are told, "down in the Abbey beside our college; he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his work in our country, and stand by the gude cause, to use our time well, and learn the gude instruction."

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter," says Melville. "I haid my pen and my little buik, and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could

not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulle and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Ballenden (Bannatyne), his servant, holding up the other oter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon he was sae active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it."

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep clear insight into human life, were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of "gospel truth."

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots, there were further connections of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved Scotland by distracting the attention

of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends come in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ilk ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few

dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died, he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti.*" It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain; "It is na painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sate by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, whilk was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Aye," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and sleepit away without any pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed,

they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturalists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are past away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue *we* have made. Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror, we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."

From the Westminster Review.

## BALZAC AND HIS WRITINGS.\*

IN the last act of Soulié's "*Closée des Genêts*," (an amputation from which, with comic excrescences, was played at the Adelphi, under the title of the "*Willow Copse*,") the following dialogue takes place between two of the principal characters:—

"*Montéclain*. Have you read M. de Balzac ?

"*Léona*. I should not be a woman if I did not know all his delightful works by heart.

"*Montéclain*. In that case you must remember his '*Histoire des Treize* ?'

"*Léona*. Indeed I do remember it. It interested me exceedingly."

The "*Histoire des Treize*" is a most exciting narrative, founded upon a compact between thirteen "great-hearted gentlemen," who have sworn to avenge society of certain injuries, the authors of which it is impossible to reach by the ordinary legal means. We never admired it so much as *Léona* appears to have done, and we have no pretensions to knowing more than half a dozen of "Balzac's delightful works by heart;" but after allowing for the exaggeration peculiar to the theatre, and further, for the exaggeration generally found in the expressions of ladies in real life, we have no hesitation in saying that *Léona's* admiration for the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*," was and is equalled by that of the most educated women in France. A few years ago, the most popular thing in Paris after M. de Balzac himself, was M. de Balzac's cane; portraits and caricatures of the former were in all the print-shops, and Madame de Girardin's clever novel suggested by the latter, was in all the libraries. Now that Balzac's features are beginning to be forgotten, and that his diamond-headed cane has become a relic, his popularity is attested by the numerous forms in which his works are produced, and the variety of other works of which his

own form the basis. Since 1850, the year in which literature was deprived of the author who has depicted with the greatest success the morals and manners of the first half of the nineteenth century, the works composing his "*Comédie Humaine*" have been given to the public in two different illustrated editions; his plays have been published in a complete form; his "*Mercadet*" has been produced amidst universal applause; two or three biographical and critical sketches of him have appeared; a book devoted to his female characters, and another containing his maxims and reflections have been brought out, and numerous pieces, founded upon narratives by him, have been represented at various theatres.

"In the provinces," wrote Sainte Beuve, a few years since, "M. de Balzac has met with the most lively enthusiasm. There are numbers of women living there whose secret he has divined, who make a profession of loving him, who discourse continually on his genius, and who endeavor, pen in hand, to vary and embroider, in their turn, the inexhaustible theme of these charming sketches, '*La Femme de trente ans*,' '*La Femme malheureuse*,' '*La Femme abandonnée*.'" In St. Petersburg, where he is said to have been invited by the Court, he was scarcely less popular than in Paris. It was there that a lady, hearing Balzac was in the room, is said to have dropped a glass of water through emotion. In Venice, it was once the fashion to represent Balzac's characters in drawing-rooms, and "during an entire season," says the critic above mentioned, "nothing but Rastignacs, Duchesses de Langeais, and Duchesses de Maufrigneuse could be seen." Germany sent letters entreating the author to continue his "*Illusions perdues*" without delay; and one notary wrote from a distant and uncivilized part of France to request that M. de Balzac would make the members of his profession appear in a more engaging light than that in which they had hitherto been represented.

1. *Honoré de Balzac: Essai sur l'Homme et sur l'Œuvre*. Par Armand Baschet. Avec Notes Historiques par Champfleury.

2. *Vie de H. de Balzac*. Par Desnoiresterres.

In spite of Balzac's long and continued popularity on the continent, only two of his productions have been translated into English. One of these, "La Grande Bretèche," is an episode in one of his novels where it is introduced as a tale of horror, in order to dismay a lady whose conduct has been supposed to offer some analogy to that of the heroine of the said episode. Powerfully written and terrible as it undoubtedly is, this episode, when viewed by itself, is like a diamond taken out of its setting. It appeared in one of the annuals, and the author's name was not attached to it. The comedy of "Mercadet" also, cut down from five acts to three by M. Dennery, has had an English physiognomy given to it, and has been acted, with great success, at the Lyceum. How it happens that not one of Balzac's novels—not even "Eugénie Grandet," nor the "Recherche de l'absolu," both of which are not only irreproachable as to the morality of the details, but have the additional advantage of being master-pieces—how it happens that neither of these has been translated into English, we can only explain by the supposition that the publishers of translations imagine the public cares for nothing more elevated than Eugene Sue, or more decent than Paul de Kock. Without possessing the slightest affection for paradoxes, we think we can prove that the popularity of French novelists in England, is in inverse proportion to their literary merits. If we judge by the number of his works (!) translated, we find that high-minded and conscientious artist, Paul de Kock, occupying the first place in popularity, although there are forcible reasons—the extended sale which the "Mysteries" and the "Wandering Jew" met with—for assigning the post of honor to the pure and gentle Eugene Sue. Next comes Dumas, proving, by his own case alone, the truth of our theory, inasmuch as only one volume of his "Impressions de Voyage," and scarcely any of his carefully-written novels have been translated, whereas most of his violently unnatural romances, without ever having been written in French, have nevertheless been "done into English." Very few of George Sand's works have been translated, and only two of Merimée's. Lastly, not one of Balzac's novels has ever been presented in an English dress,—which, according to our theory, would prove M. de Balzac to have been the greatest of French novelists, a conclusion to which a careful perusal of his works had already led us.

In Balzac's "Mémoires de deux jeunes

Mariées," one of the heroines mentions what was undoubtedly true at the time, viz., that out of all the novels and romances in circulation, the only ones worth reading are "Corinne," and Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe." In "Corinne," however, the characters are mere shadows, and, moreover, unnatural shadows; and in Benjamin Constant's admirable tale, Adolphe and Eléonore, are quite without individuality. The only pictures of manners existing in France, when Balzac was preparing to make his *début*, were "Gil Blas" (if we can apply the term picture to a panorama) and "Manon Lescaut." In "Gil Blas," the fact of all the characters being knaves, with the exception of a select few who are fools, and the entire absence of sentiment and passion, render it, on the whole, an untrue picture of human life, in spite of the knowledge of mankind exhibited in almost every page; while the frequent interruption of the story by the introduction of episodes more or less interesting, renders it tedious, in spite of the variety of the incidents and the wit of the narrative. Absence of passion is certainly not the fault of "Manon Lescaut," and although the constant recurrence of the same situation makes it resemble a beautiful duet, in which the same motive is too frequently repeated, it was, perhaps, the truest picture of human life existing in France anno Domini 1830. The country which, in less than twenty years, has produced Balzac and George Sand, Nodier, Mérimée, Jules Sandeau, and Alphonse Karr, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and Alfred de Vigny, can afford to admit this undeniable truth,—that it possessed no more than the germ of a literature of fiction until nearly the middle of the present century.

The influence of the French Academy, which, while endeavoring to preserve the language of France, has nearly stifled its literature by sacrificing all other principles of art to the heroic and the classical (otherwise the conventional), can alone explain the existence of Scudéry and the celebrity of Florian; and the attack on conventionality in the drama, which was commenced by Victor Hugo during the Restoration, had for its indirect effect a reform in the novel, as it notoriously aided that which has since taken place in painting. In England, where Providence has spared us the infliction of an Academy, and where the standard of taste has always been so low that thinkers have been able, ever since the dark ages, to express their thoughts in any form which they have chosen to select—in England the literary

warfare of the romanticists against the classicists, or, in other words, of those who would be flogged at no school against a school of pedants, can scarcely be comprehended. The petition of certain French dramatists to the Academy, praying that means might be taken for preventing the representation of plays written by Hugo, Dumas, and all such innovators, is as inexplicable to us as the opposition to Géricault, who had the audacity to paint modern subjects as they occurred in modern times, and who could not be persuaded to represent a French hussar in the costume of a Roman gladiator. When the directors of the Louvre purchased Géricault's "Wreck of the *Medusa*," they intended to cut out the heads, in order to use them as studies for the pupils! (*vide* "Memoirs of A. Dumas;") and the obstacles which were constantly thrown in the path of Victor Hugo, show that more than one person connected with the production of his plays, would gladly have marred their general effect in an analogous manner. Yet this painter, who is so great a poet, and this poet who is so great a painter, have been the salvation of French art and French literature, by driving away the more or less successful imitators of those who have themselves, with more or less success, imitated the classics.

The reform in art, to which the name of romanticism has been given—a name which has never been accepted by its chiefs—by abolishing the conventional models, led naturally enough to the adoption of real and natural models, and to the exact imitation of nature. "Art," says one of Balzac's literary heroes, "is nature concentrated." Those who copy from nature, and, above all, from modern nature, and the nature which surrounds them at every instant, were destined to receive from the champions of conventionality the appellation of "realists,"—this "realism" being in fact only a continuation or branch of what had before been absurdly styled "romanticism." The head of this realist school was Honoré de Balzac; and we shall see, from the history of his life and from an examination of some of his principal works, in the order in which they appeared, that it was many years even before *he* understood the true bent of his genius and the destinies of the modern French novel.

Honoré de Balzac was born on the 16th March, 1799, at Tours, the birth-place of Rabelais, Descartes, and Paul Louis Courier; and it is at this town that the scene of some of his most admirable productions is laid. Madame de Mortsauf lived in a valley of

Touraine; the "Grenadière," to which Madame de Willemsens retired broken-hearted, is at Tours, in a spot which those who have read the exquisite tale fancy they must have seen; the carefully-finished picture of the jealousies and manœuvrings of small people in a small town, with the effect of the same upon an amiable but weak-minded curate, represents the society of Tours; and it was at Tours that Gaudissart, the illustrious bagman, failed in his daring attempt to make the lunatic take a year's subscription to the "Globe" newspaper. Balzac always possessed the same affection for the "Turkey of France" which many of his favorite characters are made to exhibit: in the prefatory letter to the "Lys dans la Vallée" Felix de Vandenesse, writing to Natalie de Mannerville, says, "I do not love Touraine as much, as I love you, but if Touraine did not exist I should die."

At seven years of age, Honoré was sent to the college of Vendôme, where he is said, by M. Desnoiresterres, to have been remarkable for his inattention to ordinary studies, and his affection for "Louis Lambert," whose story M. Desnoiresterres appears to regard as a piece of actual biography. Similar mistakes have been made several times since the days of Defoe, and must be looked upon as complimentary to the *realizing* power of an author, although they say little for the discrimination of the reader who falls into such an error. M. Armand Baschet, from whose excellent memoir we shall borrow the few important facts connected with a life which was purely literary, mentions that Balzac, when at school, wrote a "Traité de la Volonté," which one of the masters discovered, and, as a matter of course, burned. The "human will," as the readers of Balzac will remember, was the subject to which Raphael, in the "Peau de Chagrin," devoted his two years' study, which ended in an essay intended to form the "necessary complement to the works of Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater."

Having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, Honoré studied law, and at the same time attended the lectures at the Sorbonne and the College of France with the greatest punctuality. At the age of nineteen he entered the office of a solicitor, and of course discovered that the profession was an intolerable one. A year afterwards he attempted to reduce himself to the proportions of a notary's clerk, without any sort of success. The crisis, as the newspapers say, was now at hand.

The scene is laid in the Rue du Temple.



M. de Balzac père, his wife, his daughter, and his son Honoré, are discovered seated in their drawing-room. The father is walking up and down the room in an agitated manner, the ladies are executing some fancy work of the period, and the son is turning over the leaves of a book, and wishing he was not clerk to a notary. M. de Balzac père pauses in his promenade, and asks his son abruptly, what profession he intends definitely to adopt. M. de Balzac fils replies, that he wishes to become an author (*a laugh*). The scene ends with the *exit* of M. de Balzac fils, who hires the traditional garret of authorship at No. 7, Rue de Lesdiguières, close to the library of the Arsenal, and writes a tragedy. This tragedy—the inevitable prelude to almost all literary labors—is read to the Balzac family, and submitted by its chief to M. Andrieux. M. Andrieux declares that the author is incapable even of attaining mediocrity, and Honoré de Balzac is looked upon as a sublieutenant named Napoleon was looked upon at Valence, when a lady refused her consent to his marriage with her daughter, because the young artillery officer appeared to have no chance of getting on in the world!

The Rue des Lesdiguières appears to have been to Balzac what the Rue de Cluny was to the aforesaid Raphael, when he lived on a franc a day, and concealed his five-franc pieces for the opposite reason to that which makes the miser hide his treasures, and lest he should be tempted to change one of them before its time. "This," says M. Baschet, "was the solitary period of his existence. He saw no one, made long walks, studied the quarter, worked much, and ate little." In 1822, M. de Balzac commenced his practical studies as a novelist, and produced in the course of four years some thirty or forty volumes, signed Horace Saint Aubin, Viellerglé, and Lord R'hoone (an anagram of Honoré). These productions, which were looked upon by Balzac as mere exercises, were written in collaboration with two or more writers, who have preserved their original obscurity. The first work was sold for 200 francs, the second for 400, the third for 800, and the fourth for 1200, the payments being made in bills. About this period, Balzac must have been attacked by the severe illness, the recovery from which he ascribes, in the dedication of the "*Lys dans la Vallée*," to the care and skill of Dr. Nacquart. "I studied seven years," said M. de Balzac to M. Champfleury, "before learning what the French language really was. When

quite young I had an illness, of which nineteen persons out of twenty die. I was cured, and commenced writing the whole of the day. I wrote seven novels, simply as exercises. One to learn dialogue, one for description, one for the grouping of the characters, one for the composition, &c. I wrote them in collaboration; some of them, however, are entirely my own, I do not know which. I do not recognize them." M. de Balzac said, that after these studies and these bad novels, he began to disbelieve in the French language "so little known in France."

In 1826, M. de Balzac went into partnership with a M. Barbier, as a printer. A one-volume edition of La Fontaine, and another of Molière, had been previously brought out by him, and it was in hopes of regaining the fifteen thousand francs which he borrowed and lost in the speculation, that he started the printing-office. The printing-office turning out a failure, Balzac resolved to get back from the publishers and printers the money which he had lost by printing and publishing; and in 1827, produced the "*Dernier Chouan*," the first book to which he affixed his real name; and the only contribution towards the twenty-two works which were to have composed the "*Scènes de la Vie Militaire*." The "*Dernier Chouan*" is written in imitation of Walter Scott, and many of the remarks which D'Arthez makes to Lucien de Rubempré, *à propos* of his "*Archer de Charles IX.*," upon which his reputation at Paris is to depend (*vide* "*Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*"), may be applied to it.

In 1829, M. de Girardin, who was then editor of the "*Mode*," inserted in that periodical a tale by M. de Balzac, entitled "*El Verdugo*." This is a story of a Spanish noble family, which is concerned in a treacherous plot to massacre a French garrison. The whole family is sentenced to death, but the life of the heir to the title is at length spared, upon condition that he will do the office of executioner upon the remaining members, which he is ultimately forced to do by the peremptory command of his father. Although the tale exhibits great narrative power, the general effect of it is one of unmitigated horror, and it certainly belongs to Horace Saint Aubin rather than to Honoré de Balzac.

In 1830, Balzac published the "*Physiologie of Marriage*," (*Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de philosophie électorique sur le bonheur et le malheur conjugal, publiées par*

*un jeune célibataire.*) This work met with the greatest success, and the authorship (for it was published anonymously) was variously attributed to an old man of fashion grown cynical, an old *roué* of a physician, and other sexagenarians. No one could believe that it had been written by a man of thirty, until the man of thirty, in consequence of repeated misrepresentations as to the authorship and the habits and character of the author, felt it necessary to come forward and avow himself. The only work we can compare the "Philosophy of Marriage" with is the "Marriage Bed," by Defoe, to which, as regards the division of the subject, and in some other particulars, it bears a considerable resemblance. Defoe has treated his subject much too coarsely for his book to be considered readable in the present day; but the objection to Balzac's work relates not so much to impropriety in the details, as to the grave, scientific manner in which he affects to regard the most trivial matters connected with husbands and wives, and to the tone of irony which pervades his entire work, and which, for those who understand him, constitutes its greatest charm. M. Jules Janin, the author of the "Ane Mort," and other unpopular atrocities which seem to have been written by a bewildered butcher, with a skewer dipped in blood, declared that the "Physiology" was "infernal." Numerous journalists of virtue misquoted Balzac, in order to prove that he disbelieved in the existence of a single virtuous woman; and our own "Quarterly Review" denounced him as a writer, who, amongst other things, "referred us to Rousseau as the standard and text-book of public morals." The passage in which Balzac refers to Rousseau is as follows: "*Ouvrez Rousseau, car il ne s'agira d'aucune question de morale publique dont il n'ait d'avance indiqué la PORTEE.*" To render the word *portée* by either "standard" or "text-book," is certainly a "free" translation. The fact is, Balzac had a far more elevated notion of virtue than those who have attacked him. He knew how to distinguish between virtue and "the homage which vice pays to virtue," and, admiring it profoundly, found it, like all things worthy of profound admiration, exceedingly rare. "A virtuous woman," says the author of the "Physiology," "has in her heart a fibre more or less than other women; she is stupid or sublime." Indeed, it is not the wives, but the husbands, against whom the book in question is directed. "The faults of the wives are so many acts of accusation

against the egotism, heedlessness, and worthlessness of the husbands," says the "*Jeune Célibitaire.*" And again, "conjugal happiness proceeds from a perfect concord between the souls of the husband and wife. Hence it results that, in order to be happy, the husband must conform to certain rules of honor and delicacy. If his happiness is to consist in being loved, he must himself love sincerely, and nothing can resist a genuine passion. . . . It is as absurd to pretend that it is impossible to love the same woman always, as it would be to say that a celebrated musician requires several violins to execute a piece of music, and to create an enchanting melody."

In the preface to the first edition of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," Balzac states, that in the "Physiology" he had made an attempt to revive the literature of the eighteenth century. This preface has been suppressed in the subsequent editions, but the author declares in it (as far as we can remember his words), that "unless we return to the literature of our ancestors, a deluge of barbarians, and the burning of our libraries, are the only things which can save us, and enable us to recommence the eternal circle in which the human mind appears to go round." He then explains that the public had declared itself unable to sympathize any longer with the heroes and heroines of consumption, and that it was beginning to feel the bad effects of the literature of blood, fire and rapine, so flourishing immediately before the appearance of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," which was written with the avowed purpose of anatomizing and exposing French society as it existed immediately after the Revolution of 1830. "Your mean costumes, your unsuccessful revolutions, your shop-keeping politicians, your religion dead, your powers paralyzed, your kings on half-pay—are these so fine," he asks, "that you would have them transfigured? No," he continues, "I can only laugh at you (*il n'y a qu'à se moquer*); that is the only literature possible in an expiring state of society." The "*Peau de Chagrin*," contained the most brilliant descriptions which its author had yet produced, as the "Physiology" exhibited some of his best analytical writing. The conversation at the banquet, where artists, writers, musicians, bankers, doctors, are all talking together about the most opposite subjects, is represented with consummate art, and in a manner perfectly novel.

Balzac did not exhibit the profound knowledge of human life which has since distin-

guished him, until 1833, between which year and 1835 he published the "*Médecin de Campagne*," "*Eugénie Grandet*," and the "*Père Goriot*." The "*Père Goriot*," powerfully and brilliantly as it is written, must be looked upon as belonging to Balzac's "second manner," and as decidedly wanting in character when compared with the three master-pieces which we have just mentioned.

The author was thirty-five when "*Eugénie Grandet*," and the "*Scenes de la vie de Province*," first appeared—the age of Goldsmith when he published the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," and of Fielding when he published "*Joseph Andrews*." He was twenty-five years younger than Richardson when he wrote "*Clarissa*;" twelve years younger than Rousseau when he brought out the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*;" and nearly the age of Thackeray when he produced "*Vanity Fair*." It was fashionable for some time with critics to speak of "*Eugénie Grandet*," as Balzac's *chef d'œuvre*, as if he had only written one; and many years afterwards the author complained in a preface that an attempt had been made to disparage his other works by bestowing an inordinate amount of praise upon the one in question, which, nevertheless, he said (and with evident delight), the critics had been unable to force upon the public (!) whereas, the "*Médecin de Campagne*" had reached a fourth edition. The well-known comparison of Balzac to the Dutch painters is only just so far as regards the truthfulness with which he has depicted interiors, and the habits of some homely characters; it is unjust so far as regards his exquisite female characters, (how very Dutch the *Femme de trente ans*, Lady Brandon, Esther, Pauline, Fœdora, and Honorine!) and is stupidly untrue with respect to his landscapes of Touraine, and the sad poetry of the final scene in the "*Lys dans la Vallée*."

If we except the three heads of criticism, Gustave Planche, Philarette Chasles, and Sainte Beuve, Balzac may be said to have had all the reviewers of France against him. He retaliated with Lousteau the *feuilletoniste*, the "*Muse du Département*," and the "*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*." We remember in London, the frenzy with which the inferior weekly newspapers received the chapters of "*Pendennis*," in which certain striking features and very probable characters connected with the English press were portrayed; but the effect of the terribly exact picture of literary life in Paris which the "*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*" contained, was such as to make every journalist

turn his pen into a *stiletto*, in order to convince Balzac of the truly Dutch nature of his brilliant and poetical genius.

The principal characteristic of Balzac's novels is, nevertheless, their reality. They differ from the French novels which preceded them, not only in the truthfulness of the characters, but also in the simple and natural motives of the intrigue which, of course, has its origin in the hearts of the characters. In Balzac's novels, love—a comparatively unimportant affair in modern society—was no longer recognized as the one sole dramatic agent, and a sweeping reform was effected in the terrible last chapter, when the good used to be gathered together and respectably married, while the bad were cast out into single-lived perdition. Balzac's object was to do for the nineteenth century that which Rétif de la Bretonne had announced his intention of doing for the eighteenth, under the title of "*Monuments du Costume physique et moral de la fin du 18<sup>me</sup> siècle*." This Rétif—who wrote one novel on the subject of his separation from his wife, and another on the occasion of his daughter's marrying without his consent (he called this "sacrificing himself to the good of his fellow-citizens")—never carried out his promise with respect to the 18th century in general, and we are not aware that he even had the honor of suggesting the "*Comédie Humaine*" to Balzac.

The "*Comédie Humaine*" contains pictures of every kind of society existing in France during the first half of the nineteenth century, whether literary, political, commercial, military, ecclesiastical, or rural. Of the different *scènes* into which the work is divided, the "*Scènes de la vie de Province*" exhibit most sentiment; the "*Scènes de la vie Parisienne*" most brilliancy; and "*Les Paysans*" in the "*Scènes de la vie de Campagne*," a rugged truthfulness which had never before been shown in France in connection with the peasant, who, according to Boucher, Florian, and others, drove with a crook of barley-sugar his milk-white lambs, decorated with ribbons of azure.

Balzac, in spite of the animosity of the press, was always admired by the greatest men of the day; and in the dedications of various volumes of the "*Comédie Humaine*," he has recorded his friendship for Nodier, Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, Heine, George Sand, Delacroix, Rossini, and Victor Hugo.

With regard to works not included in the "*Comédie Humaine*," we will only call at-

tention to the "Enfant Maudit," an exquisite tale of the 15th century, the details of which are a sufficient reply to those ignorant persons who fancy that Balzac could only draw the society and scenes by which he was surrounded. As for the inferiority of his plays to his novels, we attribute their want of success to his having cultivated description at the expense of dialogue, which he never employs for the sake of telling a story: and the actual scenery, costumes, and properties of the theatre must, of course, have been common-place, compared to what they would have been in a novel by Balzac.

It is Balzac's *forte* to illustrate his characters by the accumulation of a number of little incidents, each of which adds something to the individuality of the personages: so that, although in the first instance we recognize them from the author's description of their personal appearance, their habits, the scenes by which they are surrounded, even their parentage, and the manner in which they have been educated, we are at last rendered perfectly familiar and even intimate with them, by hearing the words placed in their mouths, and witnessing their every-day actions. He never proceeds in any other manner with those characters which he has most carefully drawn: Felix and Monsieur and Madame de Mortsauf, in the "Lys dans la Vallée;" the Chevalier de Valois in the "Vieille Fille;" Ursule Mirouet, the charming young girl who has been adopted by an old doctor, and educated by an old priest; Despleins, whom anatomy and analysis have rendered skeptical, but who founds a mass for the soul of the pious Auvergnat who assisted him when he was a penniless student; Mademoiselle Rogron, the vulgar and jealous old maid, who persecutes little Pierrette to death under pretence of behaving like an aunt; all the Grandet family and all the Claes family are produced, entirely or in part, by the method in question.

In consequence of the number of petty incidents introduced with great effect by Balzac throughout most of his novels, it has been said of him, as it has been said of Richardson, Defoe, and other writers who delighted in details, that "he knew how to invest the most ordinary occurrences with interest"—the fact being that the occurrences in question have neither more nor less interest than they can derive from the characters of the persons to whom they are represented as happening. Pierrette, striking her head against the side of the door after she has been sent prematurely to bed by Mademoi-

selle Rogron, calls forth more sympathy than the report of an accident on the Eastern Counties' Railway; and the first indication of Madame de Mortsauf's illness affects us more than the list of "the number of deaths during the week ending," &c., for an almost indefinite period. Balzac himself says that, for suggestiveness, the two fatal lines, "Yesterday evening a young woman threw herself from the Pont Neuf into the Seine," can never be equalled, but at the same time there can be no doubt but that Madame du Bruel would have been more seriously affected by hearing that La Palferine had gone without his dinner, and that Honorine's husband would have been more hurt by hearing that his wife had passed a sleepless night.

On the other hand, Balzac has been accused of giving an unnatural degree of importance to details, of recording trivialities, of describing interiors with the precision of an appraiser, of tiring the reader by histories of the ancestors (and even of the heraldic bearings and quarterings of the ancestors) of some of his characters, of indulging in disquisitions on the manners of the inhabitants, natural and mineral productions, morality, state of trade, &c., of the places in which he lays his scenes. To which it may be replied, that the arrangement or disarrangement of the furniture of a room sometimes expresses the character of the owner more clearly than his or her own physiognomy would do; and that a child brought up in an old castle would differ from another child who had always lived in a modern fashionable mansion, while neither of them would entirely resemble a third child who had been continually shut up in a puritanical parlor of the Richardsonian pattern, although all three might originally have possessed almost identical dispositions; that an inventory may in itself be both comic and poetical (as Balzac's annotated catalogue of the objects in the celebrated curiosity-shop of the "Peau de Chagrin" sufficiently proves), and that, in certain cases (as in the last scene of the first part of "Ursule Mirouet," in which a young man enters the room where his father died, for the first time since his death); the said "inventory" is as unavoidable as the presence of scenery on the stage in a modern drama. With regard to the long family histories which are occasionally introduced, they are frequently necessary, in order to prepare the reader for one of those events of which the explanation might appear unnatural if offered after the occurrence, although it may be simple enough as contained in the introduction to the story. Sometimes, too, these in-

troductions serve to give probability to a character which, although true in nature, is not of a kind met with every day. "The characters of a novel," says Balzac, "must be more logical than those of history. The latter want to have life given them—the former have lived. The existence of these requires no proof, however unnatural their actions may appear; while the existence of the others must be supported by unanimous consent." The strange character of the husband of the provincial blue-stocking, in the "Muse du Département," has been accounted for in an introduction of such length, that those who are not aware of the utility of all Balzac's details, might be tempted to skip it.

The system of details, moreover, gives great reality to the characters. "I was born in the year 1632," says an old friend, "in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreuznaer, but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me." "It is of course impossible to disbelieve in the existence of a man who tells you where his father and mother lived, and that his real name was Kreuznaer, although "by the usual corruption of words in England he is called Crusoe!"

Many French critics have affected to look upon the detailing and realizing system of Balzac as significant of the decay of art in France, (the decay of an art which, before Balzac wrote, did not exist there!) They will tell you, that the great harvest having been made, the detail school is composed only of gleaners, and that the statue is disappearing before the daguerreotype. Realism is confounded with materialism by writers who have never been able to distinguish between classicism and conventionalism, and is represented as being the art of copying external nature with correctness, when analysis of human character and motives, and the observation of mental phenomena, form the very foundation of the system.

It is not even true, however, that the novel descends to details of character and incident in proportion as it gets older, or Thackeray, the representative of the English novel in the present day, would be more circumstan-

tial than Defoe, and more minute than Richardson. In fact, critics can no more lay down general rules which are not liable to be upset at any moment by the appearance of a man of genius, than politicians can establish a constitution which does not in itself contain the elements of a revolution. To complain of Balzac's details, which formed part of his system, is to object to his existence as a novelist. It has often been asked why "Clarissa Harlowe" was written in letters, and Richardson has replied that he wrote it in letters, perhaps because he had previously written a novel in letters, which had proved a success; perhaps because he was not able to write narrative; and probably, because the mode which he had chosen suited him better than any other. Those who are not satisfied with Richardson's explanation resemble the critic in Balzac's "Grand Homme de Province à Paris." Lucien is astonished at the rapidity with which the critic has disposed of a book of travels in Egypt. "I have discovered eleven faults of French in it," says the *feuilletoniste*, "and I shall tell the author, that, although he can read hieroglyphics, he can't write his own language. After that, I shall say, that instead of troubling himself about Egyptian art, he should have devoted his attention to the question of trade, and shall end with a flourish about the Levant, and the commerce of France." "And if he had devoted himself to the commercial question?" inquires Lucien. "Then," replies the *feuilletoniste*, "I should have told him that he had better have occupied himself with art."

Balzac's description in detail of Madame de Mortsauf's voice has been often quoted as an instance of the abuse of the system; "Sa façon de dire les terminaisons en *i* faisait croire à quelque chant d'oiseau, le *ch* prononcé par elle était comme une caresse, et la manière dont elle attaquait les *t* accusait le despotisme du cœur. Elle étendait ainsi sans le savoir le sens des mots, et vous entraînait l'âme dans un monde immense." It appears to us that this description of certain sounds of the voice has the singular merit of suggesting the voice itself. An "idealist," or "classicist," could only have qualified Madame de Mortsauf's voice as "silvery," "liquid," or by some other adjective which may be applied to a thousand different voices; but Balzac, mentioning the sounds which were especially beautiful in her utterance, gives as clear a notion of her mode of speaking, as a description of the airs she was in the habit of executing, and of the notes which she possessed in greatest perfection,

would give of her singing. Many persons will doubtless be unable to understand this description of sound, as others, who are entirely without pictorial faculties, may fail to appreciate the descriptions of scenery in the exquisite novel from which we have extracted the above. M. Henry Mürger, who follows in the same school as Balzac, and who is a faithful observer of the society around him, has understood this description of Madame de Mortsauf's voice, as he proves by a passage in one of his "*Scènes de la vie de Jeunesse*."\* In another tale in the same collection, (*Madame Olympe*), he has imitated the forms of Balzac with more fidelity than was necessary, the consequence being a stiffness, which is entirely absent from the volume generally.

M. Champfleury, to whom we are indebted for the interesting conversations with M. de Balzac appended to M. Baschet's memoir, is the author of several volumes of tales, and is an acknowledged disciple of Balzac's. "That which I see," says M. Champfleury,

\* "As tu remarqué avec quelle douceur elle dit certains mots—mon ami par exemple, et vois tu," &c.—"*Les Amours d'Olivier*."

"enters into my head, descends into my pen, and becomes that which I have seen." This, however, only describes a portion of the method of Balzac, who, after observing one fact and one character, arrived at the truth with regard to a thousand others by means of an analogical process, which will always remain a mystery to those who are unable to exercise it. Balzac must frequently have perceived a whole character from a few words or a single incident, as a *clairvoyante* possessing a letter, or a lock of hair, is supposed to be instantly acquainted with everything relating to the person to whom they belong; or as Shakspeare, with only the Italian *novelli* and Plutarch's Lives, imagined the manners and customs of Italy and Greece. M. Champfleury's last work, "*Les Aventures de Mlle. Mariette*," is advertised as belonging to "*l'école réaliste la plus avancée*;" and a classical critic has threatened the author of that interesting book with the vengeance of the government, in case he should realize any further projects of realism. Let us hope that the re-establishment of the guillotine, which was talked of some time ago, had no connection with the terrible threat of the classical critic.

THE CHILDREN OF GREAT POETS.—It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child, a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilkes, the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children, one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "*Fairie Queens*" lost a child

when very young, by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried; Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them. Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive, to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.—*Athenæum*.

From Sharpe Magazine.

## THE BOCARME TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. WARD.

THE awful interest created, between two and three years ago, in England, France, and Belgium, by the trial of the Comte and Comtesse Bocarmé for the murder of the Comtesse's ill-starred brother Gustave Fougnyes, —cannot be forgotten.

Within the last few weeks, Madame Bocarmé has again been brought before the public, by an appeal of Monsieur Baugnies to the Civil Tribune of Tournay, on behalf of this woman's children, who, from the reckless extravagance of their mother, must, in default of such legal help, eventually be left penniless. "Ill-gotten, ill-spent," says the old proverb, and, according to Monsieur Baugnies' showing, and some experience which I have to offer of my own, touching Madame Bocarmé, the reader may judge how aptly she has illustrated the maxim.

Monsieur Baugnies declared that the "Comtesse had, by her habits of extravagance and luxury, ruined the estate of her husband; and that since she had inherited the property of her murdered brother, she had frequented the most fashionable places, putting herself prominently forward, having carriages and valuable horses, extensive apartments, &c., and dissipating the property she had inherited so rapidly that she had raised by mortgage and otherwise, between October, 1851 and 1852, 84,000 francs on the property which came to her by her brother's death. With a view to preserve her children from ruin, Monsieur Baugnies had determined to apply for a civil interdiction," &c., &c., &c.

This suit was now instituted on account of the rumored marriage of the Comtesse with some one bold enough to mate with such a companion. It will be remembered, that by her evidence her husband was guillotined for the murder of his brother-in-law, of which murder she had been the aider and abettor, and, by her own showing, stimulator.

It was during the month of October, 1851, that I happened to be an inhabitant of the

same house at Brussels with Madame Bocarmé, and, although such propinquity was not of my own choosing, I could not help taking a certain interest in observing, as opportunities offered, the various points in the character of such a person. As notoriety, no matter how glaring, was evidently her passion, I felt no compunction in "taking notes," and since it is not improbable that she may again appear as the heroine of a dark romance, I do not hesitate to "print them."

One morning, then, my landlady professed herself to be somewhat mystified by the visit of a *femme de chambre*, who came to hire the spare apartments of her house for a widow, whose name she hesitated to impart. Next day, a hired carriage drove to the door, and there descended from it the "widow" and her female attendant. The "widow's" bonnet was of transparent material, placed far back on the head; bands of brown hair were widely parted off a bold forehead, and a pair of wild eyes flashed from under heavy lids; the nose was nondescript, the wide nostrils indicated scorn, the large mouth was sensual, the chin elevated with an air of vulgar pride, and there was a sneer upon the lips; the throat was bare,—and the arms were scarcely covered by the loose ruffled sleeves; in a word, the chief characteristic of this woman's *abord* was audacity. She swept into the passage, scanned its lofty altitude with affected disdain, and mounted the stairs in silence. The door of the sitting-room at her disposal was thrown open; the apartments were more luxuriously, and even more comfortably, furnished than those in Brussels lodging-houses generally are—but the "draperies did not please her;" "the sofa was not so soft as she desired;" "the street, though *comme il faut*, was *triste*;" in short, "all was very inferior to what she had been accustomed to in her *château*,"—and "Who were the other inhabitants of the house?"

"An English officer and his wife," was the landlady's reply.

Madame Bocarmé turned down her lip.

She descended below: observed that she must send to her château for her *batterie de cuisine*; owned to a fancy for taking her lunch and breakfast in her kitchen—but as this is a Belgian fashion, it went for nothing,—and proposed adding sundry elegancies to the apartments. She perambulated the whole house, and would have taken her choice of rooms, without reference to our convenience, had she been permitted; and I confess that when, subsequently, we learned who had stalked through our dwelling, I felt very much as if a dark angel had swooped down and over-shadowed the place with its awful presence.

In a week her bargain concluded, and her trunks arrived with no name on the address. "Liege" and "Cologne" indicated their route.

Soon after came an *avocat*, inquiring for Madame Visart:

"Madame Bocarmé you mean, I suppose," said the Belgian landlady, with a mischievous smile, for she had discovered the name of her new lodger.

The trial of the Comtesse and her husband, filling a thick volume, is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of the *Causes Célèbres*. It took place at Mons, in Belgium, in 1851, and thousands assembled to judge of the "judicial drama."

For a drama, a tragic one it was. There was a dead silence in the court on the opening of the first scene, as the President desired that "Lydie Fougnyes" should come forward.

"Lydie" appeared alone and unsupported in the doorway: her step was assured, her toilette carefully arranged—black satin (Maria Manning's favorite material), forming her robe—and on her head rested a small crape bonnet, adorned with a wreath of white roses; her face was veiled.

Then was summoned Hippolite Visart de Bocarmé. Husband and wife were desired to seat themselves; a gendarme placed himself between them.

Nothing but the lowered voice and fidgetty movement of the well-gloved hands with the folds of her embroidered handkerchief betrayed emotion on the part of the Comtesse; the Comte seemed stupefied.

The charge against them was read; the

names of the *hundred and one* witnesses! were next proclaimed. The examination of Lydie opened the trial.

One or two interrogatories between the president and the prisoner will afford a specimen of the manner in which she was permitted to prejudice the court against her unfortunate husband:—

*Question*.—"What have been Visart de Bocarmé's occupations since his marriage?"

*Answer*.—"He has spent eighteen or twenty thousand francs in experiments in agriculture, in bees, and——," the end of the sentence is better omitted.

*Question*.—"He was then a *roué*?"

*Answer*.—"Yes, he has squandered much money, &c."

Then came questions about poisonous plants; and the wife told how she had been "*made*, by dint of blows and threats," to open a correspondence with a chemist at Ghent, under a false name. Next, she dropped insinuations of quarrels between the old Comte Bocarmé and his son, of sorrowful interpositions by the mother, and finally admitted the share she herself had had—involuntarily she protested—in preparing the nicotine to "*settle* Gustave," her lame brother.

For months before the murder, were the wretched pair engaged in concocting the fatal draught, taking it in turns to rise at night and visit the cauldron in which the potion was transmuting from tobacco to nicotine. The woman had to pass her sleeping children on her fiendish errand, which she accomplished with inconceivable coolness and deliberation, watching the temperature of the contents of the brazen vessel by means of a thermometer.

Now and then a laugh disturbed the evidence—laughter elicited by allusions to poisoned cats and ducks on which Comte Bocarmé had experimentalized for the edification of his wife, before "*settling* Gustave."

The unfortunate Gustave's heritage of a few thousand francs had long excited the greedy cupidity of the Bocarmés. The comtesse had received her fortune under the will of her father, a retired grocer, but, like all unprincipled and selfish people, the false pride of her husband and herself had led them to expenses beyond their means.

The patrimony of this poor cripple being the thing they coveted, husband and wife went hand-in-hand in bringing their dark design to an issue. As the details were unfolded at the trial, it must have become clear to the audience, that Madame Bocarmé was

\* It is customary in Belgium for the wife to retain her maiden name.



not a person to be swayed by any will but her own; Lady Macbeth might as well attempt to make her audience believe that she was the victim of her husband's ambition, as this Comtesse persuade common sense to accept her excuses on this plea. It was shown that she had entered with zest into the experiments on poisoned animals; had listened with horrid interest to the report made by the medical man, whom the comte had questioned respecting Gustave's health; and that, ere she received her brother at the table, where he was invited to be poisoned, she had made the necessary arrangements for getting her governess and servants out of the house; then the coachman was sent one way, the children and their nurses another, and the train being laid, madame made her toilette for dinner!

Business had been made the excuse for the invitation. The brother and sister had been at issue for months on the subject of Gustave's intended marriage with a Mademoiselle Dudzèle, for his chance of an early death would avail the Bocarmés nothing if once married; and, although Madame Bocarmé had essayed to defame Mademoiselle Dudzèle, Gustave was resolved to espouse her, and by his declaration sealed his doom.

On the 20th of November, the victim came to breakfast and pass the day at the Château Betrimont. He sat part of the morning with his sister, wandered into the garden, and watched the children at play, and "seemed gay and happy." One of his little nieces wove him a garland of autumnal flowers!—it was found after the murder "crushed and faded!" And thus the day wore on till dinner time.

"Infirm of purpose," the wretched Comte had been up before dawn, wandering about the old chateau, while madame was sleeping. She rose at her usual hour, nine o'clock.

After dinner, the three relatives drew round the stoves, and "sat chatting amicably together!" When the gloom of an autumn twilight settled on the room, Emerance, the maid, proposed to bring in the lamp, as usual, but was forbidden. It seems the exact moment for the deed had never been fixed on, but the Comtesse had set every wheel in motion, and now the sword of fate hung by a slender hair over the victim's head.

Gustave rose to go; the Comte went out to order the young man's cabriolet; the coachman was absent, but, contrary to calculation, soon returned. While the Comte was in the stables, Madame Bocarmé gave

her brother a document to read, and he hobbled across the room to the stove, having in vain asked for lights. At this moment the Comte entered.

In this part of the evidence, the comtesse committed herself by a series of contradictions; the facts at length elicited were, that "as the Comte returned from the stables, she went to order lights, and that, as she was leaving the room, she heard a fall, and the snapping of a stick—a crutch breaking—and heard Gustave say——" Alas! almost the last word that passed the wretched victim's lip was an oath! She heard the cry for mercy, too, "Pardon, Hippolite, pardon!" But she hurried out of the room as soon as she saw her brother down, with her husband's grasp upon him! There was one more cry of "Oh, save me!"

It rang through the house in its death agony; the servants rushed from the kitchen and upper rooms, and saw their mistress stealing along the passage, like an evil spirit. Madame Bocarmé tried to evade them, but one of them swore to recognizing "the rustle of the satin robe," and exclaimed, "Ah, there is madame!"

By this time the cries in the dining-room had become but stifled moans, and, ere long, all was nearly over with Gustave.

Justine, one of the servants, rushed up to the nursery, and told her fears to Emerance: "You are young and fearful," said Emerance, and left the room to fetch the children's supper, which Justine had forgotten in her alarm.

A frightful vision waylaid Emerance. At the door of his chamber stood the Comte, pale as death, with great drops of perspiration and gouts of blood pouring down his face, and a wound upon his brow; his trembling hands refused to do their office, he could not open the door, and his knees trembled under him.

Emerance passed on, and met her mistress with a bowl of water in her hand; Madame Bocarmé ordered the maid back to the nursery, and began speaking to her husband in a low voice. In five minutes, Madame Bocarmé followed her servant to the nursery, and sitting calmly down, took one of her innocent children in her lap; her presence of mind never deserted her for a moment. On hearing her husband's agitated voice, she put the child down, and hurried to him.

How different was it with the miserable Comte! He had given Gilles, the coachman, the most incoherent orders about the cabriolet, had sluiced the face of the corpse with

vinegar, and was now wandering about the house asking wildly for "Help for Gustave, who was ill!"

Emerance accompanied her master into the dining-room; Madame Bocarmé followed. The latter had the grace to shrink, or pretend to shrink back, on the threshold of the fatal scene; "Heaven!" exclaimed this blasphemer, "what is the matter with my brother?"

The Comte was wiping away the vinegar from the dead man's face. The idea of Gustave being in a fit was kept up by the Comte; the humane waiting-woman chafed the cold palms; a muscular movement led her to fancy life was returning:

"Yes! yes!" cried Comte Bocarmé, "go on, Emerance: see, he comes to himself," so saying, he, as well as the Comtesse, quitted the room.

Emerance must have had good courage: left alone with the body, she held the candle over it, and saw the stamp of death at once upon the distorted features. Comte Bocarmé, restless and wavering, returned just as she had finished her examination.

"He is quite dead," said Emerance.

"What shall we do with his body?" cried the Comte. They sent for Gilles, the coachman, who testified to having found his master pale, and wan, and trembling. He could only stammer out, "Ta—a—ke this corpse to Emerance's room."

The guilty pair, leaving the murdered man to the care of the servants, retired to their apartment, and Madame Bocarmé, who had never been on happy terms with her husband, now addressed him by the most endearing epithets.

"The Comte," said the witness, "was deadly sick during the night, and Madame had a cup of cocoa made, which she took at midnight!"

The bold, bad woman's presence of mind remained unshaken; between her husband's fits of retching she sipped her cocoa, and issued her orders "to have the corpse washed with vinegar," and "to put on it a coarse shirt. Be sure," said she to Emerance, "not to take a fine one!"

She burned some of the victim's clothes, too, and his crutches, saying she could not bear to see them; and, so soon as Monsieur Bocarmé revived, took him into the library, and burned such letters as she thought might commit them. The books of chemistry, too, she destroyed; hid the crucible and remnants of tobacco, and, in the course of the morning, "desired her maid to go and tell

those coquines (rogues), Madame and Mademoiselle Dudzèle, that Gustave was dead!"

She next tried to school the servants as to the testimony they would be called upon to give: then the doctor was sent for, who at once pronounced the case to be one of poison; and no sooner were the wretched pair accused of the murder, than the Comtesse turned upon her miserable partner. Her brother despatched, she resolved on acquiring his property by offering her evidence, and thus condemning her weak-minded husband to death.

The evidence on the trial proved the guilt of both, and the spectators breathlessly awaited the decision of the jury.

The scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The day had closed in, the court blazed with gas, and ranged along the white and lofty walls were the officers of the court, the gendarmes, and the judge in his scarlet robe, the most conspicuous figure of all; but the eyes of the crowd were fixed on the two beings, who were to inscribe, in bloody characters, on the list of criminals, an ancient name.

A bell rang; silence fell upon the court.

"Visart Bocarmé," said the president.

Hope shone on the Comte's face; many women burst into tears.

"Lydie Fougnes," was next called.

Not the least emotion was visible on her face. "This stoicism," says the record, "surprised and afflicted the audience."

The fatal "yes," of the jury failed to shake the calm of the Comte's features; but at the "no," which decided the safety of his wife, an expression of happiness gleamed across them, and he cast a glance of unutterable tenderness towards the author of his ruin.

Meanwhile she had sat motionless, not a gesture betrayed anxiety.

"I declare," said the president, "that the accused, Lydie Fougnes, is acquitted of the charge brought against her. Lydie Fougnes," a dead pause, "you may descend."

And Madame Bocarmé did descend, and left the court, attended by the director of the prison.

As she passed out, her husband cast another look of tenderness upon her, "his eyes sought hers," but there was no responsive glance; she never even turned towards him.

He had been humanely placed so that she should not pass him by!

Then he was condemned to die!

Comte Bocarmé appealed, but King Leopold refused to listen; the unhappy man's position was aggravated by suspense, caused

ed with working and writing materials,\* the bed remained as its tenant had left it; the pillow-case was richly embroidered with the cipher, L. B., and the coronet above; and at the side of the bed hung a little shrine with its tiny fountain of holy water, and the image of the Virgin! It was doubtless before this shrine that the Comtesse repeated her aves and litanies, which sounded so distinctly through the house at midnight. Her rosary lay near her looking-glass.

Reports were circulated of property left her by an Englishman who had died at Paris, and a crowd of lawyers one day filled Madame Bocarmé's drawing-room. These must have been the men sent for to arrange the mortgage affair, of which Mons. Baugnies complains, and it is natural to suppose that the tale of the Englishman's will was an invention of the intriguing woman. She had even then a lover in her toils; and her conduct soon became so insolent and reckless, that had she not resolved on quitting the house, we must have done so.

She hired the apartments formerly occupied by the Spanish Ambassador. On the morning of her departure, as the carriage drove up, the throng gathered to see her issue from the doorway. As she came out, she cast her usual look of defiance around, and, having seated herself with her two little girls, sent her maid back for something which had probably been left in the house on purpose. On the re-appearance of the servant, some words were whispered to her by Madame Bocarmé, upon which the maid, addressing Gilles in French, and in a tone that all might hear, desired him "not to hurry, as Madame would be happy to remain as long as the crowd desired to stare at her."

"Drive on, Gilles," exclaimed the landlady, a demi-Italian, with a flashing eye; "if your mistress chooses to be stoned, I don't wish my windows to be broken."

The landlady shut the door in haste, and when evening fell, made the following arrangements in the sitting-room vacated by the Comtesse.

In the centre of the apartment she placed a table; on this she laid a fair linen napkin, and on the napkin put a small bronze crucifix, with a lighted taper on either side of it;

\* Madame Bocarme had essayed authorship, and I am in possession of some extracts from her novel, the scene whereof is laid in England. The work was entitled *The History of Miss Adeline Holney*; but the specimens that fell by accident into my hands are not worthy of transcription; albiet the secretary of the *Société des Sciences* pronounced "a benevolent judgment upon the MS."

after these preparations, she threw open the doors and windows, "in order," as she told me, "that the house might be exorcised of the evil spirit."

A strong moral may be drawn from the story of the life of the Comtesse Bocarme, the leading feature of whose character, from her childhood, was ambition; her play-fellows, in ridicule of the airs she assumed, nicknamed her "the little duchess;" and on her return from the convent of St. Andre, at Tournay, where she had been educated, she passed her time in reading the novels of George Sand, and other authors whose productions suited her sensual tastes and indolent habits.

Lydie was superstitious; she dreamed one night that she was a comtesse, and it has been said, that she consulted a fortune-teller, who showed her a tall fair young man, of ancient and noble family, on the sea, and homeward bound.

This was Comte Hippolite Visart de Bocarme, on his way from Java, where his father had long lived as "Inspecteur-General,"—agent—on the Marquis de Chateler's estate.

The unfortunate Hippolite was born at sea in a hurricane; from his birth he was feeble, and the privations incidental to the voyage produced convulsions, the effects of which, by the showing of his mother, "hung upon him through life." The sketch given by the old Comtesse Bocarme of her son is too long to quote, but forms a melancholy episode in this romance of real life; it tells of life in exile—for, through pecuniary difficulties, his father had been compelled to retire to South America; of days passed in great solitary forests on sporting exhibitions; of fever and ague accruing from these expeditions; of nights spent in study, and of his rejection of the principles of religion; of great suffering and almost death, from successive fits of illness.

The poor lady had tried in vain to unite her son to some virtuous woman; but in an ill-fated moment he met with Lydie, fixed his affections on her, and they were married. They took up their abode at the ancient family Chateau de Bitremont.

Bitremont was a princely residence in the days of Louis XIV., and had been the scene of many a fray during the Brabantian civil wars. It is a lonely place, moated, and with a draw-bridge, which, it is said, the Bocarmes were wont to raise when creditors were troublesome!

Anne Radcliffe would have made much of

such a locality. A few modern rooms were occupied by the family; the more ancient part [is] cumbered with defaced sculptures, faded hangings, rickety cabinets, and crazy tables. The great billiard-room is void, but the chapel has not been utterly despoiled; emblazoned arms adorn the walls, and the image of the Virgin, richly dight in lace and silver, stands on the altar. No one, however, can tell when the chapel was last used.

All without is still and dreary; swans sail upon the green bosom of the stagnant moat, but plunge below the waters at the sound of human voices; at night the nightingale pours her wail through the deep woods, and all the day long, a flock of black pigeons wheel round and round the towers that mark the oldest portion of the building. Its distance from any public thoroughfare makes the Chateau Bitremont a truly desolate and silent place. To complete the romance attached to the history of the old chateau, it has its ghostly legend, which tells of "one of the lords of Bitremont, who came back

from the Holy Land with his head under his arm, like St. Denis, and appeared yearly on All Saints' Eve, in an insulated pavilion in the grounds."

I had frequent opportunities of seeing Madame Bocarmé, but I own "the rustle of her dress," made me shudder: I never could shake off the idea of the fratricide stealing through the long corridors of the chateau at midnight, to watch the foaming decoction in the brazen cauldron!

It is remarkable that the family motto of the Bocarmés is, "I protect the weak!"

On the 8th of December, 1851, the sale of effects took place at the chateau, and great was the surprise of the persons assembled there, to see Madame Bocarmé enter undismayed, to "assist at the auction," by bidding for all the best articles of furniture; and at the close of the day she retired to rest in her old apartments.

And now, what may we expect to hear of her next: will it be matrimony, or murder, or both?

REMARKABLE TRIAL IN GREECE.—The trial of an ecclesiastic has just taken place, which has created a great sensation. A monk of Andros, a certain Theophilus Cairis, was a man of great erudition, and at one time generally respected; and after having figured, like many other priests, in the Greek revolution, received the President Capodistria with a sermon on his duties as chief of the state, which won him great admiration both for his courage and eloquence. He then set off to travel all over Europe, collecting money to establish a college in his native island of Andros; and on his return the order of the Saviour was conferred upon him, for his zeal, by King Otho, which he subsequently declined, dedicating himself entirely to the establishment of his school, the fame of which, augmenting every day, soon drew an immense concourse of all classes and ages. Soon, however, it begun to be rumored that the religious principles taught by Cairis were far from orthodox; and the holy synod, at length, taking the alarm, sent for the monk, to submit him to an examination, and finding that his answers were evasive, he was required to sign the Nicene creed, which he refused to do. This man who thus imposed on unsuspecting persons by his ecclesiastical dress was, in fact, a deist,

and made the school the propaganda of his doctrines. His school was shut up, but as he still continued to propagate his opinions, he was confined, according to the ecclesiastical rule, to his monastery. Some years afterwards he was liberated, on condition of leaving the country for a time. He then went to England, and published a philosophical work, a catechism, and a book of prayer, in which the Christian religion is quite set aside, and which, by an unaccountable caprice, are written in the Doric dialect of ancient Greece. After this he returned to Greece, where he proceeded to disseminate these works, either personally or through some few disciples whom he had succeeded in making. But as this came under the penal act, he was summoned before the assize court at Syria, where, among other things, he declared that he had seen in the heavens a star of singular brightness, on which was written "Worship God, and God alone." The accusation that he taught and spread a religion not recognized by the state having been proved, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and nine years under the inspection of the police; and two of his adherents were at the same time condemned to half this sentence.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE Muses, it was once alleged by Christopher North, have but scantily patronized seafaring verse: they have neglected ship-building, and deserted the dockyard,—though in Homer's days they kept a private yacht, of which he was captain. "But their attempts to re-establish anything like a club, these two thousand years or so, have miserably failed; and they have never quite recovered their nerves since the loss of poor Falconer, and their disappointment at the ingratitude shown to Dibdin." And Sir Kit adds, that though they do indeed now and then talk of the "deep blue sea," and occasionally, perhaps, skim over it like sea-plovers, yet they avoid the quarter-deck and all its discipline, and decline the dedication of the cat-o'-nine-tails, in spite of their number.

By them, nevertheless, must have been inspired—in fitful and irregular afflatus—some of the prose-poetry of Herman Melville's sea-romances. Ocean breezes blow from his tales of Atlantic and Pacific cruises. Instead of landsman's gray goose quill, he seems to have plucked a quill from skimming curlew, or to have snatched it, a fearful joy, from hovering albatross, if not from the wings of the wind itself. The superstition of life on the waves has no abler interpreter, unequal and undisciplined as he is—that superstition almost inevitably engendered among men who live, as it has been said, "under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and the grave; and who see for ever one wilderness of waters."\* His intimacy with the sights and sounds of that wilderness, almost entitles him to the reversion of the mystic "blue cloak" of Keats's submarine graybeard, in which

—every ocean form  
Was woven with a black distinctness; storm,  
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar  
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape  
That skins, or dives, or sleeps 'twixt cape and  
cape.†

\* Thomas de Quincey.

† "Endymion," Book III.

A landsman, somewhere observes Mr. Tuckerman, can have no conception of the fondness a ship may inspire, before he listens, on a moonlight night, amid the lonely sea, to the details of her build and workings, unfolded by a complacent tar. Moonlight and midseas are much, and a complacent tar is something; but we "calculate" a landsman can get some conception of the true-blue enthusiasm in question, and even become slightly inoculated with it in his own *terra firma* person, under the tuition of a Herman Melville. This graphic narrator assures us, and there needs no additional witness to make the assurance doubly sure, that his sea adventures have often served, when spun as a yarn, not only to relieve the weariness of many a night-watch, but to excite the warmest sympathies of his shipmates. Not that we vouch for the fact of his having experienced the adventures in literal truth, or even of being the pet of the fo'castle as yarn-spinner extraordinary. But we do recognize in him and in his narratives (the earlier ones, at least) a "capital" fund of even untold "interest," and so richly veined a nugget of the *ben trovato* as to "take the shine out of" many a golden *vero*. Readers there are, who, having been enchanted by a perusal of "Typee" and "Omoo," have turned again and rent the author, when they heard a surmise, or an assertion, that his tales were more or less imagination. Others there are, and we are of them, whose enjoyment of the history was little affected by a suspicion of the kind during perusal (which few can evade), or an affirmation of it afterwards. "And if a little more romantic than truth may warrant, it will be no harm," is Miles Coverdale's morality, when projecting a chronicle of life at Blithedale. *Miles a raison*.

Life in the Marquesas Islands!—how attractive the theme in capable hands! And here it was treated by a man "out of the ordinary," who had contrived, as Tennyson sings,

To burst all links of habit—there to wander far  
away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.  
 Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise,—  
 Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—  
 Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

"The Marquesas! what strange visions of outlandish things," exclaims *Tommo* himself, "does the very name spirit up! Lovely houris—cannibal banquets—groves of coconuts—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs, and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—heathenish rites and human sacrifices." And then the zest with which *Tommo* and *Toby*, having deserted the ship, plunge into the midst of these oddly-assorted charms—cutting themselves a path through cane-brakes—living day by day on a stinted table-spoonful of 'a hash of soaked bread and bits of tobacco'—shivering the livelong night under drenching rain—traversing a fearful series of dark chasms, separated by sharp-crested perpendicular ridges—leaping from precipice above to palm-tree below—and then their entrance into the *Typee* valley, and introduction to *King Mehevi*, and initiation into *Typee* manners, and willy-nilly experience of *Typee* hospitality. Memorable is the portrait-gallery of the natives: *Mehevi*, towering with royal dignity above his faithful commons; *Marnoo*, that all influential Polynesian *Apollo*, whose tattooing was the best specimen of the Fine Arts, in that region, and whose eloquence wielded at will that fierce anthropophagic *demons*; *Marheyo*, paternal and warm-hearted old savage, a time-stricken giant—and his wife, *Tinor*, genuine busybody, most notable and exacting of housewives, but no termagant or shrew for all that; and their admirable son, *Kory-Kory*—his face tattooed with such a host of pictured birds and fishes, that he resembled a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illuminated copy of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature"—and whose devotion to the stranger no time could wither nor custom stale. And poor *Fayaway*, olive-cheeked nymph, with sweet blue eyes of placid yet unfathomable depth, a child of nature with easy unstudied graces, breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer—whom, deserted by the roving *Tommo*, we are led to compare (to his prejudice)

with *Frederika* forsaken by *Goethe*—an episode in the many-sided *Baron's* life which we have not yet come to regard so tolerantly as *Mr. Carlyle*.

"*Omoa*," the *Rover*, keeps up the spirit of "*Typee*" in a new form. Nothing can be livelier than the sketches of ship and ship's company. "*Brave Little Jule*, plump *Little Jule*," a very witch at sailing, despite her crazy rigging and rotten bulwarks—blow high, blow low, always ready for the breeze, and making you forget her patched sails and blistered hull when she was dashing the waves from her prow, and prancing, and pawing the sea—flying before the wind—rolling now and then, to be sure, but in very playfulness—with spars erect, looking right up into the wind's eye, the pride of her crew; albeit they had their misgivings that this playful craft, like some vivacious old mortal all at once sinking into a decline, might, some dark night, spring a leak, and carry them all to the bottom. The Captain, or "*Miss Guy*,"—essentially a cockney, and no more meant for the sea than a hair-dresser. The bluff mate, *John Jermin*, with his squinting eye, and rakishly-twisted nose, and gray ringleted bullet head, and generally pugnacious looks, but with a heart as big as a bullock—obstreperous in his cups, and always for having a fight, but loved as a brother by the very men he flogged, for his irresistibly good-natured way of knocking them down. The ship's carpenter, "*Chips*," ironically styled "*Beauty*" on strict *lucus à non lucendo* principles—as ugly in temper as in visage. *Bunga*, the cooper, a man after a bar-keeper's own heart; who, when he felt, as he said, "just about right," was characterized by a free lurch in his gait, a queer way of hitching up his waistbands, and looking unnecessarily steady at you when speaking. *Bembo*, the harpooner, a dark, moody savage—none of your effeminate barbarians, but a shaggy-browed, glaring-eyed, crisp-haired fellow, under whose swart, tattooed skin the muscles worked like steel rods. *Rope Yarn*, or *Ropey*, the poor distraught land-lubber—a forlorn, stunted, hook-visaged creature, erst a journeyman baker in *Holborn*, with a soft and underdone heart, whom a kind word made a fool of. And, best of all, *Doctor Long Ghost*, a six-feet tower of bones, who quotes *Virgil*, talks of *Hobbes of Malmesbury*, and repeats poetry by the canto, especially "*Hudibras*;" and who sings mellow old songs, in a voice so round and racy, the real juice of sound; and who has seen the world from so many angles, the acute of

civilization and the obtuse of savagedom; and who is as inventive as he is incurable in the matter of practical jokes—all effervescent with animal spirits and tricky good-humor. Of the Tahiti folks, Captain Bob is an amusing personage, a corpulent giant, of three-alderman-power in gormandizing feasts, and so are Po-po and his family, and the irreverently-ridiculed court of Queen Pomare. It is uncomfortable to be assured in the preface, that "in every statement connected with missionary operations, a strict adherence to facts has, of course, been scrupulously observed"—and the satirist's rather flippant air in treating this subject makes his protestation not unnecessary, that "nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon it at all." Nevertheless, there is mournful emphasis in these revelations of *mickonaree* progress—and too much reason to accept the tenor of his remarks as correct, and to bewail the inapplicability to modern missionaries in general, of Wordsworth's lines,

Rich conquest waits them :—the tempestuous sea  
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
These good men humble by a few bare words,  
And calm with awe of God's divinity.

For does not even so unexceptionable a pillar of orthodoxy as Sir Archibald Alison, express doubt as to the promise of Missions, in relation to any but European ethnology? affirming, indeed,\* that had Christianity been adapted to man in his rude and primeval state, it would have been revealed at an earlier period, and would have appeared in the age of Moses, not in that of Cæsar :—a dogmatic assertion, by the way, highly characteristic of the somewhat peremptory baronet, and not very harmonious, either in letter or spirit, with the broad text on which world-wide missionary enterprise is founded, and for which Sir Archibald must surely have an *ethnic* gloss of his own private interpretation : *Προσδεδωκεν μαθητεύσασθαι πάντα τα έθνη*.

But to Mr. Melville. And in a new, and not improved aspect. *Exit* Omoo; *enter* Mardi. And the cry is, *Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo*—

Alas, how changed from him,  
This vein of Eracles, and this soul of whim—

changed enough to threaten an *exeunt omnes* of his quondam admirers. The first part of

"Mardi" is worthy of its antecedents; but too soon we are hurried whither we would not, and subjected to the caprices, *velut ægri somnia*, of one who, of malice aforethought,

*Delphinium silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum—*

the last clause signifying that he bores us with his "sea of troubles," and provokes us to take arms against, and (if possible) by opposing, end them. Yet do some prefer his new shade of marine blue, and exult in this his "sea-change into something rich and strange." And the author of "Nile Notes" defines "Mardi," as a whole, to be unrhymed poetry, rhythmical and measured—the swell of its sentences having a low, lapping cadence, like the dip of the sun-stilled, Pacific waves, and sometimes the grave music of Bacon's Essays! Thou wert right, O Howadji, to add, "Who but an American could have written them." Alas, Cis-Atlantic criticism compared them to Foote's "What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber,"—with the wedding concomitants of the Picinnies and Great Panjandrum and gun-powderheeled terpsichorics—Foote being, moreover, preferred to Melville, on the score of superiority in sense, diversion, and brevity. Nevertheless, subsequent productions have proved the author of "Mardi" to plume himself on his craze, and love to have it so. And what will he do in the end thereof?

— In tone and taste "Redburn" was an improvement upon "Mardi," but was as deficient as the latter was overfraught with romance and adventure. Whether fiction or fact, this narrative of the first voyage of Wellingborough Redburn,\* a New York merchant's son, as sailor-boy in a merchant-vessel, is even prosy, bald, and eventless; and would be dull beyond redemption, as a story, were not the author gifted with a scrutinizing gaze, and a habit of taking notes as well as "prenting" them, which ensures his readers against absolute common-place. It is true, he more than once plunges into episodic extravaganzas—such as the gambling-house frenzy of Harry Bolton—but these are, in effect, the dullest of all his moods; and tend to produce, what surely they are inspired by, blue devils. Nor is he over chary of introducing the repulsive,—notwithstanding his disclaimer, "Such is the fastidiousness

\* See "Alison's History of Europe" (New Series), vol. i., p. 74.

\* The hero himself is a sort of amalgam of Percival Keene and Peter Simple—the keenness strangely antedating the simplicity.

of some readers, that, many times, they must lose the most striking incidents in a narrative like mine:—"for not only some, but most readers, are too fastidious to enjoy such scenes as that of the starving, dying mother and children in a Liverpool cellar, and that of the dead mariner, from whose lips darted out, when the light touched them, "threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue," till the cadaverous face was "crawled over by a swarm of worm-like flames"—a hideous picture, as deserving of a letter of remonstrance on æsthetic grounds, as Mr. Dickens' spontaneous combustion case (Krook) on physical.† Apart from these exceptions, the experiences of Redburn during his "first voyage" are singularly free from excitement, and even incident. We have one or two "marine views" happily done, though not in the artist's *very* happiest style. The picture of a wreck may be referred to—that of a dismantled, water-logged schooner, that had been drifting about for weeks; her bulwarks all but gone—the bare stanchions, or posts, left standing here and there, splitting in two the waves which broke clear over the deck—her open main-hatchway yawning into view every time she rolled in the trough of the sea, and submerged again, with a rushing, gurgling sound of many waters; the relic of a jacket nailed atop of the broken mainmast, for a signal; and, sad, stern sight—most strange and most unnatural—"three dark, green, grassy objects," lashed, and leaning over sideways against the taffrail—slowly swaying with every roll, but otherwise motionless! There is a spirited sketch, too, of the sailor-boy's first ascent to "loose the main-skysail"—not daring to look down, but keeping his eyes glued to the shrouds—panting and breathing hard before he is half-way up—reaching the "Jacob's ladder," and at last, to his own amazement, finding himself hanging on the skysail yard, holding on might and main to the mast, and curling his feet round the rigging, as if they were another pair of hands; thence gazing at length, mute and awe-stricken, on the dark midnight sea beneath, which looks like a great, black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs—the ship below, seeming like a long, narrow plank in the water—the boy above, seeming in utter loneliness to tread the swart night clouds, and every second expecting to find himself falling—falling—falling, as he used to feel when

the nightmare was on him. Redburn managed his first ascent deftly, and describes it admirably. Sir Nathaniel, indeed, never has been sedentary *δια νυκτός* on a main skysail; but he is pretty sure, from these presents, that Mr. Melville *has*. Equally sure, in his own case, is Sir N., that *had* he attained that giddy eminence, not only should he have expected to find himself falling—falling—falling, but would have found himself, or been found, fallen; which Redburn was *not*. Gallant boy—clear-headed, light-hearted, fast-handed, nimble-footed!—he deserved to reach the top of the tree, and, having reached, to enjoy the sweet peril, like blossom that hangs on the bough: and that in time he did come to enjoy it we find from his record of the wild delirium there is about it—the fine rushing of the blood about the heart—the glad thrilling and throbbing of the whole system, to find yourself tossed up at every pitch into the clouds of a stormy sky, and hovering like a judgment angel between heaven and earth; both hands free, with one foot in the rigging, and one somewhere behind you in the air.

The crew, again, are sketched by a true draughtsman—though one misses the breadth and finish of his corresponding descriptions in "Omoo." There is Captain Riga, all soft-sawed ashore, all vinegar and mustard at sea—a gay Lothario of all inexperienced, sea-going youths, from the capital or the country—who condoles and sympathizes with them in dock, but whom they will not know again when he gets out of sight of land, and mounts his cast-off clothes, and adjusts his character to the shabbiness of his coat, and holds the perplexed lads a little better than his boots, and will no more think of addressing them than of invoking wooden Donald, the figure-head at the ship's bows. There is Jackson—a meagre, consumptive, overbearing bully—squinting, broken-nosed, rheumatic—the weakest body and strongest will on board—"one glance of whose squinting eye was as good as a knock-down, for it was the most subtle, deep, infernal-looking eye ever lodged in a human head," and must have once belonged to a wolf, or starved tiger,—no oculist could ever "turn out a glass eye half so cold, and snaky, and deadly"—fit symbol of a man who, "though he could not read a word, was spontaneously an atheist," and who, during the long night-watches, would enter into arguments to prove that there was nothing to be believed, or loved, or worth living for, but everything to be hated, in the wide world:

\* "Redburn," vol. ii., ch. 27.

† See G. H. Lewes's Two Letters.



in short, "a Cain afloat; branded on his yellow brow with some inscrutable curse; and going about corrupting and searing every heart that beat near him." There is Jack Blunt, the "Irish Cockney," with his round face like a walrus, and his stumpy figure like a porpoise standing on end—full of dreams and marine romance—singing songs about susceptible mermaids—and holding fast a comfortable creed that all sailors are saved, having plenty of squalls here below, but fair weather aloft. There is Larry, the whaleman, or "blubber-boiler," ever extolling the delights of the free and easy Indian Ocean, and deprecating civilized life, or, as he styles it, "snivelization," which has "spiled him complete, when he might have been a great man in Madagasky." There is Dutch Max, stolid and seemingly respectable, but a systematic bi-(if not poly-)gamist. And there is the black cook, serious, metaphysical, "and given to talk about original sin"—sitting all Sunday morning over boiling his pots, and reading grease-spotted good books; yet tempted to use some bad language occasionally, when the sea dashes into his stove, of cold, wet, stormy mornings. And, to conclude, there is the steward, a dandy mulatto, yclept Lavender; formerly a barber in West-Broadway, and still redolent of Cologne water and relics of his stock-in-trade there—a sentimental dandy, fond of reading "Charlotte Temple," and carrying a lock of frizzled hair in his waistcoat pocket, which he volunteers to show you, with his handkerchief to his eyes. Mr. Melville is perfectly *au fait* in nautical characterization of this kind, and as thoroughly rapid when essaying revelations of English aristocratic life, and rhapsodies about Italian organ-boys, whose broken English resembles a mixture of "the potent wine of Oporto with some delicious syrup," and who discourse transcendently and ravishingly about their mission, and impel the author to affirm that a Jew's-harp hath power to awaken all the fairies in our soul, and make them dance there, "as on a moonlit sward of violets;" and that there is no humblest thing with music in it, not a fife, not a negro-fiddle, that is not to be revered\* as much as the grandest organ that ever rolled its flood-tide of harmony down a cathedral nave! What will Mr. Melville think of our taste, when we own to a delight in the cathedral organ, but also to an incurable irreverence towards street organ, vagrant fiddle, and perambula-

tory fife?—against which we have a habit of shutting the window, and retiring to a back room. That we are moved by their concord of sweet sounds, we allow; but it is to a wish that they would "move on," and sometimes to a mental invocation of the police. Whence, possibly, Mr. Melville will infer, on Shakspearian authority, that we are met only for

Treason, stratagems, and spoils;

and will demand, *quoad* our critical taste,

Let no such man be trusted.

Next came "White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War." The hero's *soubriquet* is derived from his—shirt, or "white duck frock," his only wrap-rascal—a garment patched with old socks and old trouser-legs, bedarned and bequilted till stiff as King James's cotton-stuffed and dagger-proof doublet—provided, moreover, with a great variety of pockets, pantries, clothes-presses, and cupboards, and "several unseen recesses behind the arras,"—insomuch, exclaims the proud, glad owner, "that my jacket, like an old castle, was full of winding stairs, and mysterious closets, crypts, and cabinets; and like a confidential writing desk, abounded in snug little out-of-the-way lairs and hiding-places, for the storage of valuables." The adventures of the adventurous proprietor of this encyclopædic togo, this cheap magazine of a coat, are detailed with that eager vivacity, and sometimes that unlicensed extravagance, which are characteristic of the scribe. Some of the sea-pictures are worthy of his highest mood—when a fine imagination over-rides and represses the chaos of a wanton fancy. Give him to describe a storm on the wide waters—the gallant ship laboring for life and against hope—the gigantic masts snapping almost under the strain of the top-sails—the ship's bell dismally tolling, and this at murky midnight—the rampant billows curling their crests in triumph—the gale flattening the mariners against the rigging as they toil upwards, while a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail pelts them in savage wrath: and he will thrill us quiet landmen who dwell at home at ease.

For so successful a trader in "marine stores" as Mr. Melville, "The Whale" seemed a speculation every way big with promise. From such a master of his harpoon might have been expected a prodigious hit. There was about blubber and spermaceti something unctuously suggestive, with him for whaleman. And his three volumes entitled "The

\* No parallel passage is that fine saying of Sir Thomas Browne in "Religio Medici," ii., 9.

Whale" undoubtedly contain much vigorous description, much wild power, many striking details. But the effect is distressingly marred throughout by an extravagant treatment of the subject. The style is maniacal—mad as a March hare—mowing, gibbering, screaming, like an incurable Bedlamite, reckless of keeper or straight-waistcoat. Now it vaults on stilts, and performs *Bombastes Furioso* with contortions of figure, and straining strides, and swashbuckler fustian, far beyond *Pistol* in that Ancient's happiest mood. Now it is seized with spasms, acute and convulsive enough to excite bewilderment in all beholders. When he pleases, Mr. Melville can be so lucid, straightforward, hearty, and unaffected, and displays so unmistakable a shrewdness, and satirical sense of the ridiculous, that it is hard to suppose that he can have indited the rhodomontade to which we allude. Surely the man is a Doppelgänger—a dual number incarnate (singular though he be, in and out of all conscience):—surely he is two single gentlemen rolled into one, but retaining their respective idiosyncrasies—the one sensible, sagacious, observant, graphic, and producing admirable matter—the other maundering, drivelling, subject to paroxysms, cramps, and total collapse, and penning exceeding many pages of unaccountable "bosh." So that in tackling every new chapter, one is disposed to question it beforehand, "Under which king, Bezonian?"—the sane or the insane; the constitutional and legitimate, or the absolute and usurping? Writing of Leviathan, he exclaims, "Unconsciously my chirography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill!" Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand! Friends, hold my arms!" Oh that his friends had obeyed that summons! They might have saved society from a huge dose of hyperbolic slang, maudlin sentimentalism, and tragi-comic bubble and squeak.

His Yankeeisms are plentiful as blackberries. "I am tormented," quoth he, "with an everlasting itch for things remote." Remote, too frequently, from good taste, good manners, and good sense. We need not pause at such expressions as "looking a sort of diabolically funny;"—"beefsteaks done rare;"—"a speechlessly quick chaotic bundling of a man into eternity;"—"bidding adieu to circumspect life, to exist only in a delirious throb." But why wax fast and furious in a thousand such paragraphs as these:—"In landlessness alone resides the highest truth, indefinite as the Almighty. . . . Take

heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demi-god! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing—straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!"—"Thou [*scil.* Spirit of Equality] great God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict, Bunyan, the pale, poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-horse; who didst thunder him higher than a throne!"—"If such a furious trope may stand, his [Capt. Ahab's] special lunacy stormed his genial sanity, and carried it, and turned all its concentrated cannon upon its own mad mark. . . . then it was, that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another; and so interfusing made him mad."—"And the miser-merman, Wisdom, revealed [to a diving negro] his hoarded heaps; and among the joyous, heartless, ever-juvenile eternities, Pip saw the multitudinous, God-omnipresent, coral insects, that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs. He saw God's foot upon the treadle of the loom, and spoke it; and therefore his ship-mates called him mad."

The story itself is a strange, wild, furious thing—about Captain Ahab's vow of revenge against one Moby Dick. And who is Moby Dick? A fellow of a whale, who has made free with the captain's leg; so that the captain now stumps on ivory, and goes circumnavigating the globe in quest of the old offender, and raves by the hour in a lingo borrowed from Rabelais, Carlyle, Emerson, newspapers transcendental and transatlantic, and the magnificent poems of our Christmas pantomimes. Captain Ahab is introduced with prodigious efforts at preparation; and there is really no lack of rude power and character about his presentment—spoiled, however, by the Cambyse's vein in which he dissipates his vigor. His portrait is striking—looking "like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has over-runningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness"—a man with a brow gaunt and ribbed, like the black sand beach after some stormy tide has been gnawing it, without being able to drag the firm thing from its place. Ever since his fell encounter with Moby Dick, this impassioned veteran has cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, frantically identifying with him not only all his bodily woes, but all his feelings of exasperation—

so that the White Whale swims before him "as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung." The amiable cannibal Queequeg occasions some stirring and some humorous scenes, and is probably the most reasonable and cultivated creature of the ship's company. Starbuck and Stubb are both tiresome, in different ways. The book is rich with facts connected with the natural history of the whale, and the whole art and process of whaling; and with spirited descriptions of that process, which betray an intense straining at effect. The climax of the three days' chase after Moby Dick is highly wrought and sternly exciting—but the catastrophe, in its whirl of waters and fancies, resembles one of Tur-

ner's later nebulous transgressions in *gamboge*.

Speaking of the passengers on board Redburn's ship *Highlander*, Mr. Melville significantly and curtly observes, "As for the ladies, I have nothing to say concerning them; for ladies are like creeds; if you cannot speak well of them, say nothing." He will pardon us for including in this somewhat arbitrary classification of forms of beauty and forms of faith, his own, last, and worst production, "*Pierre; or, the Ambiguities.*"

O author of "*Typee*" and "*Omoo*," we admire so cordially the proven capacity of your pen, that we entreat you to doff the "non-natural sense" of your late lucubrations—to put off your worser self—and to do your better, real self, that justice which its "potentiality" deserves.

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Translated from the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

## AMPERE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE journey from New York to Philadelphia is made in half a day, partly by railroad and partly by steamboat. Throughout the whole extent of the United States, there is no other mode of travel. The extent of railroads in the Union is almost equal to that of all others in the world. It is estimated that at the present time nearly 27,000 miles of railway have been constructed upon the globe, which laid in a straight line would extend around the earth. Of this whole extent of railway, the United States has about 12,000 miles, twice that of Great Britain, and five times that of France. This extent has doubled in four years. The traveller, Sir Basil Hall, affirmed in 1825, that it would be impossible to construct railroads in the United States, because of the great distances. In France, about the same time, some doubted the applicability of steam to those ways of communication which were at first made for the transportation of coal, and upon which vehicles drawn by horses have been replaced by cars running at the rate of 90 miles an hour. It may be that similar triumphs are reserved to electro-magnetism, which some are now attempting to substitute for

steam. Meanwhile, the electric telegraph is making a wonderful use of this newly discovered power. There are now in the United States 15,000 miles of telegraphic wires.

I found my travelling companions very social and agreeable. As I have been accused of partiality in this respect, I quote the words of an English traveller desirous of demonstrating the advantages which Canada possesses in consequence of its union with the mother country, and complacently contrasts its prosperity with that of the United States. This traveller certainly cannot be suspected of partiality in their favor. "A well-bred American," says Mr. Tremenheere, "ever manifests the greatest kindness and cordiality to a stranger, upon the least recommendation and even without recommendation, in the chance meetings of hotel life or in travelling. I have always found every one disposed to answer all inquiries, and eagerly embracing every opportunity of performing acts of courtesy and politeness." How shall we reconcile this testimony with the accusations of so many other travellers against the good manners of the Americans? This difference, think, may be attributed to two causes:

Mr. Tremenheere has fewer prejudices against this country than many of his countrymen, and has travelled there more recently.

I expected to find Philadelphia entirely different from New York. I had anticipated a quiet city, with a Quaker air; but the uniform activity of the Americans gives a similarity of appearance to all the great centres of population. Philadelphia is no longer the city of Penn. The Quakers ceased to be dominant at the time of the Revolution. Certain portions of the city, however, have a more quiet and more *ancient* aspect than New York. There is no street so commanding as Broadway; in no part is there an appearance of so great activity, still it prevails to a very great extent in the principal streets. Philadelphia is a manufacturing city, and New York a commercial city; they are Birmingham and Liverpool.

For a long time Philadelphia had the ascendancy of New York; but the day that Jackson vetoed the United States Bank was fatal to its prosperity. The commercial superiority of New York is established by the Erie Canal, which pours into its markets the rich products of the West, in addition to the various railroads which are in operation. Philadelphia is projecting and preparing greater facilities of communication with the valley of the Ohio, and establishing a line of trans-atlantic steamers, which will turn the tide of European emigration to its advantage. This emulation is ardent. The superiority of New York is the night-mare of the Pennsylvanians, who are reluctant to concede that it is the first city in the Union, and doubt the results of the last census, which gives to the rival city a greater population than that of Philadelphia.

The weather was cold and stormy on my arrival. In the public gardens I saw gray squirrels sporting upon the dark branches of the naked trees. I perceived that there had been built for them little houses among the branches. There is in this benevolence to animals something which recalls Penn. These poor squirrels have not always been so well treated; as they were destructive to the grain, a price was set upon their heads during the last century. The government expended 8,000 pounds for their extermination.

I like to go to the theatre the first day of my arrival in a city, and while listening to the actors, I observe the people; besides, it is a rest. After the fatigue of travelling, I do not feel disposed to endure that other fatigue which conversation in a foreign language with strangers produces. They were playing at

the Philadelphia theatre the translation of the *Tyrant of Padua*, by Victor Hugo. A remnant of Quaker prudery, not allowing them to give the heroine the name of *courtezan*, she was styled upon the placard as an actress, which destroys the whole meaning of the play, and shows at the same time that the condition of the theatre here is considered as something profane. The actress representing *Tisbé* was neither *Mlle. Rachel* nor *Mme. Dorval*; her acting appeared to me violent and immodest. All the modesty was expended upon the placard. The theatre closed with a scene in which I thought I perceived some traits of American character, especially in the part enacted by a servant, who performed only with his head, saying to his master: "Why will you write upon this table rather than upon that?" I only fear lest this little comedy, which seems to me so American, should be a translation of some French ballad.

If Boston was witness to the first contests for independence, it was at Philadelphia that the first Congress assembled, one year before the armed struggle commenced, that Congress of which Lord Chatham said: "With whatever admiration the free States of antiquity inspire me, I am forced to acknowledge, that for solidity of reasoning, penetration of mind, wisdom of conduct, the American assembly yields to none within the memory of man;" that Congress, in which Christopher Gadsden answered, Roman-like, those who expressed the fear that the English could easily destroy all the maritime cities of North America: "Mr. President, our maritime cities are made of wood and bricks. If they are destroyed, we have clay and forests to rebuild them; but if the liberties of our country are destroyed, where shall we find materials to repair them?" The second Congress which chose Washington as Commander-in-Chief, and proclaimed independence, also convened at Philadelphia. There may still be found the hall in which this declaration was made, and the original manuscript of this glorious proclamation, signed by the founders of American liberty. It was here that John Adams, a northern man, chivalrously proposed Washington, of Virginia, for the Supreme command.

In the place which recalls so great an event, we cannot forbear to glance at the causes which led to it. The enfranchisement of the English colonies of America was not, strictly speaking, a revolution. It was a separation. Each colony, in becoming independent, was a republic in almost every thing but in name.

It had a governor and two assemblies ; it still had a governor and two assemblies, and continued to govern itself as formerly. There was scarcely a change of name, still less of things. The State of Rhode Island had, until 1826, for a constitution the charter granted to it by the crown of England. America, in separating herself from the Metropolis, was like one vessel parting from another, and continuing to pursue the same course, and to perform the same movements. The independent colonies even experienced some difficulty in submitting to the power of Congress, which in some respects was more burdensome than the distant and contested authority of the English government.

Not only did the colonies under the monarchy possess republican institutions, but, what was still more desirable, they had had the opportunity to develop among them the republican spirit. With the exception of some wars with the Indians, and some expeditions against the French, who maintained in their commercial and agricultural existence an energy which might become advantageous in the struggle for independence, the history of the English colonies was composed almost wholly of disputes with the ministers and parliament, or with the governors sent from England. It was a gradual contest ; like that of the commons of the middle age against the feudal lords, or of the Italian republics against the emperors. There were insurrections—that of Virginia under Bacon, who burned the new capital, Jamestown, as the Russians burned Moscow ; the conspiracy of Birkenhead, attempted in the same province by some of the veterans of Cromwell ; there were demagogues, who zealously supported the cause of the people and afterwards perished abandoned by them, as Sayer at New York, under William 3d. But what was always dominant was legal resistance, the obstinate support of a written law, of a charter, the art of eluding or of wearying tyranny, and, although submitting to it, the determination to oppose it. These controversies, these reclamations, this persevering opposition, which was continually changing its form, and, when one place failed, appeared in another, which contended without passion yet without weakness, protesting ever, yielding sometimes, never renouncing, were like a patient war, a siege slow but sure, and terminated by the Declaration of Independence, prepared for more than a century.

This memorable struggle for freedom was gradually evolved by the natural development of the principles of liberty, brought to

America by the colonists of New England. They contained nothing theoretical or abstract : it was always practice, and never philosophy. I am mistaken, one attempt was made by a philosopher to create a constitution : I refer to the constitution prepared by Locke for Virginia, in which, proceeding after the manner of the 18th century by combinations drawn from his own mind and not from the actual condition of the people, he had conceived the idea of giving to Virginia a feudal organization. This constitution, the Utopia of a wise mind, but at that time chimerical, after having for several years been the occasion of despair to those upon whom it had been imposed, disappeared at length, with its margraves and princes.

The city of Penn, which possesses the glory of proclaiming the independence of the United States, has moreover exerted a particular influence over the new republic. The Quakers, with Penn as their leader, are the true founders of religious toleration in a country of which it must ever be one of the sources of its strength and glory, and whence it can never depart, either from episcopal Virginia or puritan New England. Toleration was established almost simultaneously in three different places, in this county where the law was equally intolerant to the churchmen of the South and the dissenters of the North. Religious liberty was proclaimed in the colony of Rhode Island, to the great offence of the puritans, by Roger Williams, a generous, though extravagant sectarian, who declared that the state had no right to persecute for religious opinion, and at the same time refused to attend divine service with his own family, because he judged them unregenerate ; thus combining the greatest toleration with the strictest *separatism*. In Maryland, a Catholic Irishman, Lord Baltimore, also established liberty of belief. Catholicism, instructed by persecution and enlightened by the spirit of modern times, gave a noble example, which Protestantism ought to have followed, instead of banishing the Catholics from Maryland, where the toleration of Catholics had offered them a place of refuge. From these two examples may be seen how difficult it is to free religious liberty, even among its warmest advocates, and those who have enjoyed its benefits, from habits of intolerance and persecution.

A sect which originated in the excesses of a mad fanaticism, but which, in the progress of events, became modified in its character, the Quakers, had the glory of giving preva-

lence in a great colony to the principle of toleration which they had but seldom enjoyed. At first they insulted ministers in their pulpits, and the Quakeresses appeared naked in the assembly of the faithful in order to express the humility of the church; but the time of these excesses was past. Recovered from these extravagances, into which an immoderate zeal had precipitated their first apostles, the Quakers, directed by Penn, earnestly professed toleration and a horror of blood. They persecuted no one, and, surrounded by savage nations, they alone of the American colonists never took up arms, and indeed never found it necessary to do so. There may still be seen in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia the spot where stood the elm, under which Penn had that famous interview with the Indians, during which he seated himself on the ground in accordance with their custom, shared their repast, and ended by running, leaping like them, and even surpassing them in these exercises.

This peaceful sect has had, however, its internal dissensions. It is divided between those who have faithfully adhered to the independence of their church, recognizing no other authority than that of individual inspiration, and those whose doctrines approach nearer to the English Church, of which their ancestors were the bitter opponents. At present the Quakers have no peculiarities except their use of the expressions *thee* and *thou*, and the fashion of their hats.

The sect of the Mormons is at the present time attracting much attention on account of its eccentricities and its progress. Accused of opinions the most subversive of family interests, it has rapidly developed itself during the past few years, and enjoyed a constantly increasing prosperity. It is known that the sect of Mormons has been founded within a few years by an impostor named J. Smith, who pretended to have discovered tablets of gold, on which was written the new law, but who found, it is asserted, his religion ready made in a manuscript romance, which came by chance into his possession. This Smith was assassinated in one of the insurrections which the Mormons provoke against them wherever they establish themselves. These insurrections were doubtless wrong; but it is surely a bad sign for a new religion to excite such hostility in a country where every shade of belief may be indulged without obstacle. All the while pursued, and ever withdrawing from the persecutions of the people incensed against them, the Mormons established themselves upon the upper Mississippi. There

they constructed a temple of considerable dimensions, and of peculiar architecture. Besieged, they defended themselves until the completion of their temple, and then withdrew from their enemies. Driving their herds across the plains, they stopped at length upon the banks of the Salt Lake, where they have formed an organized community, which prospers by their industry and agriculture. These strange people have their railroads and improved machinery; their population is rapidly increasing through the success of their proselyting agents in London, Liverpool, and even in Paris; they will have in a few years a sufficient population to form a state of their territory, and they will then be represented in the Senate and Congress of the United States.

Here a difficulty will present itself. It appears that the Mormons entertain views relative to marriage quite at variance with those of Christian people. The chiefs seem to enjoy, in this respect, privileges not unlike the ancient patriarchal customs of the East. It would hardly seem possible, that in a new country, peopled by immigration, there should be a sufficient number of females for the general prevalence of polygamy; still it is an indisputable fact, that, under one name or another, it exists to a certain extent among the Mormons. If I may rely upon the statement of a journal, which I was reading not long since, one of their principal functionaries had appeared, accompanied by his sixteen wives. The privilege of polygamy, it is said, is reserved for the saints, by whom are meant those who are believed to be inspired, and control the other Mormons.

Utah, the country which the Mormons inhabit, being still only a territory, their magistrates are appointed by the federal government. It seems they have recently manifested some dissatisfaction in this respect, by sending back the judges appointed by Congress. The Saints, on this occasion, uttered very severe language against the Gentiles, as they designate the other inhabitants of the United States, and in general all who are not Mormons. They seem to resemble, in many respects, the Jews, of whom they are the pretended descendants. They have the same antipathy for all the rest of the human race—the same desire of gain—the same unity among themselves. Mr. Kane, who accompanied them some time during their flight, was much affected by the tenderness which they manifested towards each other, and the care they took of the aged and feeble. He

relates the history of a young Mormon, who was sick, and almost dying, who desired to be conveyed in a wagon across the desert, in order to join his brethren before his death. After his sight failed, the woman who attended him desired him to stop. "No," he answered, "I can no longer see my brethren, but I wish to hear them once more."

I have read the sacred book of the Mormons, and I must confess that I have not found there the strange morality which has been imputed to them. It is an imitation, or rather a parody, of the Old Testament, a recital in verse, and in weak biblical style, of the migration of their ancestors, under different chiefs, one of whom was Mormon, from Palestine to America, where the new law was to be fully revealed by J. Smith. I am inclined to believe, that the idea that America ought to possess a religion and revelation of her own, in order to be independent of the old world, and in no way indebted to it, has especially contributed to the progress of Mormonism in the United States.

The Mormon bible was written for the Americans. The theory of the right of the majority to rule, is there expressed by one of the chiefs of the chosen tribe:—"It is not often that the voice of the people desires anything opposed to the general good; but it not unfrequently happens that the minority desires what is not good; therefore, you will enact a law to conduct your affairs in accordance with the will of the people." Hence it is evident, that however different may be their views upon other points, the Mormons are indoctrinated with the idea of the infallibility of the majority, and the presumptive error of the minority—a doctrine less objectionable, where the multitude are educated, as in the United States, —but which always may result in using might instead of right. Pascal said, in speaking of a vote upon ecclesiastic matters, "it is easier to find monks than reasons."

There are evidently polemic sentiments in this book, which do no honor to the toleration of the Mormons. A certain person advocated the opinion of the Universalists, respecting the final salvation of all men, and was hung for preaching this doctrine. It is evident that the Mormons would not, like the Quakers, have established religious toleration in America.

The Mormons will doubtless, in time, divest themselves of the hostile and unsocial disposition which has every where caused them to be disliked and repulsed. The Ana-

baptists, of bloody memory, whose leader had twelve wives, whom he obliged to dance around the dead body of one of their number, decapitated by his own hands,—the Anabaptists of Leyden have become Baptists, and are distinguished at the present day for the innocence of their manners, and the peaceful zeal of their apostles. The Quakers began by abandoning themselves to the strangest excesses, and by exciting as much opposition as the Mormons, but for a long time they have given no offence to any one. I imagine that it will eventuate with the new sects as with the Anabaptists and Quakers; in this country, if individual liberty begets and encourages extraordinary opinions, the general good sense and the universal interest will induce them to modify whatever is offensive to the community.

Certain passages may be found in the Mormon bible evidently imitations of the Gospel; and Mormon declares himself a disciple of Jesus Christ. "And behold I have written all this upon the tablets of gold, which I have made with my own hands; and behold I am called Mormon, after the name of the country where was established the first church after the transgression; and behold I am a disciple of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The religion of the Mormons seems to be a Judaic Christianity, rather than anything else. Their obnoxious practices do not appear to form an essential part of their belief, and it is probable that necessary association with the other States of the Union will modify them. The Quakers have caused a digression to the Mormons; I return to Philadelphia.

I was so fortunate as to be directed in my observations by Mr. Gerhard, a distinguished member of the bar, to whom I was recommended. In every city of the United States which I visited, I met one or more individuals of true merit, who have freely given me all the information which I could desire, and have evinced the greatest and most unexpected kindness. Mr. Gerhard is one to whom I am much indebted; like Mr. Kent and Mr. Sedgwick, he belongs to that class of lawyers which forms in the United States a true aristocracy of intelligence and manners. It is in this class that the aristocracy may be found, rather than among the wealthy, who awkwardly attempt to imitate in America the manners of Europe. I will not include in this class, for his eccentricity is quite American, an apothecary of Philadelphia, who has conceived the idea of building a house of immoderate height, and of singu-

lar form, with turrets and towers, a style of architecture which bears the same resemblance to true art that the rhetoric of Thomas Diafoirus does to eloquence.

I visited the court-house in company with Mr. Gerhard, during the trial of a very important case; that of the riot at Christiana. A planter, from Maryland, was killed while in pursuit of a fugitive slave in a free State. This law is, at this time, the stumbling stone, against which, the Compromise Act is at all times ready to fall. It allows the master to pursue his slave into the State in which he has taken refuge, and to obtain the aid, in this pursuit, of the officers of the Federal Government. It must be conceded that the principle of this law is to be found in the Constitution, which is positive in this respect, though the word slave is not mentioned. It seems that the legislators have substituted for this unfortunate name, the words, a person held to service or labor. The States, contrary to the general usage, allow, in this particular, the intervention of the Federal Government. They do not countenance their own officers in the pursuit or arrest of the fugitives; though they allow them to be arrested; which seems too little for the slave States, and too much for the free States. Without this legislative enactment, the slaves, aided in their escape by the abolitionists, would find an easy and sure refuge in a neighboring State, and the guarantee granted by the constitution would be fallacious; but in another point of view, the fugitive slave law presents great difficulties. It is scandalous that the judge who decides the action in favor of the claimant, is entitled to a larger fee than if he decides to the contrary; and aside from this monstrous clause, it may be imagined how hard it is in those states of the Union where slavery does not exist, for those who abhor it as a crime, and reprove it as a sin, to see a stranger, accompanied by officers who belong to another state, arrest and handcuff a peaceable citizen, established for years perhaps in a place, and recognized as a neighbor or friend. These arrests are often the occasion of heart-rending scenes. I was informed, that some time since in New England, a fugitive slave was found on a steamboat with his wife and two children. Some one jestingly told him that there were persons on the boat employed to arrest him, when he suddenly stabbed himself, and his wife threw herself with her two children into the water.

Such scenes are not calculated to calm the public mind. Although the participation of

the accused in the riot at Christiana is generally admitted, it is thought they will be acquitted, especially since they are indicted for treason, which is a capital crime; and as it is defined in the old English law, the jury will never agree that those who were implicated in this affair had *declared war* against the United States. I heard a part of the accusation which was expressed in very suitable terms, carefully avoiding everything calculated to irritate the public mind, and confining itself exclusively to the meaning of the law.

The judges did not appear to me less imposing for not wearing the black robe and the square cap. The same is true of the lawyers. I like to see a man in a frock coat explain a case to others similarly dressed, rather than one attired like Patelin, who, while gesticulating, is ever taking off or putting on his cap, or throwing back his sleeves before other persons in black robes, who involuntarily remind me of Perrin Dandin or Brid'oison. These costumes are aristocratic signs, which tend to separate the different classes, by imposing upon each a particular character, and it is known that there is but one civil costume in the United States. The democratic principle tends to suppress in everything hierarchical distinctions. In the United States there is no difference between the attorney and counsellor, as the same individual alternately performs the duties of both; still less do there exist the distinctions which separate in England the civilian, the barrister, and the sergeant at law. An American is all these, and may be besides proctor, advocate, solicitor, conveyancer, and pleader, and may successively or simultaneously engage in other pursuits. The United States is not a country of rigorous adherence to one thing exclusively, and there are but few who have not had a variety of occupations.

At another court, where I was present at a trial of less importance, I was surprised to hear one of the judges express his dissent after the verdict had been rendered. He did it with much calmness. It is carrying the respect for individual opinion very far, thus to allow the minority of the judges to express an opinion contrary to the decision, at the risk of weakening its force; but here it seemed to occasion no difficulty.

The mayor of Philadelphia proposed to accompany me this evening to the disorderly portions of the city. I was informed that he has ever performed his important duties in a very commendable manner, and that the public tranquillity and security have gained



much by the organization of a safety police which he has established. As I have before observed, the police system is the weak point of many of the large cities of the United States;—New York among the rest, and as I was desirous of witnessing what had been accomplished in Philadelphia, I was gratified at this opportunity of becoming acquainted with that part of the population which we seldom encounter in the world, and which there are no inducements to visit unless in such good company.

We began our circuit at eight o'clock in the evening, and ended it at eleven. Meanwhile, we entered a number of suspicious looking houses, visited several colored females, and passed through certain streets, where it would not be wise to venture alone. The magistrate was attended by two large officers armed with pistols, and serving as our body-guard.

The mayor entered into a house occupied by a colored woman smoking her cigar. We were very politely received. He spoke very kindly to the woman. Well, Jane, how do you do? You have a very comfortable house here. He was answered without impudence or embarrassment. Now and then he was saluted by a negro whom he had sent to prison some time before. Be careful, he would say to him, not to appear before me again: I may be more severe the next time. Never fear, Mr. Mayor, I shall not expose myself again. Mr. — is much more severe than his predecessors, though he does not approve of useless severity. His motto is, as he says: Never harsh, and always ready. His officers are ordered, when they find persons but slightly intoxicated, to lead them home.

Nothing can be more repulsive than the small rooms where the negroes assemble to dance—or rather, to shake themselves monotonously before each other, striking the floor with the heels of their shoes, in the space of a few feet encumbered with a stove, and a revolting group of old negro women smoking their pipes. This black population furnishes, as might be expected, the greatest share of the arrests made by the police officers; though the white population, especially the Irish, contributes its due proportion. These arrests amounted in one year to 7,077; not unfrequently the lock-up contains sixty women. The Germans have for some time had a bad reputation; the French comprise the better portion of the foreign population.

We visited the station of the night police, which comprises fifty men and a captain.

The Captain receives \$600, and each man \$300; nearly all are laborers. The captain, an intelligent man, is a carriage-maker, by which he earns \$300. The men serve fourteen hours in winter, and ten in summer. They watch in turn. Each one goes alone armed with a club, and carries a rattle to warn his companions in case of need, and to summon assistance. The law is generally respected, and is only resisted by drunkards and vagabonds; but what surprised me, it is seldom necessary to appeal to the aid of the citizens. Besides the force at the disposal of the mayor, there is another which receives its authority from the marshal, who may in a case of emergency dispose of all of the municipal forces. This organization seems to me characteristically American in its perfect precision and accuracy.

I spent the remainder of the evening very agreeably at the mayor's. The conversation turned upon that adventurous instinct which prompts the American to tempt fortune at every risk. To obtain it, many go, for example, to New Orleans where the climate is almost fatal in summer, and where they die, or become rich. Like in all respects, except in the instinct of glory, to that military sentiment which leads to the desire for perilous warfare where there is sure preferment to all who are not killed. I was informed of a man who had arrived from California, who had been successively an agriculturist, a merchant, and captain of a steamboat, and at length became very rich. He returned home, but knew of no way to dispose of his money but to lend or give it to his friends, of whom he had scarcely thought in his absence. Evidently the passion of this man was not to possess money, but to acquire it. Much was said of the triumph of a locksmith, Mr. Locke. The famous Bramah had proposed a reward to any one who should succeed in opening a lock which he had exerted all his skill to construct. Mr. Locke opened it, then placed 100 guineas in a safe, and locked it and gave the key to Bramah, offering him the 100 guineas if he opened it: I have not heard that it has been opened. The triumph of Mr. Locke, the victory of the yacht *America* over the English yachts in a regatta near the Isle of Wight, the success of the reaping machine, are three topics upon which the press is inexhaustible. To these three great industrial exploits may be added the superior speed of the American steamers in crossing the Atlantic. They are the four great victories. They are Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram. The national vanity is quite ex-

cited. The English deserve honor for the courtesy which they manifested in their defeat. When the *America* beat their yachts at the Isle of Wight, the Queen congratulated the victors. The conquered gracefully applauded. I have heard Americans acknowledge that, in case of defeat, they would not have done the same.

Philadelphia is said to be one of the most scientific and literary cities in the Union, and judging from what I have seen, I am induced to believe it. It possesses a museum of natural history, distinguished especially for its beautiful collection of birds. Aside from science, it is to me an unwearied source of enjoyment to contemplate beautiful birds, and I can comprehend the enthusiasm of two ornithologists who spent their lives in traversing the forests of America for the purpose of studying the habits of the birds, of which they have published representations in two works well known and appreciated by naturalists; these two men are Wilson and Audubon. Wilson, a Scotchman by birth, a friend of Burns, who himself attempted poetry in his youth, arrived penniless in America. In traversing the forests of Delaware, the sight of a beautiful native bird, the red-headed woodpecker, filled him with an admiration which decided his future career. By turns pedlar and school-teacher, he attempted to draw, but succeeded only with birds, which decided his avocation as ornithologist. With no other resource than a strong will, he conceived the design of collecting and sketching all the birds of North America, and with this view he spent his life wandering in the forests, with no society but the Indians. There he was happy: observing the habits of the birds, and enthusiastically enjoying solitude. He suffered only while in the cities, "forced," said he, "to forget the harmonies of the woods, for the incessant turmoil of the city, and surrounded with musty books." The only book which he studied with enjoyment, was the book of nature. In his wanderings he had a double aim: "I go," wrote he, "in pursuit of birds and subscribers." The latter were more difficult than the former; but nothing daunted Wilson: his correspondence, full of vivacity and imagination, shows him sometimes at the North in the forests of New Hampshire, where he is mistaken for a Canadian spy; sometimes at the West, descending the Ohio in a small boat, and delighted, he says, to feel his heart dilate in view of the new scenes which surrounded him; then going to New Orleans, through a region of country

at that time a desert, where he often travelled 150 miles without finding an inhabited place. Wilson died in 1813, at the age of 47, after having surmounted all obstacles and published the seventh volume of his ornithology.

Wilson loved and appreciated nature; he experienced in the presence of creation those pleasures of which learned statesmen have no conception. I read in one of his letters: "Since I have attempted to re-produce the wonders of nature, I see a beauty in each plant, flower and bird which I behold; I find that my ideas of the first and incomprehensible cause are elevated in proportion as I examine minutely His works. I often smile at the thought that while others are absorbed in plans of speculation and fortune, and are occupied in purchasing plantations or in building cities, I am observing with delight the plumage of a lark, or contemplating with the air of a lover in despair, the profile of an owl." Studying did not render him cruel. "One of my pupils," he adds, "the other day caught a mouse, and immediately brought the prisoner to me. That same evening I began to sketch it; meanwhile the beatings of its little heart evinced that it was suffering the extremest agony of fear. I was intending to kill it by placing it under the claws of a stuffed owl; but having accidentally spilled some drops of water near the place of its confinement, it began to lap it up with so much eagerness and to look at me with such an appearance of supplicating terror, that it triumphed entirely over my resolution, and I accordingly liberated it." Uncle Toby would not have been more compassionate, had he been a naturalist.

Audubon was an American by birth, and his life, like that of Wilson's, affords a remarkable example of what a persevering will, united to an indomitable passion, can accomplish. Both possessed the same passion, both devoted their lives, in the depths of the forests, in studying the habits of the birds, and in reproducing their varied forms. The descriptions of Audubon are interspersed with the most interesting details of the habits of the American birds. It is evident that he has lived with them in their solitudes, as he often gives variety to his descriptions by introducing personal reminiscences, and sketches of the prairies, of the banks of the Ohio and of Niagara. One interesting feature of his publications is, that the colored plates represent objects in their true dimensions. For the first time in a zoological atlas, a bird like the eagle and the turkey are represent-

ed in their natural size. Audubon has also placed by the side of each bird the flower or branch which they prefer, and has chosen that attitude which is most characteristic. This magnificent work, conceived and prepared by an American, was published in Scotland, with the aid of an English artist.

In his preface, Audubon has related how his natural taste for ornithology was developed. From his childhood he was passionately fond of the woods. The sight of the graceful creatures which animated them, thenceforth filled his mind with inexpressible joy. He passed, he says, hours full of calm delight in viewing the eggs deposited in the moss; then he longed to possess these objects of his admiration. The death of the birds which he collected grieved his youthful heart. He then conceived the idea of reproducing their images by sketching them, but for a long time his efforts were fruitless, and at each anniversary of his birth, he was accustomed to destroy many of his sketches. He went to France, and entered the studio of David, which he never regretted, though he could not find his instinctive love of nature gratified. After a short time he returned to his forest life; but, as his passion for birds did not exclude all others, he married, and for twenty years he spent a restless, unsatisfied existence, engaging in a variety of occupations, but succeeding in none, because his mind was elsewhere. No longer able to restrain his propensity, though blamed by his friends, he resumed his wanderings through the woods, on the banks of the lakes, and along the shores of the Atlantic. He travelled with no other aim than to gratify his sight with the scenes of nature, and especially with the winged creation. One day, while traversing the forests of the Upper Hudson, the idea occurred to him to publish the result of so many observations, made solely for his own pleasure, and a representation more complete, more true to nature, of the beings he so loved. He encountered fewer obstacles than Wilson. The American was more liberally aided in Scotland, than the Scotchman had been in America; but before the completion of his undertaking, he met with some reverses; for one day he found, upon opening a trunk, where he had deposited a thousand designs, that two Norwegian rats had taken possession with their family, surrounded with the tattered remnants of his work. The sight almost maddened him. Audubon, of French origin, died some years since.

At the Philadelphia Museum may also be

seen the collection of skulls made by Mr. Morton, the author of the *American Craniology*. Mr. Morton aimed particularly at the American race in his researches; but the necessity of comparing the configuration of the people of the new world with that of the inhabitants of other continents, induced him to form the remarkable collection, which, since his death, has been deposited temporarily in the museum at Philadelphia. Mr. Morton is one of those who have attempted to demonstrate that we must seek in an artificial deformity for the origin of certain forms of the head, unnaturally flattened among some of the American tribes and immoderately enlarged in the form of a moon among others,—practices which are not unknown in France, and the results of which have been observed in the heads of foreigners. As to the question of race and origin, Morton has arrived at the conclusion that the new continent was peopled by a race bearing no essential relation to the Mongolian race, and consequently did not come from Asia. But what particularly attracted my attention, for I have my passion like Wilson and Audubon, were the Egyptian skulls which form an important part of Mr. Morton's collection, and to which he has devoted a special work. He recognized in the Egyptian race a particular type, and has distinguished in the Egyptian style, two varieties, one of which is characterized by a low, narrow forehead, and the other presenting the principal traits of the Caucasian race. Have the negro race ever intermingled themselves with the Egyptian population? This is perhaps not impossible. The wife of Amenophis 1st is represented upon the monuments as black; similar unions may have been formed by the common people, especially at the time of the invasions of the shepherds, who, having entered Egypt on the north, caused the native population to emigrate southward. To this union may be attributed the flatness of the foreheads, so striking in certain heads in this collection. One thing is true, that the Theban skulls bear a stronger resemblance to the Nubian skulls, than those of Memphis. Has the configuration of the black population of the south of Egypt been influenced by that of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt? This, in my opinion, has seemed to result from the examinations of the skulls in Mr. Morton's collection. If this fact is established, we may avail ourselves of it in seeking for the origin of the aborigines of Egypt. Pardon me for these Egyptian digressions, which perhaps do not inter-

est my reader as much as myself. I will add nothing upon the skulls of the mummies, but will resume my promenade in Philadelphia.

We will return to America, and visit the Mint of this city. The Mint at Philadelphia presents at the present time an unusual spectacle: thanks to the California gold, which is there transformed into \$5.00 pieces; gold literally runs and flows like water. The gold pieces are poured into baskets as are elsewhere the commonest pennies. For some time past they have been obliged to double the amount of labor, and I was informed that, on some days, there have been coined in this establishment pieces to the amount of \$500,000. As I expressed some uneasiness with respect to the safety of the hands through which so much money passes, I was answered: If a few pieces are taken it matters not; but this seldom happens; and whoever will steal small sums, will be induced to commit larger thefts, when he will be infallibly detected. It is generally easier to resist temptation than to control it.

Philadelphia is celebrated for its manufacturing, and contains the largest manufacturing population in the United States. I was so fortunate as to have the opportunity of visiting the interesting white lead manufactory of Mr. Wetherell: the carbonate is prepared under water, so as not to endanger the health of the workmen. Mr. Wetherell manufactures three tons of white lead daily, and realizes an annual profit of \$10,000. In former years he has realized as much as \$50,000, but the competition of New York has reduced his profits. He also manufactures hydrochloric acid, Prussian blue, morphine, refined camphor, and several other articles; forming an example of the variety of occupations and arts so frequent in the United States. Besides the technical interest, there was a greater one in the characteristic details which this American manufactory, and this American manufacturer, afforded me. One of the workmen was engaged in reading, while his oven was heating, as I lately saw a boatman at West Point, while waiting for the hour of departure, reading one of Walter Scott's romances. The reader was not at all disturbed when his patron passed near him. Mr. Wetherell is the type of scientific activity in a mechanic. After having explained every thing to me with much eagerness and vivacity, he conducted me to his laboratory, saying: "Here I am happy, experimenting upon different things; afterwards it is all taken to the store-

house, and concerns me no longer." It was impossible, in hearing him speak, to doubt his sincerity. Evidently the pleasure of research counterbalances, with him, the desire of gain. Mr. Wetherell showed me the gasometer of Philadelphia, which is very beautiful, and the one now in process of construction, it is said, will be the largest in the world. We afterwards visited the water-works on the banks of the Schuylkill, by means of which water is carried into Philadelphia by a number of pumps, to which it is intended to add a turbine of 40 horse power, at the cost of \$10,000, and which will increase the supply of water 4,000,000 gallons. We entered the house of a Welsh laborer to warm ourselves. I was informed by Mr. Wetherell, that there exists in Philadelphia a society for the benefit of the Welsh, having a fund of \$10 to \$20,000, which loans the interest of this sum to needy Welshmen. The money thus loaned has always been faithfully restored. This British blood is good. Mr. Wetherell, who is himself of Welsh origin, one day offered some wood to a poor woman, who proudly answered, "I am able to buy my own wood." "You are Welsh," said he to her, which was true. He was relating this anecdote one day at a dinner, when one of the gentlemen of the company exclaimed—"She was my mother."

This last trait is characteristic of society in the United States. It is pleasant to witness the facility with which all can elevate themselves, without blushing for his origin, and on the contrary claiming the honor of a good sentiment in a poor mother. It is also pleasant to find in this country, in the midst of the external uniformity of the general manners, those nationalities which are preserved, perpetuated by a bond of benevolence and love. In New York each race has established a society, for the benefit of its members, under the patronage of their national saint. Saint George for the English, Saint Andrew for the Scotch, Saint David for the Welsh, and Saint Nicholas for the Dutch. The members of these societies meet annually and dine together. In that of the Dutch, two pipes and a vessel of Dutch freestone filled with tobacco, are presented to all who are present, and lively speeches are made. Innocent and pleasant gayety: it is like our social balls, which some austere persons condemn; but I have never found that good was not good, when made a source of amusement.

At Philadelphia there are quite a number

of Swedes. These are the oldest inhabitants of the State, where they dwelt before Penn had given it a name. Their ministers ought to be Lutherans, for Lutheranism has always had undisputed sway in Sweden; but they no longer preach in the Swedish language. All foreign languages, in time, are superseded by the English, in the United States, as all national individualities become merged into the Anglo-Saxon nationality.

It was in this city, established under the auspices of the unlimited toleration of Penn, and of the sect of *Friends*, that I listened to the most intolerant sermon which I heard in America; though, at the same time, the most eloquent.

The theme of the oration was, that sincerity of belief was no ground of excuse for error. "Sincere belief," said he, "may be criminal, for it may produce criminal acts, and a tree is judged by its fruits. Besides, belief results from the moral character, and from it receives its impress. Tell me what thou believest, and I will tell thee what thou art. Whoever deceives himself honestly is culpable, for in falsifying the proofs of truth, he mutilates its witnesses, which is a crime. Were the inquisitors innocent when they tortured and mutilated the witnesses? What! is the geologist innocent when he evokes his antediluvian monsters in opposition to truth! (What! were the French philosophers of the 18th century innocent!) (What! is he innocent who mutilates the Bible, and by mutilating and perverting it, makes it speak falsely?) Was Napoleon right, when he oppressed liberty under the pretence of suppressing the revolution? And poor Shelley, who one stormy night exclaimed, 'No, there is no God:' think you he was one of the elect? Newport believed there was no hell; was that sufficient to destroy hell? Does he who falls into a cataract avoid it by shutting his eyes as he falls in the deep abyss? The pilot in the midst of shoals, during the darkness of night, may rely upon his chart, and watch the rudder to avoid these shoals, but will it suffice to escape shipwreck, to believe that he is in the right direction? Do like him, examine your route, assure yourselves that what seems the truth is the truth, and not its appearance." The preacher closed with a sentence which produced a truly startling effect. "It is believed that the way to hell is gloomy; that in approaching it we must see livid reflections and hear sinister voices; no, my hearers, this way is pleasant, it is illuminated by the softest light; we think we hear

the voices of angels—on, on we go—we approach—those angel voices were the cry of demons—that light so soft was the light of hell."

Rhetoric so brilliant and gloomy, so pathetic and startling, will delight the intolerant of every creed, and each will pronounce with enthusiasm this anathema upon all others. Sincerity not being sufficient to avoid condemnation, it would be well to know in what variety of Protestantism may be found that church, out of which, according to this preacher, there is no salvation. Unfortunately I do not recollect to what sect this Philadelphia minister belonged.

The greatest curiosity in Philadelphia is the celebrated State Prison at Cherry Hill, where the so-called Philadelphia cellular system has been introduced to a greater extent than at any other place, and consists of constant isolation with labor. The penitentiary question has excited much interest in Europe, but still more in America. The system at Auburn, where silent labor, with only a separation at night, has had its earnest advocates, who violently oppose the Philadelphia system as barbarous, and calculated to induce insanity and death. The defenders of the Philadelphia system have answered these attacks by an unlimited glorification of their idol, and the attacks of the Boston society were treated very summarily. They declared this society "eminently respectable," but at the same time affirmed that it was an assemblage of fanatics, whose reports upon the Pennsylvanian system were only unwarrantable and premeditated perversions of the truth. Both systems have still their partisans; but the most eminent civilians who have given their attention to these subjects, among whom are M. de Tocqueville and M. de Beaumont, prefer the rigorous system of Philadelphia. Lieber, Moreau, Christophe, and Oscar I., king of Sweden, in his treatise upon *Penalties and Prisons*, also concur in this opinion. On the contrary, opponents are not wanting; and Dickens has given an animated, though, it is said, exaggerated picture of the moral misery of the prisoners of Cherry Hill. I was desirous to know what would be my own impression upon this contested question. Accordingly, I started for the prison, provided with a letter of recommendation to the warden, given me by two merchants who are trustees of the establishment. I was informed that these gentlemen are accustomed to give religious instruction on the Sabbath to the prisoners.

Arriving on a cold winter day upon the

lonely summit of Cherry Hill, in front of this vast enclosure of gray walls surmounted by embattled towers like a castle of the middle ages, and reflecting upon the hundreds of human beings therein confined, each in his cell, never seeing any of his companions in captivity, almost always alone with the thought of his isolation, I could not but experience a great oppression of heart. Upon entering, I soon found myself in a room situated in the centre of a building, in the form of a cross, whose four corridors, exactly similar, lined with two tiers of cells, extended to a great distance. The sound of labor, the stroke of the hammer could be heard, reminding one of a barrack, a manufactory, or a cloister. While I was waiting for the warden, a Quaker with his large hat was moving round the corridors, entering now into one cell, and then into another, with the busy and indifferent air of an overseer; but I learned that he was performing a voluntary act of charity.

The warden conducted me for several hours through the different parts of the prison. Every thing appertaining to the directing of the establishment, and the well-being of the prisoners, bespeaks order and regularity. My guide seemed a man of great sense and moderation. He favors the system enforced in the prison, but is not too strenuous. I interrogated him upon the length of time usually spent in the prison. No one is sentenced for less than one year. I was induced to believe, by an examination of the official reports, that there must be a certain limit to the detention of prisoners, in order to the development of the result of solitude upon their moral nature; on the other hand, too great a prolongation of the penalty would be terrible. The minimum of condemnation is one year, the maximum twelve years. According to my informant, the average length of punishment does not exceed four years. To seven out of ten of the prisoners, a sentence of twelve years would be worse than death. The warden considers the Pennsylvanian system salutary in itself, but does not exaggerate its advantages. He admits that it may reform the criminal, without pretending that it always has that effect. This mode of punishment has one inconsistency in common with many others, though perhaps in a less degree: I refer to the inequality of the penalty upon the different individuals upon whom it is imposed. There are some, though these are few in number, to whom solitude is not irksome. There is one here, for example, who has so well distributed the employment of

his hours, that he always finds the day too short, but there are others to whom solitude is intolerable. This depends entirely upon the character, and they are not always the most vicious who suffer most. In one of the reports of the prison, mention is made of two wretches who found this mode of life quite agreeable. But in general it inspires those criminals who are naturally social with a salutary terror, which induces them to practise their profession in places where they are not threatened. The women are usually more resigned than the men. This sedentary mode of life is less different from their accustomed habits, and whatever may be said of their talkative propensities, silence seems less annoying to them than to the men.

The cells are neat, well kept, well warmed, and of sufficient size to perform their labor. Each prisoner has a small garden. This bears some resemblance to the cells of the Carpathian friars, who have also a garden, and a trade, and who are, like the prisoners at Cherry Hill, condemned, it is true, by an act of their own will, to silence, and to a silence much more rigorous, for the prisoners are allowed to converse ten or fifteen minutes every day with the guards, with the warden, and with charitable persons who visit them, or with strangers attracted by curiosity. The system of absolute isolation, which was at first adopted in the prison at Pittsburg, is now abandoned. It proved to be intolerable, and even fatal. The prisoners are allowed to read every evening after supper; during the day they work. There is a library belonging to the establishment; the librarian is a prisoner condemned for perjury. He was engaged in preparing a catalogue, which seemed to be executed with much care. The inmates of the Philadelphia State Prison have permission to sing, to whistle while at work, and to smoke, which the Carpathian friars have denied themselves. They breakfast at seven o'clock with tea, which is substituted twice a week by coffee. Formerly coffee was used every day, but it was found to be too exciting. They dine at noon. Five times a week the prisoners are allowed beef, twice mutton, and bread at discretion. In the evening they have tea again. This regimen is healthy and sufficient. They are never beaten; their punishments are a diminution of food, imprisonment in dungeons, and shower baths, a mode of punishment safe, but disagreeable to them. They are taken to the baths once in two weeks. All this time, as also when they enter the prison, or change their cells, their heads are covered, so that

they neither see, nor are seen by any one. They leave the prison without knowing the countenance of one of their companions in captivity, and without being recognized by them.

I visited several cells, principally those of the Germans, who seldom have an opportunity of conversing in their native language. To those unacquainted with English, this is a great aggravation of their punishment. Several have learned English in prison. I inquired if there were any French among the convicts, and learned with pleasure that there were none, which confirmed to me the truth of what I was informed by the Mayor of Philadelphia, to the advantage of this portion of the foreign population of the city. The first German I saw was pale, with a restless appearance and a feverish look. He had been in custody but three months. The commencement is always hard. Like many others, he has learned his trade in prison. Another, on the contrary, was near the expiration of his term. He appeared quite jovial. He did not like to work. *Slecht arbeit*, said he. I did not consider him essentially reformed. The parents of this German reside at Philadelphia. The relatives of the convicts are seldom allowed to visit them, and never without the permission of the warden. A third, and he was the only one, assured me of his innocence.

I saw an American who had served five years, and was still sentenced for two more for having stolen a horse, a frequent crime among the convicts. This sentence, after having been informed by the warden that the average length of imprisonment was four years, seemed to me excessive, especially when I learned that an Irishman had been condemned to only four years of solitude for homicide. This inequality, which surprised me, was explained by the fact that the former had been sentenced to the maximum, and the latter to the minimum of the penalty. It is none the less incomprehensible to me how a man can be punished twice as much for having stolen a horse, than for having killed a man.

After having visited several other cells, I followed my guide into every part of the establishment. During our walk, I interrogated him upon the disputed question of mortality and insanity, resulting from the system adopted at Philadelphia. The mortality, according to his statement, ranged from 2 to 4 per cent. This is the ratio given by the official reports. As to insanity, his opinion differed from those reports, whose authors seem

to me to delude themselves in their assertions that the system is not responsible for the mental derangement of the prisoners, although it proceeds from causes which this system induces. Insanity is much more frequent among the negroes. When it is developed among the prisoners, or when their health visibly declines, they are allowed to associate with others—a wise regulation, but demonstrating that solitude may be fatal to reason and health. One third of the prisoners are negroes, one tenth are Irish, and one tenth are Germans.

A grave problem every where, but particularly in America, where the economical point of view may be less neglected than elsewhere, is the product of the labor of the prisoners. The opinion of Mr. Wood, a former warden, seems to me very rational upon this subject. It is not necessary that a prison should be a source of revenue to the state; but it is desirable that the labor of the convicts should indemnify society for what they cost it, and it appears that they have here attained this result, since, if not every year, at least many years, the product of their labor has balanced their expenses. This is all that should be required; and it cannot be urged that the Auburn system is preferable, because, in the circumstances the most favorable for labor, the prisons in the north of England, organized after this system, yield more to the state, and are a true source of profit. As Mr. Wood has truly maintained, it is not an affair of dollars, but of humanity. The danger of existing competition between prison labor and free labor is also a difficulty which occurs to the mind. Usually this competition is avoided as much as possible. As for instance, the prisoners make the coarse shoes which are taken south, and which the shoemakers of Philadelphia do not wish to manufacture. They formerly complained, but do so no longer.

No where is the activity which the public spirit impresses upon the progress of institutions in America, more apparent than in the organization and development of the public schools. The legislatures of the different states are all the while stimulated, in this respect, by the zeal of private individuals. The interposition of private associations, so energetic in whatever concerns the prisons, is not less apparent in their institutions for instruction, especially for elementary instruction. I have a report made in 1830 to the Society for the Improvement of Public Schools, which says, that "almost every where the law upon education is, as it were,

a dead letter, and that in view of such a juncture it is the duty of the society to redouble its efforts, to excite Pennsylvania to manifest its energy in this noble cause, and thereby to show the degree of its intellectual culture, as fully as it now displays its physical resources. The society will exult by all possible means a legislative action for the establishment of normal schools. Meanwhile it declares that it has already furnished a certain number of teachers for different parts of the state, and has organized schools in retired districts, where none had before existed." Here may be seen the two-fold action of these private societies: appeals to the legislature, by the agitation of public opinion and dictation in furnishing instructors and in establishing schools. To act and to cause to act, should be the motto of the innumerable associations which are found in America, and which call the public attention to the institutions designed to provide for the religious, moral, and intellectual necessities of the people, and to the condition of the prisons, hospitals and schools. They act upon the government by the force of public opinion, they interpose themselves as examples, and direct the way. This movement and agitation have effected a reformation of the school system, in the city of Philadelphia. In 1836, the schools experienced a radical improvement in becoming entirely public to the whole community, and a central high school has also been established. Since that period considerable progress has been made. In 1839, there were 16 schools, 190 teachers, and a little less than 19,000 pupils. In the scholastic year 1850-1851, the number of schools established by the aid of the public fund has increased to 60; the number of teachers to 781, and including those engaged in the high schools 928, while the number of pupils has exceeded 48,000. The proportion of teachers to the pupils, in 1839, was in the ratio of one to one hundred, now it is one to sixty. It is seen that here, as in New York, instruction has increased in greater proportion than the population itself.

Instead of \$190,000, of which at least one fifth was at the first period furnished by the state treasury, more than \$366,000, the result of county taxation, is now expended for schools, only one eleventh of which is furnished by the state.

I was desirous of visiting these schools established by the persevering zeal of the citizens. Mr. B—— introduced me to several classes, and questioned the little boys and

girls in my presence. Their answers were prompt, and might be heard from several at once. A lively emulation seemed to incite these children, who were animated without ill-nature, and eager without coarseness. The little girls were acquainted with the principal facts in the history of the United States, and were familiar with the names of the important political men, as Clay and Webster, and answered very pertinently, when asked: What are the principal political parties?—They are Whigs and Democrats.—These answers interested me much, but less than Mr. B——, who is one of the Directors of the institution, and who derived so much gratification in interrogating the pupils, that, as my time was limited, I was obliged to excuse myself. I left him perfectly happy, with this rather monotonous occupation, and I could not but admire, as I left, the disinterested zeal and the kind enthusiasm of a gentleman, who forgot his business to interrogate children upon history and geography, as if he had none other claim and indemnity than the pleasure of being useful.

The Lancasterian system, so celebrated in France at the time of the restoration under the name of *mutual instruction*, and which was a great source of revenue to France, was formerly more in vogue in America, than at the present time. This system, though still pursued, is not exclusively adopted in Philadelphia, and other places. One would suppose that it would succeed in this country, where they aim, in all things, at rapidity of execution, at the simplification of means, and where the mechanical processes are in use to some extent for every thing, where the daguerreotype, for example, is very universal, to the great injury of portrait painting. An eminent man, De Witt Clinton, a governor of the State of New York, said of the Lancasterian method: "It has the same advantage for education, that labor-saving machines possess for the useful arts." We must beware how we spare the children too much, lest their intellectual powers become weakened, and they themselves become machines.

An institution resembling no other in the world, is the college founded by Stephen Girard for three hundred poor white male children, with this strange provision, that no priest or clergyman of any denomination whatever should ever enter the college. This proviso is more singular in the United States than it would be any where else, for in this country, almost all the colleges have been founded under the auspices, and by the agency of some sect. Jefferson, im-



bued with the French opinions of the 18th century, wished to establish the University of Virginia, without any religious direction; but it proved a failure. It is not necessary to infer that it was the intention of Girard to exclude all religious instruction from the college which he founded, but to withdraw the children from the influence of what is here denominated sectarian spirit, for laymen preach to and catechize the children every Sabbath. To those belonging to the different Protestant denominations, there is no particular disadvantage. The principal performs devotional exercises twice a day and officiates on Sabbath morning, and the inspector of studies conducts the evening service; but the Catholic children, who comprise one third of the whole number in the college, and are the children of poor Irish Catholics, are, by this strange reservation in the will of Mr. Girard, deprived of their worship and religion. The laity can neither say mass, nor grant absolution. The priests, whose position I appreciate, are opposed to the practice of sending Catholic children to Girard College; but many parents allow it. Their course of study is quite extensive. It embraces mathematics, as far as the application of algebra to geometry, natural philosophy, natural history, French, Spanish, general history and the history of the United States. Here is much to learn, and when these poor children have completed their course they will not know how to apply it.

The magnificence of this institution is still another objection. Mr. Girard having left a large sum for its foundation, his executors, desiring to make a great display, have built, instead of a college, a temple of white marble, a little after the model of the Parthenon. This resolution was not very wise, for when the monument was completed, nothing was left of the large legacy of Mr. Girard, and the state was obliged to furnish the necessary sum to put it in operation. Every thing is in harmony with such an edifice; the interior is comfortable and in good order; the floors are covered with matting, and the desks with green serge. All this is beautiful; but what a contrast to what these children, now so neatly dressed, so orderly and so happy, will find when they leave this institution. It is to be regretted that stern reason will not allow us to enjoy without the obtrusion of these severe reflections, this only example in the world, of a palace open to the democracy, and of this homage to indigent childhood too often neglected. Those who, in the cities of Europe, would be found begging in the

streets, or playing in the water, sleep here under a marble roof, but this is an extreme. Where the people reign, the children of the sovereign should not be spoiled, and it was no disadvantage to Henry 4th, that he was educated with the young peasants of Berne.

I visited Girard College on the same day that I visited the prison. The two edifices are separated but a short distance, and present a singular contrast; the one mournful and gloomy with its gray and lofty walls resembling a feudal fortress, the other cheerful and magnificent, with its columns of white marble, like a temple of Delos. In the one, were criminals imprisoned less by lofty walls than by solitude and silence, counting one by one the hours always alike, because they present no variety, and resembling the veiled faces of a procession of spectres, and in the other, happy children drawn from their humble homes to live in a palace, and, as I saw them in their evening recreations, filling this magnificent abode, with their joyous shouts, and bird-like gayety, then betaking themselves to refreshing sleep in neat little beds, but a few steps from those convicts once joyous and laughing children like themselves. And yet some of these children now so happy, but it may be ill prepared for the society which they must encounter, may one day occupy the silent cell, and extend themselves upon the rude couch of the convicts of Cherry Hill.

It would afford me much pleasure to prolong my visit in this city, but the weather, which has been quite mild, has suddenly become severely cold. As the principal if not the only aim of my journey, is to avoid the winter, which is everywhere my enemy, I shall leave for Washington, where I shall not remain long, on my way to South Carolina and Louisiana.

There is no country in the world where the changes of temperature are more sudden, and the contrasts more extreme than in the United States. New York has in summer the temperature of Naples and in the winter that of Copenhagen. In all the northern parts of the United States, they often pass almost without transition from a mild to a cold day. At Rome, the difference between the maximum of heat and cold is 24 degrees, while at Salem, in New England, it is 51 degrees. These sudden alternations of heat and cold tend to give strength and firmness to the muscular system of the Americans; it is thus that steel is tempered. The heat of the summer may be explained by the latitude: Philadelphia being nearly in the same degree as Naples. The excessive cold may

be attributed, among other causes, to the fact that in America the mountains extend North and South, and hence interpose no obstacle to the cold polar winds.

Before leaving Philadelphia, I enjoyed the pleasure which I had long desired, of listening to Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, as she is here styled, whom I followed through the different cities of the Union, but who always left before my arrival. Fortunately Miss Lind sang in Philadelphia the evening previous to my departure. Several reasons may be assigned for the enthusiasm which she had excited in this country; she possesses great talent, a reputation established in Europe, besides, her character is justly respected, and her disposition very generous. She has sung in America for the benefit of many useful institutions, schools, hospitals, &c. To fashion is united esteem. I listened to the nightingale at a concert attended by the fashionable world. I was glad at this opportunity of observing the musical taste of the Americans. It seemed to me that the great airs of the opera were listened to with some indifference, while the romances were much more enjoyed. A Swedish ballad was very successful, especially the last verse was much applauded, in which Miss Lind, with pathetic grace, allowed her voice to die away so perfectly, that all listened even after she had ceased. This remembrance of Sweden in America was very pleasing to me, and I was glad to hear once more, after an interval of many years, the sweet sounds of this language, the most melodious of all the German languages, and which might, with propriety, be styled the Spanish of the North. By a singular chance, I met twenty-five years since, Madame Catalini at Stockholm, and I now meet Miss Lind at Philadelphia.

*Baltimore, Dec. 13th.*

It is impossible to stop here, which I much regret, since all that I have heard of the society of Baltimore is calculated to inspire me with this feeling; but it is too cold for an invalid, as they say in English, who is in pursuit of a southern climate, and has allowed himself to be overtaken by the rigorous cold of the North. I have not found the statement, made by Volney, true, that the climate becomes materially milder after passing the Patapsco river. Well wrapped up, I hastily passed through the principal streets of Baltimore. This city appears to me neater and gayer than any other city in America, especially the upper part, which is a kind of faubourg St. Germain. I walked a long dis-

tance without observing any shops. Upon the summit of the hill upon which Baltimore is situated, are the churches, and at the base, are the chimneys of the manufactories and the shipping. But I was too benumbed to form any distinct impression of any thing. I shall soon depart for Washington, where I wish to arrive in season, to be present at the opening session of Congress, and before the interruption of the sessions in the first days of January. Fortunately Miss Catherine Hayes sings this evening. The swan of Erin, as she is styled, has her admirers, who prefer her to the nightingale of Dalecarlie.

I considered it a happy chance which procures me the pleasure of hearing thus, one after the other, the two voices so celebrated in prose and verse in the twenty-three states of the Union, and at the same time, that of mingling with the society of Baltimore. After seeing their city by a beautiful sun, and by—I had almost said a beautiful cold, but I will never concede that the cold can be beautiful, I found the assemblage of this evening more brilliant even than that of Philadelphia. In approaching the South a certain elegance of manners is more and more apparent. I have entered the slave states, and see for the first time in a concert hall a circular gallery appropriated to *persons of color*, as they are truly called, for this expression includes not only blacks in this category, but all the shades to white inclusively. To those acquainted with them, the African descent may be detected in a corner of the eye or in the root of the nail, and though her complexion may be very fair, a quadroon is obliged to take her place by the side of the negro.

Miss Hayes is not an artist that will rank with Jenny Lind; but she possesses more novelty, she is Irish, and sings the ballads of her country very agreeably, and I think has had greater success this evening, than had yesterday—I was going to say her rival, but indeed they ought not to be placed in the same line. Although the concerts are well attended, though much is expended for seats, and though the journals make use of the strongest hyperboles, and the same hyperboles, to celebrate superior and moderate talents, I do not think that the musical instinct is very well developed in America. The Americans are too English to be musicians. They practice music to a very great extent, they manufacture a great number of pianos, and their concerts are as frequent and as numerous attended as in Europe; but I am not aware that this country has produced any celebra-

ted performers. The Americans have sculptors, and even painters, but I have not heard the name of a single American composer.

Some efforts have been made to cultivate sacred music. Church music has been brought to a high standard by the Handel and Haydn Society; and at Lowell, I have found the music of the great masters arranged in a cheap form, so as to be within the reach of the people; but, notwithstanding all these laudable efforts, the Anglo-Saxon organization has a tendency to resistance. It is easier to unharness the horses of European singers and to pay \$1,000 for a concert ticket, than to possess musical taste. Fortunately the English have proved that a nation can be great without this; it is also true that this taste may be developed by education and practice, as has been demonstrated in France.

In the United States the Germans are the principal resource of the orchestras and concerts. The music of the military regiments

is often performed by negroes. That the negro race possesses a superior natural taste for music, is a point upon which the proud Yankees must acknowledge their inferiority to those men who are scarcely recognized by many of them as human beings. The negro is condemned by slavery or contempt to a miserable condition, but he has received a gift which those who enslave and degrade him do not possess, namely, gayety. To aid him to forget the bitterness of his lot, Providence has given him a taste for singing and dancing:

The good God says to him: Sing,  
Sing, poor little one.

It is natural to think of the negroes, on the first day that I entered the slave states. Strange circumstance! I depart for Washington. I go to see the Congress and the President of the republic, to salute the Capitol, and I am no longer in what are here called the *free states*.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

### AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN the year 1821, during a tour I was making in the north of Germany, an accident introduced me to a clergyman, who invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. The second day of my stay was to be devoted to an excursion in the neighboring mountains, whence a glorious view could be enjoyed of the Frische Haff and the littoral of Pomerania.

We had, however, scarce quitted the rectory, when my new friend attracted my attention to an old man who was sitting on the root of a tree, smoking his pipe with apparently the greatest contentment, while his geese were feeding on the grassy borders of the wide village street.

"Look there," the clergyman said; "that old man is the only living witness of a trait of iron justice in the life of Frederick the

Great which but very few are acquainted with. Hallo! Father Frank, do you remember bringing the baron home from Stettin?"

"How could I forget it?" the old man replied, as he doffed his cap reverently; "I was a young fellow of about twenty-five at the time."

"Did he swear at all?" my friend asked further.

"I should think so," the old man said with a laugh; "he raved furiously the whole distance, especially when the carriage drove over the pine-roots on the heath."

"Yes," my friend replied, "you may laugh now, Father Frank, but in truth you ought to have shared the baron's punishment, for I can never forgive you for helping to carry my poor predecessor out of his house in his

dying moments, and placing him in the glaring sunshine."

"I was forced to do so," the old man answered; and as he pointed with his staff to a neighboring garden, he continued: "The baron was standing behind that walnut-tree with his telescope, and if we had not placed the old gentleman on the exact spot he ordered, he would have beaten us to death. Still I shall feel sorry for it as long as I live, and cannot look at the spot without sighing. His chair was just at the very place where you are now standing, and there he died within a quarter of an hour."

The reader may fancy that these remarks caused me to feel considerable curiosity, and we had scarce left the old man, when I begged the rector to tell me the story. He did so in the following terms:

The Baron von L—, of whom our old friend was talking, was formerly owner of this estate, and a favorite of Frederick the Great. The nearer circumstances of his introduction to the king are sufficiently remarkable to induce me to mention them. Frederick had come to inspect a morass that had been lately drained by the baron, and while waiting for fresh horses at P—, he talked with the land-agent, and as he saw some gentlemen in military uniform at a little distance, he asked him, "Where have those gentlemen served?"

The agent, who knew that the king liked a quick and ready answer, replied, with a deep bow, "In your majesty's army;" to which the king rejoined, with equal quickness.

"Sheepshead! I am well aware that they have not served as laborers on your estate. But where is the baron?"

The latter, however, had been delayed, and arrived just as the king was asking for him, in such a hurry that the coachman drove against a tombstone, which had been brought the day before for the grave of a lately deceased clergyman, and had been placed temporarily by the side of the road. The carriage was overturned, and the baron as well: a terrible prognostic, for he was fated to owe his ruin to the tombstone of a clergyman, though it did not occur on this occasion. On the contrary, he managed to acquire the king's favor in such a degree, that his majesty was continually sending for him to be present at the reviews in Stargardt, and eventually invested him with the then highly distinguished order, "Pour le Mérite."

Through this, however, the baron's arrogance waxed incredibly. He was not merely

a tyrant whom every one in the neighborhood feared because they knew the favor in which he stood with the king, but a still greater tyrant to all the clergy. For while he usually called the landed gentry, when speaking about them, "uncultivated clods," he also, after the fashion of the great king, termed the clergy "unreasoning brutes," and displayed his enlightenment on every occasion in a manner as ridiculous as it was insulting: for education and respect could not be counted among our baron's virtues.

But of all the clergymen, his own, Thilo by name, my poor predecessor, fared the worst. He was an old man, modest in the highest degree, and put up with anything from his patron. His only daughter, Sophie, was, however, one of the most energetic women I ever saw, and even at the advanced age when I first formed her acquaintance, bore evident traces of her former beauty.

She was attached to the son of the royal forester Weiher, who lived in S—, and used to visit the old pastor when he came to church. The affair was, however, not known for a long while, as Sophie always received the young fellow's ardent declarations of love with great though pretended coolness. Besides, the young man was nothing, and had nothing, and it was very doubtful whether he would succeed his father in the forestry. Such being the case, there was little to be done in those days, and it is much the same now. But it is equally true that a lover never did, and never will, trouble himself about such paltry details. It was the same with our Fritz. On one occasion, when he had brought the old pastor, or rather his daughter, a brace of wild duck, and the latter gave him a rose in return, for she had nothing else to offer, Fritz regarded it as a declaration of her love, and begged her to give him her hand and heart. The sensible girl naturally tried to persuade him of his folly, and asked him how he could support a wife.

But Fritz had his answer cut and dried.

"I have a little," he rejoined, "and you, too, my dear girl, could have three times as much as myself, if you only wished."

"I am curious to know what you mean," Sophie remarked.

"Well, your father says that the baron owes him his dues for the last ten years. That would make, at the rate of sixty bushels per annum, 600 bushels, worth, at the present price of grain, about 800 crowns. With that, and my little savings, we could manage. We would take a farm in the neigh-

borhood if I was not made assistant to my father, as I expect, and could live happily."

But Sophie rejected this idea with a smile, and expressed her opinion "that the young man could sooner shake down wheat from his beech-trees than her father get his rye from the baron."

Still the plan continually occurred to her. She begged her father to make an earnest demand for his dues from the baron; for if he were to die, and she be left a poor unprotected orphan, the hard-hearted and arrogant man would not give her a shilling more in money or money's worth. Still the old man would not consent, though she renewed her entreaties repeatedly. The next Sunday, however, the forester turned the conversation to the same subject, whence it may be presumed that his son had opened his heart to him. But it was of no avail. The old man trembled even if he heard the baron's name, and said, earnestly and simply:

"It would be of no use; I have tried to no purpose every year. But the Lord is judge of all things."

"That's all very good," the forester replied; "but I don't see what your daughter will have to live on, if you were to quit the world this day or the next. Lay a complaint against the baron, unless he listens to your reasonable demands."

The old man shook his head and sighed, upon which the former continued:

"Well, then, I must reveal something to you, pastor; my Fritz is ashamed to do it himself."

At these words, the young folk turned as red as cherries, and Sophie ran out of the room. Fritz stopped, it is true, but did not dare to raise his head, when his father proceeded to say:

"My Fritz here and your dear daughter would gladly get married; but as they want the main thing, and I do not know whether the boy will succeed me, you could make the young couple happy if you would send in a complaint against the baron, and force him to pay you either the corn or the money. Then we would take a farm for them."

"I never heard a word of this before," my old predecessor here remarked, "and do not know a better answer to give you than one from the Bible: 'We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth.'"

Our Fritz now regained both his heart and his feet. He ran out of the room, and, on this occasion, his power of persuasion must have been very great, for he returned in a few minutes, hand in hand with the blushing girl.

"My daughter," the old man said to her, "what am I forced to hear? You never kept anything from me before, and now have made a secret of the most important thing—that you wish to be married. Is that really true, Sophie?"

"Yes, father," she replied, without affectation, "if we only knew what we should have to live on: for without some certainty, I have always told Fritz, the marriage cannot take place."

Fritz now gained heart too, and said: "But the pastor has our future welfare in his own hands; for if you were to complain against the baron, it would be very strange if you did not get your own."

The old man, however, replied, after repeated representations, "I will sleep on it," and would probably have done so for the rest of his days, if his daughter had left him in peace. But it seemed to him almost a crime to proceed straightway to a plaint, and an encroachment on the reverence he fancied he owed to his patron. He made one attempt more on the path of conciliation, and begged the baron, in writing, and most respectfully, to pay him the dues owing to him for nearly ten years, at the same time, apologizing very humbly for making the request on this occasion before Michaelmas, because his dear daughter designed to alter her condition of life.

Of course the latter knew nothing of this confidential remark, which afterwards cost her so many tears, or else she would have protested against it most solemnly. But the patron acted in the usual way: whether Michaelmas or not, he did not pay the slightest attention.

The old man was at length forced to bite into the sour apple, and yield to the repeated entreaties of his daughter. He sent in a complaint against the baron, and, by his daughter's special solicitation, not merely asked for his dues, but also complained about the wretched state of dilapidation in which the rectory was, about which repeated useless petitions had been sent to the harsh man, who allowed his preacher to live worse than his daily laborers. It is true that this was not done without a severe struggle; but as Sophie at length represented to him that the baron would be equally embittered whether he laid one or two complaints before the authorities, he seemed at last to allow the truth of this, and wrote, though not without begging the baron's pardon for each of his complaints. The result might be anticipated. The chamber, which signed itself at that day, to some purpose, "We, Freder-

ick, by God's grace," entirely shared the king's contemptuous views of the clergy, but not his love of justice towards all—among them, consequently, the pastors. The baron, on being requested to answer his rector's plaint, denied everything, asserted that he had always paid his dues regularly, and that this highly insulting charge could only be explained or excused by the fact that the old man was quite childish, and did not know what he said or wrote. He ought, at any rate, to have produced his witnesses; but, far from doing so, or being able to do it, the old lackbrains had apologized to him, his patron, in a fashion that would furnish a very poor notion of the honesty of his fancied claim. His complaint about his house was equally false; for, though it was no palace, it was still habitable enough.

He had certainly some good reasons to regard his pastor's surprising demands from a much more criminal point of view; for it was shown by the annexed letter in his handwriting, that he wished his daughter to marry, and was greatly embarrassed about—the dowry. Still he would not carry out this idea for the pastor's sake, and would rather ascribe to his age and his forgetfulness, what others perhaps would impute to his villany. Still the authorities would perceive, without it being necessary for him to call their attention to it, that it was high time to dismiss the old man, and he would, therefore, present another candidate as soon as possible.

We may easily foresee the result of this reply. The old pastor was not only refused a hearing and threatened with an ungracious dismissal, but, besides, received some reprimands of the very coarsest style, as was the fashion in that day.

"I thought it would be so!" he exclaimed, in the deepest sorrow, "and for that reason I would not write, but you forced me to do so."

The consequence of this painful excitement was a severe illness, to which the old man yielded, not immediately though, but after the forester had come to him and told both him and his daughter, with unfeeling harshness, that all idea of a marriage with his son must be given up, whether he succeeded him or not, for his son could make no use of a portionless wife.

The old pastor only replied to this by a sigh; but his daughter answered instead of him, that this was quite natural, and that she was merely surprised that the forester had not said this only to them, but had before stated publicly in the village, "If she gets

the 600 bushels of rye, my Fritz will take her; if not, the bargain will be off." This had annoyed her so much, that she had determined on not being mixed up in this corn transaction, had the result been favorable to her. So much the more she now requested that the whole affair should be broken off, and his son not annoy her again under any pretext.

"That you may be assured of," the forester replied with equal roughness; "he shan't trouble you again, or, if he does, I'll break every bone in his body. Good-by! The Lord strengthen the old man!"

Fritz, though, did come again, and that too on the next night, as he did not dare do so by day. He knocked at his beloved's little bedroom window; she recognized him immediately in the moonlight, but would not open to him. At length she did so, however, and she now heard his complaints, which were accompanied by bitter tears, and with the entreaty that she would remain faithful to him, let things happen as they would.

But she replied boldly, "Fritz, our connection is broken off for ever. Farewell, and do not dare to knock at my window a second time by night; I give you my word, that if you do, I will write to your father the next morning. So now, farewell, and may the Lord guide you, and preserve your father longer to you than He will mine to me."

With these words she sighed and closed the window, and spite of all poor Fritz's entreaties, could not be induced to open it again, but went into her father's room, whom she heard sighing and groaning.

On the next morning, however, she was destined to suffer still more. The baron no sooner heard of the old man's serious illness, than he spitefully sent a message to him: "He would have the goodness to leave his house next morning, for the rectory was going to be pulled down, and a new one built in its stead."

He naturally answered: "That it was perfectly impossible for him to do so, as he was very ill, and would hardly leave his bed again. He had lived so long in the old house, that he should like to stay in it till his death. The baron would surely be kind enough to let him die there."

But the first messenger was followed by another, "The matter could not be deferred: the pastor had made such serious complaints to the Royal Chamber, that the baron could by no possibility delay in sending in carpenters and masons; the house must be given up the next day."

Sophie, however, did not suffer this second messenger to appear before the terrified pastor, but sent to tell the baron, that if he could answer it to God and man for driving a dying man out of his house, he might do it. If her father died, though, she would spend her last farthing in avenging his death, even if she had to beg her way to Potsdam.

Of course the baron was not induced by this to alter his views in the slightest; for what could appear to him more ridiculous than this threat? On the next morning a number of carpenters and masons came from the town of U—, climbed, in spite of all poor Sophie's entreaties, on to the roof, and tiles, beams, and spars soon fell down before the sick man's window.

Sophie attempted to calm her dying father as well as he could, and persuade him that the baron was going to have the house new roofed; but when the carpenters came in and sorrowfully stated that they must now pull up the flooring, she fainted with a loud shriek at the baron's barbarity, while the compassionate carpenters raised the dying man from his bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, placed him in his easy-chair, and carried him out and seated him in the full glare of the sun, by the side of the road. The baron stood with his telescope behind the walnut-tree; Sophie was still in a fainting fit; and only an old woman had the courage to approach the chair, and throw her apron over the head of the old man, who continually ejaculated, "My eyes! my eyes!" But almost at the same moment he breathed his last sigh; and when Sophie was at length aroused to life, and rushed towards her father with a cry of horror, she only held a corpse in her arms.

Although she asked the clergyman present at her father's funeral how she should act against the baron's unsupportable tyranny, they only shrugged their shoulders; and even if one offered her counsel, it did not appear to her good. But her determination—which the gentlemen disapproved—of going to Potsdam and telling her sorrow to the great king, remained firmer than ever, and was executed even before she anticipated.

She had, namely, been forced to take up her abode in the barn; into which she had carried her scanty furniture, and cooked her poor food in the garden. For, as she had a year of grace allowed her, and no other place of shelter could be found in the village, she was not able to quit the terrible spot. A few days later some butchers arrived, and she suddenly decided on selling her six sheep,

in order to procure money for her travelling expenses to Berlin; a matter that had troubled her greatly. But when the maid opened the door of the dilapidated stable, all the sheep had found their way out, for the stables at the rectory had always been left by the patron in the same miserable condition as the dwelling-house. She therefore sent the maid along the road to look for the sheep, while she herself went in the direction of the baron's garden, to see whether they had found their way thither. The butchers followed her by some divine interposition, for unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the sheep had got into the baron's garden, and were cropping the grass along the flower-beds. Sophie was preparing to drive them out, and called the men to her assistance, when the baron made his appearance, and, in his rage, attacked the poor girl with the lowest abuse.

"What! the infamous creature has the audacity to let her sheep enter my garden! If she dare do it again, I will demand the pound money with my hunting whip!"

When she fell back at this coarse remark, and replied, "Is it not enough that your grace has robbed my father of his life, but you wish to deprive me of my honor before these strange men?"

The baron vociferated, with a contemptuous laugh, "Ha, ha! your honor! Your father wrote me himself that you had to do with the forester's Fritz, and the herd lately saw the young clodhopper climb in at your window. Your honor!"

Upon this she advanced boldly up to the baron, and said, in a loud voice: "You lie, you are a miserable calumniator, and if justice is still to be found on earth, I will seek it with my last farthing. God help me!"

The baron, however, could no longer restrain his anger; he rushed at her and struck her repeatedly, while assailing her with the coarsest invectives.

The poor ill-treated girl soon made up her mind, and said to the butchers, "You shall have the sheep for the price you offered, although it is very low, but you must come with me to U—, and bear testimony on oath to what you have seen and heard here."

The men consented, and after giving them something to eat, she tied up her best clothes in a bundle, gave the maid charge of the rectory, and followed the men a quarter of an hour afterwards to the neighboring town. The burgomaster there was an old friend of her father, and, like all the rest, detested the proud and tyrannical baron. He gladly

heard the testimony of the witnesses, and swore them to the truth, at the same time sent for the carpenters who were witness to her father's death, but expressed his opinion that the journey to Potsdam would be of little service to her, as the baron was an extraordinary favorite of the king, as all the world knew, and his majesty, through his increasing age and weakness, was not in the habit of receiving anybody—more especially women. He would advise her to commence legal proceedings.

This, however, she would not listen to, and only looked about for the herd, that his testimony might also be taken. Fortunately the baron had very lately discharged him on account of his age, and he had been at a neighboring farm for the last month in the same capacity. It was not difficult, therefore, to obtain his testimony, which, besides, was perfectly consistent with truth; and he asserted that he had never mentioned the nightly scene of which he had been witness in any other way, and the baron lied in his throat if he said anything about climbing in at the window. In fact, he quoted all that Sophie had said on the occasion, before she shut the window in her lover's face, as he expressed himself. Besides the herd, the sexton, several preachers of the vicinity, the forester Weiher, and others not immediately subjected to the baron's tyranny, gave their evidence about the owing dues, which at least proved thus much—that the deceased pastor had repeatedly asserted that the baron was indebted to him in the dues for the last ten years.

Several days were occupied in protocolling all this: but it was scarce done before Sophie took her seat in the mail, accompanied by the heartiest wishes on the part of the burgo-master, and in six or seven days arrived safely in Potsdam.

But what to do then? She sat and told her landlord, with tears, how she had been treated, and begged his advice. He, however, only shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The old gentleman was growing far too peevish; he could not offer her any hope." But as suffering Beauty has always, up to the present day, maintained its power over every uncorrupted heart, the same occurred here. A guest, who was accidentally present, and had been sitting over his beer silently, and, as it seemed, without paying any attention, now asked, in a cordial tone, if he might look through mamsell's papers for a moment? Of course she gladly consented, and the man, after casting his eye over them, and finding

they perfectly agreed with her statement, became quite the opposite of what he had appeared.

"The rascally baron!" he exclaimed; "it's hardly credible that such villany can take place! But, God willing, dear mamsell, I can help you. I am the brother of the royal gardener at Sans Souci, and will go there directly and see what can be done; and you will follow me boldly in an hour. His house is on the right hand side after you enter."

With these words the worthy man left the room, while Sophie dried her tears, and with longing eyes followed the minute-hand on the clock. The hour had scarce elapsed, when she entrusted her bundle to the landlord, and commenced her walk with the documents beneath her arm. She had but reached the street, when the clock struck the hour in the steeple of the garrison church, and the chimes commenced playing the melody of the beautiful hymn, "Who puts his trust in God alone!" This moved her to tears; and repeating the whole hymn fervently, she went along the road that was pointed out to her. In the gardener she found a man as well-meaning as his brother. "But," he said, "if the king is not in a good humor to-morrow morning when he visits the garden, you will have to wait several days, for it would be dangerous to speak to him before. He is accustomed to inspect the large orange and lemon-trees there on the terrace every morning about ten o'clock, when no one accompanies him except a little grayhound. You must conceal yourself somewhere in the neighborhood, which I will show you beforehand, so that I may be able to make you a sign when it is time to appear. Be perfectly calm, and give short and bold answers: the king still likes to see pretty girls, although he is so old. Well, then, I shall see you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock by the latest, dear child!"

She took her leave: but it may be easily conceived that the poor village girl did not sleep. At the appointed hour she again went timidly to Sans Souci, and after being in some degree cheered and encouraged by the kind gardener, she hid herself behind a large myrtle-tree.

She had been standing there scarce half an hour, when the king, dressed in a plain blue coat, with the celebrated crutch-stick in his hand, and an old, shabby chapeau, *à tricorne*, upon his head, came out of a neighboring *allée*, and stopped before a splendid orange-tree.

The gardener immediately approached



him with great reverence : but while the king was addressing a few words to him, the gray-hound had seen the poor trembling girl, and ran towards her with such violent barking that the king noticed it, and cried to the dog, "Molly ! Molly ! qu'y-a-t-il ?—couche mon chien !"

But fate willed it that, while he looked up, Sophie also peeped out from behind the myrtle-tree, and their eyes met. She thought that she would sink into the ground from terror ; but this rencontre perfectly satisfied the king's poetical feelings.

"Diable, gardener !" he cried, with a loud laugh, "you hide your pretty girls behind myrtle-bushes ?"

The gardener now had a famous opportunity. He imparted the poor girl's story to the king with brevity, but great sympathy ; and it was not long before Frederick pointed with his crutch to the myrtle, and called out, "She must come hither."

This naturally increased Sophie's terror : but she became still more alarmed, when the great king fixed his great eyes upon her, and said, in a rather harsh tone, "What does she want here ?"

She turned pale, and was silent for a moment ; but soon collected herself, and gave the reply, which seemed to please the king immensely, "What I, a poor orphan, can find nowhere else—justice !" for he smiled, and said :

"Well, we'll see : she can give me the papers, and come again to-morrow morning. I should never have believed it of the fellow ; but several complaints have been already sent in about him. So, to-morrow, at this time !"

With these words the great man dismissed her with a kind nod, and on the next morning she did not think of concealing herself behind the myrtle. The king did not keep her waiting long. He approached her with the words :

"Why, these are terrible matters : but she can now go home ; she shall have justice ; and as regards the dues, she need only give the baron this letter. And now she must make haste home, or the bridegroom will find time hang heavy on his hands."

And as she blushed deeply, and received the letter with downcast eyes, the king added,

"Apropos, what is her bridegroom's name ?"

"Ah ! your majesty," she replied, as she became more and more embarrassed, "the marriage is entirely broken off. For, as the father is in doubt whether his son will be appointed his assistant, he'll not know anything about the marriage."

"What's the father's name, and what is he ?"

"Weiher, most gracious sire, and he is a royal forester."

"Well, I will make some inquiries about him, and if he is an honest fellow, she can ask the folk to the wedding—does she understand me ?"

Delighted, but at the same time ashamed, the poor girl did not know what answer to give, and commenced stammering, when the king laughingly helped her in her charming confusion, by saying,

"Well, well, she can go ; or else, as I said, her bridegroom will be wishing her back."

It is not necessary to state that she did not delay a moment, but, after returning her sincere thanks to the generous gardener and his brother, she commenced her journey home on the same day. But travelling in those days was a tedious and laborious affair. She required nearly eight days to reach her sequestered village again, and her first inquiry, after entering the rectory, or rather the barn, naturally was about the baron. But not merely the maid, but the whole village, informed her that he would certainly become a minister, as he had always said, for he had gone to Stettin that morning in his best equipage, by royal order, and all his household was full of joy and delight.

Sophie thought it advisable to keep silent, although the baroness, on hearing of her return, sent her compliments, and asked her "How old Fritz was, and what the young lady had obtained from him ?"

She determined on awaiting the result, and informed no one of her success, not even the young forester, whom she saw the next day walking through the village and looking towards the barn, but who did not dare to approach her, and only met her, as it were, accidentally, on the third day. To his earnest entreaties about what she had done, and if she still loved him, he received the reply, "I cannot tell you, Mosye Fritz, till you are appointed assistant to your father."

"What, are you jesting with me ?"

"No ! but I trust it will soon happen."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean ?"

"Take your time, dear Fritz."

"Well, then, what did you do about the baron ?"

"All in good time, dear Fritz. Adye, forester, adye ;" and she ran into the courtyard without another word.

Fritz did not dare follow her, for she had not recalled her orders ; and he saw at the same time that such a proceeding would

cause her great pain. He satisfied himself, therefore, with going at least once to the village to peep into the rectory, and, at the same time, inquire about the baron's return. And the latter really came back in a few days, but in what a condition! Groaning with pain, and invoking the most terrible curses on the king and the preacher's daughter, he was raised from his carriage by four servants, and carried into the house, while his family followed him with looks of horror—something different from the expected ministerial appointment.

The rumor of his terrible punishment in Stettin soon spread through the village, as well as the whole neighborhood. For although he had ordered his coachman and servants, with fearful threats, not to say a word about the chastisement he had received, and of which they had been witnesses, still his continued imprecations on the king, whom he had formerly lauded to the skies, and the preacher's daughter, made the villagers half mad with excitement, and coachman and servants were compelled to tell, whether they liked it or not.

The following is old Father Frank's narrative, who, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, drove his master in the state carriage and gold livery to Stettin; the others are long since dead.

"We had scarcely," he stated, "driven in a sharp trot up to the gate-house at Stettin, and the baron had hardly mentioned his name, before two under-officers came out, one of whom entered the carriage, and sat by my master's side, the other mounted the box. The baron cursed and abused like a sparrow, and called the gate-keeper to witness that a common fellow had dared to enter the Baron von L——'s carriage. No one took any notice, however, and it was not long before the under-officer by my side ordered me to drive straight to the main guard-house. The carriage had hardly stopped before it, when the guard assembled under arms, and the under-officer who sat in the carriage cried from the window, 'Lieutenant, I have the prisoner with me.'

"My master had a good deal to say, but the officer would not suffer him to speak, and ordered him to be taken to the guard-room, and spend the night there with the common soldiers. This did not at all please the baron, and he repeatedly cried, 'There must be some mistake; he was the Baron von L——, and a friend of the king. The devil might fetch officer and soldiers;' he requested paper and ink, that he might write to the governor.

This was allowed him, and Carl, his servant, hurried away to the president with the letter, but no answer was returned.

"My master stopped in the stifling hole till ten the next morning, when I received orders to put the horses to, and drive in front of the main guard. This was scarce done when the guard again assembled under arms, and soon formed a circle round the baron, whom two corporals now led out and placed before a bundle of straw that lay on the pavement. A government councillor soon made his appearance, and after taking off his hat, read an order signed by old Fritz, in pursuance of which, the Baron von L—— was to be stripped of his order 'Pour le Mérite,' before the guard-house of Stettin, and, in addition, receive forty blows with the hazel stick, for ill-treating the Pastor Thilo and his daughter.

"When my master was about to reply, the drums commenced playing the 'rogue's march,' by order of the officer on duty; the government councillor tore the order from his neck, two under-officers threw him on the bundle of straw, and two others began laying on to him. They were the same who had got into the carriage on the previous day, and received dog's thanks from the baron for it. This they now honestly repaid him. My master roared, so that he could be heard above all the drums; and when he had received his punishment, the two under-officers who had beaten him carried him to the carriage, placed him in it, and then said to me, with a laugh, 'Now, coachman, drive home.'

Thus old Father Frank told the tragical story at that day, and does the same now (my friend continued), and the news spread like wildfire throughout the neighborhood. No one pitied the baron, but all were delighted with the courageous preacher's daughter, who behaved, however, as if nothing had occurred, and remained quietly at home. When she heard, though, that the baron was growing daily weaker, she went to U——, and induced the burgomaster to deliver the royal letter personally to the unfortunate man. No one ever learned its contents, but the effect was so powerful, that the dying baron immediately sent to ask her whether she would have the 600 bushels in *natura* or in money, according to the average of the last six years? As she preferred the latter, he commissioned the burgomaster to pay her the money immediately, in the presence of witnesses at U——. The next day he expired.

But in this instance Sophie again acted very cleverly. She begged the burgomas-

ter to summon the forester Weiher as witness, under the pretence that he had lately sworn by all that was good and great that she would never get the money, and would not be satisfied unless his eyes told him the contrary. The real cause of this request lay deeper, for how the forester repented his sins, when, in a few days after, the hard crowns were counted out on the table in his presence, and Rector's Sophie, as he called her, received the money quite calmly, paid no attention to his grimaces, but made a low curtsy to him on leaving, and packed the heavy bags, one after the other, in the carriage, to deposit them with a clergyman, a cousin of hers, in the neighborhood. At that day it was an immense sum, and many a gentleman would not have felt ashamed about doing a foolish trick, and courting Rector's Sophie.

But what were his feelings when, in a few weeks after, he received a letter from the chief forester, with the joyful news "that his majesty had been pleased, on the intercession of Sophie Thilo, the daughter of the Rector of S—, to appoint his son his assistant, as he, the chief forester, had represented him to his majesty as a good woodman, and at the same time trusted that his son, &c., &c."

Father and son were highly delighted, and all their anxiety was how to restore matters on the old footing with Sophie.

"You must go first, Fritz," the old man said.

"No, you must go first, papa," said the son, "for you alone broke the marriage off."

The old man scratched his head, and consented to do it, but first sent her a cartload of dry beech fire-wood, to get her in a good humor.

In short, the end may be anticipated. After Sophie had given the old gentleman a proper lecture, the blood rushed to her face when Fritz came creeping in half an hour later, and stood bashfully at the door.

"Nearer, nearer, dear Fritz," she cried, as she extended her arms towards him; and when their emotion had subsided, she told them circumstantially all that had occurred to her.

The merriest possible marriage soon followed, about which old Father Frank still has a good deal to say; for, after the baron's death, he immediately entered the forester's service.

"I never met," my friend concluded his narrative, "a more happy and contented couple than they were. They were growing old when I was appointed to the rectory here; but, let me visit them when I would, they were always cheerful, happy, and pious."

Thus much about Fritz the forester and Sophie Thilo, whose modest grave I visited during the afternoon with my friend, and regarded with much interest. They died fifteen years before, on the same day, and were buried in one grave. Fortunate beings!

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THE GREEK OF HOMER A LIVING LANGUAGE. —An effort, says the Westminster Review, has been made by Mr. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, to reform the pronunciation of Greek in that University. He is teaching his students to pronounce Greek as they do in Greece, insisting that it is not a dead, but a living language—as any one may see by looking at a Greek newspaper. Professor Blackie gives an extract from a newspaper printed last year at Athens, giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America, from which it is evident that the

language of Homer lives in a state of purity, to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its little existence—two thousand five hundred years at least—there is no parallel perhaps on the face of the globe. After noticing a few trifling modifications, which distinguish modern from ancient Greek, he states, as a fact, that in three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852, there does not occur three words that are not pure native Greek; so very slightly has it been corrupted from foreign sources.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARLES I.

CRASHAW, the poet and *protégé* of Henrietta Maria, appears to have striven with much zeal and entire fruitlessness to catch the laureate crown, which Ben Jonson had worn with rough but glittering dignity. Never did any patented "*Versificator Regis*," from Gaulo to Davenant, so praise princes and princesses, born or expectant, as Crashaw did. The Carolinian births were the active stimulants of his muse. The coming of the heir apparent was hailed by his "*In Sanctissimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem*." The first wailing cry of the little Duke of York was celebrated in the "*Natalis Ducis Eboracensis*." His prophetic muse waxed bold during a later pregnancy of the queen, and the *vates* confidently predicted the addition of another prince to the family circle of Charles. Nor was he wrong; the ode "*Ad Principem nondum natum, Reginâ gravidâ*," was apt welcome for the unconscious Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be the simple "Master Henry" of the plain-spoken Puritans. The zeal of Crashaw went so far that he even rushed into metre to make thankful record of the king's recovery from an eruption in the face. The rhymers "*In Faciem Augustissimi Regis a morbillis integram*" pleasantly portrayed how his sacred majesty had been afflicted with pimples, and how he had been ultimately relieved from the undignified visitation.

The poet would seem to have somewhat ungallantly neglected the daughters of Charles and Henrietta Maria. His poetic fire never blazed very brilliantly for the princesses. His inspiration, like the Salic law, favored only the heirs male. The young ladies, however, were not undeserving of having lyres especially strung to sound their praises. There were four of them—namely, Mary, born in 1631; the heroic little Elizabeth, born in 1635; the happy Anne, in 1636—7; and the celebrated Henrietta Anne, in 1644.

Of these the Princess Anne was by far the happiest, for she had the inexpressible advantage of gently descending into the grave at the early yet sufficiently advanced age of

three years and nine months. It was some time before the birth of "happy Anne" that Rochester Carr, brother of the Lincolnshire baronet, Sir Robert, publicly declared, in his half-insane way, that he would fain kill the king, if he might only wed with his widow. When this offensive sort of gallantry was reported to Henrietta, "She fell into such a passion as her lace was cut to give her more breath." Thus the storms of the world blew around "*felix Anna*," even before her little bark entered on the ocean over which, angelled, she made so rapid a passage to the haven of the better land.

Mary, the eldest of the daughters of Charles, had something of a calculating disposition; she possessed a business-like mind, had much shrewdness, and contrived to secure, in her quiet way, as much felicity as she could or as she cared to secure. Her mother had an eager desire to rear this favorite child for the Romish communion. Charles himself is said by the queen's chaplain, Gamache, not to have cared much about the matter. The priest says of the king that the latter held that salvation did not depend on communion, and that, if he expressly desired a child of his to be a Protestant, it was in some sort because his people accused him of being too favorably disposed towards the faith of Rome. However this may have been, Gamache did his best to undo the teaching of Mary's orthodox instructors. He boasts of having impressed on this child—by command, if I remember rightly, of her mother—the necessity and the profit of knowing and practising all that was taught by Roman Catholicism. The little girl's eyes sparkled as the remarkably honest fellow suggested to her that she would probably marry a great Catholic potentate, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, or, greater than both, the Grand Monarque of France. There were no other thrones, he intimated, much worth the having; and, if she hoped ever to hold a sceptre on one of them, the first necessary qualification was to become a Romanist at once, and to say nothing about it

or the present! Our Mary did not choose the better part. She stole to mass with the delight of Madame de Caylus, who told Madame de Maintenon that she would turn Roman Catholic at once if she might only once hear the royal mass, listen to the music, and smell the incense daily. It was "so nice," she remarked.

Well, Mary had much the same opinion of all this, particularly as there was a choice selection of consorts at the end of it. A little "Catholic" maid was placed about her person, who received from Father Gamache instructions similar to those given by Brother Ignatius Spencer for the guidance of all Romish servants in Protestant families, and the little maid fulfilled her office admirably. Mary, though she outwardly wore the guise of a thorough Protestant princess, wore also a rosary in her pocket; and nothing gave her greater glee, or more delight to Father Gamache, than when she could display it behind the back of her father's chaplain, and, after kissing it, hide the forbidden aid to devotion before the Protestant minister could divine why the queen and Father Gamache were smiling.

But, after all, the mirth and the machinations of this worthy pair were all in vain. A wooer came in due time, not from the Romish pale, but from stout Protestant Holland; and before the warmth with which Prince William of Orange plied his suit the Catholicity of the lady melted like morning dew beneath a May sun. The princess was touched and her sire approved; and in 1643, when Mary was but twelve years old, she was conducted across the seas, by Van Tromp and an escort of a score of gallant ships-of-war, to the country of her future husband. The greatest joy she had after her early marriage was in 1648, when she welcomed at the Hague the Duke of York (who had escaped from St. James' in female costume) and her other brother the Prince of Wales, who had gone to Helvoetsluys, where there ensued much intrigue, little action, and less profit.

A brief two years followed, and then the youthful wife found herself a widow, and a mother expectant. Her husband suddenly died of the scourge that then commonly destroyed princes and peasants—the small-pox. She remained in dignified retirement at her house near the Hague, where, says Pepys, "There is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—*Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vi-*

*dua.*" Poor thing! the "*semper moriens*" promised by mourners has but a stunted eternity. Our last year's dead are beyond both our memory and our tears.

At the Restoration Mary repaired to England to felicitate her worthless brother on his good fortune. She there once more met her mother; and the court was in the very high top-gallant of its joy, when the princess was suddenly seized with small-pox. Henrietta Maria was desirous that her daughter should at least die in the profession of the Romish faith; but she was deterred from entering the apartment of her sick child, either by the malignity of the disorder or the jealousy of the princess' attendants. Father Gamache takes it as the most natural and proper thing in the world that, conversion not having been realized, the disease had been made fatal by divine appointment! However this may be, the death of the princess (on the 21st December, 1660) was laid to the incapacity of Dr. Farmer and the other medical men to whose care she was entrusted; and we hear from Evelyn that her decease "entirely altered the face and gallantry of the whole court." Burnet, by no means so good authority in this particular case as Evelyn, gives a different view of the effect produced at court by the demise of the princess royal, following so swiftly as it did on the death, also by small-pox, of her young and clever brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester. "Not long after him," says Burnet, "the princess royal died, also of the small-pox, but was not much lamented." Burnet acknowledges, however, her many merits—that she had been of good reputation as wife and widow, had lived with becoming dignity as regarded herself and court, treated her brothers with princely liberality, and kept within the limits of her own income. The same writer says of her that her head was turned by her mother's pretence of being able to marry her to the King of France—a prospect that turned the heads of many ladies at that time, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin among various others. Burnet roundly asserts that to realize this prospect she launched into an extravagant splendor, the cost of which not only injured her own income, but tempted her to deal dishonestly with the jewels and estates of her son, held by her in a guardianship, the trusts of which she betrayed. He adds that she not only was disappointed in her expectations, but that she "lessened the reputation which she had formerly lived in,"—a strange epitaph to be written by him who found a benefactor in her son, and of her who is allowed to have

been, with some faults, gentle, forgiving, patient, affectionate, and firm-minded.

Of her younger sister, Elizabeth, Clarendon has given a perfect picture in a few expressive words. She was, says the parenthesis-loving historian, "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an early understanding." The whole of her brief but eventful life gave testimony to the truth of this description. The storms of the times had swept her from the hearts of her parents, as they had indeed also divided those parents, and extinguished the fire at that hearth. She had successively been under the wardenship of Lady Dorset and of old Lady Vere, and was transferred from the latter to the custody of the Earl of Northumberland, who was already responsible for the safe-keeping of her brothers York and Gloucester. In the good earl they had no surly jailer, and he shared in the joy of the children when, in 1647, they were permitted to have an interview with their unhappy father at Maidenhead, and to sojourn with him during two fast-flying days of mingled cloud and sunshine in Lord Craven's house at Caversham, near Reading. The house still stands, and is a conspicuous object seen from the Reading station. It is in the occupation of the great iron-master, Mr. Crawshay.

Some of the touching interviews which were held in Caversham House are said to have been witnessed by Cromwell, and Sir John Berkeley states that Oliver described them to him as "the tenderest sight his eyes ever beheld." "Cromwell," adds Sir John, "said much in commendation of his majesty," and expressed his hope that "God would be pleased to look upon him according to the sincerity of his heart towards the king."

The prison home of the Princess Elizabeth and her brothers was Syon House at Isleworth—the house of ill-omen from which Lady Jane Grey had departed by water for the Tower to seek a sceptre and to find an axe. The monarch visited his children more than once at the house of the Earl of Northumberland, at Syon. With the boys he talked, and to them gave counsel; but, if he advised Elizabeth, he also listened with marked and gratified attention to her descriptions of persons and things, and to her clear ideas upon what was passing around her. His chief advice to her consisted in the reiterated injunction to obey her mother in all things except in matters of religion—"to which he commanded her, upon his blessing, never to hearken or consent, but to continue firm in the religion she had been instructed

and educated in, what discountenance or ruin soever might befall the poor church at that time under so severe persecution." She promised obedience to her father's counsel, and imparted joy by that promise, as she did two years subsequently, when, in 1649, she lay on her sire's bosom a few hours before his execution, and made him alternately weep and smile at the impression which he saw had been made upon her by the calamities of her family, and at the evidence of advanced judgment afforded by her conversation. As the young girl lay on the father's heart—that heart that was so soon to be no longer conscious of the pulse of life—he charged her with a message to her mother, then in France. It was a message of undying love mingled with assurances of a fidelity strong unto death. The little message-bearer was never permitted to fulfil her mission, and the mother to whom she was to have borne it, found, it is said, a pillow for her aching head on the sympathizing breast of the Earl of St. Alban's. The wife of Cæsar stooped to a centurion.

"If I were you I would not stay here," was the speech uttered one day by Elizabeth to her brother James. They were both then, with the Duke of Gloucester, in confinement at St. James'. The speech was at once an incentive and a reproach. Elizabeth urged him thereby to accomplish the flight which their father had recommended him to attempt. The young Duke of Guise, heir of the slayer who was slain at Blois, escaped from his prison by outwitting his keeper at a childish game. The royal captive children of the Stuart for the same end got up a game at "hide and seek," and they were still in pretended search of James, when the latter, disguised as a girl, was awkwardly but successfully making his way to temporary safety. For their share in this *escapade* the little conspirators were transmitted to Carisbrook, where they were kept in close confinement in the locality where their father had so deeply suffered in the last days of his trials. The princess bore her captivity like a proudly-desponding caged eaglet, whom grief and indignity can kill, but who utters no sound in testimony of suffering. The utilitarian government of the period designed, it is said, to have apprenticed this daughter of a line of kings to a needle or button maker in Newport! Providence saved her from the degradation by a well-timed death. "Elizabeth Stuart" sickened, died, and was buried. The very locality of her burial even perished with her from the memory of man. It was only

discovered more than two centuries after, when kings were again at a discount and ultra-democracy was once more rampant.

It is somewhat singular that, whereas among the inhabitants of Newport it became forgotten that the body of the young Elizabeth lay in their church, the villagers of Church Handborough, near Whitney, boasted of possessing the mortal remains of her father, Charles I. This boast was founded on a very magniloquent inscription on a tablet within the church, and which the parishioners took for an epitaph. He was a hearty old cavalier who wrote it, and though the villagers comprehend nothing of the robust Latin of which it is constructed, they understand the sentiment, and to this day consider it as testimony to the fact that they are as guardians round the grave of the Charles—who is *not* there interred.\*

The young Elizabeth died about a year and a half after her father's execution. In the year 1793, the year of the decapitation of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, ultra-democracy was again raising its head in England where Charles had been stricken. Gentlemen like Dr. Hudson and Mr. Pigott drank seditious healths at the London Coffee House, and rode in hackney coaches to prison, shouting *Vive la Republique*. Libels against the Queen of France, like those of mad Lord George Gordon, were flying about our streets "thick as leaves in Valambrosa." The Reverend Mr. Winterbottom was fined and imprisoned for preaching treasonable sermons, and so high did party spirit run that good Vicesimus Knox had well-nigh got into serious trouble for delivering from the Brighton pulpit a philippic against going to war. The discourse so ruffled the plumage of some officers, who happened on the following evening to meet the reverend doctor with his wife and family at the theatre, that they created a patriotic riot, before the violence of which the celebrated essayist, his lady, and children

\* The following is the inscription. It might have been written between a volume of Walker's *Lachrymæ Ecclesiæ* on the one hand and a flask of Canary on the other. Thus rolls its thunder and thus sighs the strain:—"M. S. sanctissimi regis et martyris Caroli. Siste viator; lege, obmutesce, mirare, memento Caroli illius nominis, pariter et pietatis insignissimæ, primi Magnæ Britanniæ regis, qui rebellium perfidia primo deceptus, et in perfidorum rabie percussus inconcussus tamen legum et fidei defensor, schismaticorum tyrannidi succubuit, anno servitutis nostræ, felicitatis suæ, primo, corona terrestri spoliatus, coelesti donatus. Sileant autem peritura tabella, perlege reliquias vere sacras Carolinas, in quæ sui mnemosynem ære perenniozem vavicius exprimit: illa, illa" (*sic*) "Eikon Basilike."

were fairly swept out of the house, the loyal audience in which celebrated their triumph over as loyal a subject as any there, by singing God save the King and Rule Britannia.

Amid this noise of contending parties, royalist and republican, a quiet sexton was tranquilly engaged, in October, 1703, in digging a grave in the chancel of Newport church for the body of Septimus Henry West, the youngest brother of Lord Delaware. The old delver was in the full enjoyment of his exciting occupation when his spade struck against a stone, on which were engraven the initials "E. S." Curiosity begat research, and in a vault perfectly dry was found a coffin perfectly fresh, on the involuted lid of which the wondering examiners read the words—"Elizabeth, 2d daughter of y<sup>e</sup> late King Charles, dece<sup>d</sup> Sept. 8, MDCL." Thus the hidden grave of her who died of the blows dealt at monarchy in England was discovered when like blows were being threatened, and at the very moment when the republicans over the chancel were slaying their hapless queen. The affrighted spirit of Elizabeth might well have asked if nothing then had been changed on this troubled earth, and if killing kings were still the caprice of citizens. The only answer that could have been given at the moment would have been, in the words of the adjuration "*Vatene in pace alma beata e bella.*" Turn we now to the sister, who was of quite another complexion.

On the site of Bedford Crescent, Exeter, there once stood a convent of Black or Dominican friars. At the Reformation the convent property was transferred to Lord John Russell, who made of the edifice thereon a provincial town residence, which took the name of "Bedford House," when the head of the Russells was advanced to an earldom. As further greatness was forced upon or achieved by the family the old country mansion fell into decay. There are still some aged persons, verging upon ninety, whose weary memories can faintly recall the old conventual building when it was divided and let in separate tenements. It was taken down, to save it from tumbling to pieces, in 1773, and on the site of the house and grounds stands, as I have said, the present "Bedford Crescent." "Friars' Row" would have been as apt a name.

In the year 1644 the shifting fortunes of Charles compelled his queen, Henrietta Maria, to seek a refuge in Exeter, in order that she might there bring into the world another, and the last, heir to the sorrows of an unlucky sire. The corporation assigned

Bedford House to her as a residence, and made her a present of two hundred pounds to provide against the exigencies of the coming time. In this house was born a little princess, who was the gayest yet the least happy of the daughters of Charles. The day of her birth was the 16th of June, 1644. She was shortly after christened in the cathedral (at a font erected in the body of the church under a canopy of state), by the compound name of Henrietta Anne. Dr. Burnet, the chancellor of the diocese, officiated on the occasion, and the good man rejoiced to think that he had enrolled another member on the register of the English Church. In this joy the queen took no part. It is said that the eyes of the father never fell upon the daughter born in the hour of his great sorrows; but as Charles was in Exeter for a brief moment on the 28th July, 1644, it is more than probable that he looked for once and all upon the face of his unconscious child.

The Queen Henrietta Maria left Exeter for the continent very soon, some accounts say a fortnight, after the birth of Henrietta Anne. The young princess was given over to the tender keeping of Lady Morton; and when opportunity for escape offered itself to them, the notable governess assumed a somewhat squalid disguise, and with the little princess (now some two years old) attired in a ragged costume, and made to pass as her son Peter, she made her way on foot to Dover, as the wife of a servant out of place. The only peril that she ran was from the recalcitrating objections made by her precious and troublesome charge. The little princess loved fine clothes, and would not don or wear mendicant rags but with screaming protest. All the way down to the coast "Peter" strove to intimate to passing wayfarers that there was a case of abduction before them, and that she was being carried off against her will. Had her expression been as clear as her efforts and inclination, the pretty plot would have been betrayed. Fortunately she was not so precocious of speech as the infant Tasso, and the passengers on board the boat to Calais, when they saw the terrible "Peter" scratching the patient matron who bore him, they only thought how in times to come he would make the mother's heart smart more fiercely than he now did her cheeks. Peace of course was not restored until Lady Morton, soon after landing, cast off the hump which marred her naturally elegant figure, and, transforming "Peter" into a princess, both rode joyously to Paris in a coach-and-six—

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as wonderful and as welcome as that built by fairy hands for the lady of the glass slipper, out of a portly pumpkin.

The fugitive princess had scarcely reached Paris when Henrietta Maria resolved to undo what Dr. Burnet had so well done at Exeter, and to convert Henrietta Anne to Romanism. Father Gamache attempted the same with Lady Morton, but as the latter, though she listened, would not yield, the logical Jesuit pronounced her death by fever, many years subsequently, to be the award of Heaven for her obduracy! He found metal far more ductile in the youthful daughter of the King of England. For her especial use he wrote three heavy octavo volumes, entitled "*Exercices d'un Ame Royale*," and probably thought that the desired conversion was accomplished less by the *bonbons* of the court than the reasoning of the confessor.

The royal exiles lived in a splendid misery. They were so magnificently lodged and so pitifully cared for, that they are said to have often lain together in bed at the Louvre during a winter's day, in order to keep themselves warm; no fuel having been provided for them, and they lacking money to procure it. They experienced more comfort in the asylum afforded them in the convent of St. Maria de Chaillot. Here Henrietta Anne grew up a graceful child, the delight of every one save Louis XIV., who hated her mortally, until the time came when he could only love her criminally. Mother and daughter visited England in the autumn of the year of the Restoration. Pepys has left a graphic outline of both. "The queen a very little, plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence, in any respect, nor garbe, than any ordinary woman. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself, with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well-dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." Death, as I have before stated, marred the festivities. Love mingled with both; and Buckingham, who had been sighing at the feet of Mary, Princess of Orange, now stood pouring unutterable nothings into the ear of her sister, Henrietta Anne. When the latter, with her mother, embarked at Calais on this royal visit to England, they spent two days in reaching Dover. On their return they went on board at Portsmouth, but storms drove them back to port, and the princess was attacked by measles while on the sea.



Buckingham, in his character of lover, attended her to Havre, displaying an outrageous extravagance of grief. Philippe, the handsome, effeminate, and unprincipled Duke of Orleans, her affianced husband, met her at the last-named port, and tended her with as much or as little assiduity as man could show who never knew what it was to feel a pure affection for any woman in the world. The princess felt little more for him, and still less for Buckingham, on whose forced departure from Paris the daughter of Charles was married to the brother of Louis, the last day of March, 1661, in full Lent, and with maimed rites—a disregard for seasons and ceremonies which caused all France to augur ill for the consequences.

"Madame," as she was now called, became the idol of a court that loved wit and beauty, and was not particular on the score of morality. All the men adored her; and the king, to the scandal of his mother (Anne of Austria), was chief among the worshippers. Her memoirs have been briefly and rapidly written by her intimate friend, Madame de La Fayette.\* The latter was an authoress of repute, and the "ami de cœur," to use a soft term, of the famous La Rochefoucauld. This lady wrote the memoirs of the princess from materials furnished by her royal highness, and thus she portrays the delicate position of Louis le Grand and Henriette d'Angleterre:—"Madame entered into close intimacy with the Countess of Soissons, and no longer thought of pleasing the king, but as a sister-in-law. I think, however, that she pleased him after another fashion; but I imagine that she fancied that the king himself was agreeable to her merely as a brother-in-law, when he was probably something more; but, however, as they were both infinitely amiable, and both born with dispositions inclined to gallantry, and that they met daily for purposes of amusement and festivity, it was clear to everybody that they felt for one another that sentiment which is generally the forerunner of passionate love."

"Monsieur" became jealous, the two queen-mothers censorious, the court delighted spectators, and the lovers perplexed. To conceal the criminal fact, the poor La Valière

was selected that the king might make love to the latter, and so give rise to the belief that in the new love the old had been forgotten.\* But Louis fell in love with La Valière too, after his fashion, and soon visited her in state, preceded by drums and trumpets. "Madame" was piqued, and took revenge or consolation in receiving the aspirations of the Count de Guiche. "Monsieur" quarrelled with the latter, confusion ensued, and the ancient queens by their intrigues made the confusion worse confounded. Not that they were responsible for all the confusion. How could they be, since they only misruled in an *imbroglio* wherein the king loved La Valière, the Marquis de Marsillac loved Madame, Madame loved the Count de Guiche, Monsieur affected to love Madame de Valentinois, who loved M. de Peguilon, and Madame de Soissons, beloved by the king, loved the Marquis de Vardes, whom, however, she readily surrendered to "Madame," in exchange for, or as auxiliary to, Monsieur de Guiche! and this chain of love is, after all, only a few links in a network that would require a volume to unravel, and even then would not be worth the trouble expended on it. They who would learn the erotic history of the day, may consult the memoirs by Madame de La Fayette. The story is like a Spanish comedy, full of intrigue, deception, stilted sentiment, and the smallest possible quantity of principle. There are dark passages, stolen meetings, unblushing avowals, angry husbands who are not a jot better than the seducers against whom their righteous indignation is directed, and complacent priests who utter a low "Oh, fie!" and absolve magnificent sinners who may help them to scarlet hats and the dignity of "Éminence." The chaos of immorality seemed come again. "Madame" changed her adorers, and was continually renewing the jealousy of "Monsieur;" but she in some sort pacified him by deigning to receive at her table the "ladies" whom he mostly delighted to honor. The lives of the whole parties were passed in the unlimited indulgence of pleasant sins, and in gayly paying for their absolution from the consequences! Old lovers were occasionally exiled to make room for new ones, or out of vengeance, but the "commerce d'amour" never ceased in the brilliant court of Louis le Grand.

There was scarcely an individual in that

\* A new and highly improved edition of these Memoirs has just appeared in Paris. It bears the title of "Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre, première femme de Philippe de France, Duc d'Orléans." Par Madame de La Fayette. Publiée par Feu A. Bazin. It is a most amusing piece of "coquet."

\* Burnet says that the king made love to Henriette to conceal his passion for La Valière; but, considering how he paid court to the latter, this is not very likely.

court who might not, when dying, have said what Lord Muskerry said, as that exemplary individual lay on his death-bed—"Well, I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself, for I never denied myself anything!"

At length, in 1670, Henrietta once more visited England. It was against the consent of her husband. She had that of the king; and her mission was to arrange matters with her brother, Charles II., to establish Romanism in England, and to induce him to become the pensioned ally of France! To further her purpose she brought in her train the beautiful Louise de Querouaille. This was a "vrai trait de génie." Charles took the lady and the money, and doubly sold himself and country to France. He made a Duchess (of Portsmouth) of the French concubine, and Louis added a Gallic title to heighten the splendor of her infamy, and that of the monarch who, for her and filthy lucre, had sold his very soul. There was some horrible story referring to himself and Henrietta, which was probably only invented to exasperate the husband of the latter against her. There is probably more truth in the report that the young Duke of Monmouth gazed on her with a gallant assurance that met no rebuke. A few days afterwards, on the 29th of June, 1670, she was well and joyous with Philippe, no participator in her joy, at St. Cloud. In the evening she showed symptoms of faintness, but the heat was intense; a glass of chicory water was offered to her, of which she drank; and she immediately complained of being grievously ill. Her conviction was that she was poisoned, and very little was done either to persuade her to the contrary, or to cure her. The agony she suffered would have slain a giant. Amid it all she gently reproached her husband for his want of affection for her, and deposed to her own fidelity! The court gathered round her bed; Louis came and talked religiously; his consort also came, accompanied by a poor guard of honor, and the royal concubines came too escorted by little armies! Burnet says that her last words were, "Adieu Treville," addressed to an old lover, who was so affected by them that he turned monk—for a short time. Bossuet received her last breath, and made her funeral oration; of the speaker and of the oration in question, Vinet says: "Since this great man was obliged to flatter, I am very glad he has done it here with so little art, that we may be allowed to think that adulation was not natural to his bold and vigorous genius." The oration could do as little good to her reputation, as the

dedication to her, by Racine, of his "Andromaque," could do her glory.\* As to her ultimate fate, it was difficult even at the time to prove that she was poisoned. The chicory water was thrown away, and the vessel which contained it had been cleansed before it could be examined. There were deponents ready to swear that the body betrayed evidences of poison, and others that no traces of it were to be discovered. All present protested innocence, while one is said to have confidentially confessed to the king, on promise of pardon, that he had been expressly engaged in compassing the catastrophe. No wonder, amid the conflicting testimony, that Temple, who had been dispatched from London to inquire into the affair, could only oracularly resolve that there was more in the matter than he cared to talk about, and that at all events Charles had better be silent, as he was too powerless to resent the alleged crime. And so ended the last of the daughters of Charles Stuart, all of whom died young, or died suddenly—and none but the infant Anne happily.

At the hour of the death of Henrietta there stood weeping by her side her fair young daughter, Maria Louisa. The child was eight years of age, and Montague, on that very day, had been painting her portrait. In the year 1688, that child, who had risen to the dignity of Queen of Spain, and was renowned for her beauty, wit, and vivacity, was presented by an attendant with a cup of milk. She drank the draught and died.

Thus was extinguished the female line descended from Charles. Their mother Henrietta Maria, left her heart to the Nuns of the Visitation, to whose good-keeping James II. left his own, and confided that of his daughter, Louisa Maria. The heart of the king was finally transferred to the chapel of the English Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques. During the Revolution, the insurrectionists of the day shivered to pieces the urn in which it was contained, and trod

\*The funeral oration contained the following passage: "She must descend to those gloomy regions (he was speaking of the royal vaults at St. Denis), with those annihilated kings and princes among whom we can scarcely find room to place her, so crowded are the ranks." When the body of the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., was deposited in these vaults, in 1778, it was remarked with a "vague terror," as Bungener says in his "Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.," that the royal vault was entirely full. There was literally no place for Louis XVI. in the tomb of his ancestors.

the heart into dust upon the floor of the chapel. They did as much to the royal hearts enshrined at the "Visitation." The very dust of the sons and the daughters of Stuart was again an abomination in the eyes of democracy.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## CHLOROFORM.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,  
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,  
Heaving his sides and snoring night and day;  
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,  
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;  
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE desire to drown pain has existed from the time that suffering became the inheritance of fallen man; and the discovery of means by which it can be averted has justly been regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, for in it are alike interested high and low, rich and poor; and it is the general interest which leads us to draw aside, in some degree, the veil from the chamber of suffering for the comfort of some, perhaps, and the information of many who are desirous of knowing in what way people are affected by Chloroform.

The most usual effect is to produce a profound sleep; so profound that volition, and sensation are alike suspended, and this is often attended with a symptom very alarming to relatives or bystanders unprepared for it; we allude to a loud snoring or stertorous breathing, which conveys the idea of much suffering to those who are not aware that in itself it is direct evidence of the deepest unconsciousness. It is not however invariably produced: we have seen a fine child brought in—laid down with its hands gently folded across its body—have chloroform administered—undergo a severe operation, and be carried to bed without once changing its attitude, or its countenance altering from the expression of the calm sweet sleep of infancy. Sometimes, however, strange scenes are enacted under anæsthetics, one of which we will describe. The uninitiated have a vague idea that the operating theatre of hospitals

is a very dreadful place; certainly, patients having once given their consent to enter it may, so far as escape goes, say in the words of Dante,

*'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,'*

but every consideration is shown to soften down as much as possible the terrors inseparable from a chamber of torture.

Imagine then a lofty semicircular apartment, lighted from above, with a large space railed off on the ground, and railed steps in tiers, sweeping half round, and affording standing room for more than a hundred spectators, principally students, who, conversing in low tones, are awaiting the expected operation. In the centre of the open space is a strong couch, or table, now covered with a clean sheet, and beneath its foot is a wooden tray, thickly strewn with yellow sand. On another table, also covered with a white cloth, are arranged, in perfect order, numerous keen and formidable looking instruments, the edge of one of which, a long, sword-like, double-edged knife—a gentleman with his cuffs turned up, is trying, by shaving off little bits of cuticle from the palm of his hand, and two or three assistants are quietly threading needles, and making other preparations. The gentleman with the knife being satisfied as to its condition, gives a glance round, and seeing everything in perfect readiness, nods, and a dresser leaves the room. After a min-

ute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed "navvy," whose leg has been smashed by a railway accident, is borne in and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale, he casts an anxious—eager look around, then with a shudder closes his eyes, and lies down on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man's face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lids wink not, the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury.

Some intelligence now animates the patient's face, which bears a look of drunken jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, "a jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jem was a good un to chaunt! I sing! dash my wig if I ain't as husky as a broken-winded 'os. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes."

By this time the bone has been bared, and the operator saws, whilst the patient shouts

" 'Tis my delight o' a moonlight night—"

whose that a treading on my toe? None o' your tricks, Jem! Hold your jaw, will you? Who can sing when you are making such a blessed row? Toll-de-rol-loll. Come, gi'e us a drop, will ye? What! drunk it all? Ye greedy beggars! I'll fight the best man among ye for half a farden!" and straightway he endeavors to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back, and exclaims, "hold him fast!"

The leg being now separated, is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some little difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bull-dog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room. He, however, recovers his good humor whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing, and anathematizing in a most stentorian voice; when in bed, however, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation has been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being taken into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling "werry queer," as he expresses it.

Now this scene is a faithful description of an incident witnessed by the writer at one of our county hospitals to which he is attached, and those who have seen much of the administration of ether and chloroform will remember many resembling it. The man was a hard drinker, and a dose of chloroform which would have placed most persons in deep sleep, deprived him of sensation, but went no further than exciting the phantasms of a drunken dream.

A writer in the North British Review says that "experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense and the organ of intellectual function remain wide-awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it—wincing not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture very readily and plainly, and after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred, declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and felt that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, 'You are sawing now,' during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly that though quite conscious of that part of the operation, they felt no pain." We may here remark, that a very common, but erroneous supposition is, that sawing through the marrow is the most painful part of an amputation; this has arisen from confounding the fatty matter of the true marrow with the spinal cord—a totally different thing—the sensation of sawing the bone is like that of filing the teeth, and is not to be compared with the first incision, which is very much as if a red-hot iron swept round the limb.

When ether was used, such scenes as that described, occurred; but, with rare exceptions, chloroform effectually wipes out the tablets of the brain, and prevents any recollection of the incidents that occur during its

influence; we have often heard a person talk coherently enough when partially under its influence, yet afterwards no effort of memory could recall the conversation to his mind.

An able London physician, Dr. Snow, has paid great attention to the administration of chloroform, and has satisfied himself by actual observation, that when there are obscure indications of pain during an operation, there is no suffering, properly so to speak, for sensation returns gradually in those cases where complete consciousness is regained before the common sensibility. Under these circumstances the patient, when first beginning to feel, describes as something pricking or pinching, proceedings that without anaesthetics would cause intense pain, and does not feel at all that which would at another time excite considerable suffering.

The disposition to sing is by no means uncommon during the stage of excitement; we well remember the painful astonishment of a grave elderly abstinent divine, who, on being told after an operation that he had sang, exclaimed, "Good gracious, is it possible! Why, my dear Sir, I never sang a song in my life, and is it possible I could have so committed myself—but what *could* I have sung?" A little badinage took place, it being insinuated that the song was of a rather Tom-Moorish character, till his horror became so great it was necessary to relieve his mind by telling him that "Hallelujah" was the burden of his chaunt.

The general condition of the patient as regards robustness or the contrary, has been found by Dr. Snow to exercise a considerable influence on the way in which chloroform acts; usually the more feeble the patient is, the more quietly does he become insensible; whilst if he is strong and robust there is very likely to be mental excitement, rigidity of the muscles, and perhaps struggling. Dr. Snow has frequently exhibited chloroform in extreme old age with the best effects, and does not consider it a source of danger when proper care is taken; old persons are generally rather longer than others in recovering their consciousness, probably because, owing to their circulation and respiration being less active, the vapor requires a longer time to escape by the lungs, and it may be remarked, that chloroform passes off unchanged from the blood, in the expired air.

The usual and expected effect of chloroform is to deprive the individual of consciousness; but it occasionally fails to do this, and gives rise to a very remarkable

trance-like condition. We were once present when chloroform was administered to a lady about to undergo a painful operation on the mouth; the usual phenomena took place, and in due time the gentleman who administered the vapor announced that she was perfectly insensible; the operation was performed, and during its progress the bystanders conversed unreservedly on its difficulties and the prospects of success.

When the patient "came to," she, to our utter astonishment, asserted that she had been perfectly conscious the whole time, though unable to make the least sign or movement, had felt pain, and had heard every word spoken, which was proved by her repeating the conversation; she stated that the time seemed a perfect age, and that though hearing and feeling what was going on she lived her life over again, events even of early childhood long forgotten, rising up like a picture before her. It is said, and truly, that in the few seconds between sleeping and waking, some of the longest dreams take place, and that a drowning man has just before the extinction of consciousness reviewed as in a mirror, every action of his life. So in the case of this lady, years appeared to move slowly on and to be succeeded by other years with all their events, each attended with corresponding emotions, during the few minutes she was fairly under the chloroformic influence: yet with all this the prominent feeling was an intense struggling to make us aware that she was not insensible; of which condition there was every outward indication.

Our readers must all be familiar, from observation or description, with the *mimosa pudica* or sensitive plant; now it is a curious fact that the influence of chloroform is not confined to the animal kingdom, but extends to the vegetable world, for Professor Marcet of Geneva has ascertained that it possesses the power of arresting for a time, if not of altogether destroying, the irritability of the sensitive plant. Thus we find from time to time striking illustrations of the identity which exists in the irritability of plants and the nervous systems of animals.

Among the ancients the mandrake, or mandragora, held a high reputation for utility in drowning pain. Pliny tells us that "in the digging up of the root of mandrake there are some ceremonies observed; first, they that goe about this worke looke especially to this, that the wind be not in their face but blow upon their backs; then with the point of a sword they draw three circles round about

the plant, which don, they dig it up afterwards with their face into the west. \* \* It may be used safely enough for to procure sleep if there be a good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient it is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poison of serpents; likewise before the cutting or cauterizing, pricking or lancing; of any member, to take away the sense and feeling of such extreme cures: and sufficient it is in some bodies to cast them into a sleep with the smell of mandrage, against the time of such chirurgery.\*

The discovery of chloroform, as an anæsthetic agent, was made by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, and was attended with some very amusing circumstances, as narrated by Professor Miller. Dr. Simpson had long felt convinced that there existed some anæsthetic agent superior to ether, which was then all the rage, and, in October, 1847, got up pleasant little parties quite in a sociable way, to try the effects of other respirable gases on himself and friends. The ordinary way of experimenting was as follows. Each guest was supplied with about a teaspoonful of the fluid to be experimented on, in a tumbler or finger-class, which was placed in hot water if the substance did not happen to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the open vessel, inhalation was produced slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they arose. Late on the evening of the 4th November, 1847, Dr. Simpson, with two of his friends, Drs. Keith and Duncan, sat down to quaff the flowing vapor in the dining-room of the learned host. Having inhaled several substances without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table as utterly uncompromising. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform, and with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers solemnly pursued their vocation. Immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party—their eyes sparkled—they became excessively jolly and very loquacious. Their conversation flowed so briskly, that some ladies and a naval officer who were present were quite charmed. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton mill, louder and louder—a moment more—a dead silence, and then a crash! On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception

was mental, "this is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among his friends about him, there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned round and saw Dr. Duncan in a most undignified attitude beneath a chair. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were starting, his head bent half under him; quite unconscious and snoring in a most determined and alarming manner—more noise still to the doctor and much motion—disagreeably so—and then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, and annihilate everything that was on it.

By-and-by Dr. Simpson's head ceased to swim, and he regained his seat; Dr. Duncan, having finished his uncomfortable slumber, resumed his chair; and Dr. Keith, having come to an arrangement with the table, likewise assumed his seat and his placidity; then came a comparing of notes and a chorus of congratulation, for the object had been attained; and this was the way in which the wonderful powers of chloroform were first discovered and put to the test. It may be added, that the small stock of chloroform having been speedily exhausted, Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Duncan, Flockhart, & Co., was pressed into the service for restoring the supply, and little respite had that gentleman for many months from his chloroformic labors.

According to our own experience, chloroform is by no means disagreeable. Circumstances led to our taking it, and as far as we remember, our feelings were nearly as follows:—the nervousness which the anticipation of the chloroform and the expected operation had excited, gradually passed away after a few inhalations, and was succeeded by a pleasant champagne exhilaration; a few seconds more and a rather unpleasant oppression of the chest led to an endeavor to express discomfort, but whilst still doing so—or rather supposing we were doing so—we were informed that the operation was over. Utterly incredulous, we sought for proof, soon found it, and then our emotions of joy were almost overwhelming. In truth we had been insensible full five minutes; but one of the peculiarities of chloroformic unconsciousness being the obliteration of memory, the person is carried on from the last event before the full effect of the chloroform, to the return of consciousness, as one and the same current of ideas.

An important point in connection with chloroform, is the possibility of its illegal use for

\* Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny. Part II. p. 235.

the purposes of robbery, &c. About two years ago, several cases occurred, in which it was said to have been employed for that object, and so serious was the matter considered, that Lord Campbell made it the special subject of a penal enactment. There are, however, something more than grave doubts on the minds of those best acquainted with the subject, as to whether chloroform has not labored under an unjust accusation, in some, at least, of the cases alluded to; and as it is very possible that the question may from time to time be raised, we will state the grounds on which Dr. Snow, a peculiarly competent authority, arrived at the opinion that chloroform cannot be used with effect in street robberies.

When administered gradually, chloroform can be breathed easily enough by a person willing and anxious to take it; but he has to draw his breath many times before he becomes unconscious. During all this interval he has the perfect perception of the impression of the vapor on his nose, mouth, and throat, as well as of other sensations which it causes; and every person who has inhaled chloroform, retains a recollection of these impressions and sensations. If chloroform be given to a child whilst asleep, the child awakes in nearly every instance before being made insensible, however gently the vapor may be insinuated, and no animal, either wild or tame, can be made insensible without being first secured; the chloroform may, it is true, be suddenly applied on a handkerchief to the nose of an animal, but the creature turns its head aside or runs away without breathing any of the vapor. If a handkerchief wetted with sufficient chloroform to cause insensibility, is suddenly applied to a person's face, the pungency of the vapor is so great as immediately to interrupt the breathing, and the individual could not inhale it even if he should wish. From all these facts, it is evident that chloroform cannot be given to a person in his sober senses without his knowledge and full consent, except by main force. It is certain, therefore, that this agent cannot be employed in a public street or thoroughfare; and as the force that would be required to make a person take it against his will, would be more than sufficient to effect a robbery, and enough to effect any other felony by ordinary means, it would afford no help to the criminal in more secluded situations. Supposing that the felon, or felons, could succeed in keeping a handkerchief closely applied to the face, the person attacked would only begin to breathe

the chloroform when thoroughly exhausted by resistance or want of breath, and when, in fact, the culprits could effect their purpose without it.

A proof of these positions was afforded by the circumstances attending a case in which chloroform really was used for the purpose of committing a robbery. A man contrived to secrete himself under a bed in an hotel at Kendal, and at midnight attempted to give chloroform to an elderly gentleman in his sleep. The effect of this was to awaken him, and though the robber used such violence that the night-dress of his victim was covered with blood, and the bedding fell on the floor in the scuffle, he did not succeed in his purpose; the people in the house were disturbed, the thief secured, tried, and punished by eighteen months' hard labor.

When, therefore, we hear marvellous tales of persons going along the street being rendered suddenly insensible and in that state robbed, it may fairly be concluded that *all* the facts are not stated, and that chloroform is brought forward to smother something which it may not be convenient to make known.

The conclusion so eagerly jumped at, that because people had been robbed in an unusual manner, they had certainly been chloroformed, reminds us of a story of a very respectable quack, who was in the habit of listening to the statements of his clients, and under pretence of retiring to a closet to meditate, there opened a book which contained cures for all diseases, and on whatever remedy his eyes first fell, that he resolved to try.

On one fine morning he was summoned to a girl, who, being tickled whilst holding some pins in her mouth, unfortunately swallowed one, which stuck in her throat. The friends, with some justice, urged the doctor to depart from his usual custom, and do something instantly for the relief of the sufferer; but the sage was inexorable, and declined to yield to their entreaties, though their fears that the damsel would be choked before the remedy arrived were energetically expressed. Happily they were groundless, for, on his return, the doctor ordered a scalding hot poultice to be applied over the whole abdomen, which being done, an involuntary spasmodic action was excited, the pin was ejected, and the doctor's fame and his practice greatly extended. The remedy had certainly the charm of novelty, but will scarcely do to be relied on in similar cases.

A very remarkable difference exists be

tween persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality—whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, some time before his death, caused him to faint; and after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone, and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier.

"Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge (the present Lord Hardinge), a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is: I had rather it should go out of the field with me;' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell, the General was carried to the town by a party of soldiers, his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, express-

ed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope, the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. \* \* \* His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

It is to be hoped that intense mental pre-occupation somewhat blunted the sufferings of the General, but a strong high courage prevented any unseemly complaint. We, ourselves, have seen many instances in an operating theatre—a far severer test of true courage than the excitement of battle—where mutilations the most severe have been borne with unflinching courage; more frequently by women than by men. Perhaps the coolest exhibition of fortitude under such a trial was exhibited by a tailor, who effectually cleared his profession of the standing reproach, showing nine times the pluck of ordinary men. This man's right leg was removed right below the knee, long before chloroform was known; on being placed on the table, he quietly folded his arms, and surveyed the preliminary proceedings with the coolness of a disinterested spectator. He closed his eyes during the operation, but his face remained unchanged, and he apologized for starting when a nerve was snipped. When all was over he rose, quietly thanked the operator, bowed to the spectators, and was carried out of the theatre. We grieve to say the poor fellow died, to the regret of every one who witnessed his heroic courage.

The most remarkable account of indifference to pain with which we are acquainted, is that by Mr. Catlin, of the self-imposed tortures of the Mandan Indians, in order to qualify themselves for the honored rank of warriors. "One at a time of the young fel-



lows already emaciated with fasting, and thirsting, and walking, for nearly four days and nights, advanced from the side of the lodge and placed himself on his hands and feet, or otherwise, as best adapted for the performance of the operation, where he submitted to the cruelties in the following manner. An inch or more of the flesh of each shoulder was taken up between the finger and thumb by the man who held the knife in his right hand, and the knife which had been ground sharp on both edges and then hacked and notched with the blade of another to make it produce as much pain as possible, was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and being withdrawn was followed by a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bundle of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound. There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge, which were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up: he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground where he rested, until the knife and a splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees. In some instances, they remained in a reclining posture on the ground until this painful operation was finished, which was performed in all instances exactly on the same parts of the bodies and limbs; and which, in its progress, occupied some five or six minutes.

"Each one was then instantly raised with

the cords, until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow, quiver, &c., and in many instances, the skull of a buffalo, with the horns on it, was attached to each lower arm, each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing, by their great weight, the struggling which might otherwise take place to their disadvantage whilst they were hung up. When these things were all adjusted, each one was raised higher by the cords, until these weights all swung clear from the ground. \* \* The unflinching fortitude with which every one of them bore this part of the torture surpassed credibility."

Happily, in this country at least, torture is now only made subservient to the restoration of health; and more than this, the most timid may survey an expected operation with calm indifference—so far as the pain is concerned: the terrors of the knife are extinguished, and though the result of all such proceedings rests not with man, it is permitted us to apply the resources of our art for the relief of suffering humanity; and the afflicted can, in these times, avail themselves of surgical skill, without passing through the terrible ordeal which formerly filled the heart with dread, and the contemplation of which increased tenfold the gloom of the shadow of the dark valley beyond.

\* "Notes on the North American Indians." Vol. II. p. 170.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PRUSSIAN COURT AND ARISTOCRACY.\*

THE object of Dr. Vohse in these volumes is to give, in greater detail than has hitherto been done, an account of the manners of the Prussian court and aristocracy during the three periods into which the history of that country naturally divides itself. The first is the period immediately following the Reformation, when the Government was

rude and contained many middle age elements, and when the petty Elector of Brandenburg was the most insignificant of his seven brother electors. The second is that after the thirty years' war, when the Court presented a singular combination of French gallantry and military absolutism. And the third and last period is the age of Frederick the Great and his successors.

Dr. Vohse has availed himself of all the recent contributions to history, such as the

\* *Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes und Adels, und der Preussischen Diplomatie.* By Dr. Edward Vohse. Hamburg, 1851, 9 vols.

despatches, memoirs, and journals of those who were engaged in diplomacy, or had peculiar opportunities of knowing the secret details of political life. Dr. Vehse pays a well merited compliment to the important works that have lately been published in this country. He states that he has invariably found English writers giving the best reports of public matters; that they are the most clear-sighted and the most unprejudiced in their accounts, and that therefore their judgments are more to be trusted than those of other diplomatists. In Germany, with perhaps the single exception of Count Kevenhüller, who wrote memoirs in the time of the Great Frederick, the task of writing history has been confined to men who made letters a profession, and who were more acquainted with books than with men and the passions that influence them. Works like those of Bishop Burnet; memoirs like those of Horace Walpole of the Court of George II.; valuable contributions to the history of our own time, like the diaries and correspondence of Lord Malmesbury, the memoirs of Lord Hervey, the memoirs just published by the Duke of Buckingham of the Court and Cabinet of George III.;—French memoirs like those of Cardinal de Retz, the Duke of Sully, St. Simon, and so many others, who have thrown light on the history of the periods in which they write; histories written by men who, like Macaulay or Mr. Grote, are politicians as well as authors—for works such as these we look in vain in Germany. There is one marked difference that must strike even the most careless reader between the English and the French memoir writers. The French invariably are great masters of form; they give a flowing, eloquent, well arranged narrative, full of life and vigor—the necessary authorities and documents being generally thrown into the appendix; whereas in the English memoirs the documents—whether they be despatches, letters, or journals—play the most conspicuous part in the work, and the narrative is often meagre enough.

In the work before us, which does not profess to do more than record the *on dits* of past times, Dr. Vehse seems to have taken as his motto a passage from St. Simon's memoirs, *C'est souvent une pure bagatelle qui produit les effets qu'on veut attribuer aux motifs les plus graves.*

In the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns were not great geniuses or heroes; they patiently bore the yoke which the Austrians had placed on the neck of the whole

of the German nation. They bent to the storm until the time of the Great Elector.

The first five Electors of Brandenburg, from the time of the Reformation till that of the Great Elector, were not remarkable for any great intelligence, but they had the good fortune to be served by men of distinguished abilities.

We will not for this reason follow Dr. Vehse through the account he gives of the earlier Electors of Brandenburg—the Joachimsts, the Hectors, &c.; but we must find room to present our readers with a sketch of the life of a man who played a remarkable part during the reign of the Elector John George of Brandenburg.

Dr. Leonhard Thurneysser was born in 1530, at Basle. His father, who was a goldsmith, brought his son up to his own profession, but apprenticed him afterwards as *farmer* to a certain Dr. Huber, of Basle, for whom the lad prepared medicines and collected herbs, and in whose service he studied Paracelsus. Thurneysser married at seventeen, but deserted his wife at the end of a year, when he commenced his travels. He went first to England, then to France, fought under the wild Margrave Albrecht Brandenburg-Culmbach, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Sievershausen, in 1553. He then supported himself by working as a miner and smelter. As his wife had divorced him, Thurneysser married the daughter of a goldsmith at Constance, with whom he went, in 1558, to Imst, in the Tyrol, where he started a mining and smelting business on his own account. In 1560 the Archduke Ferdinand, of the Tyrol, took Thurneysser into his service, and sent him on his travels. For five years he again wandered about the world, visiting Scotland and the Orkneys, Spain, Portugal, Africa, Barbary, Æthiopia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, returning in 1565 to the Tyrol, by way of Candia, Greece, Italy, and Hungary. He remained in the service of the Archduke inspecting mines, &c., until the year 1570. His extraordinary knowledge of metals and chemistry made him regarded as the wonder of his age—as a second Paracelsus. He wrote books on the influences of the planets, and their effects on the bodies of men and beasts, but the style of his works is diffuse and unintelligible.

The Elector John George's second wife, Sabina of Anspach, was ill, and Thurneysser was sent for. In the course of the consultation Thurneysser, to the astonishment of the Elector, described sundry bodily infirmities of the Electress, which in his opinion might

be attended with dangerous results. The Elector, struck by this knowledge, put his wife under Thurneysser's charge; the cure was effected, and the doctor's fortune was from that moment made. He was employed and consulted by all who had mines or alum works, while the court ladies spread his renown far and wide. Letters came from the remote country districts, from married and unmarried ladies, begging the learned doctor to send his fair correspondents cosmetics, with particular descriptions how to use them. The postscript generally added that "he was on no account to betray them, and not to give any cosmetics to other people."

Thurneysser had a remarkable memory, and a great thirst for knowledge. He had closely studied nature in various countries, and had learned much from books. He knew Greek and several of the Oriental languages; Latin he had learned in his forty-sixth year, at Berlin. He knew sufficient drawing to illustrate his anatomical and botanical works. He made a map of the March of Brandenburg far superior to anything that had yet appeared. His knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and astrology was very considerable, and enabled him to publish almanacs, in which he predicted coming events, and the manner of their fulfilment was explained in subsequent tables. These almanacs had a prodigious sale. The great defect in Thurneysser's mind was a want of philosophical clearness; his knowledge was undigested, without order or arrangement; but spite of this he was one of the best naturalists of the sixteenth century; his activity was boundless, and his head full of projects.

The Elector named Thurneysser his body physician, with the yearly salary of 1352 thalers—a large sum for those days; moreover he had an allowance for horses, and other extras. He also made money by the commission on the purchases he effected for the Elector, of silver and gold plate, in Leipsic, Nuremberg, and Frankfort. For fourteen years Thurneysser maintained his ascendancy in the court of Brandenburg. Shortly after his arrival in Berlin, the Elector had given him rooms in what had been the Franciscan or Grey Convent, where Thurneysser lived in great style. He built a large laboratory, in which were prepared his *arcana*—gold powder, golden drops, amethyst waters, tinctures of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, &c., which soon made the inventor's fortune. He held a sort of minor court in the Grey Convent; his household

seldom consisted of less than 200 persons, some of whom were employed in copying letters, while others worked in his laboratory, or acted as messengers or travellers. He also set up a printing establishment in the Grey Convent, which was provided not only with German and Roman, but with Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syrian, Turkish, Persian, Arabian, even with Abyssinian types. Almost all these workers in the laboratory and for the press were married men, and lived with their wives and children in the convent; the expenditure, therefore, was considerable. Whenever Thurneysser walked abroad, he was accompanied by two pages of noble blood, who had been sent by their parents to a household where they would learn virtue and regular habits. All the great people, Prince Radzivil, nay, even the Elector himself and his wife, came to visit him in his Grey Convent. He was a sort of oracle, and was consulted by many crowned heads. "The letters," says his biographer Mohsen, "which the Emperor Maximilian II., and Queen Elizabeth of England wrote to him, together with thirty-nine other letters from illustrious princes, were cut out of the collection at Basle." But there are many letters to Thurneysser from Frederick II., the King of Denmark, from Stephen Bathory, the King of Poland, preserved in the library at Berlin, in which these monarchs ask Thurneysser's advice on mining subjects. Letters came to him daily from Bohemia, Silesia, Poland, and Prussia, with medical consultations; he answered none unless a remittance accompanied the letter. Count Burchard Von Barby sent an account of his symptoms, but received no answer to his first letter; a second, with a fee of a hundred ducats, received immediate attention. Thurneysser's messengers went all over Germany, conveying the doctor's infallible remedies, and brought back money, rare books, and manuscripts.

But the almanacs, to which we have before alluded, brought him in the largest income; the booksellers from all parts of Germany and other countries sent messengers to Thurneysser for early copies. He printed large editions of these almanacs, of which he published a regular series between the years 1573 and 1585. Each month had its *Prognostica*. In 1579 he foretold a hideous deed; in 1580 the prophecy was discovered to allude to the poisoning, by Bianca Dapelli, of her step-son at Florence. He also foretold the day of the month and the year when King Sigismund Augustus of

Poland died. These fortunate hits brought him in large sums. He also cast nativities: scarcely an heir to any noble family in Germany was born without Thurneysser being consulted as to the conjunction and aspects of the planets, by which he foretold the probable fate of the infant. These *Prognostica* interested every one in those days; every one believed in them—even bishops and learned professors. Thurneysser likewise prepared talismans. Even Osiander, the great polemical writer at Königsberg, wore an amulet round his neck as a preservative against the leprosy and other maladies. Osiander purposely mentions the object with which he wore this chain, lest it should be set down to vanity. The best talismans were the *sigilla solis*, on which Jupiter is represented like a professor of Wittenberg, with a long beard, a fur coat, and a large book in his hand. These *sigilla solis*, which were to avert all solar maladies, were made after the method suggested by the Abbot Trithem, and Agrippa of Nettesheim, in his work *De Occultâ Philosophiâ*. There were other talismans—such as the *sigilla lune*, specially directed against lunar influences; others, again, made of seven different metals, had the peculiar property of making men, though born under some malignant star, fortunate and successful. Whatever was required, Thurneysser was ready to manufacture; his wares were suited to all conditions of men, from the Emperor down to the cowherd.

By these means Thurneysser became exceedingly rich. He not only had a treasure estimated at 12,000 pieces of gold, but a rich collection of books, manuscripts, silver plate, and pictures. He also had made a cabinet of minerals and herbs, and strange anatomical preparations of men, birds, and beasts; a scorpion preserved in oil was held by the vulgar in extreme awe as a familiar imp of the doctor's.

Unluckily for himself, Thurneysser married a third time, and this was his ruin. He divorced his wife for light conduct, and a scandalous suit took place, in the course of which much of his money was spent. In 1684 Thurneysser quitted Berlin, turned Catholic, and went to Rome, where he lived some time under the Pope's protection. He died in a convent at Cologne, in the year 1695, aged 65, in poor circumstances, and on the very day for which he had prognosticated his death.

Dr. Vehse enters with great detail into the reigns of the Great Elector; of Frederick,

the first King of Prussia; of Frederick William I., to whose rough but sterling qualities Prussia owes so much; and of his illustrious son, Frederick the Great. It is worthy of remark, that the men who contributed most to raise the Prussian monarchy to its high estate were not the nobles, but men for the most part sprung from the burgher class: men of talent were sought out, rather than those of illustrious descent; and Prussia owes as much to the ability with which these men wielded the pen as the sword. Joachim II.'s chancellor, Lampert Distilmeyer, who was called *oculus et lumen marchia*, was the son of a tailor at Leipsic; Derfflinger, to whom the Great Elector was chiefly indebted for the victory over the Swedes at Fehrbellin, was the son of an Austrian peasant. Meinders, Fuchs, and Spanheim, in the time of the Great Elector; Dankelman, Kraut, and Bartholdi, in the reign of the first Prussian monarch; Ilgen, Thulemeyer, Cocceji, in the reign of Frederick William I., were men of the middle class; and to these, next to its sovereigns, the greatness of Prussia is to be attributed.

The thirty years' war had depopulated Prussia, and the Great Elector's wish to introduce agriculture, commerce, and manufactures into his country was admirably assisted by the proceedings of his neighbors. Thousands and thousands of industrious families, driven out of the Palatinate and from France for their religion, were received with joy into Prussia. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in the year 1685, above 20,000 French refugees came at once into Prussia, bringing with them much capital, and, what was far more important, habits of thrift and a taste for literature and the fine arts. The silk, wool, and other factories in Prussia owe their origin to these refugees. The advent of the refugees introduced French habits of dress and modes of thought. But with this came also the luxurious tastes of the court of Louis XIV.; and to check the custom of going to Paris to acquire the fashionable air of the French court, the Great Elector, who knew the license and extravagance that prevailed in Paris, issued an edict, in 1686, forbidding his vassals to travel and waste their substance in foreign parts.

The whole reign of Frederick William offers a curious picture of refinement and religious toleration mixed with the grossest superstitions of the middle ages. The Great Elector was much addicted to the study of alchemy. He had a laboratory of his own, and bought up all books and manuscripts relating to these secret arts. For a long time he kept

at his court his famous alchemist, Johann Kunkel, who shared the fate of many others of his trade, and was prosecuted, after the Great Elector's death, for peculation. Frederick William, moreover, had the most implicit belief in devils, ghosts, witches, sorcerers, and astrologers. He fully believed in the letter supposed to have been written to a certain Dodo von Kniphausen by his wife from the other world. Leibnitz mentions in his journal that he had dined at the prince's table, and heard the matter discussed, and that Kniphausen, who was of a melancholy temperament, asserted that he had seen his deceased wife, who told him many strange things.

The Great Elector was fond of alluding to the story of the White Lady—the 'Weisse Frau'—whose appearance portended calamity or death of some member of the royal family. She is said to have been seen in the ominous years 1640, 1740, and 1840. She was first seen shortly after the death of John Sigismund, in 1619. She is supposed by some to have been the mistress of Joachim II., Anna Sydow, who died a prisoner in the fortress of Spandau; others say she was a certain Beatrix, Countess of Orlamunde, who fell in love with the Burgrave Albrecht, of Nuremberg; others, again, say that her name was Bertha of Rosenberg, who was condemned to haunt the castles of her descendants in Brandenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt. Whoever she might be, the Elector's favorite—one Kurt von Burgsdorf—who professed incredulity about her, and a strong desire to meet the spectre face to face, was gratified in his wish. After seeing the Elector to bed one night, Burgsdorf was going down the back stairs to the garden, when he saw the White Lady standing on the steps before him. A little disturbed at the unexpected rencontre, he quickly collected his senses, and after addressing some harsh epithets to the spectre, asked her if she had not already had enough of the princely blood of Prussia to satisfy her. The White Lady answered never a word, but seized him by the throat and hurled him, half throttled, down stairs. The noise was so great as to disturb the Elector, who sent one of his attendants to learn what had occurred. When the old palace at Berlin was repaired, in the year 1609, a female skeleton was found, which was held by the people to be that of the White Lady: it was buried with due ceremony in the cathedral; it was then hoped that the ghost was laid. She has had several base imitators, who were caught by the watch: one turned

out to be a scullion, another was a soldier: both were well whipped.

Kurt von Burgsdorf, the Elector's favorite, was of an old Brandenburg family; he had fought in the thirty years' war, and had thrice repulsed Wallenstein's attack on Schweidnitz. He fell in disgrace for opposing the Elector's scheme of a standing army, and for other reasons more fully given in a rare old book published at Dresden in 1705, and called *Apothegmata*, or 274 Wise and Ingenious Maxims: 'Touching the disgrace of the Prime minister and favorite at the court of Electoral Brandenburg, Herr von Borgstorff, under the reign of his Electoral Highness Frederick William.'

This minister (according to the *Apothegmata*) had risen so high that he was allowed to clap his electoral highness on the shoulder, and was looked upon as a father by that heroic prince. If his electoral highness wore a suit worth 400 rix dollars one day, on the next the minister must needs have one worth 500. But a great fortune built upon an ill foundation of wickedness is sure to decay; and thus it soon fell out with this minister, who had chiefly prospered in wealth and power by winebibbing; for the late elector was a singular lover of drinking, and this Borgstorff could drink eighteen pints of wine at one meal,—nay, he could even gulp down a whole pint at a draught, and without so much as drawing breath. Now the elector, Frederick William, of blessed memory, lived more soberly, which much displeased this minister, who once said to him at table, 'Please your highness, I don't understand your way of living; your highness' father's times were much merrier; we drank about bravely then, and now and then a castle or a village was to be won by hard drinking. I myself remember when I could drink eighteen pints of wine at a sitting.' Hereupon the electress, a princess of the House of Orange, and the example of every virtue, did not let his words pass unnoticed, but replied, 'That was fine house-keeping, truly, when so many fair castles and villages were given away to reward beastly and riotous drunkenness!'

Besides this fault the minister sought to persuade the elector not to lie only with his princely consort, but to divert himself with gallantry, in order that he might not have so many lawful princes and princesses, who could not all be provided for according to their rank, and must therefore grow up beggarly princes. And herein the truth of the adage, *Malum consilium consultatori pessimum*, was soon made manifest; for the electress never rested until this minister was degraded from the highest honors and dignities of his court, and publicly deprived of his nobility in church, and in the presence of a multitude of people. He retired into the country, where after a time he died quite mad and miserable, and lamented by none, because he had tried to mislead his sovereign into an ungodly, scandalous, and debauched way of life.

The Great Elector was succeeded by his son, the Elector Frederick III., whose ruling passion was pomp and display. In order to gratify this passion to the utmost it was necessary to exchange the Electoral hat for a kingly crown, and owing to several fortunate coincidences this long coveted honor was obtained by the mediation of Bartholdi, the Prussian envoy at Vienna, in November, 1700.

Frederick (says Dr. Vehse) was so rejoiced at the successful issue of his favorite scheme that he could not even wait for fine weather for the ceremony of the coronation, but started in mid-winter, just one month after the attainment of his object, on the 17th December, 1700, with the whole of his court, on his way to Königsberg. The cavalcade was one of the grandest ever known in Germany. The whole court travelled in 300 carriages, besides wagons. The royal company, which journeyed in four divisions, was so large that in addition to the horses taken from Berlin, not less than 30,000 were required to draw the carriages. The king only travelled during the forenoon, and the journey lasted twelve whole days; wherever halt was made, dinners and festivities took place from mid-day till evening. The queen was driven by her dashing brother-in-law, the Margrave Albrecht; spite of the bitter cold, he sat on the box dressed in a gala costume of embroidered satin, silk stockings, and a huge wig. The 18th January, 1701, was fixed upon as the coronation day. On the 29th December, 1700, the elector Frederick drove into Königsberg.

The festivities lasted all through the months of January and February, and on the 8th March the cavalcade returned with equal pomp to Berlin, where for two or three months more the same frivolities took place. The sketch given by Dr. Vehse of life at the court of the first Prussian monarch fully justifies Niebuhr in his assertion, that "the court of Frederick, like that of almost all German courts of that period, was unspeakably odious—it was at the same time both coarse and frivolous. There was no worse sort of frivolity than what prevailed during the latter part of the seventeenth century."

The only exception to this sweeping condemnation was the separate court of Frederick's wife, the intellectual and brilliant Sophia Charlotte of Hanover. At first she submitted to the stiff and dull ceremonial of her husband's court, but by degrees she formed a little circle of her own in Lützelburg, near Berlin, where she gave uncereceremonious evening parties. People might go from these pleasant supper parties of the Queen to the levees held by the King at four o'clock in the morning. The most agreeable

woman at this little court was a certain Fräulein von Pollnitz, distinguished for her beauty and wit, but accused by her enemies of being too fond of men, wine, and play. The Queen's greatest friend, however, and the real ornament of her court, was Leibnitz, who complains that she was never satisfied with any answer, but wanted to know the "why and wherefore" of everything. Her opinions on religion and politics were those of a philosopher. On her death-bed she thanked a French clergyman, "La Bergerie," who came to give her religious consolation, saying that "she had for twenty years or more meditated on those matters; that no doubt remained, and that he could tell her nothing that she had not already thought over." She assured him that "she died contented and at peace." She spoke with equal calmness to one of her beloved and sorrowing attendants. "Do not pity me, for I shall soon gratify my curiosity on several points which Leibnitz could not explain to me. Moreover, I procure for the king the pleasure of a funeral, in which he will have the opportunity of displaying his love for pomp and ceremony."

This most accomplished princess, *une des plus accomplies princesses de la terre*, as Leibnitz terms her, died at the early age of thirty-six. In a letter to Wootton, written in July, 1705, shortly after her death, Leibnitz says that "she possessed extraordinary knowledge, and a strong yearning to obtain more. Her conversations with me always were directed towards gratifying this passion. Never was seen a more intellectual or more joyous princess. As she often did me the honor to converse with me, and as I was accustomed to this pleasure, I have felt her loss more than others." He also wrote to Fräulein Pollnitz, "that he does not cry, nor pity himself, but he does not know where he is; the queen's death seems like a dream to him; but on awaking he finds it is too true. . . . The king is inconsolable; all the town is in a state of consternation."

For a whole year the king mourned, but in 1708 he married a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who atoned for certain youthful indiscretions by a life of severe piety, which at last degenerated into moody fits of melancholy. The king, who was ill, and had long been separated from her, was for some time ignorant of the real state of her health. One morning the queen escaped from her attendants, ran through a gallery leading from her room to the king's, burst through the glass window, and rushed with bleeding

hands, dishevelled hair, and in white undress, into the king's apartment. The sudden apparition of this bleeding spectre, who overpowered him with reproaches, was too much for the ailing monarch; the fever increased upon him, and the pomp-loving Frederick died after a few weeks' illness, of the fright, in the full conviction that he had seen the White Lady.

The second Prussian monarch, Frederick William I., showed from earliest infancy the strongest aversion both to the pomps and ceremonies of his father's court, and to the learning and love of art of his mother. He hated everything French, and was essentially German in his habits and tastes. He had but two ruling passions, and these never left him, viz., money and tall soldiers. In his will he states that he was compelled during his whole life, as a blind to the house of Austria, to assume two passions he did not really possess—the one was an unreasonable avarice, the other an excessive desire for tall soldiers. These were the only weaknesses that could excuse his collecting so large a treasure and so strong an army.

The first step the new king took was to summon the treasurer of the household, and to strike his pen through the whole list of the court officers. A certain General Tettau, noted for his coarse wit, increased the confusion of the treasurer by saying, "Gentlemen, our excellent lord is dead, and the new king sends you all to the devil." Nothing but soldiers were now to be seen about the court.

We will give Dr. Vehse's account of the *tabagie* or club, where Frederick William I. was to be found every night surrounded by his counsellors and generals:

The Areopagus, in which matters of domestic and foreign politics were discussed, was the famous *Tabacks-Collegium*, or smoking-club. A smoking-room was established at Berlin, Potsdam, and in the summer months at Wusterhausen. The smoking-room at Berlin—*La chambre rouge avec les nues de tabac, qui composent la moyenne region d'air de la chambre*, as Frederick the Great describes it in a letter to Grumbkow, dated Ruppín, 17th March, 1733—was built after the Dutch fashion, like a model kitchen, with an array of blue china plates on a dresser, and has been preserved until the present day in the same state, as a memorial of the strict warrior king. Large silver beer-cans, out of which the beer was poured by means of a cock into the jugs and glasses, were placed on the table. The strangers' book is still shown, with the names of the Czar Peter and Frederick the Great, who was introduced at the early age of eleven. The members of the smoking-club met at about five or six, and stayed till

ten, eleven, or sometimes till twelve o'clock. The club was composed of the generals and other officers who formed the usual society of the king. The most remarkable among them, next to Grumbkow and the Prince of Anhalt Dessau, were: 1st, Christian Wilhelm von Derschau, a man much feared for his harshness. He was the superintendent of the new building in the new Fredrickstadt, and is said to have ruined many families by his extortions in carrying out his plans. 2nd, General Count Alexander Donhoff, who had the control of the Court players. 3rd, Gen. David Gottlob von Gersdorf. 4th, Egidius Ehrenreich von Sydow. These four—Derschau, Donhoff, Gersdorf, and Sydow—had more influence than all the other ministers put together.

There were some ten other *habitues*, scarcely worth naming.

But besides these officers, the ministers and foreign envoys were invited to the smoking-club. Among the latter, next to the Austrian envoy, Seckendorf, the person most in favor was the Dutch general, Ginckel. Foreign princes, who came to Berlin on a visit, and other notable travellers, also received invitations to the smoking-club. Stanislaus Leszczinsky, the King of Poland, was a frequent guest; so was Francis of Lorraine, when he came to solicit the King of Prussia to vote for him as-emperor.

The servants were dismissed, so as to be freed from all restraint. Towards seven o'clock, the king paid a visit to the queen, where a cover was always laid for him; but he stayed there a very short time. Such of the guests as had not yet dined found cold meats on the side-table. At about eight, the young princes came in to wish the king good night. The members of the smoking club, decorated with the several orders, sat round the table and smoked long pipes; before each of them was placed a white jug full of Duchstein beer, from Königsutter, in Brunswick. Those who could not smoke, such as the old Prince of Dessau, and Seckendorf, took their pipes cold, and made a show with their lips, as if they were smoking. The king, who liked coarse jokes, was delighted when foreign princes were either intoxicated with the strong beer, or were made sick by the tobacco, to which they were not used. He himself was passionately fond of smoking, and sometimes—when Stanislaus Leszczinsky, who also was a great smoker, was present—smoked as many as thirty pipes at a sitting. On the table were laid the papers published at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, Breslau, Vienna, Frankfurt, the Hague, and Paris. A reader was appointed to read out and explain what was too abstruse. This reader was the learned, coxcombical Jacob Paul, Freiherr von Gundling.

Gundling was born in 1673, and was the son of a curate at Hersbruck, near Nuremberg. He had been a professor at Berlin, and was appointed, at Grumbkow's suggestion, to be reader to the smoking-club. He had rooms allotted to him at Potsdam, was supplied with food from the royal table, and accompanied the king wherever he went, so as to be at hand to assist the king with

his instructive conversation. Grumbkow had put up a sort of pulpit in his dining-room, especially for Gundling's use, whence the Court reader expounded the newspapers while the guests sat at meat. Gundling was, therefore, in his way, a person of some importance—so much so, that both the Russian and Austrian Courts thought it worth their while to win him to their side. Seckendorf wrote to Prince Eugene on the 23rd Oct., 1726, 'that no one did the Austrians more harm than a certain privy councillor, Gundling, who, much against his will, was forced to act the part of a merry-andrew, but who was always in the king's company; that he was looked upon as an oracle in publicis. Whenever Austrian affairs were discussed, this man was insinuated into the king's ear *falsa principia*; that he was worth winning by the present of a golden chain and a miniature of the emperor.' Gundling accordingly was presented with a miniature set in diamonds. In order to render learning—which Gundling really possessed—ridiculous, he was forced to act the part of a jester, for the king's amusement. The king revived for him the office of master of the ceremonies, and bestowed upon him the dress of that office—a red frock-coat embroidered with black satin, with large French cuffs and gold button-holes, a large peruke, with long pendant curls made of white goat's hair, a large hat with an ostrich's feather, straw-colored breeches, red silk stockings, with gold clocks to them, and high red-heeled shoes. Gundling, moreover, was made President of the Academy of Sciences, a post formerly held by Leibnitz. He was also raised to the dignity of a count.

The king then made Gundling one of his chamberlains. One day, when Gundling was drunk, they cut his chamberlain's key off his coat; the king threatened to treat him like a soldier who had lost his musket. After poor Gundling had been forced to wear, by way of punishment, a large wooden key a yard long, the lost key was restored to him. The careful chamberlain had it firmly attached to his coat by a blacksmith. All these honors were bestowed upon Gundling only to make him and them ridiculous. Among other things, Gundling was appointed by the king to superintend all the mulberry trees in his dominions; he was made finance councillor; the ministers were ordered to introduce him formally into their office, to provide him with the *vota sessionis*, and to hand over to him the department of all the silkworms in the whole monarchy.

In the smoking-club the coarsest and roughest jokes were played off upon him. Soldiers were the only people whom the king held in any respect; learned men he called pedants, paper-stainers and smearers; these were to be taught how superior soldiers were to them in everything. It was, as we have already said, the king's great pleasure to make his guests drunk, and Gundling was plied with liquor till he was insensible. When they had thus gained the victory over learning, poor Gundling was exposed to the heavy coarse jokes of the king and his officers. Figures of donkeys, apes, and oxen were pinned to his coat, and his upper lip was adorned with a cork

mustachio. He was made to read the most atrocious libels on himself, which the king had caused to be inserted in the newspapers. An ape, dressed exactly like Gundling, and with a chamberlain's key, was placed at his elbow, and the king insisted upon his embracing this his natural son, before the whole company. At Wusterhausen some tame bears were kept in the court-yard, and some of these were placed in Gundling's bed; their hug made him keep his bed and spit blood for several days. Once, in mid-winter, Gundling was reeling home, over the draw-bridge, when he was seized by four stout grenadiers, and dropped, with a cord, down into the frozen moat, until his weight broke the ice. This excellent joke was repeated, for the especial amusement of the king, and commemorated by a picture. Another time Gundling was invited to dinner, and the sedan-chair was purposely made to let him drop through. The more he cried to the bearers to stop, the faster they went, and he was compelled to run all the way. Frequently, when Gundling got home, he found the door of his room bricked up, and he was hunting for it all night; at other times he was besieged in his studies with squibs and crackers.

At length the wretched man could stand it no longer, and fled to his brother, who was a professor, at Halle. The King had him fetched back, and threatened to treat him as a deserter, but, seeing that he was crest-fallen, soothed him with excessive praise, and a present of 1000 thalers; he had, moreover, sixteen quaterings bestowed upon him, and the title of Count. This was in 1724. Some three years after this the greatest joke was played upon him. His rival and successor, one Fassman, by the King's command, wrote the severest satire upon him, called *The Learned Fool*. Fassman was ordered to present this production to Gundling, in the smoking club. Gundling, bursting with fury, seized a small silver pan, filled with charcoal, intended to light the pipes, and flung its contents into Fassman's face, singeing his eyebrows and eyelashes. Fassman seized Gundling, and belabored him so with the pan, that he was unable to sit down for a month, without pain. The two rivals never could meet again in the smoking room without coming to blows, to the intense delight of the king and ministers, the generals and the foreign envoys. At length the king insisted on the two gentlemen settling their difference by a regular duel. Fassman called Gundling out, and the latter was forced to accept the challenge, whether he liked it or no. But, when the combatants met in the field, Gundling flung down his pistol, while Fassman discharged his, which was loaded only with powder, and set fire to Gundling's peruke; it required buckets of water to extinguish the fire, and to bring Gundling to himself. At length Gundling brought his learned but much plagued life to a close. He died at Potsdam, in the year 1731, at the age of fifty-eight, of an ulcer in the intestines, produced by excessive drink. The King did not spare him, even when dead. For ten years or more, a huge wine-butt had been prepared for the reception of Gundling's corpse, and in this cask



he was buried, spite of the expostulations of the clergy.

A more active, restless man than the King (says Dr. Vehse) it was impossible to find. There was not an atom of repose in him. Frederick was so vehemently active, that it caused no astonishment when he beat with his own hand a lazy fellow, who was idling his time away in the streets at Berlin. He likewise roused one of the guards of the gate at Potsdam, who had overslept himself, and had kept the peasants waiting outside the gate. 'Good morning, sir,' said he, while he kicked him out of bed.

It was an awkward business to meet the King in the street. Whenever he saw any one he rode close up to him, till his horse's head touched the man's shoulder. Then came the regular question, 'Who are you?' Those who looked like Frenchmen were certain to be detained by him. One of them very prudently answered his question of *Qui êtes vous?* by saying that he did not understand French. He even stopped the French priests in the streets, and always asked if they had read Molière, meaning to insinuate that he took them to be no better than actors. The son of Beausobre, whom Frederick the Great respected so much, answered this stereotyped question by saying, *Oui, sire, et surtout Al'vare*. The King liked a quick repartée like this. A student in theology was one day accosted by the King in the street. 'The Berliners are good for nothing,' said the King. 'That is true, as a general rule,' said the student, 'but there are exceptions.' 'And who may they be?' said the King. 'Your Majesty and I.' The King immediately had him up to the palace, to be examined, and, as the candidate for orders passed well through the ordeal, he received the first living that became vacant. Those who ran away, on seeing the king approach, fared the worst. Frederick beat a Jew severely who ran away on meeting him in the street, and for saying that he had done so for fear. During the beating the king administered to the Jew, he repeated the words 'You are to love me, I tell you, and not to fear me.'

The king's bamboo cane was a weapon constantly put in requisition, and held in due honor.

Frederick William I. died in May, 1740. His coarse, rough, overbearing nature, was not devoid of certain sterling qualities, and he was altogether well fitted for the age of transition in which he lived. Luther's dictum of *Auf ein grober Klotz gehört ein grober Keil*—(a sturdy log requires a sturdy axe) applies as well to Frederick William as it did to Luther himself. The king would bear no opposition or even discussion. An appeal from the University of Halle in favor of some wretched professor who had been turned out of the university, was answered by a marginal note to this effect:—'Should not reason;—is my subject.' A collection of the king's marginal notes would equal

Dean Swift's in point and terseness. *Opportet* meant, the memorialist must help himself as well as he could. *Non habeo pecuniam* was a frequent answer. 'Nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!' seems a standard phrase with him, uttered with every variety and intensity of expression. A bill for a broken window-pane had this note appended to it: 'It does not annoy me.—Frederick William.'

He was just, when his passions did not get the better of him, and made no distinction of persons. He was as ready to hang a nobleman or an unjust judge as a common malefactor; nor would he suffer the intrigues of his court to interfere with him. He established his sovereignty, as he himself said, like a *Rocher de Bronze*.

The six-and-forty years' rule of his son, Frederick the Great, is so much better known in this country, that, although we had marked many passages for comment, we will instead proceed to the next reign, and present our readers with a condensed account of a certain Madame de Lichtenau, who played a prominent part during the life of Frederick William II.

Wilhelmine Encke, the Prussian Madame de Pompadour, was a handsome brunette, the daughter of a trumpeter in one of the regiments quartered in Berlin; her sister was a figurante in the Opera. The good-natured prince, who was struck by her beauty, sent her to Paris to finish her education. She had such influence over the Crown Prince, that Frederick the Great gave orders to his ministers not to pay any attention to the recommendations coming from 'a certain person;' and to put a stop to her intrigues married Wilhelmine at once to the son of one of the gardeners at Potsdam, of the name of Rietz. This marriage, however, was merely nominal, as Rietz undertook never to live under the same roof with her. A house was taken for her at Potsdam, where the Crown Prince visited her with his uncle's consent. 'She is,' writes Lord Malmesbury in 1775, 'large in her person, spirited in her looks, loose in her attire, and gives a true idea of a perfect Bacchante. He is liberal to her to profusion, and she alone spends the full income he receives from the king. She makes indeed the best return in her power to such generosity, for at the same time she assures him that he has the sole possession of her affections, she by no means exacts the same fidelity from him.' When Frederick William ascended the throne, the influence of the favorite was all-powerful. She was then thirty-four years old, and says in her apolo-

gy that friendship had taken the place of love; the bond of union between the king and Madame Rietz was her two children by him, one born in 1770, another in 1778; a third child the king did not acknowledge. Frederick William, not content with his own wife, and his favorite, Madame Rietz, made a morganatic marriage, first with a Fraulein Voss, whom he created Countess Ingenheim, and who died after a year or two, and secondly with a certain Fraulein Dönhoff. The latter was the mother of the late prime minister of Prussia, Count Brandenburg; but her overbearing temper soon brought her into disgrace, and Madame Rietz again became undisputed favorite, and was the fountain of all honors. She accompanied the king in his unfortunate campaign into France, held a sort of court at Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, and was offered one hundred thousand pounds by Lord Henry Spencer, the English envoy at Berlin, if she would make Prussia join the coalition against France, in 1795, at least, so she says in her apology, and this assertion is borne out by Count Hardenburg, in his *Memoires d'un Homme d'Etat*.

In 1793, Lord Templetown, a fiery young Irishman of twenty, had offered her his hand and heart, but the king refused his consent, feeling that he would be in the condition of the man who, on losing his wife, and being recommended to marry his mistress, said, '*mais où passerais-je mes soirées?*' In 1795 this courtship came to a violent end, and Lord Templetown was ordered to leave Berlin. Madame Rietz now determined to go abroad for a change of scene.

The king gave her *carte blanche* to buy works of art, and unlimited credit upon bankers in Milan, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, and Naples. She travelled like a princess. Although past forty, she had numerous love adventures, old and young men had their heads turned by this siren. One of her most enthusiastic admirers was the Chevalier de Saxe, the son of Prince Xavier of Saxony, a young man of twenty, who was living in Italy; he subsequently was made governor of Naples, and was killed in a duel, in 1802, at Toplitz. His letters breathe the most violent love. Another equally vehement admirer was the archæologist Hirt, whose love for art had brought him to Rome. Aloys Hirt had been a monk, and acted in 1776 as the guide to strangers in Rome. Hirt followed Madame Rietz to Potsdam.

Among other admirers we ought to mention Lord Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry,

who had met Madame Rietz at Munich, on her way to Italy. He followed her from Italy to Berlin, and at the age of sixty offered her his hand. Another admirer, of whom Madame Rietz made sport, was a rich manufacturer in Berlin, named Schmidt, better known as the 'fat Adonis,' who made her splendid presents. In her subsequent disgrace, *Le gros Smith*, who cherished her with all the faculties of his fat soul, remained her devoted friend.

All the minor courts in Italy vied with each other to do honor to their distinguished guest. To insure a better reception for her, Madame Rietz had sixteen quarterings bestowed upon her, and was created Countess of Lichtenau. In 1796 news came of the king's illness, and Countess Lichtenau left Italy and went back to Potsdam, where she took every charge of the sick monarch, without however giving up the advantages or pleasures of her new rank and position.

Countess Lichtenau continued prime favorite till the king's death. During his last illness there was some talk of her having some millions of thalers placed in an English banker's hands, and she was advised to fly and to settle in England, but she remained with the king to the last. On his death she was arrested and all her property confiscated. Her friends, many of whom she had promoted, turned their backs upon her and became her accusers. In 1798 she was sent to the fortress of Glogau, with a yearly allowance of 4000 thalers; at the end of three years she was released, and lived afterwards at Breslau, where at the age of fifty she married Franz von Holbein, the well known dramatic writer, a young man of eight-and-twenty. Countess Lichtenau was deserted by her husband in 1802—she quitted Breslau during the war, and lived in Vienna. In 1809 she returned again to Breslau, after the peace of Tilsit, and eventually died at Berlin, in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty. She was accused in various publications of the most flagitious crimes, but she found many defenders; she has written her own apology in two volumes, at the end of which she has printed many very interesting letters, which form by far the most valuable part of the work, and which prove that even in her disgrace she still retained many warm friends and admirers.

We must here close our extracts from a book which, although full of repetitions and useless detail, has afforded us much amusement.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## TRAITS OF THE TRAPPISTS.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu and the Marquise d'Effiat (whose son, Cinq Mars, his eminence soon after judicially murdered), on the 9th Jan., 1626, met to hold as sponsors at the baptismal font the young heir to the almost ducal house of Bouthilier de Rancé. The infant received the Christian names of his illustrious godfather, and the little Jean Armand was endowed by the cardinal with the sponsorial gift of the Abbey de la Trappe, to be holden by him in "command," that is, to take its profits and neglect its duties.

Let me here state, by way of parenthesis, that of all the abuses in the Church of France, there was none so outrageous as that of the "commendams." In old times, when war or pillage threatened an ecclesiastical property or institution, it was the custom to make overt he same, recommended (*commendatum*) to some noble powerful enough to protect it. This was a provisional arrangement with the election of the titular; but the *commendatory* drew the revenues, and men became proud of being commendatories. They were ready to pay for the office by assigning to the nominators a portion of the income; and, moreover, the papal sanction always made an ultramontanist of him who profited by the bargain. The *commendams* increased daily, and that most in times when they ceased to be needed. "If an Indian were to visit us," remarks Montesquieu, "it would take more than half a year, as he walked over the *trottoirs* of Paris, to make him comprehend what a *commendam* is." An *abbé en commande* was "in orders," without being a priest, and might take a wife unto himself, on condition of surrendering his "commande." If he did worse than marry, such sacrifice was not required of him. At all times the office might be retained by a liberal payment. Indeed, the nobles who had the power of appointing, derived a considerable fortune from them. In the reign of Louis XIII. the Count de Soissons heaped a dozen of these offices on a single *abbé*, who retained but a poor thousand crowns for his pay, and returned many hundred thousand into the

coffers of his very religious patron.—But to return to De Rancé.

He was a marvellous boy, that Jean Armand Bouthilier de Rancé! He was yet in short clothes when he puzzled the king's confessor by asking him questions on Homer in Greek; and he published an edition of Anacreon, with notes, at the same age (twelve years) as Campbell made the translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, which was given to the world by a two-penny subscription of his school-fellows. The cardinal gave his godson some valuable church preferment for this piece of scholarship. Marie de Medicis presented him with greatness in the form of empty titles, and church and crown vied with each other in showering down upon him ecclesiastical privileges with much profit attached, and sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the most unconscionable of aspirants.

He was a marvel of a priest was this same Jean Armand! For once that he preached, a thousand times did he *conter fleurettes* in the willing ears of noble lady or village maid. He dressed in fine linen and a world of lace, wore red heels to his shoes, talked euphuistic nonsense in the circle at Madame de Rambouillet's, carried a sword on his hip, and was ever ready to run it through the body of the first man who dared but to "bite his thumb" as he passed. He drank hard, danced gracefully, swore round oaths, and made love irresistibly. He was grand master in the court of folly, and was perhaps scarcely out of his character when he espoused the widow of Scarron to the *grand monarque*. Compared with the orgies which scared the good people on his estate at Veretz, those at Medenham Abbey were puritanic righteousness. The only symptom of seriousness given by the master of the revel was in his addiction to the study of astrology. If beneath the shadowy splendor of the stars he registered many a perjured vow, he was as credulous as the maids whom he deceived in the promises he read in the constellations; and, if he was ardent in the pursuit of "maids who love the moon," he was not less so in

the study of the moon itself. And this time he was not, indeed, in full orders, and therein he saw ample apology for his debauchery, his duelling, his love of field-sports, and his murderous cruelty to all who stood for a moment between him and his inclinations.

In 1651, soon after his full ordination, he refused the bishopric of Leon, in Brittany, for the twofold reason that its revenues were small, and that its distance from the gay capital lent anything but enchantment to its episcopal prospect. He walked abroad in a perfect blaze of glory, such as tailors alone can create for man. The summary of his character may be found in an expression of his own: "I preached this morning," said he on one occasion, "like an angel, and now I am going to hunt like the very devil!"

This demoniacal incarnation set the climax to his crimes by seducing the Duchess de Montbazon—no very difficult task; but the duke had been his benefactor. He was so gentlemanlike in his vices that he might have pleased that very *nice* man of the world, Lord Chesterfield himself. If he lived ten years in close intimacy with the duchess, he did all he could not to shock the duke by forcing the intimacy on his knowledge. Excellent man! Mephistopheles could not have been more devilishly complaisant.

The guilty duchess suddenly died of an attack of measles. There is a legend which tells of De Rancé having unexpectedly beheld her in her coffin; it is somewhat apocryphal. It is fact, however, that he rushed through his own woods screaming her name, and hurling imprecations, like Ajax when defying Heaven. He was shocked, but it was after the fashion of Lady Jane Grey's husband in Dr. Young's poem. He bewailed his lost delights rather than his mistress' destiny, and his thoughts in presence of her body rested upon incidents that had better have been forgotten. He seriously tried to raise the devil in order to procure the restoration of the duchess to life. Failing in this, he became half insane, and in one of his wildest fits betook himself to a cast-off mistress of Gaston of Orleans for ghostly advice. The deposed concubine was sick of the world, and she speedily made De Rancé share in her sentiments. He went about with points untrussed, doublet unbuttoned, beard untrimmed, and cruelly loose-gartered. He began in this guise to excite admiration, and his fanaticism assumed such an aspect that his ecclesiastical superiors deemed him a fitting missionary to explore the wilds of the Himalaya. He deeply declined the office, and

hinted to the Bishop of Aleth that he thought his vocation was to turn hermit. The good bishop said Satan himself had often done that, and impelled others to do the like, but that if he were a man with a manly heart there was other work for him in the world than the toil of eternally doing nothing. De Rancé took six years to make up his mind. At the end of that time he defrauded his natural heirs by selling his estates. The produce he invested for the benefit of the abbey of La Trappe, and, having obtained the consent of the king and the authorization of the pope to enter upon the "regular" administration of the institution of which he had hitherto been only the titular superior, he proceeded to the godless locality, restored the old, or rather created an original, rigidity of rule, and very much disgusted the few monks who still lingered behind the dilapidated walls, and who were given to sip ratafia rather than read their breviaries. When De Rancé entered upon his new duties at La Trappe he received episcopal benediction at the hands of no less a person than the Irish Bishop of Ardagh.

There were but seven monks in residence at the monastery when De Rancé assumed authority there. He at once stopped their playing at bowls, and they threatened to horsewhip him. They were got rid of by a pension of four hundred livres each; and the new abbé added example to precept by soon after burning all the love-letters he had received from the Duchess de Montbazon, and distributing daily alms and food to no less than four thousand beggars! He opened the institution to all comers, and without much questioning. Occasionally some, who after admission repented of their course, and became desirous of entering the world again, were detained against their will; and I cannot help thinking that the abbé himself, who maintained a heavy correspondence and repaired not unfrequently to the capital, was employed by the government to carry out its vengeance against political offenders. The regulations of the monastery would have made a Sybarite faint at hearing them only read. The hour for rising was the second after midnight. Silence was seldom broken, and the brother who ventured to raise his eyes from the ground, except when bidden, was guilty of a great offence. Hard labor, hard fare, and hard beds were allotted to the monks, whose only hope of escape from them was by death. The abbot himself lived simply, and was no doubt a sincere man; but he had in his household a "cellarer," and what that official served at the abbot's own table is a

matter upon which I confess to be exceedingly curious. If De Rancé had a table and flask of his own, so also had he a will and a determination. He professed Jansenism—in other words, he believed that man of his own resolution could not walk in righteousness, but that he needed the preventient grace of God to put him in that path, and enable him thereon to make progress. The Jesuits and Jesuitically-inclined popes held that where man had a will to be righteous the grace would follow to help him, and that such divine grace could not well be efficacious without the human will. No wonder that De Rancé was only considered half a saint by many of his co-religionists. It did not assist him to better his reputation that he quoted Horace and Aristophanes in his letters, and that he corresponded with Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux. What merit was there in his denunciation of all classical learning (which he decried with a rabid earnestness that is imitated in our days by the Abbé Gaume), while he cited the erotic and irreligious poets of antiquity? What was the worth of his works to Rome when he sided with Bossuet in advocating the liberties of the Gallican church? Recluse he was, and austere; but in his seclusion, and amid the practices of his self-discipline, he wrote to and was visited by some very gay people. The Duchess of Guiche enlivened his cell by many a visit, St. Simon amused him with his court-gossip, and Pelisson, the ex-Protestant, exhibited on his table the accomplished spider which that exemplary convert had laboriously educated. When alone he wrote diatribes against the learned Benedictines, and after these had shamed him into silence he penned lengthy apologies in support of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The work he most ardently pursued was one that has been taken up by the Veuillots and Cahills of these later times; and he was the first who qualified as a “*glorious idea*” the union of all Romish powers to annihilate the Satanic kingdom of England! He hated marriage, even in laics, and denounced it sarcastically as a more severe penance than any he had enjoined at La Trappe. This was among his capital errors; yet he was rich in capital virtues too; but the contradictions in his character were very many. His latter years were years of dignity and perhaps usefulness, and he finally died, in the quality of a simple brother of the order, in the year 1700. Of the seventy-four years of his life exactly one-half was spent in the world, the other half in the cloister.

They who would become more fully ac-

quainted with the details of the life of this singular man may consult Chateaubriand's last and dullest work, published during the viscount's lifetime. Of the companions and followers of De Rancé many interesting incidents may be found, by those who have patience to dig for them, in the five weary volumes, entitled “*Relations de la Vie et de la Mort de quelques Religieux de l'Abbaye de la Trappe*,” published in Paris at the beginning of the last century. In these volumes we find that the brethren were sworn to impart even their *thoughts* to the abbot. They who did so most abundantly appear to have been most commended in very bad Latin; and this and other acts of obedience were so dear to Heaven that when the authors of them stood at the altar their less eager brothers beheld their persons surrounded with a glory that they could hardly dare to gaze upon. The candidates for admission included, doubtless, many sincerely pious men; but with them were degraded priests, haunted murderers, run-away soldiers, robbers, and defrauders, who could find no other refuge, and on whose heels the sharply-pointed toe of the law was most painfully pressing. All that was asked of these was obedience. Where this failed, it was compelled. Where it abounded, it was praised. Next to it was humility. One brother, an ex-trooper, reeking with blood, is lauded because he lived on baked apples, when his throat was too sore to admit of his swallowing more substantial food! Another brother is compared most gravely with Moses, because he was never bold enough to enter even the pantry with his sandals on his feet. Still, obedience was the first virtue eulogized—so eulogized, that I almost suspect it to have been rare. It was made of so much importance that the community were informed that all their faith and all their works, without blind obedience to the superior, would fail in securing their salvation. Practical blindness was as strongly enjoined, and he who used his eyes to least purpose was accounted as the better man. One brother did this in so praiseworthy a way that in eight years he had never seen a fault in any of his brethren. It was not this sort of blindness that De Rancé required, for he encouraged the brethren in the accusation of one another. More praise is given to the brother who in many years had never beheld the ceiling of his own cell; and vast laudation is poured upon another who was so little accustomed to raise his eyes from the ground that he was not aware that a new chapel had been erected in the garden until he broke his head against

the wall. On one occasion the Duchess de Guiche and a prelate visited the monastery; after they had left, a monk flung himself at the abbot's feet, and confessed that he had during the visit ventured to look at the face—"Not of the lady, thou reprobate!" said De Rancé:—"Of the aged bishop!" gasped the monk. A course of bread and water compensated for the crime. Some of the brethren illustrated what they understood by obedience and humility after a strange fashion. For example, there was a rude basket-maker who had been received, and who was detained against his will, after he had expressed an inclination to withdraw. His place was in the kitchen. The devastation he committed amongst the crockery was something stupendous, and not, I suspect, altogether unintentional. However this may be, he was not only continually fracturing the Delft earthenware dishes, but incessantly running to the abbot, and from him to the prior, from the prior to the sub-prior, and from the sub-prior to the master of the novices, to confess his fault; and then to his kitchen again, once more to smash whole crates of plates, followed by his abundant confessions, and deriving evident enjoyment alike in destroying the property and assailing with noisy apologies the officers of an institution which he was resolved to inspire with a desire of getting rid of him. In spite of forced detention there was a mock appearance of liberality, and at monthly assemblies the brethren were asked if there were anything in the arrangement of the institution and its rules which they would desire to have changed. "They had only to speak." True, but, as they knew what would follow upon expressed objection, every brother held his peace.

If death were the suicidal object of many, the end appears to have been generally attained with speedy certainty. The superiors and a few monks reached an advanced age, but few of the brethren died old men. Consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and abscesses—at memory of the minute description of which the very heart turns sick—carried off their victims with terrible rapidity. Men entered, voluntarily or otherwise, in good health. If they did so, determined to achieve suicide, or were driven in by the government with a view of putting them to death, the end soon came, and was, if we may believe what we read, welcomed with alacrity. After gradual, painful, and unresisted decay, the sufferer saw, as his last hour approached, the cinders strewn on the ground in the shape of a cross, a thin scatter-

ing of straw was made upon the cinders, and that was the death-bed upon which every Trappist expired. The body was buried in the habit of the order, without coffin or shroud, and was borne to the grave in a cloth upheld by a few brothers. If it fell into its last receptacle with huddled-up limbs, De Rancé would leap in and dispose the unconscious members so as to make them assume an attitude of repose.

Every man, at least every man whose life is narrated in the volumes I have named above, changed his worldly appellation, on turning Trappist, for one more becoming a Christian vocation. A good deal of confusion appears to have distinguished the rule of nomenclature. In many instances when the original names had impure or ridiculous significations the change was advisable; but I cannot see how a brother became more cognizable as a Christian by assuming the names of Palemon, Achilles, Moses even, or *Dorothy*! "Theodore" I can understand, but *Dorothy*, though it bears the same meaning, seems to me but an indifferent name for a monk, even in a country where the male Montmorencies delighted in the baptismal prefix of "Anne."

None of the monks were distinguished by superfluous flesh. Some of them were so thin-skinned that sitting on hard chairs their bones fairly rubbed through their very thin epidermis. They who so suffered, and joyfully, were held up as bright examples of godliness. This reminds me of Voltaire's famous Faquir, Bababec, who walked the world naked, carried sixty pounds of chain round his neck, and never sat down but upon a wooden chair, covered with nails, the points upwards! The dialogue between the Faquir and Omri is really not widely discordant from the sentiments in the old Trappist biographies. Omri asks if he has any chance of ever reaching the blessed abode of Brahma. "Well," answers Bababec (I am quoting from memory,) "that depends very much upon circumstances; how do you live?" "I try," answers Omri, "to be a good citizen, father, husband, and friend. I lend my money without usury, I give of my substance to the poor, and I maintain peace among my neighbors." "Do you ever sit upon nails with the points upwards?" "Never." "Well, then, I am sorry for you," answers the Faquir, "for till you do, you have no chance of getting beyond the nineteenth heaven." Do not let us be too hasty either to censure or to ridicule. Where there is gross error, great sincerity may abound. Faquir and Trappist thought as they had been taught to think: —

Thompson, who has barely concluded the Bampton Lectures at Oxford for 1853, has told us in one of them, that even the sincere worshippers of Baal may have been more tolerable in the sight of God than intellectual Christians who, having a right understanding of the truth, neglect the duties which that truth enjoins them.

There is, however, matter for many a sigh in these saffron-leaved and worm-eaten tomes whose pages I am now turning over. I find a monk who has passed a sleepless night, from pain. To test his obedience, he is ordered to confess that he has slept well and suffered nothing. He tells the lie, and is commended. Another confesses his readiness, as Dr. Newman has so recently done, to surrender any of his own deliberately made convictions at the bidding of his superior. "I am wax," he says, "for you to mould me as you will;"—and his utter surrender of self is commended with much windiness of phrase. A third, involuntarily, as it were, remarking that his scalding broth is over-salted, bursts into tears at the enormity of the crime involved in such a complaint; and praise falls upon him more thickly than the salt did in his broth. "Yes," says the abbot, "it is not praying, nor watching, nor repentance, that is alone asked of you by God, but humility and obedience therewith, and *first* obedience." To test the fidelity of those professing to have this humility and obedience, the most outrageous insults were inflicted on such as in the world had been reckoned the most high-spirited; and it is averred that these never failed. They kissed the sandal raised to kick, blessed the hand lifted to smite them. A proud young officer of Mousquetaires, of whom I have strong suspicions that he had embezzled a good deal of his majesty's money, acknowledged that he was the greatest criminal that ever lived, but he stoutly denied the same when the officers of the law visited the monastery and accused him of fraudulent practices. This erst young nobleman, in his character of Trappist, had no greater delight than in being allowed to clean the spittoons in the chapel, and provide them with fresh saw-dust! Another, a young marquis, performed with delight a servile office of a still more offensive character. The monk was the flower of the fraternity. He was given to accuse himself, we are told, of all sorts of crimes, not one of which he had committed or was capable of committing. "He represented matters so ingeniously," says De Rancé, who

on this occasion is the biographer, "that without lying he made himself pass for the vile wretch which in truth he was not." He must have been a clever individual! He lied like truth.

When I say that he was the flower of the fraternity, I probably do some wrong to the Count de Santim, who, under the name of Brother Palemon, was undoubtedly the chief pride of La Trappe. He had been an officer in the army, without love for God, regard for man, respect for woman, or reverence for law. By a rupture between Savoy and France, he lost the annuity by which he lived; and, as his constitution was hopelessly shattered at the same time, he took to reading, was partially converted by perusing the history of Joseph, and was finally perfected in the half-worked conversion by seeing the dead body of a very old and very ugly monk assume the guise and beauty of that of a young man. These were good grounds; but the count had been so thorough a miscreant in the world, that they who lived in the latter declined to believe in the godliness of Brother Palemon; thereupon he was exhibited to all comers, and he answered every question put to him by pious visitors. All France, grave and gay, gentle and simple, flocked to the spectacle. At the head of them were our James the Second and his illegitimate son. The replies of Palemon to his questioners edified countless crowds—and he shared admiration with a guileless brother who told the laughing ladies, who flocked to behold him, that he had sought refuge in the monastery because his sire had wished him to marry a certain lady, but that his soul revolted at the thought of touching even the finger-tips of one of a sex by the first of whom the world was lost! The monk was as ungallant to Eve and her daughters as Adam was unjust to her who dwelt with him in Paradise.\*

\* Farindon, the old royalist divine in the days of King Charles, says, on the subject of Adam putting the blame of his disobedience on the shoulder of Eve, thus quaintly: "Behold here the first sin ever committed, and behold our first father Adam ready with an excuse as soon as it was committed. He doth not deny, but in plain terms doth confess, that he did eat; and *comedi*, 'I have eaten,' by itself had been a wise answer; but it is *comedi* with *mulier dedit*, 'I did eat,' but 'the woman gave it;' a confession with an extenuation, and such a confession as is worse than a flat denial. 'The woman gave it me,' was a deep aggravation of the man's transgression. It is but *dedit*, she gave it him, but he was willing to receive it. And that which maketh his apology worse than a lie (!), and rendereth his excuse inexcusable, is, that he removeth

I cannot close these brief sketches without remarking that among the professed brethren of La Trappe was a certain "Robert Graham," whose father, Colonel Graham, was cousin to Montrose. Robert was born in the "Chateau de Rostourne," a short league (it is added, by way of help, I suppose, to perplexed travellers) from Edinburgh. By his mother's side, he was related to the Earl of Perth, of whom the Trappist biographer says, that "he was even more illustrious for his piety, and through what he suffered for the sake of religion, than by his dignities of 'Viceroy,' High Chancellor of Scotland, and Governor of the Prince of Wales, now (1716) rightful King of Great Britain." The mother of Robert, a zealous Protestant, is spoken of as having "as much piety as one can have in a false religion." In spite of her teaching, however, the young Robert early exhibited an inclination for the Romish religion; and at ten years of age the precocious boy attended the celebration of mass in the chapel at Holyrood, to the great displeasure of his mother. On his repeating his visits, she had him soundly whipped by his tutor; but the young gentleman declared that the process was unsuccessful in persuading him to embrace Presbyterianism. He accordingly rushed to the house of Lord Perth, "himself a recent convert from the Anglican Church," and claimed his protection. After some family arrangements had been concluded, the youthful protégé was formally surrendered to the keeping of Lord Perth—by his mother, with reluctance; by his father, with the facility of those Gallios who care little about questions of religion. After Lord Perth was compelled to leave Scotland, Robert sojourned with his mother, in the house of her brother, a godly Protestant minister. Here he showed the value he put upon the instructions he had received at the hands of Lord Perth and his Romish chaplain, by a conduct which disgusted every honest man and terrified every honest maiden in all the country round. His worthy biographer is candid enough to say that Robert, in falling off from popery, did not become a Protestant, but an atheist. The uncle turned him out of his house. The prodigal repaired to London and rioted prodigally; and thence he betook himself to France, and even startled Paris with the bad

the fault from the woman on God himself. Not the woman alone is brought in, but *mulier quam Tu dedisti*. God indeed gave Adam the woman, but He gave him not the woman to give him the apple. *Dedit sociam non tentatricem.*

renown of his misdoings. On his way thither through Flanders he had had a moment or two of misgiving as to the wisdom of his career, and he hesitated, "while he could count twenty," between the counsel of some good priests and the bad example of some Jacobite soldiers. The latter prevailed, and when Robert appeared at the Court of St. Germain's Lord Perth presented to the fugitive king and queen there as accomplished a scoundrel as any in Christendom.

There was a show of decency at the exiled court, and respect for religion. Young Graham adapted himself to the consequent influences. He studied French, read the Lives of the Saints, entered the seminary at Meaux, and finally re-professed the Romish religion. He was now seized with a desire to turn hermit, but, accident having taken him to La Trappe, the blasé libertine felt reproved by the stern virtue exhibited there, and in a moment of enthusiasm he enrolled himself a postulant, bade farewell to the world, and devoted himself to silence, obedience, humility, and austerity, with a perfectness that surprised alike those who saw and those who heard it. Lord Perth opposed the reception of Robert in the monastery. Thereon arose serious difficulty, and therewith the postulant relapsed into sin. He blasphemed, reviled his kinsman, swore oaths that set the whole brotherhood in speechless terror, and finally wrote a letter to his old guardian so crammed with fierce and unclean epithets, that the abbot refused permission to have it forwarded. The excitement which followed brought on illness; with the latter came reflection and sorrow; at length all difficulties vanished, and ultimately, on the Eve of All-Saints, 1699, Robert Graham became a monk, and changed his name for that of Brother Alexis. King James visited him, and was much edified by the spiritual instruction vouchsafed him by the second cousin of the gallant Montrose. The new monk was so perfect in obedience that he would not in winter throw a crumb to a half-starved sparrow, without first applying for leave from his immediate superior. "Indeed," says his biographer, "I could tell you a thousand veritable stories about him; but they are so extraordinary that I do not suppose the world would believe one of them." The biographer adds, that Alexis, after digging and cutting wood all day, eating little, drinking less, praying incessantly, and neither washing nor unclothing himself, lay down—but to pass the night without closing his eyes in sleep! He was truly a brother Vigilantius!



The renown of this conversion had many influences. The father of Alexis, Colonel Graham, embraced Romanism, and with an elder brother of the former, who was already a Capuchin friar, betook themselves to La Trappe, where the reception of the former into the church was marked by a double solemnity—De Rancé dying as the ceremony was proceeding. The wife of Colonel Graham is said to have left Scotland on receipt of the above intelligence, to have repaired to France, and there embraced the form of faith followed by her somewhat facile husband. There is, however, great doubt on this point.

The fate of young Robert Graham was similar to that of most of the Trappists. The deadly air, the hard work, the watchings, the scanty food, and the uncleanness which prevailed, soon slew a man who was as useless to his fellow-man in the convent as ever he had been when resident in the world. His confinement in fact was a swift suicide. Consumption seized on this poor boy, for he was still but a boy, and his rigid adherence to the severe discipline of the place only aided to develop what a little care might easily have checked. His serge gown clove to the carious bones which pierced through his diseased skin. The portions of the body on which he immovably lay became gangrened, and nothing appears to have been done by way of remedy. He endured all with patience, and looked forward to

death with a not unaccountable longing. The "Infirmier" bade him be less eager in pressing forward to the grave. "I will now pray God," said the nursing brother, "that He will be pleased to save you." "And I," said Alexis, "will ask Him not to heed you." Further detail is hardly necessary; suffice it to say, that Robert Graham died on the 21st May, 1701, little more than six months after he had entered the monastery, and at the early age of twenty-two years. The father and brother also died in France—and so ended the Cousins of Montrose.

The great virtue inculcated at La Trappe was obedience. The only means whereby to escape Satan was bodily suffering. Salvation was most surely promised to him who suffered most. Of the one great hope common to all Christians the Trappists of course were not destitute; but that hope seemed not to relieve them of their terrible dread of the Prince of Evil, and his power. There is a good moral in Cuvier's dream, which might have profited these poor men had they but known it. Cuvier once saw in his sleep, the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him; and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added—"Horns! hoofs! —*graminivorous*!!—need n't be afraid of him!"

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## LAPLACE AND BIOT.

AN anecdote of M. Laplace, the celebrated author of the 'Mecanique Celeste,' was lately read before the French Academy by Mons. J. B. Biot, one of Laplace's most eminent pupils, and now, we believe, filling the chair of the mathematics. M. Biot terms his paper, or memoir, an anecdote; but it is more a piece of entertaining scientific autobiography, illustrating the love of science, hopefulness of heart, and magnanimity of nature, of both pupil and tutor.

It is now fifty years ago (commences M. Biot) since one of the greatest philosophers

France has produced took by the hand a young and inexperienced student of the mathematics, who had the presumption to form the resolution of personally waiting upon the great professor, although a complete stranger, and requesting his examination of a crude essay connected with the above science. At the time I speak of (1803) the academy hardly demanded more of young students, than that they should at least show zeal in whatever engaged their studies. I was fond of the study of geometry, but like other young men, lost a good deal of time in

capriciously dallying with other sciences. Nevertheless, my ambition was to penetrate those higher regions of the mathematics on which the laws of the heavenly bodies could be defined. But the works of the ancients on this grand subject are abstruse, and naturally taxed a tyro's comprehension on the threshold of his inquiries. At the commencement of the present century, M. Laplace was laboring at the composition of a work, now celebrated, which was to unite, in a comprehensive form, the calculations of the old astronomers as well as modern, and submit them to the test of new calculations. The first volume of M. Laplace's book was promised to appear under the title of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' it being then in the press. This fact induced me to take a step which was both precipitate and impertinent, although it fortunately proved successful, and opened the door of M. Laplace's studio to me. I had the presumption to write to the professor, requesting that he would permit me to assist him in correcting the proof-sheets of his celebrated work, while they were proceeding through the press. M. Laplace replied to my letter politely, but excused himself from complying with its request, on the plea that his calculations might become anticipated in publication, by their being submitted to a stranger. This refusal, reasonable as it was, did not satisfy me; and so greatly did my zeal outweigh my sense of propriety, that I made a second appeal to the learned author, representing, that all I wished was to test the amount of my own proficiency in the mathematics, by having the opportunity of inspecting and studying his valuable pages. I stated, that my prevailing taste was to pursue calculations of the abstruse order of his book; and that, if he granted me permission, I would devote myself carefully to the task of endeavoring to discover any typographical errors that might exist in his volume then going through the press. My persistence disarmed him; and, in short, he sent me all the proof-sheets, accompanied by an exceedingly kind letter of encouragement. I need not say with what ardor I devoted myself to my task. I could well apply to my case the Latin maxim—'*Violente rapiunt illud*.'

At the date of this occurrence, I resided at some distance from Paris; but from time to time I went thither, taking with me whatever I had got through of my revision, and I certainly found opportunities for making errata. At each succeeding visit, Laplace received me in the most encouraging and friendly manner, examining my revisions attentively,

the while discussing with me, in the most condescending manner, my favorite topic of the mathematics. His kind reception and deportment won all my confidence. I frequently drew his attention to what I thought were difficulties in my studies, but he always helped me over the stile condescendingly, although his valuable time must have been somewhat unfairly trespassed upon. But, in fact, Laplace, out of sheer good-nature, often pretended to consider questions of importance the simplest propositions, which my inexperience caused me to submit to him.

Shortly after I had become his regular visitor, and was received as a guest, or rather pupil, I was so fortunate as to accidentally offer a suggestion, which threw some new light on the mode in which mathematical calculations were to be made in correction of Euler's work, "*De Insignia Promotione Methodi Tangentium*." In Petersburg's scales, there are classes of questions in geometry of a very singular kind, which Euler has only partly solved. The singularity of the problems consisted in explaining the nature or true character of an irregular curve, of an almost shapeless form to any eye but a mathematical one. His description of irregular curves is so crooked, and full of minor and mixed irregularities of shape, that it is quite capable of confusing a beginner in the mathematics in his attempts at rendering it amenable to mathematical principles and rules. It presented to me a problem which no one had, I believed, fairly solved, Euler and Laplace inclusive, and it was important enough to engage my special attention and severest application.

It is not necessary that the translator should follow M. Biot's explanations of his actual method of solving the problem, since they are extremely difficult to explain within moderate limits either of space or patience; suffice, that, having dived to the profoundest depths of the science, he says he rose up possessed of the *Eureka*—viz., in certain unique analytical and symbolical equations, by which occult means he solved the problem in question.

My calculations (pursues M. Biot) were duly and patiently gone into and finished, their object being to explain the nature or characteristics of this irregular curve. The symbols or hieroglyphics I chose to employ, for want of any better, covered many folios of foolscap, and finally I submitted my manuscript to my excellent tutor. He examined it with manifest surprise and curiosity, and appeared much pleased with the production. The next day he told me that I must make

a copy of my *memoire*, for the purpose of its being laid before the Academy, and that he would introduce me as the author of an original paper on the mathematics, which I was to read. This was an honor I did not even think of, and I felt in doubt whether I ought to accept it; but the judgment of Laplace being so strongly in behalf of my doing so, I acted upon his advice, and prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

I presented myself at the Academy the following day accordingly. By permission of the president, I proceeded to draw upon the large black table, used for ocular demonstrations, the figures and formula I was desirous to employ as modes of explanation before an auditory. When the opportunity was afforded me to commence, the table at which I stood was immediately surrounded by the geometricians of the Academy. General Bonaparte, then just returned from Egypt, was one of those seated amongst them. I overheard Napoleon, in conversation with M. Monge, a celebrated academician of the day, express his interest in the debut of one who, like himself, had been a student in the Polytechnic School. This was a gratifying circumstance; but, to my surprise, Bonaparte pretended to anticipate the contents of my paper, by exclaiming aloud to Monge, who sat near him—"What! surely I know those figures again; I have certainly met those symbols before!" I could not help fancying, that the general was extremely premature in thus declaring knowledge of what no one save M. Laplace had any opportunity of examining, at least by my consent; but, occupied as I was, every other thought gave way before the one great aim I had in view, to explain my calculations in correction of Euler's problem. In my agitation, I neither thought of Napoleon's military greatness nor his political power; consequently, his presence on those accounts did not trouble me much. Nevertheless, Bonaparte's well-known talents as a geometrician, which had been not only exercised in the Polytechnic School, but on a wider and bolder scale during his military career, particularly in fortification, joined to his well-known quickness and foresight, were sufficient to make me pause ere I attempted to communicate matters, in the study of which I might prove, after all, but a mere tyro. However, it was only the hesitation of a few minutes. The thought that Laplace had been my adviser re-assured me. I proceeded with my demonstrations, and soon found myself in the midst of them, explaining very freely, and I believe, also, as clearly, the nature, point, and

results of my researches. On conclusion, I received numerous assurances from the academicians that my calculations possessed considerable scientific value. Laplace, Bonaparte and Lacroix, were appointed adjudicators upon my contribution to the Academy, and they accorded me the usual honors of a successful *memoire*.

After the *séance*, I accompanied M. Laplace to his residence; he very openly expressed his satisfaction at the neatness and finish (these were his words) of my demonstrations, and he said his pleasure was greater still, from my having had the good sense to take his advice, and not hazard too much to theory. But I was quite unprepared for what was to come. When we reached home, Laplace invited me to come at once into his study, "for," said he, "I have something there to show you that I am sure will interest you." I followed him, and he made me sit down in his *fauteuil*, while he rummaged amongst his keys for one which belonged to a cupboard that, he asserted, had not been opened for years. Out of this cupboard he took a roll of yellow and dusty papers, which he carried to the window, threw up the sash, and then began energetically beating the manuscripts against the wall, intent, apparently, on divesting them of the dust and spiders which had made the writings their resting-place. At length the papers were in a condition to be deciphered; and Laplace put them before me, to make what I could of the figures inscribed upon the old manuscripts. I had gone, however, but a little way in my examination, when (conceive my surprise at the discovery) I found that the mouldy papers contained *all my problems*, and those also of Euler, treated and solved even by the identical method I had believed myself to have alone discovered!

Laplace informed me, that he had arrived at the solution of most of Euler's problems many years ago, but that he had been stopped in his calculations by the same obstacle of which he had warned me—the fear of carrying theory too far. Hoping to be able to reconcile his doubts sooner or later, he had put the calculations aside, and had said nothing about them to any one, not even to me, notwithstanding my having taken up the same theme, and attempted to foist my wonderful symbols upon him as a *novelty*! I cannot express what I felt during the short hour in which Laplace laid before me these proofs of his professional talents and the magnanimity of his nature.

The success of my paper was everything to me; but, had it pleased Laplace's humor

to have questioned its originality before the Academy received it, I should have lost heart altogether, and never dared again to put forward any claims of mine to being an original investigator in science. Professional abnegation is seldom enough practised in trifling matters, much less in great ones, like that I have adduced to the honor of Laplace. But, besides the liberality of the act of keeping his work a secret from me until it could do me no harm, the professor exercised throughout such delicacy towards me as a humble student, that it won my deep respect. My career, ever since the day he took me by the hand, and presented me to the most eminent learned society of France, has been one of success—success, I fear, far beyond my merits. But, under Heaven, it is Laplace I have to

thank for all, and for the honorable station I have been permitted to attain. To him I owe a debt of gratitude I can never adequately repay. The extent of my power is to make these general acknowledgments of his great worth, and to offer this public testimony to my appreciation of his rare talents. His influence upon the progress of physical as well as mathematical science has been immense. During fifty years, nearly all those who have cultivated such studies, have gone for instruction to the works of Laplace; we have been enlightened by his discoveries, and we have depended considerably upon his labors for any improvements our own works possess. There are few now living who were the associates of Laplace; but the scientific world must ever do homage to his genius.\*

From the Edinburgh Review.

## POPULAR EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE man still lives who can remember the United States of America as the humble de-

1. *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education: together with the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* Boston, Massachusetts: 1852.
2. *Revised Statutes of Massachusetts.* 1837.
3. *Report of the Cambridge School Committee.* 1852.
4. *Report on the Organization of the Primary and Grammar School Committee.* Boston: 1852.
5. *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York.* 1851.
6. *Report of Committee of the Board of Education on the System of Popular Education in the City of New York, May 28, 1851.*
7. *Annual Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York.* 1851.
8. *Seventeenth Annual Report of Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania for the year ending June, 1850.*
9. *Thirty-third Annual Report of the Controllers of Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia.* 1851.
10. *Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Iowa, printed for the use of the General Assembly.* 1850.
11. *Reports on the Public Libraries of the United States of America, January 1, 1850.* By CHARLES C. JEWETT, Librarian of the Smithsonian Institute.
12. *The Educational Institutions of the United States; their Character and Organization.* Translated from the Swedish of P. A. SJÖSTRÖM, M. A., by FREDERICA ROWAN. In 1 vol. 12mo. London: 1858.

pendencies of Great Britain. A few remote colonies fringing the shores of the Atlantic hemmed in by mountains and forests had made little impression on the wilderness. Almost without roads, a mere bridle path sufficed for their weekly mail. No banks nor monied institutions gave aid to commerce. Agriculture resorted to the rudest tools. A small class of vessels confined to the coasting trade, the fisheries, or an occasional voyage to the West Indies or Europe, formed their shipping. Manufactures and the mechanic arts were in their cradle. A little molasses was distilled into rum. A few coarse cloths were made in the handloom, and so inferior were the sheep that a traveller predicted broadcloth could never be manufactured.

Some iron had been melted with charcoal, but furnaces and forges languished under jealous Governors. The vast beds of coal which underlie the Middle States were unknown, and cotton, the great basis of modern manufactures, had not blossomed in the Colonies. The policy of the mother country was to make marts for her merchants, and to re-

\* On M. Biot has descended the mantle of Laplace. He is reputed to be the greatest living mathematician in France. He is a member of the Institute and Academy of Sciences, and an honorary member of the French Academy of the Belles-lettres.

strict the Colonies to the cultivation of tobacco, indigo, rice, and to breadstuffs, and the shipment of these staples, with staves, lumber, and naval stores, to the mother country. These articles were dispensed by England to the residue of Europe.

The population of these colonies was less than 3,000,000; and their chief sea-ports, Boston, Newport, New York, and Philadelphia, contained each from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants.

But the colonists, though poor and indebted to the British merchants, had carried with them from their native land an inalienable love of freedom; were tenacious of their rights, and resolute in their opposition to excise and stamp acts. They spurned the idea of taxation without representation. England was sadly misguided; a seven years' war ensued. The British arms, often victorious, achieved no permanent success, and were finally foiled by an endurance never surpassed. The colonists prevailed, but their success was almost ruinous. At the close of a protracted war they found their country impoverished, their Union dissolving, their sea-ports desolate, their ships decayed, and the flower of their youth withered in the field or in the prison-ship. From this period of gloom and exhaustion little progress was made until the adoption of the Constitution in 1788, and the funding of the public debt under the wise administration of Washington.

We now begin a new era. Let us consider what advance the United States have made from this dawn of the nation in the sixty years which have ensued. The country has shown a renovating power. The flood of population has swept over the Alleghanies, crossed the blue Ohio and Father of Waters, followed the shores of the great lakes, and is rolling up the Missouri to the West. Its advancing tide has already enlivened the coasts of Florida and Texas, and reached the shores of Oregon and California. The thirteen States have swelled to thirty-one, and the national territory now covers 3,000,000 of square miles, mostly adapted to cultivation.

A prolific and almost exhaustless soil invites the Western husbandmen.

The implements of husbandry, improved by thousands of patents, have adapted themselves to a country in which land is cheap and labor dear, and some of them compete successfully with English tools in foreign markets.

Cotton has been acclimated, and gives yearly its 3,000,000 of bales. Tobacco yields its 170,000 hogsheads, and sugar, of recent

introduction, a similar amount. Such is the capacity of the country for bread stuffs, that the failure of a crop in Europe draws out a supply not only sufficient to check the march of famine, but to baffle all previous calculations. Manufactures have become firmly rooted. The manufacture of iron annually reaches to 600,000 tons. Not less than 700,000 bales of cotton are also consumed in the country, if we may rely on the late census.

Not only do short-horn Durhams graze on the plains of the Ohio, but the Spanish and French merinos and Saxon flocks have been imported, and the native race been gradually improved.

The home manufacture now consumes 52,000,000 of pounds of native wool, besides large imports of foreign from Turkey, Buenos Ayres, and Africa. A single State manufactures boots and shoes to the amount of 6,000,000*l.* sterling, and exports glass-ware, cotton goods, and wooden ware to India, South America and the Mediterranean. Singular as it may appear, the United States now draw some of their raw materials from Great Britain. Large shipments of skins and hides are often made from London and Liverpool, to be tanned into leather by cheap and expeditious processes in the hemlock forests of New York.

Before the Revolution an American book was a rarity; but now rags are imported from England and Italy, converted into paper by patented machines, and circulated in books and journals through North America. Some of these journals issue 50,000 copies daily, and there are publishers who find an annual vent for 150,000 copies of geographies and arithmetics. It is doubtless true that less attention is given in the States to more costly and delicate products of art than in Europe; but it is also well understood, that many of the most expert manufacturers declined to send their goods to the London Exhibition, for they preferred the home market to the European, and wished to invite no rivalry in goods suited to the States.

The late census exhibits the progress of the mechanic arts throughout the Union. In other departments the United States have not been dormant. While Mexico has for sixty years either receded or remained stationary in the population of its states and cities, the United States have increased from 3,000,000 to 26,000,000, and now exhibit an annual accession of 1,100,000 people.

The city of New York, with its suburbs, presents 700,000 inhabitants; Philadelphia, 500,000; Boston, with its environs, 800,000;

and Baltimore nearly 200,000 in one compact body. Cincinnati and New Orleans, respectively, exceed 100,000; and St. Louis, Louisville, Pittsburg, Albany and Buffalo follow close in their rear.

The country is threaded by numerous post roads, interlaced by 13,000 miles of railway, and still more closely united by a greater length of telegraph wires. By means of these, a message can be sent hundreds of miles for a shilling, and the merchant at New Orleans can in the same day charter ships at New York or Boston, and order their cargoes from St. Louis or Cincinnati; while the orator addresses in the same hour audiences in all the large cities of the Union.

The mails, accelerated by steam, bear letters from Savannah to Eastport for a stamp costing little more than the penny postage of England. The foreign trade exhibits an aggregate of 80,000,000*l.* sterling of imports and exports. The inland commerce exceeds the foreign, while the shipping at this moment, December 1852, amounts to 4,000,000 of tonnage, and is annually growing at the rate of 300,000 tons.\*

Banking houses and insurance companies are established throughout the Union. Steamers throng the coast and rivers to the amount of 400,000 tons, and are claimed as an American invention. In other respects, the advance of this nation is interesting to England. The United States, not content with the vast emigration they naturally absorb, have borrowed at least one-third of the sailors of the British nation, and placing them before the mast, officer their ships with young Americans. They then navigate them with half the crews employed by other nations, viz., with two or three men only to the 100 tons, command high freights, and perform their voyages with certainty and dispatch. They have copied, too, the railway, almost as soon as England had invented it; and have not only given it a wide diffusion, but import from England a large part of their rails, and then manage their own ways with less expense, with more profit, and with lower charges than are customary in England. By what appliances has this nation,

\* 'Registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage of United States, June 30th, 1850 . . . 3,535,454<sup>25</sup><sub>100</sub>  
ditto June 30th, 1851 . . . 3,772,489<sup>48</sup><sub>100</sub>  
Vessels built in the United States, year ending June 30th, 1850, 1850: tonnage . . . 272,218<sup>54</sup><sub>100</sub>  
ditto June 30th, 1851, 1851: tonnage 298,203<sup>50</sup><sub>100</sub>  
ditto ditto 1852, 1848: tonnage . . . 351,494  
See U. S. documents, Commerce and Navigation, 1852 and 1853.'

in a little more than half a century, thus emerged from poverty and weakness, absorbed and civilized the outcasts of Europe, and been able to achieve such remarkable changes?

The inquiry is one of no common interest to the world. Should the population of the United States progress for one century more as it has done for the past sixty years, and the Union continue, the number of its inhabitants would exceed 300,000,000. Such a people, fronting on two oceans, with a temperate climate and vast expanse of country, must exert, under any circumstances, an increasing influence over the globe. What agencies are at work to shape and temper that influence? The progress of the United States of America is often ascribed to their form of government; this combines many features of the English, and is borrowed in part from the institutions of England. It has doubtless aided their growth, although it does not uniformly draw into the public service the highest order of character. But republics have neither stability nor safety, unless founded on virtue and intelligence. We have seen the republics of Mexico and La-plata alternating with despotism; and the republic of France revolutionized in a night. We must look behind the Constitution of the United States at the knowledge and virtue which characterize their citizens, at the culture and training which foster those indispensable requisites.

Education is not indissolubly connected with any frame of government. It may be cherished and flourish under a limited monarchy or a republic. It is requisite for the full development of each. And while efforts are made to extend it in England, it may not be amiss to inquire how far it has been cultivated, and what shape it is assuming, on the other side of the Atlantic. If the plant shows a novel hue or more vigorous growth West of the Atlantic, the system of the Western gardener demands attention. And if we find there unprecedented results from the action of mind on matter, we may well ask, what has roused that mind to action? What has given an impulse and direction to its movements? Let us take a brief view of education in the United States.

Many of the early settlers of New England and the Middle States were men of letters: they carried with them a love for learning to the wilderness. They considered it essential to their progress, and founded schools and colleges as soon as they had gained a foot-hold in the country. Schools

soon multiplied; colleges were established in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

The fame of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton reached the mother country before the Revolution, and found many benefactors in the British States. In these colleges were reared some of the prominent leaders in the Revolution, and many of the statesmen who framed the Constitution.

The State of Massachusetts, one of the oldest of the original thirteen, was particularly active in the cause of letters. As early as 1635 the public Latin school was founded in Boston, and soon after, every town containing 100 families was required to maintain a school, with a teacher competent to fit youth for the University. Three colleges were subsequently founded in Massachusetts.

The deep-seated respect for learning is evinced by the Constitution and laws adopted by this State. By its constitution (cap. v. sec. 2.) it is made the duty of the magistrates and legislators, 'To cherish the interests of literature and science, and all seminaries of them, and to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings, sincerity and good humor, all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.'

In accordance with the Constitution, the revised statutes provide for a school, to be opened at least six months annually, in each town containing fifty householders; for similar schools, and instruction in book-keeping, surveying, geometry and algebra, in all towns containing 500 householders; and in towns containing 4000 inhabitants, for the continuance of such schools for at least ten months, with masters competent to teach rhetoric, logic, history, and the Greek and Latin languages.

By such statutes (chap. xxiii. sect. 7.) provision is expressly made for instruction in morals; and all teachers are required to 'impress on the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, chastity, moderation and benevolence, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society.'

By sect. 8. of the same chapter it is provided that "It shall be the duty of the resident ministers of the gospel, the select men and school committee in the several towns, to exert their influence, and use their best

endeavors that the youth of their town shall regularly attend the schools established for their instruction."

To defray the expenses of education no specified tax is imposed, and it remains optional with each town to raise any amount found requisite. But a school fund has been formed, and no town can participate in the income of the fund unless it raises by tax at least one dollar and a half for every child within its limits, between the age of five and fifteen years; and the spirit of the citizens is evinced by the fact, that the average sum raised by voluntary tax for each child within the age for education, is nearly threefold the amount prescribed by statute.

Boston, the ancient capital of this State, has ever taken a distinguished part in the culture of learning. Its Latin school and other institutions stood high before the Revolution, but have made great progress since.

Before this period, females did not participate in the benefits of the public schools; but in 1789 they were permitted to attend. Down to 1817 pupils were not admitted to the public schools until they had learned to read; but in that year primary schools were opened for both sexes. In 1821 a public high school was established in Boston, which now contains nearly 200 pupils, under four highly educated teachers, and gives instruction in drawing, book-keeping, elocution, the higher mathematics, logic, philosophy, the French and Spanish languages. The public Latin school, with five able masters, and 195 pupils, prepares youth for the Universities.

A normal school accommodating 200 girls, who have completed with success the course of studies in the grammar schools, under the instruction of five accomplished teachers, qualifies every year nearly 100 graduates to perform the duties of teacher in the schools for the younger children.

Reading, spelling, arithmetic, and music are taught in all the primary schools, and to these branches are added in the grammar schools, writing, geography, English grammar, history, and exercises in writing the English language for all the pupils and declamation for the boys. In proportion to her population, Boston expends annually a larger amount of money for public schools than any city in the United States. Boston has now more than 1,200,000 dollars invested in schoolhouses; and with a population of 138,000, has 22,000 in her public schools, employs 350 teachers, and expends annually more than 300,000 dollars for the education of the people. All these schools

are free, and three officers are employed to look after truant and idle children, and to induce their parents to send them to school. And yet Boston is aiming at a still higher standard of popular education, and in order to attain it employs a superintendent who, in the language of the law defining his duties, 'shall devote himself to the study of the school system, and of the condition of the schools, and shall keep himself acquainted with the progress of instruction and discipline in other places, in order to suggest appropriate means for the advancement of the public schools in this city.'

Under these heavy disbursements for education, the city has made rapid progress in wealth, commerce, and population,—has taken the lead in manufactures, railways, the India trade, and the improvement of naval architecture.\* Its progress will appear in the following table based upon official documents:—

|                                                | 1840.        | 1850.         |
|------------------------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Population of Boston                           | 83,979       | 138,788       |
| Population of Boston and suburbs               | 185,546      | 269,874       |
| Assessors' valuation of Boston                 | \$94,581,600 | \$210,000,000 |
| Tonnage of Boston per returns of 1842 and 1851 | 193,502      | 343,308       |

While the capital of the State has been active in advancement of letters, the State government has not been unmindful of its duties under the constitution and laws. Aid has been given by liberal grants to the university and colleges; three normal schools for the education of teachers have been established at the public expense. A Board of Education has been created, composed of the principal officers of State, with a working secretary and two agents who traverse the State, and draw attention by addresses and conference with teachers to school architecture, the best modes of teaching, and the importance of a higher standard of education.

Institutes, or meetings of teachers and friends of education, are held in various parts of the State, under the sanction of the Board of Education, and a corps of professors employed to address them on the best mode of imparting knowledge, and to lecture on

\* The Boston clipper, "Sovereign of the Sea," a ship of 2200 tons, with a crew of 85 men, is reported in the New York Journal of May last, to have made her passage from the Sandwich Islands, around Cape Horn, to New York, in 80 days; and in one day to have run 480 miles, or 18 miles per hour. Another clipper, of 4000 tons, to carry four masts, was in May last on the stocks at Boston.

grammar, elocution, arithmetic, music, and drawing. Professors Guyot and Agassiz are now engaged in that duty. Four or five days are devoted to each of these institutes, and so popular and useful are these meetings, that the cities and villages where they are held, provide lodgings for the teachers at their own expense, and are clamorous for their turns.

Under the stimulus thus given to education, we are not surprised to learn, from the report of the Board, that in this small State, with a harsh climate and sterile soil, with but 7,600 square miles of surface, and 1,000,000 of people, there were, in 1851, 3,987 schools, or one for two square miles of surface, and an annual expenditure on schools, including buildings, not far from 1,500,000 dollars, or to learn the facts condensed in the following table:—

## RETURNS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

|                                                                                                        | 1857.         | 1851.          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| No. of children in the State from 4 to 16                                                              | 184,896       |                |
| No. of children in the State from 5 to 15                                                              |               | 196,536        |
| Number of children in public free schools in summer                                                    |               | 179,497        |
| Number of same in winter of all ages                                                                   |               | 199,429        |
| Average attendance in winter                                                                           |               | 152,564        |
| Number of teachers                                                                                     | 5,961         | 8,694          |
| Average length of school term                                                                          | 6 mo. 25 days | 7 mo. 14 days. |
| Wages of male teachers per month                                                                       | \$25.44       | \$36.44        |
| Wages of female teachers pr. month                                                                     | \$11.32       | \$15.25        |
| Average tax pr. child of educational age, assessed principally on property                             | \$2.49        | \$4.17         |
| Amount raised for wages, fuel and books, exclusive of repairs and new structures                       | \$387,184     | \$915,389      |
| Population of State per census of 1840 and 1850                                                        | 737,699       | 992,499        |
| Assessors valuation of taxable property in the State for returns of 1840 and 1850                      | \$299,878,329 | \$597,936,995  |
| Whole amount expended in public and private schools in Massachusetts — exclusive of buildings, in 1851 |               | \$1,353,700 63 |
| Amount of public school fund                                                                           |               | \$1,000,000    |



It is easy to draw the inference from this table, that the standard of education has been raised, the quality of teachers and teaching improved, while the State has continued to increase to a remarkable extent in population, and still more rapidly in wealth.

During the period in question, this State, which is devoted in a great measure to manufactures, has absorbed between one and two hundred thousand illiterate emigrants from Ireland.

In the schools of Massachusetts, no instruction is given in the tenets of any religious denomination. The schools are usually opened with reading a chapter of the Bible, and a brief prayer, or address, from the master; but the duty of the master and committee to inculcate morals is by no means forgotten. It is prescribed by the fundamental laws, and the attention paid to it may be inferred from the following passages, which we cite from the report of a school committee to their constituents, in the little town of Winchendon, in Worcester county.

'The object of education is not merely to teach the pupil to read, to learn the news of the day, to write, to cypher, to keep his accounts, but to receive that thorough mental discipline which may prepare him for any sphere in which he may be called to move; that development of the mind which will elevate and ennoble his aspirations; that cultivation of the faculties which will awaken a quenchless thirst for knowledge; that influence on the mental powers which will incline them to the truth, as delicately as the needle seeks the pole. Its object is to make strong minds, courageous hearts, prompt, active and energetic men.'

'In relation to obedience, diligence, stillness, decorum, manliness of manners, respect to superiors, the pupil should be disciplined most thoroughly.'

The committee conclude with this earnest appeal, as applicable to England as to America—

'Shall not we, the moral guardians, the foster-fathers of the children of the ignorant and dependent, see that our wards, whom Heaven has put into our hands, are provided for?'

The report of the town of Cambridge in Massachusetts takes the ground that,—

'Our wealth is in the mines of the intellect that lie hidden in the popular body, and not in gold or silver coin.' 'To make this available, we must labor not only to extend some education to all, but to put the best education within the reach of those who can turn it to the best account.'

'No wastefulness is so mischievous as this, to leave the high faculties to run to waste.'

"Our duty is 'to awake a just conception of what is exalted in feeling and conduct, and an inextinguishable love of moral purity and intellectual culture.'" The great objects of school education, are to give children such habits, tastes, and ideas, as will strengthen them against the temptations to which they are exposed, and form their characters for further progress.'

When such sentiments and views guide the managers of the schools, may not the Catechism be safely left to the religious instructor?

One more extract must suffice. A Boston committee gives us some light on the effect of schools on the population of the city, one half of which now consists of emigrants from Ireland and their children. 'By these schools much has been done to convert the stagnant pools of ignorance and vice into pure and healthful fountains of knowledge, whose life-giving power pervades and penetrates all portions of society.'

A noble library, just founded in Boston by Mr. Bates of London, of the house of Baring Brothers, and a native of Massachusetts, will aid and extend the influence of the schools.

The great State of New York, the most populous in the Union, has since 1825, when the Erie canal was built, paid marked attention to education.

De Witt Clinton gave an impulse to both. New York has gradually been accumulating large funds for the advancement of letters, and annually increasing its appropriations for that object. Under the auspices of the State, several colleges and universities have been founded, eleven of which report to the State in 1851, that 1801 students are in attendance. One hundred and sixty academies also report their pupils as 15,947, their permanent endowments at \$1,694,660. They give the salaries of their teachers as \$247,341, and their libraries as containing 72,568 volumes.

The superintendent of the common free schools reports the entire number of school districts as 11,297, and the entire expenditure for 1849, on the free schools of the State, as \$1,766,668. We have condensed from several reports the following summary.

|                                                                                  |           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Population of the State in 1850                                                  | 3,097,394 |
| ditto 1840                                                                       | 2,428,941 |
| Number of children between the ages of five and sixteen years in the State, 1850 | 735,188   |
| Number of children of all ages taught during the year                            | 794,500   |

|                                                                                                          |             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Whole amount of money expended in common schools, including buildings, salaries, fuel, and books in 1849 | \$1,766,668 |
| Amount paid for buildings, fuel, &c., included in sum above                                              | \$398,097   |
| Amount contributed by State from general tax and income of lauds                                         | \$906,822   |
| Income of school funds, 1849                                                                             | \$302,524   |
| Number of volumes in district school libraries                                                           | 1,449,950   |
| Average length of school term, 1849, eight months.                                                       |             |
| Whole amount received and expended in common schools in 1825, but                                        | \$265,720   |

The State of New York, as will appear from the above, is fast increasing its outlay on schools, and has liberally provided a library for each district. The State has also established normal schools, which are tending to improve the teachers, and raise the standard of qualification for office throughout the State.

Teachers' institutes have been authorized, and will soon be commenced. A school journal has also been established, which serves as the official channel of communication between the superintendent and the officers of the district, and contributes to the improvement of the system of public instruction. The library and journal, as appendages of the common school, are apparently peculiar to New York.

With respect to new sites and structures for school-houses, the superintendent reports that an increased regard to the comfort, convenience, and health both of pupils and teachers and to refined taste, have been manifested. He recommends enlarged sites for school-houses, the introduction of tasteful shrubbery, useful and ornamental plants, and while providing for wholesome exercise, would make some provision for developing those higher faculties of our nature, which can appreciate the beautiful, tasteful and ornamental.

The city of New York, the commercial centre of the New World, is making progress in her schools. A few years since they were inferior to those of New England; but of late years its most able and influential citizens have taken them in charge, and rapid improvement has been made. Normal schools have been established, evening schools have begun to instruct the adult emigrants, who land there from Ireland and Germany without the rudiments of knowledge, and a free academy has been opened to teach the higher branches and the ancient languages to

the most distinguished graduates of the grammar schools. The following table gives the statistics of the schools. We would remark, however, that some deduction must be made from the aggregate number of scholars on the registers of the city and State of New York, as those who remove from district to district during the year, are sometimes twice entered on the register.

|                                                                                           |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Whole number of children in the city between five and fifteen years of age, January, 1850 | 90,145    |
| Whole number entered on register in schools during the year 1849 of all ages              | 102,974   |
| Number in free academy                                                                    | 382       |
| Number in evening schools                                                                 | 3,450     |
| Number in private, church, and other schools                                              | 18,250    |
| Amount paid for teachers' salaries, 1850                                                  | \$274,794 |
| New buildings                                                                             | \$32,000  |
| Repairs                                                                                   | \$18,660  |
| Sites                                                                                     | \$41,680  |
| Cost of evening schools                                                                   | \$16,621  |
| Cost of free academy                                                                      | \$16,270  |
| Entire cost of free schools                                                               | \$400,029 |
| Population of city proper, 1850                                                           | 515,347   |
| Ditto 1840                                                                                | 312,710   |

In the schools of the city and State of New York, the exercises are usually begun by reading a passage from the Bible; but no favor is shown to any religious denomination. The degree of moral culture afforded by these schools—their influence over the community, and the favor with which they are regarded, may be inferred from the extract we subjoin from the annual report of the superintendent of common schools to the legislature for 1850, page 19.

'The idea of universal education is the grand central idea of the age. Upon this broad and comprehensive basis all the experience of the past, all the crowding phenomena of the present, and all our hopes and aspirations for the future, must rest. Our forefathers have transmitted to us a noble inheritance of national, intellectual, moral and religious freedom. They have confided our destiny as a people to our own hands. Upon our individual and combined intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, rests the solution of the great problem of self-government. We should be untrue to ourselves, untrue to the memory of our statesmen and patriots, untrue to the cause of liberty, of civilization and humanity, if we neglected the assiduous cultivation of those means by which alone we can secure the realization of the hopes we have excited. Those means are the universal education of our future citizens without discrimination or distinction. Wherever in our midst a human being exists with capacities

and faculties to be developed, improved, cultivated, and directed, the avenues of knowledge should be freely opened, and every facility afforded to their unrestricted entrance. Ignorance should no more be countenanced than vice and crime. The one leads almost inevitably to the other. Banish ignorance, and in its stead introduce intelligence, science, knowledge, and increasing wisdom and enlightenment, and you remove in most cases all those incentives to idleness, vice, and crime, which produce such frightful harvests of retribution, misery, and wretchedness. Educate every child "to the top of his faculties," and you not only secure the community against the depredations of the ignorant and the criminal, but you bestow upon it, instead, productive artisans, good citizens, upright jurors and magistrates, enlightened statesmen, scientific discoverers and inventors, and the dispensers of a pervading influence in favor of honesty, virtue, and true goodness. Educate every child physically, morally, and intellectually, from the age of four to twenty-one, and many of your prisons, penitentiaries, and almshouses will be converted into schools of industry and temples of science; and the amount now contributed for their maintenance and support will be diverted into far more profitable channels. Educate every child not superficially, not partially, but thoroughly; develop equally and healthfully every faculty of his nature, every capability of his being, and you infuse a new and invigorating element into the very life-blood of civilization, an element which will diffuse itself throughout every vein and artery of the social and political system, purifying, strengthening, and regenerating all its impulses, elevating its aspirations, and clothing it with a power equal to every demand upon its vast energies and resources.

These are some of the results which must follow in the train of a wisely matured and judiciously organized system of universal education. They are not imaginary, but sober deductions from well-authenticated facts, deliberate conclusions, and sanctioned by the concurrent testimony of experienced educators and eminent statesmen and philanthropists. If names are needed to enforce the lesson they teach, those of Washington, and Franklin, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Clinton, with a long array of patriots and statesmen, may be cited. If facts are required to illustrate the connection between ignorance and crime, let the officers' return of convictions in the several courts of the State for the last ten years be examined, and the instructive lessons be heeded. Out of nearly 28,000 persons convicted of crime, but 128 had enjoyed the benefits of a good common school education.

The influence of education in New York is still further illustrated in a report of the Board of Education of the city of New York on the system of popular education, May 28, 1851. The report appears to have been in answer to a message of the mayor on the increase of expense in the police, almshouse, and school departments, which may be as-

cribed doubtless to the great influx of foreign emigrants. The report is a most able defence of a system which has been found in New York to give increased elevation to morals, additional value to property, and higher respectability and safety to the city.

'The mayor has associated the department of common schools with those of the almshouse and police. There are near and interesting relations existing between these several departments. So intimate indeed are these relations, and so immediate and strong are the reciprocal influences springing out of them, that the more you cherish and sustain the one, the more you relieve the other, and the more liberal and diffusive your system of education, and the more you contribute for its improvement and extension, the less you will have to pay for the maintenance of the other two departments.

'The more you subject all to the elevating, refining, and conservative influences of a wholesome, moral, intellectual, and industrial training, the more you relieve your almshouses and police. Extend education, and you diminish pauperism and crime. Increase the number of schools, and you diminish in more than a corresponding degree the number of those who are otherwise to become the recipients of your charity, or the subjects of your penal code. Between these alternatives you must decide. Can the choice in a civilized and Christian community be either difficult or doubtful, I will not say to the philanthropist merely, but even to the taxpayer?'

The city of New York continues to increase its appropriations for schools; and its progress in the arts, commerce, wealth, and population attest their value.

The splendid library recently founded with a bequest of half a million of dollars by Astor, originally a poor German emigrant, will find many readers in New York, and add much to the attraction of the city.

On the southwest, New York borders on Pennsylvania, a rich, central, agricultural State, early settled by the Swedes, Germans, and English Quakers. In 1682, William Penn formed the first constitution of the colony, and incorporated this clause into his frame of government: 'Wisdom and virtue are qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.' Although the value of education was thus recognized by the first lawgiver of the colony, his successors appear to have forgotten the policy enjoined by their ancestors, and paid little regard to it until the year 1831, when the system of popular instruction was established in the State.

At the outset, great difficulties were encountered in the apathy of the German pop-

ulation, and the want of competent teachers. These were increased by the pecuniary embarrassments in which the state was involved by the failure of its banks, and the management of the public works; but gradually these obstacles have been surmounted. The State has recovered from its depression, resumed the payment of the interest, and, since 1844, annually appropriates 200,000 dollars in aid of the public schools. The value of normal schools has also been recognized, and several are now established.

The State has been divided into districts, and each is required to assess taxes sufficient, with its proportion of the public fund, to provide instruction for three or four months yearly. We subjoin a condensed table of the population, schools, and school expenses of the State:—

|                                                            |              |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Population of the State, 1850 . . .                        | 2,311,786    |
| ditto 1840 . . .                                           | 1,724,033    |
| Number of children registered in schools in 1851 . . . . . | 424,344      |
| Number of children registered in schools in 1835 . . . . . | 32,544       |
| Average length of short term, 1835 . . . . .               | 3 mo. 12 d.  |
| ditto 1851 . . . . .                                       | 5 mo. 1 day  |
| Average salaries of male teachers per month . . . . .      | \$17.20      |
| Average salaries of female teachers per month . . . . .    | \$10.15      |
| Number of schools in 1851 . . . . .                        | 8,510        |
| ditto still required . . . . .                             | 674          |
| Entire expense of schools . . . . .                        | \$926,447.65 |
| Amount in above items for structures . . . . .             | \$253,741.08 |

In the brief period of sixteen years, the pupils have increased thirteen-fold. The term of instruction has been extended nearly fifty per cent., and provision made to qualify a superior class of teachers in normal schools.

Pennsylvania has not only secured its schools, but has ascertained, by its experience, that the most efficacious plan to educate a community is to train the teachers, enabling them to acquire knowledge, and the most improved modes of imparting what they acquire. The whole State is alive to the importance of institutions affording ample means for teachers to learn their duties before attempting to perform them; and those who have questioned the value of such institutions are now their most ardent friends.

The superintendent of the schools, after dilating on the importance of having good teachers, and giving testimony to the value and popularity of the normal schools, submits to the State a plan for an agricultural college, for the gratuitous instruction of the

most promising youth, and estimates the annual cost at 45,300 dollars.

Philadelphia, the commercial capital of the State, and the second city in the Union, anticipated the action of the State, but did not commence its common school system until 1818, or open its schools to the whole community until 1836. In the last fifteen years, however, it has laid the foundations deep and wide, and is now making progress in its free schools. No improvement escapes its notice. The form, size, and classification of its schools are subjects of study. The most liberal provision is made for preparing teachers in normal institutions.

Females are very generally employed in the primary and grammar schools, with favorable results. This furnishes a most appropriate occupation for women, besides reducing the cost of tuition. A high school has been formed to receive the *élite* pupils of the grammar schools, and the qualifications for admissions have been gradually raised, and the studies advanced, until a collegiate education is now given at the public expense, and degrees of bachelors and masters of arts are conferred on the graduates.

In this high school are employed ten professors and two assistants. Five hundred and five students are on the register. The course is four years, and instruction is given in the classics, French, Spanish, and the higher mathematics, logic, elocution, and philosophy in all its branches; chemistry, navigation, and phonetics; and all who enter are obliged to pass a severe examination in reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, algebra, and geometry. The principal reporters of Congress are phonographic reporters from this institution. We subjoin, in tabular form, a brief view of the state of education in Philadelphia:—

|                            | 1840.     | 1850.     |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Population of Philadelphia | 228,691   | 408,766   |
| Number of schoolhouses     | 16        | 60        |
| ditto teachers             | 190       | 928       |
| ditto scholars             | 19,000    | 48,000    |
| Expenditures for schools   | \$190,000 | \$336,000 |

The rapid growth of the State and its metropolis in manufactures, commerce, buildings, population, and the useful arts, shows that education has not checked their career; while the popular feeling which has been awakened in its behalf, where apathy formerly prevailed, attests its beneficial influence.

We have thus cited three of the leading States, and three of the principal cities of the Union, to illustrate what progress the United States have made, and are still making, in

education. But let it not be supposed that the subject is disregarded in other sections of the Union; although in some of the southern States, where the population is sparse and slavery exists, less zeal is evinced. Even there the influence of the leading States is widely felt, and a spirit of inquiry and rivalry is awakened.

In Richmond and New Orleans measures are in progress to improve their system of free schools. In most of the western and southwestern States, large reservations of land have been made by Congress for the purposes of education, which will soon be, or already are, productive. The remote city of St. Louis, in the border State of Missouri, appropriates yearly 100,000 dollars to the public schools—a sum greater in proportion than the disbursement of New York; and even in Texas, where a few years since the bowie-knife and revolver were used to settle all difficult questions, the Journal of Commerce apprises us that schools exist in every county, and nearly 200 churches are in progress. So many States are now embarked in education, and such is the current in its favor, that none can resist the force of public opinion. The school rises in the forest, and is but the precursor of the spire and belfry of the village church. Religion, if it may not guide, is a close attendant upon the schools of America.

On the western frontier of the Union on the bank of the Mississippi lies the frontier State of Iowa, one of the youngest members of the confederacy. The adventurous settlers have but just built their cabins and marked out their shire towns and villages, but they have carried with them the love for learning; and on those prairies where the Indian but yesterday figured in the war-dance, or chased the buffalo, the philosopher now plans a system of moral and intellectual culture.

A superintendent of schools has already been appointed, and education provided for by an organic law. The central government here, with wise liberality, reserved for education a million and a half acres of land, valued at two to three millions of dollars. A portion is already productive. Public provision has been made for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. A treatise by Mr. Barnard on school architecture is circulated at the public expense. Three colleges have been founded. Two normal schools have been instituted; district schools have been commenced; the old theory that the parent and schoolmaster were responsible for the education of the child has been exploded, and the

State is held responsible for the education of its youth.

Such are the state and prospects of education on the very verge of the wilderness, more than 1200 miles from tide water, in a State which numbered but 43,000 people in 1840, and but 192,000 souls by the late census.

After this glance at particular States and cities, the reader will not be surprised at the results which we condense from Mitchell into the following summary. The returns embrace States containing more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Union. The others have not yet published their returns:

|                                                                |              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Number of children in States making returns of educational age | 3,723,756    |
| Number of children attending public schools in same            | 2,967,741    |
| Annual expenditure on public schools in same                   | \$7,086,693  |
| Number of students in colleges, law, and medical schools       | 18,260       |
| Number of volumes in public libraries of the United States     | 3,954,375    |
| ditto college libraries                                        | 846,455      |
| Amount of public school funds beside land                      | \$17,957,652 |
| Population of the United States, 1850                          | 23,256,972   |
| Estimated population, December, 1852                           | 26,000,000   |

The zeal for education in the United States has passed their borders, already animates Upper Canada, and is gradually penetrating the provinces of Lower Canada and Nova Scotia. Normal schools have been for some time in progress in Upper Canada, and will soon find countenance in the other provinces. The comparative progress of these colonies may be inferred from the annexed table:

|                                                |           |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Canada, West, 1849, population                 | 803,566   |
| “ “ “ children in public schools               | 151,891   |
| Canada, West, 1849, paid for salaries          | \$330,720 |
| Canada, East, 1849, population                 | 768,344   |
| Canada, East, 1849, children in public schools | 73,551    |
| Canada, East, 1849, public grant               | \$50,772  |
| Nova Scotia, 1849, population                  | 300,000   |
| Nova Scotia, 1849, children in public schools  | 30,631    |
| Nova Scotia, 1849, annual expense for same     | \$136,286 |

While the upper province of Canada readily adopts the school which has borrowed from the improved system of Ireland, the French inhabitants of the lower province cling more tenaciously to their ancient usages and

habits. Railways, however, are fast invading the provinces, and will soon bring them in contact with their more mercurial neighbors, and obliterate their prejudices.

Our glance at education in the Transatlantic States leads us to some important results. We glean from it, not only the facts that more than 3,000,000 of pupils attend the public free schools, and that large funds are accumulating for the purposes of education, but we deduce more interesting conclusions. It is obvious that the system of public instruction has taken firm hold of the public mind, and is eminently popular and progressive; that it is pervading the entire country, and assuming a higher tone and character.

There is a determination in America to unite the thinking head with the working hand, and to elicit all the talent of the country. The system of public schools drew Daniel Webster from obscurity to guide and enlighten his country; and more Websters are required. The respect for education displays itself in the embellishment of the grounds of the country schools. In place of the low and comfortless school-room, brick structures are now reared in the large towns, seventy feet in length by sixty in width, and four stories high, well ventilated, and warmed by furnaces. The books are improved, and libraries provided. The local committees give place to able superintendents and boards of control. Music is added to the studies,—schools of design are established,—normal schools to prepare teachers, are provided. Institutions are started to educate the deaf, dumb, blind, and idiotic: all these are at the public charge. Academies and colleges follow, and schools for arts, law, medicine, and divinity succeed; and to stimulate the whole, teachers' institutes, school journals, and agents are employed by the State to disseminate information, and fan the public enthusiasm. Appeals are constantly made to the public to suffer no waste of talent or intellect; to give the luxury of learning to the class doomed to toil, and to counteract the bad influences of the home of the illiterate emigrant by the attractions of the school.

Under these incentives the taxes for schools are cheerfully paid, and education progresses. What are its effects? Do we not see them in the quickened action of the American mind, in its more rapid adaptation of means to ends; in the application of steam, and the great water power of the country, as a substitute for labor; in teaching it to move the spindles, the loom, the saw, drill, stone-cut-

ter, and the planing, polishing, and sewing machines; in replacing the living man and woman by steam carpet looms and artificial reapers; in teaching the locomotive and car to surmount steep acclivities, and wind round sharp curves at trifling expense; in designing new models and new modes of constructing, rigging, and steering ships upon the sea, diminishing the crews while doubling the speed and size of the vessel; inventing new processes for spinning and bleaching; new furnaces for the steam engine, and new presses for the printer?

A few years since, the question was asked by a distinguished divine, 'Who reads an American work?' The question now is, 'Who does not read an American book, journal, or newspaper?' The trained soldier can effect more than the raw recruit, and the skilled artisan more than the rude plough-boy. Disciplined America can entrust the guidance of her mechanism and the teaching of her children to the trained female, and devote the strength and talent of the male to agriculture, navigation, construction, and invention. Temperance seems to follow in the train of education. Thirty years since, spirits were used to excess in many of the States. A marked change has occurred as education has advanced, and now in some States the sale of spirits is almost discontinued. The saving thus effected more than counterbalances the whole cost of education.

The effect of education on morals is well illustrated by the progress of Massachusetts in one branch of manufactures, that of boots and shoes. While in some countries the manufacturer dares not entrust the materials to the workmen at their houses, in this State the artisans are scattered in their rural homes, the materials sent to them with entire confidence, and returned weekly ready for the market. Among other great branches of industry, this now amounts annually, in this little State, to 6,000,000*l.* sterling.

In this same State, in the face of a large immigration of laborers from Ireland, and liberal outlay for their shelter, pauperism has been virtually receding. We learn from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for June, 1851, that in the twelve years preceding, in that State, population had increased 40 per cent., wealth 120 per cent., and the cost of pauperism but 38 per cent., although 2,880 foreigners were aided in 1847, and 12,334 received assistance in 1850. "Thus in twelve years," the writer remarks, "the cost of maintaining the poor, distributed *per capita* upon the population, has fallen from

44 cents per head to 43, and the percentage on property has been actually reduced one-third. Native pauperism is comparatively diminished, and the principal draft on the charity of Massachusetts is the temporary aid given to the foreign emigrant."

We learn by the census returns lately published, that in 1850 the whole number of churches and meeting-houses in the United States was 36,011, containing 13,849,896 seats, or room for three-fifths of the existing population. In this growing country nearly one-fifth of the inhabitants are under the age of six; and if we deduct those who from sickness, extreme youth, old age, or domestic duties, are unable to worship together, this must be a very liberal provision. By the same returns we find the whole number of foreigners in the country was 2,210,828, or less than one-tenth the entire population; and while the annual expense for paupers was but 600,000*l.*, the permanent foreign paupers were 13,437, and the native 36,947 only. With respect to crime the ratio is still more striking. Of 27,000 crimes in the United States during 1850, no less than 14,000 were committed by foreigners. In a country whose natives are educated, more than half the crimes are traced to illiterate foreigners, forming less than one-tenth of the whole population.

It seems, then, to be established in America, that general education increases the efficiency of a nation, promotes temperance, aids religion, and checks pauperism; while all concede that it diminishes crime. Why should its effects be different in England, and why should we not find in education a cheap and most admirable substitute for prisons and penal colonies? If in America holders of property sustain education, because they insure their own safety, and the security of their fortunes, by the instruction of the masses,

why should not the same results attend education in England?

Again, if America, with all her accessions from natural growth and immigration, cannot afford to lose the mines of intellect hidden in the popular masses; if she is not rich enough in intellect to suffer their faculties to run to waste, can England, comparatively stationary in growth and population, afford such loss?

The future contests of nations will not be confined to warlike encounters. They will be in the field of science and arts, and that nation will attain to the highest distinction which shall excel in the arts of peace. If other nations are cultivating and developing the human intellect, let not England be distanced in the course. She can appreciate the effective force of the skilful artisan, the disciplined soldier, and trained athlete. Will she not appreciate the value of the disciplined mind, of educated labor? Do not her position, climate, and wealth enable her to wield them with the most advantage? If the humble citizen of a village in America considers himself the foster father of the children of the poor, the natural guardian of those Heaven has intrusted to him, and under moral obligations to educate his wards, will the philanthropists of England exhibit less benevolence? And is there any country in which the natural powers of the mind offer a more favorable field for cultivation—in which education is likely to yield a more plentiful harvest—than England? We have so lately given a full consideration to the subject of popular education in this country, that we need not here dwell upon its importance; we will only add our conviction, that whenever the conflicting religious views which now impede its extension shall have been reconciled, no difficulties of a merely economical character will prove insuperable.

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FRENCH LITERATURE.—The *Athenæum*, reviewing (with much ability) the literary character of the past year, remarks that France is, for the moment, blotted out from the list of literary nations. "All the muses are silent on her soil. Her poets are exiles—her wits and orators silent. Her historians, with one bold and noble exception, are abashed and idle."

What is true of literary France is true in its degree of almost every other country on the continent of Europe. "In Prussia, the Muses have been gagged—as Freiligrath would tell us, did we need his word for such a fact;—in Austria they have been sent to jail;—in Italy they have been shot in almost every market-place."

From the Retrospective Review.

## POLITICAL SATIRES UNDER GEORGE THE THIRD.\*

THE literature of politics is a very distinct and a very peculiar one, and is not undeserving of our attention; for, though full of exaggeration and falsehood, it alone gives us an insight into an important part of historical knowledge, that of contemporary political sentiment, and it often throws a light on political motives and causes for which we may look elsewhere in vain. It is a literature which, wherever it exists, strongly marks the independence of the people, and the freedom of the press, yet it varies much, according to times and circumstances. In England, under the commonwealth it was a bitter war of controversial pamphlets; after the restoration it degenerated into mere personal slander and defamation; and this character was unfortunately more or less preserved until the commencement of the present century. With George II. political caricatures began to be numerous and influential, and these and political satire took a grand development under the eventful reign of George III. Use breeds familiarity, and we derive a strong argument in favor of the freedom of the press from the contrast between the extraordinary influence of such productions in the age when the government tried to overawe the press, and their utter harmlessness at present, when the press is altogether unshackled. When we cast a retrospective glance over the political writings of different ages, we cannot but feel the great worthlessness of this literature in general, as a literature, but at times—moments of extraordinary excitement—a few political writings

have appeared which deserved to be remembered, and perhaps republished, although even these are too temporary in their allusions to admit of being made very popular at the present day.

The sentiments of George III. were hostile to the Whig party, which had so vigorously supported the house of Hanover on the English throne, and the men who had been accustomed to guide the helm of the state with small interruption since the revolution, were bitterly provoked at the triumph of their opponents. The reign of Bute was assailed in a continual strain of coarse and indecent abuse, which deserved only to be forgotten. The Whigs again obtain a temporary triumph. We pass over the period of the American war, which was followed by the coalition ministry of North and Fox. Then came the India bill, back-stairs influence, the overthrow of the ministry, and the commencement of the long ministerial career of young William Pitt. These events, and especially the Westminster election of 1784, with the political activity of the beautiful and accomplished Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the defeat of Sir Cecil Wray by Fox, drew forth an extraordinary number of caricatures and political squibs. Many of the latter exhibited more than usual talent, but one among them gained a reputation which has outlived that of nearly all its contemporaries. John Rolle, one of the ministerial supporters, had acted a very prominent part in the vexatious scrutiny set agoing by the court, after the Westminster election, and one of the cleverest of the Whig writers, a young doctor of laws, named Lawrence, conceived the idea of making him the subject of a supposed epic poem, in which his descent was pretended to be traced from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This supposed epic was only produced in fragments, imbedded in a witty, and often very ludicrous critique, which first appeared in consecutive chapters in the journals, but was subsequently collected together in a volume, and went through rather numerous editions.

\* *The Rolliad, in two Parts; Probationary Odes for the Laureateship; and Political Miscellanies: with Criticisms and Illustrations. Revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Original Authors.* London: Printed for J. Ridgway, York Street, St. James's Square. 1795. (8vo, fourth edition.)

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeux d'esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Perce, G. Ellis, Esq., W. Gifford, Esq., and others. New and Revised Edition, with Explanatory Notes.* [Edited by CHARLES EDMONDS.] London: G. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent Garden. 1852. (12mo.)



The subject of the pretended epic is supposed to be the invasion of England, by Duke Rollo, who has a child by the wife of a Saxon drummer, and in a secret visit to London, is indulged by the soothsayer, Merlin, with a vision of the future glories of his descendant, Rolle, in the House of Commons. On this canvass is engrafted a running satire on the Tory ministers and their partisans, which is often exquisitely refined and pungent. The style of banter in which the critique is carried on through page after page, may be best illustrated by one or two examples. The first is an extract from the description of the king's chaplain, Dr. Prettyman:—

"Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a labored, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the doctor is distinguished, he says,

"ARGUS could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true,  
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two:  
Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through."

"This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shows clearly what a decided advantage our reverend hero possesses over the celebrated *ὀφθαλμοδούλος* of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances:

"—The great, the important day,  
*Big* with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

"The sun grows *dim* with age," &c. &c.

"This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author!

"Gimlets they are," &c.

"There is not such a word in all Cato! How well-known and domestic the image! How specific and forcible the application!"

The following passage illustrates the manners of the young country members of the House of Commons, who lounged in the lobbies, while it strikes sideways at the habits of inebriety of the prime minister:—

"The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her HUCSTONIA, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whose amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the *ROLLIAD*.

'Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,  
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care!  
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching  
eyes,  
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries!  
Mark with what grace she offers to his hand  
The tempting orange, pride of China's land!'

"This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

'O! take, wise youth, th' Hesperian fruit, of use  
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.  
With this thy parch'd roof moisten; nor consume

Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,  
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar  
You reel, and stretch'd along the gallery, snore.'

"From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

'Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends:  
Let PITT, once drunk, preach tem'rance to his friends;

How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,  
His reason drown'd in JENKINSON'S champagne,  
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

The back-stair influence, and the part which the Marquis of Buckingham had acted in it, provoked the following sarcastic passage:—

"It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to show that the illustrious marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his lordship's fitness for the department of the Admiralty, a department connected with the whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes, in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination:—

'On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs  
Ascended, Heaven impell'd, the K——g's back-  
stairs;  
And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to  
show  
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow;

That soon, its source corrupt, opinion's thread,  
On India's deleterious streams wou'd shed ;  
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,  
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall ;  
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,  
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail ;  
Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,  
And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.'

"We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendent beauties of this description. First, we see the noble Marquis mount the fatal steps "by pairs," i. e. by two at a time ; and with a degree of effort and fatigue : and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*steteruntque comæ*" of the Roman Poet ; as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed. Men in a fright are usually generous ; on that great day therefore the marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested ; an art, by means of which Britannia (as our author happily expresses it)

'Puckers round naked breasts a decent trimming,  
Spreads the thread-trade, and propagates old women !'"

These extracts will be enough to show the character and style of the famous Rolliad, which must be read through to be appreciated. Unfortunately, many of its allusions are to persons now so entirely forgotten, that it would require a rather copious commentary to make it generally understood.

Several other remarkable political satires came out nearly contemporaneously with the Rolliad. A vacancy in the laureateship, which was filled by the well-known Thomas Warton, gave occasion for the publication of a collection of what were supposed to be "Probationary Odes," written in the names of the ministers and leading men of the ministerial party, in the characters of candidates for the vacant office. Some of them are exceedingly droll, and amusingly characteristic of the pretended writers. The batch of ode writers opens with Sir Cecil Wray, the de-

feated of Westminster, who was accused of childish incapacity, and of having perpetrated some attempts at poetry of a very laughable kind. We need only give the opening lines of the ode here fathered upon Wray :

"Hark ! Hark !—hip ! hip !—hoh ! hoh !  
What a mort of bards are a singing !  
Athwart—across—below—  
I'm sure there's a dozen a dinging !  
I hear sweet shells, loud harps, large lyres—  
Some, I trow, are tun'd by squires—  
Some by priests, and some by lords !—while Joe and I  
Our bloody hands, hoist up, like meteors, on high !  
Yes, Joe and I  
Are em'lous—Why ?  
It is because, great CÆsar, you are clever—  
Therefore we'd sing of you for ever !  
Sing—sing—sing—sing  
God save the King !  
Smile then, CÆsar, smile on Wray !  
Crown at last his poll with bay !—  
Come, oh ! bay, and with thee bring  
Salary, illustrious thing !—  
Laurels vain of Covent Garden,  
I don't value you a farding !—  
Let sack my soul cheer,  
For 'tis sick of small beer !" &c.

The Attorney-General (Pepper Arden), in a truly legal ode, comes out strong on his domesticities :—

"And oh ! should Mrs. Arden bless me with a child,  
A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild ;  
The little Pepper would some caudle lack ;  
Then think of Arden's wife,  
My pretty plaintiff's life,  
The best of caudle's made of best of sack !  
Let thy decree  
But favor me  
My bills and briefs, rebutters and detainers,  
To Archy I'll resign  
Without a fee or fine,  
Attachments, replications, and retainers !  
To Juries, Bench, Exchequer, Seals,  
To Chancery Court, and Lords, I'll bid adieu ;  
No more demurrers nor appeals ;—  
My writs of error shall be jud'gd by you."

Major Scott is pre-eminently loyal, and makes choice attempts at the sublime :—

"Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay  
Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway !  
Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,  
To God's anointed, tune the lyre ;  
Hail ! George, thou all-accomplished King !  
Just type of Him who rules on high !  
Hail ! inexhausted, boundless spring  
Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty !  
Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,  
Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men !  
Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—  
Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd !

Lo! how thy white eyes roll!  
Thy whiter eyebrows stare!  
Honest soul!  
Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!"

The swearing and blustering Lord Chancellor Thurlow is made equally to keep up his character; and his ode is so absolutely profane, that we can venture no further than the commencement:—

"Damnation seize ye all,  
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall!  
Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,  
The wreath that blooms for other brows to gain;  
Is THURLOW yet so little known?—  
By G—d I swore, while George shall reign,  
The seals, in spite of changes, to retain,  
Nor quit the woollack till he quits the throne!  
And now the bays for life to wear,  
Once more, with mightier oaths by G—d I swear!  
Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,  
Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law."

The weight of literary talent was now certainly on the side of the Whigs, and for several years their opponents smarted bitterly under these satirical attacks. At length the French revolution broke out, and the atrocities which accompanied it, and the sanguinary wars that followed, produced a reaction in public sentiments in England. Still the Tory ministers winced under the force of satirical talent which was bent against them, until, in the autumn of 1797, George Canning started the 'Anti-Jacobin Review,' which was edited by Gifford, the author of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' and which was written by a knot of young Tory writers, of no mean talent. Its object was to turn into ridicule the French republicans, as well as those in England who were supposed to favor their sentiments, which the ministerialists insinuated, included the whole liberal party. These writers (including, besides Canning and Gifford, John Hookham Frere, Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), George Ellis, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley), and Dr. John Whitaker) "entered upon their task with no common spirit. Their purpose was to blacken their adversaries, and they spared no means, fair or foul, in the attempt. Their most distinguished countrymen, whose only fault was their being opposed to government, were treated with no more respect than their foreign adversaries, and were held up to public execration as traitors, blasphemers, and debauchees. So alarmed, however, became some of the

more moderate supporters of ministers, at the boldness of the language employed, that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere, and, after an existence of eight months, the 'Anti-Jacobin' (in its original form) ceased to exist."

These are the words of Mr. Charles Edmonds, to whom we owe a very nice edition of the only part of the 'Anti-Jacobin' that will bear reprinting, its poetry. The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' which comprises some of the best effusions of the witty writers mentioned above, was reprinted in a collective form soon after the 'Review' was discontinued; and, always sought after with interest, the original edition had become a rare book. Mr. Edmonds's reprint is not only very carefully edited, but it is rendered intelligible to readers at the present day, by a tolerably copious addition of illustrative notes; and this celebrated, though small, collection is now placed so far within the reach of every reader, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed account of it. We need only say, that it contains one or two of the most celebrated pieces in our language, such as Canning's 'Friend of Humanity' and the 'Knife Grinder,' the song of 'La Sainte Guillotine,' and others. The 'Loves of the Triangles,' and the 'Progress of Man,' written for the purpose of ridiculing Dr. Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants,' and Payne Knight's 'Progress of Civil Society,' are among the cleverest parodies of modern times. Tom Moore has said of the two works to which we have been more especially calling attention: "'The Rolliad' and the 'Anti-Jacobin' may, on their respective sides of the question, be considered as models of that style of political satire, whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of ill-nature, and whose very malice, from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fire-works, explodes in sparkles." The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin' deserved a reprint; and we rejoice to hear that Mr. Edmonds's first edition is already sold, and that he is preparing another, to be made more complete, by the addition of new notes, and of an appendix. We would recommend to him, afterwards, the 'Rolliad' itself, which is, in many respects, superior to the 'Anti-Jacobin' poetry, and a new edition of which, with explanatory notes, would, we think, be equally successful. We believe, indeed, that a 'Select Political Library,' of a few of the choice works of this class, would not be an unsuccessful undertaking.

From Francis' Annals, &c., of Life Insurance.

## WAINWRIGHT, THE MURDERER.

IN 1830, two ladies, both young and both attractive, were in the habit of visiting various offices, with proposals to insure the life of the younger and unmarried one. The visits of these persons became at last a somewhat pleasing feature in the monotony of business, and were often made a topic of conversation. No sooner was a policy effected with one company than a visit was paid to another, with the same purpose. From the Hope to the Provident, from the Alliance to the Pelican, and from the Eagle to the Imperial, did these strange visitors pass almost daily. Surprise was naturally excited at two of the gentler sex appearing so often alone in places of business resort, and it was a nine days' wonder.

Behind the curtain, and rarely appearing as an actor, was one who, to the literary reader, versed in the periodical productions of thirty years ago, will be familiar under the name of Janus Weathercock; while, to the student of our criminal annals, a name will be recalled which is only to be remembered as an omen of evil. The former will be reminded of the "London Magazine," when Elia and Barry Cornwall were conspicuous in its pages, and when Hazlitt, with Allan Cunningham, added to its attractions. But with these names it will recall to them also the face and form of one with the craft and beauty of the serpent; of one too who, if he broke not into "the bloody house of life," has been singularly wronged. The writings of this man in the above periodical were very characteristic of his nature; and under the *nom de guerre* of Janus Weathercock, Thomas Griffith Wainwright wrote with a fluent, pleasant, egotistical coxcombry, which was then new to English literature, a series of papers on art and artists. An *habitué* of the opera and a fastidious critic of the *ballet*, a mover among the most fashionable crowds, into which he could make his way, a loungeur in the parks and the foremost among the visitors at our pictorial exhibitions, the fine person and superfine manners of Wainwright were ever prominent. The articles which he

penned for the "London," were lovingly illustrative of self and its enjoyments. He adorned his writings with descriptions of his appearance, and—an artist of no mean ability himself—sketched boldly and graphically "drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate;" and while he idolized his own, he depreciated the productions of others. This self-styled fashionist appears to have created a sensation in the circle where he adventured. His good-natured, though "pretentious" manner; his handsome, though sinister countenance; even his braided surtout, his gay attire, and semi-military aspect, made him a favorite. "Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock," wrote Charles Lamb. No one knew anything of his previous life. He was said to have been in the army—it was whispered that he had spent more than one fortune; and an air of mystery, which he well knew how to assume, magnified him into a hero. About 1825, he ceased to contribute to the magazine; and from this period, the man whose writings were replete with an intense luxurious enjoyment,—whose organization was so exquisite, that his love of the beautiful became a passion, and whose mind was a significant union of the ideal with the voluptuous—was dogged in his footsteps by death. It was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him. Well might his associates join in that portion of our litany which prays to be delivered "from battle, from murder, and from sudden death," for sudden death was ever by his side.

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectancies. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, with her sister, Madeline, step-sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that those extraordinary visits were made at

the various life offices, to which allusion has been made. On 28th March, 1830, Mrs. Wainwright, with her step-sister, made their first appearance at an insurance office, the Palladium; and by the 20th April a policy was opened on the life of Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, a "buxom, handsome girl of one-and-twenty," for 3000*l.*, for three years only. About the same time a further premium was paid for an insurance with another office, also for 3000*l.*, but only for two years. The Provident, the Pelican, the Hope, the Imperial, were soon similarly favored; and in six months from granting the first policy 12,000*l.* more had been insured on the life of the same person, and still for only two years. But 18,000*l.* was not enough for "kind, light-hearted Janus-Weathercock;" 2000*l.* more was proposed to the Eagle, 5000*l.* to the Globe, and 5000*l.* to the Alliance; all of whom however had learned wisdom. At the Globe, Miss Abercrombie professed scarcely to know why she insured; telling a palpable and foolish falsehood, by saying that she had applied to no other office. At the Alliance, the secretary took her to a private room, asking such pertinent and close questions, that she grew irritated, and said she supposed her health, and not her reason for insuring, was most important. Mr. Hamilton then gave her the outline of a case in which a young lady had met with a violent death for the sake of the insurance money. "There is no one," she said in reply, "likely to murder me for the sake of my money." No more insurances, however, being accepted, the visits which had so often relieved the tedium of official routine ceased to be paid. These applications being unsuccessful, there remained 18,000*l.* dependent on the life of Helen Abercrombie.

In the meantime Wainwright's affairs waxed desperate, and the man grew familiar with crime. Some stock had been vested in the names of trustees in the books of the Bank of England, the interest only of which was receivable by himself and his wife; and determined to possess part of the principal, he imitated the names of the trustees to a power of attorney. This was too successful not to be improved on, and five successive similar deeds, forged by Wainwright, proved his utter disregard to moral restraint. But this money was soon spent, till everything which he possessed, to the very furniture of his house, became pledged; and he took furnished apartments in Conduit street for himself, his wife, and his sisters-in-law. Immediately after this, Miss Abercrombie, on pre-

tence or plea that she was going abroad, made her will in favor of her sister Madeline, appointing Wainwright sole executor, by which, in the event of her death, he would have the entire control of all she might leave. She then procured a form of assignment from the Palladium, and made over the policy in that office to her brother-in-law. Whether she really meant to travel or not is uncertain; it is possible, however, that this might have been part of the plan, and that Wainwright hoped, with forged papers and documents, to prove her demise while she was still living, for it is difficult to comprehend why she should have voluntarily stated she was going abroad, unless she really meant to do so. In this there is a gleam of light on Wainwright's character, who, when he first insured the life of Miss Abercrombie, might have meant to treat the officers with a "fraudulent," and not a positive death. Whatever her rôle in this tragic drama, however, it was soon played. On the night which followed the assignment of her policy, she went with her brother and sister-in-law to the theatre. The evening proved wet; but they walked home together, and partook of lobsters or oysters and porter for supper. That night she was taken ill. In a day or two Dr. Locock attended her. He attributed the indisposition to a mere stomach derangement, and gave some simple remedies, no serious apprehension being entertained by him. On the 14th December, she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. On that day she had partaken of a powder, which Dr. Locock did not remember prescribing; and when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright—who had left her with the intention of taking a long walk—returned, they found that she was dead. The body was examined; but there was no reason to attribute the death to any other cause than pressure on the brain, which obviously produced it.

Mr. Wainwright was now in a position to demand 18,000*l.*, from the various offices, but the claim was resisted, and being called on to prove an insurable interest, he left England. In 1835, he commenced an action against the Imperial. The reason for resisting payment was the alleged ground of deception; but the counsel went further; and so fearful were the allegations on which he rested his defence, that the jury were almost petrified, and the judge shrunk aghast from the implicated crime. The former separated, unable to agree; while the latter said, a criminal and not a civil court should have been the theatre of such a charge. In the following December,

the company gained a verdict; and as the forgery on the Bank of England had been discovered, Wainwright, afraid of apprehension, remained in France. Here his adventures are unknown. At Bologne, he lived with an English officer; and, while he resided there, his host's life was insured by him in the Pelican for 5000*l*. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Bologne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police; and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In an hotel near Covent Garden he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the street startled him; incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment "a person passing by" caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed, "That's Wainwright the bank forger." Immediate information

was given to Forrester; he was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough. The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connection with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the bank, to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation was held by those interested, the home secretary was apprised of the question, the opinions of the law officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Wainwright is instructive. From the time that he quitted the simple rule of right, he wandered over the world under influences too fearful to detail, and he died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be recapitulated.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE COST OF INIQUITY.

It is a fact, in the history of Prussia, that Frederick II. would never have inflicted upon his country the evil of farming out his revenues, had it not been that, while he had them in his own hands, he was cheated so extensively by his subjects. For the same reason, about the same time, the government of the king of Great Britain in Hanover was obliged to adopt the same oppressive measure. If we call to mind the anecdote of a party of Frenchmen trying which could bring the blackest charge against human nature, when Voltaire, commencing with, "There was once a farmer-general," was admitted by common consent to have already carried the day—we may form some idea of the severity of a punishment which consisted in farming out a nation's revenues. But the anecdote is merely a type of a class of trou-

bles which men are continually bringing upon themselves by false doings and appearances.

Why is it that merit has such difficulty in obtaining preferment? False pretension stands in the way. Why is it that a truth is so long in forcing its way amongst mankind? Because it is so difficult to obtain sound evidence in its favor, and distinguish it from the hundreds of falsehoods which are constantly contending with it for notice. We know it as a certain fact of society, that a man may come forward with the design of offering his fellow-creatures some great benefit, and yet he will be received with distrust, and checked at every turn, as if he were a knave aiming at some sordid advantage for himself. And the reason, we can all see, is that selfish aims are so often concealed under a philanthropic guise, that so-

ciety is compelled to be upon its guard against even the fairest appearances of benevolence, until time has given a guarantee for their genuineness.

Fictitious literature has no more favorite point than that furnished by the claims of virtuous poverty treated with coldness, and left to neglect. Its heroes, manly but out-at-elbows—its heroines, amiable but outcast—are always turned away from in an unaccountable manner, to the indignation of all readers of sensibility. People living in comfortable cottages are mysteriously addicted to the unchristianlike practice of refusing admission to vagrants, just as the heavens are about to break forth in a snow-storm. Country justices are invariably harsh towards the respectable persons who come in equivocal circumstances before them. These descriptions, we can have no doubt, are a reflection of what passes in actual life—only in actual life there is never any reason for wonder about the causes. Shabby vagrant people, and people who appear in equivocal circumstances and without good credentials, are there so commonly found to be bad, that no one stops to think of possible exceptions. The few good suffer because of the prevalence of iniquity in connection with those appearances. Were there no transgressors of any kind in the world, fiction would be entirely deprived of this important province of its domain; for the wretched, under no suspicion, would then be everywhere received with open arms, succored, and set on their feet again. Even the superintendents of Unions would in that case become genial, kindly men, quite different from the tyrants which they always are in novels; or, rather, there being no longer any human failings, there would be no longer any poverty calling for public aid, and Unions would go out of fashion.

Every one acquainted with business must have occasion to observe how many transactions of hopeful appearance are prevented by the want of confidence. And even where transactions take place, we constantly see that something must be sacrificed, or some inconvenience incurred, in order to guard against possible default. Were there, on the contrary, unlimited confidence between man

and man, no bargain or barter, great or small, tending to mutual advantage and convenience, would ever be prevented; and all such arrangements would be conducted on a footing of the utmost economy. We cannot doubt that the general happiness of society would thus be greatly increased. Even those transcendental blessings which are dreamed of by the votaries of Socialism, what is to prevent their being realized but the one little unfortunate fact, that men are not yet prepared to act upon perfectly upright and unselfish principles? They require to put all their industrial operations into the form of a conflict, rendering themselves at the best good-humored enemies to each other, and entailing frightful misexpenditure of means, simply because no one can entirely trust his fellows. If men were disposed each to do his utmost for the commonwealth, not caring for special benefits to himself, it might quite well be that the enjoyments of all would be increased, and earth rendered only a lower heaven. But how to bring them to this disposition—and how to keep them at it!

As all the losses, inconveniences, drawbacks, shortcomings of expected good, and miserable failures and disappointments experienced in life from these causes, are capable of being viewed in a positive aspect, it does not seem at all unreasonable to speak of them as forming an Iniquity Tax. There is, it may be said, an Excise from the happiness of us all, through the operation of our moral deficiencies and misdoings, although it is not possible to state in any one instance its exact amount. It is very hard that the faithful here suffer for the unfaithful, the wise for the foolish, the sober for the profligate; but that is only accordant with the great law of society—that we are all more or less compromised for each other. The Iniquity Tax may be viewed very much as we view what are called War Taxes. As these are strong reasons for maintaining peace, so is the Iniquity Tax a powerful motive for our doing whatever is in our power to improve the national integrity and advance truthfulness in all things. An improved civilization is an improved economy, with increased blessings for us all.

From the Retrospective Review.

## GILLRAY'S CARICATURES.\*

THE history of the plates engraved by Gillray, as given in the octavo volume thus entitled, is not a little remarkable. For many years, this celebrated artist resided in the house of Mrs. Humphrey, the well known publisher in New Bond Street, and afterwards of St. James's Street, to whom he was under a positive engagement, that all his works should be exclusively her property; this engagement, however,—for the sake of his insatiable desire for drink—he avoided, by selecting new subjects, successfully disguising his usual style and manipulation, and upon such occasions he disposed of his engraved plates to Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly.

Times went not well with Mrs. Humphrey in latter years, and upon the plates that she possessed, she obtained a loan of one thousand guineas; unable to redeem them, an offer of five hundred pounds had been refused,—that offer made by Mr. Bohn. A few years more and Mrs. Humphrey died,—the plates still unredeemed, and her executors, no doubt in ignorance, disposed of them as useless copper. They were, however, saved, thanks to the present publisher, who, by the merest accident, rescued them from destruction, and then procuring whatever else he could, formed the extraordinary collection now before us.

In early life, the father of James Gillray was a soldier, born at Lanark, in Scotland, in 1720; he lost an arm at the battle of Fontenoy; on his return to England he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and for forty years held the office of sexton at the Moravian burying-ground there, where his remains were deposited in 1799.

His son, young Gillray, made his first appearance in this world in the year 1757, and like the illustrious Hogarth, began his career as a letter engraver. It may be presumed,

the monotony of such employment was ill fitted to a temperament like his, for he deserted his employer. He is next heard of as one of a company of strolling players, undergoing various hardships,—such as this course of life invariably entails, and made it even much more precarious at that period than now;—this he quitted, and we find him a student of the Royal Academy,—where he must have pursued his studies with great diligence, for at the age of twenty-seven, many plates had left his burin, of great pictorial effect and freedom,—“resembling,”—says his biographer, “much of the earlier manner of Stothard.” The ‘Village Train,’ and the ‘Deserted Village,’ dated as early as 1784, are not the works of promise, but of maturity in art, exceeding well engraved; and about this time also are his two admirable portraits of William Pitt: he also engraved from Lady Spencer’s drawings,—from some caprice,—it might be with the idea of mystifying, or misleading, but he adopted fictitious names, often in his early caricatures using J. S. interlaced—the monogram of Sayer; and he might thus unconsciously have been of great service to Sayer in assisting him to his pension; for Sayer was either liked or feared by Pitt sufficiently to obtain of that minister a pension from the civil list for life.

Although his own caricatures were eagerly sought for, Gillray ceased not his labors in engraving from the works of others, as the large plates of “The Delivery of the Prisoners from the Bastille,” and the Marquis Cornwallis Receiving the Royal Hostages, at Seringapatam (after Northcote), prove; though the latter may be considered the last production of this class. Gillray knew the art of lithography, and exercised it with considerable ability; he could also engrave on wood, of which, specimens like the lithograph of the “Musical Party” are extremely rare; one other power he acquired in an eminent degree—he could draw: a quality most of the engravers of the present day deem needless, and hence their inferiority. Well would it be for the student in the art to remember that the freedom we so value in the works of Sir Robert Strange, Bartolozzi, and of Ven-

\* The Works of JAMES GILLRAY, from the Original Plates, with the addition of many subjects not before collected. Imperial folio. Bohn.

Historical and descriptive account of the Caricatures of JAMES GILLRAY, comprising, a Political and Humorous History of the latter part of the reign of George the Third. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., F. S. A., and R. H. EVANS, Esq. 8vo. Bohn. VOL. XXX. NO. I.



dramini, is the result of this same quality, each having left him brilliant examples of his skill, especially the latter, which seem not of late years to be held at their proper value.

That Gillray possessed poetical feeling as well as delicacy of treatment, we would instance the allegory of "Britannia between Scylla and Charybdis;"—of refined sentiment and exquisite finish, the charming full length portrait of the Duchess of York is evidence enough;—for grandeur of conception, that crowded emblematical panorama, called the "Apotheosis of Hoche,"—is singularly successful; it is neither more nor less than a grand historical picture displaying the horrors of the French Revolution; seated midway on a rainbow, and surrounded by a halo, is the figure of Hoche, playing upon the guillotine, as though it were a lyre; over him and guarded by monsters, are the tables of the commandments perverted—as, *thou shalt steal,—thou shalt commit murder, &c.*; upon the right are thousands of headless beings kneeling before the commandments; on the opposite side are groups, in vast multitudes, bearing copies of blasphemous works, and representing the vices and crimes of the National Assembly; below are plains deserted—cities given to the flames, murder, suicide, duelling, and carnage; while plague, pestilence, fire, and famine are dispersed throughout the picture.

But it is with Gillray, as a caricaturist, we have most to deal; and it is only when compared with all others who ever made it a profession, that we see how infinitely superior he rises above them. It is while wading through a pile of those produced by Sayer, the elder Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others, that we can form a true estimate of Gillray, and a consciousness that he stands alone. It should also be remembered, that under the first three monarchs of the house of Hanover, politics drew into its vortex art as well as literature; the very passion for caricature tended in a great measure to debase art. Although Hogarth believed himself a great historical painter, yet he escaped it not; Gillray, as great as Hogarth, was drawn into it, and he, it may with truth be said, was a great artist thrown away upon politics; nevertheless, it is to that very greatness we owe the high artistic qualities so prominent in all of them. He it was who first gave John Bull personal identity; we trace the old fellow through various forms and phases of character, until he settled down into the jolly top-booted old gentleman we now recognize at once. "There is no species of humor,"

says Washington Irving, "in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. Thus have they embodied their national oddities in the figure of a corpulent old fellow, with a stout oaken cudgel." True it is, there is scarcely a person in actual existence, more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage John Bull, esquire.

One of Gillray's settled objects, and which he prosecuted with great energy, was to render the French revolution and the National Assembly atrocious and disgusting in the eyes of Englishmen, and at the same time to make Napoleon the detestation of the British people; to effect the former purpose, he pictures the sans-culottes as a hideous set of fiends, cooking and gorging upon the bodies of their murdered victims; he illustrates the execution of the French king under the title of *The blood of the murdered crying for vengeance*,—and a fearful picture he makes of it; he gives a state banquet to Dumouriez, with Fox in attendance serving up the decapitated head of Pitt on a salver for the repast. The exquisite care and finish of the plates give additional force and value to such satire. There are four plates also, showing the consequences of a successful French invasion, and in them we find all that an Englishman can love or cherish being destroyed or given to the flames;—the House of Lords dismantled, busts of the regicides made prominent, the throne broken and cast aside, and in the place of it the guillotine, St. Paul's on fire, the king butchered; the queen, ministers, and judges hung at the lamp posts; and in all the invaders rioting in plunder and in murder. No wonder then that the prejudice which such productions were intended to excite should soon communicate itself to the populace.

Anything that could foster a hostile feeling he had recourse to, and thus we find twelve plates of leading politicians, costumed as though they were members of the National Assembly, simply because they dared to sympathize with the French people. No opportunity was neglected to ridicule Napoleon, or to make him figure in a contemptible light; to this end are the whole events of his life grossly exaggerated, and the wars with France and Spain made fertile subjects for the pencil of the satirist. The short peace of 1802, and the war which followed, with

the fear and defiance of the Addington administration, caused a vast number of caricatures to be issued, and these certainly some of the most humorous. *The Destruction of the French Colossus* is an extraordinary conception.

Pitt he first treats as a *Political Fungus*, grafting itself upon the crown, and though he does publicly flog him in the marketplace for increasing the debt and taxation of the country, he afterwards, as if to make amends, produced those beautiful allegories—*Light expelling darkness—Scylla and Charybdis*, and *the Destruction of the Faithful*.

Gillray seems to have allowed himself no respite from lampooning Burke, Sheridan, Priestley, and Fox—the former of whom he designated *Fox's Martyr*, but the latter he travestied into a revolutionist, often into a villanous unshaven assassin, fit only for murder; and the prime mover of what it pleased Gillray to call the seditious meetings at the Crown and Anchor,—always in ecstasy at our reverses, always in grief at our success. When the news arrived of the victory of the Nile, Pitt and Dundas are intoxicated with delight,—and wine; but poor Fox has hung himself in despair. When the king's carriage was attacked, "*Fox and his gang*" are the instigators and the doers,—no employment too vile for them. That the pencil is at times more powerful than the pen or oratory, there can be no question; and Fox felt it. "He acknowledged," says Wright, in his 'England under the House of Hanover,' "that his India bill received its severest blow in public estimation from the caricature of Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street." In illustration of object teaching, or the force of such squibs, it may be remembered, that until a few months ago, no man ever went to have his hair cut, but the operator was sure to inform him it was "*getting thin on the top*;" at length there came a day, when a sleek-headed member of the comb and scissors, in an unlucky and ill-timed moment, ventured the same suggestion to a choleric old gentleman; at which the said old gentleman, full of indignation, jumps off his chair, exclaiming, "How dare you, sir, make any impertinent remarks upon my personal deficiencies?—thin on the top indeed! if you dare to say another word, sir, I'll thin *your* top for you!" Well, the barber fears to jeopardize his skull, so now we "hear it not."

Gillray was in the zenith of his power while the impeachment of Warren Hastings was pending, and the rapidity with which he

supplied the town with incidents that grew out of the discussion is really astonishing; and, as might be expected, the king, the queen, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and Thurlow play important parts; the facts and the course pursued are thus briefly stated by Mr. Wright:

"Hastings, who was supported by the whole strength of the East India Company, and who was understood to enjoy the king's favorable opinion in a special degree, had calculated on the support of his ministers, and everybody's astonishment was great when they now saw Pitt turn round and join his enemies. Hastings felt this desertion with great acuteness, and it is said that he never forgave it. Some accounted for it by supposing that Pitt and, more especially, Dundas were jealous of Hastings' personal influence, and feared his rising in court favor; and a variety of other equally discreditable motives were assigned for this extraordinary change. The return of the ex-governor's wife had preceded his own, and Mrs. Hastings was received at court with much favor by Queen Charlotte, who was generally believed to be of a very avaricious disposition, and was popularly charged with having sold her favor for Indian presents. The supposed patronage of the court, and the manner in which it was said to have been obtained, went much further in rendering Hastings an object of popular odium, than all the charges alleged against him by Burke; and they were accordingly made the most of by that class of political agitators who are more immediately employed in influencing the mob. . . . The supporters of the impeachment represented Hastings as another Verres called upon by a modern Cicero (Burke) to answer for his oppressive government of the provinces entrusted to his care. A bold sketch of the orator was published on the 7th of February, 1787—the day on which the proceedings against Hastings were resumed in the House of Commons, under the title of Cicero against Verres. Fox and North are seen behind the eloquent accuser. In 1788, the year of the impeachment, the caricatures on this subject became more numerous. One by Gillray, published 1st of March, under the title of 'Blood on Thunder fording the Red Sea,' represents Hastings carried in safety on the shoulders of Lord Chancellor Thurlow through a sea of blood, strewed with the bodies of mangled Indians."

The volumes are full of evidence to show the advantage taken of this state of affairs, and also show how he labored, like Dr. Wolcott, to bring royalty into contempt, and has constantly portrayed the undignified personal appearance of both George the Third and his queen; he makes them perform the most mean, contemptible, and servile offices for the sake of saving money. By the following extract from the work already quoted, the prevailing opinions will be gathered:—"The ex-

trema frugality of the king and queen in private life, and the meanness which often characterized their dealings, had already become subjects of popular satire, and contrasted strangely with the reckless extravagance of the Prince of Wales. As there was no visible outlet by which so much money could have disappeared, people soon made a variety of surmises to account for King George's heavy expenditure. Some said the money was spent privately in corrupting Englishmen, to pave the way to arbitrary power. Most people believed their monarch was making large savings out of the public money, and hoarding it up either here or at Hanover." It was said that the royal pair were so greedy in the acquisition of money, that they condescended to make a profit by farming, and the royal farmer and his wife figured about rather extensively in prints and songs, in which they are represented as haggling with their tradesmen and cheapening their merchandise. Pictures represent them as visiting the shops at Windsor in person. Such being the popular feeling, the satirists of both pen and pencil certainly fostered it to the uttermost, as the repeated allusions testify. Parsimony and avarice were the favorite themes.

The way the lash was laid upon the princes is certainly something more than would be permitted now-a-days; the Prince of Wales, for instance, without one redeeming point,—ever the associate of gamblers, drunkards, and extravagance,—ever a voluptuary, and the companion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Robinson, and others; his prodigality ever contrasted with the grasping avarice of his parents, until, at last, we find him soliciting alms, and retiring as the *Prodigal Son*. The Duke of York is little better than a poltroon, with his inglorious return from Flanders,—the Duke of Clarence with his Wouski and Mrs. Jordan. Such prints, however, are not at all consistent with our present notions of decency; and the wonder is, so short a time ago as sixty years since, they could have been exhibited in the windows of the printsellers. The publisher has wisely placed them in a volume by themselves. It is with satires as with old plays, they hit the vice and follies of the times; and if they truly hit, its truth is often that which we deplore. As the man no more retains the feelings that he knew in boyhood, than he retains the form, but changes with his garments; so is it with society, its manners go with costume: we know a certain vice was fashionable with such or such a

dress—for vices have their fashion, be it said—and we can no more, however hard we try, dis sever gambling from patches and from powder, than couple chastity with the costume of Sir Peter Lilly's time.

In a short notice of the life of Gillray prefixed to the explanatory volume, his biographer states, "That Gillray was unfortunately an example of the imprudence that so frequently accompanies genius and great talent. His habits were in the highest degree intemperate." Full fifty years ago, when Gillray wrought, drunkenness and debauchery were the prevailing vices of the period, into which vice Gillray himself fell, notwithstanding his continual delineations of its worst features. Indeed, to such an extent did he carry his carousal, that his mind became a wreck, and insanity usurped the place of reason. To him, to Morland, and a few others of the same time, are we indebted, as far as art is concerned, for the vulgarism—"all men of genius are drunkards." At that period no class in society escaped the prevailing rage: intoxication became the delight and ambition of most. The Fox Club and the six-bottle men are notorious, and "as drunk as a lord" passed into a proverb. But to suppose drunkenness is a necessary attribute to genius, is simply a slander upon the greatest gift the Deity bestows upon mortality. Vulgar and narrow minds up to the present hour will espouse that cause, forgetting, in their limited notions, the bright phalnx of glorious and illustrious names that must rise up in judgment against such falsehood. Great men in some few instances have been drunkards, and that's the easy part of greatness lesser minds could imitate.

The historical and descriptive account by Wright and Evans is of great value, as a key to the folio volume. Compiled with much judgment, it gives a brief and careful summary of the political events for nearly thirty years, with short biographical notices of men who played the most important parts during that memorable and exciting period, as well as a full explanation of every plate. The least that can be said of the plates and the volume to which reference is made, is that they are good historical lessons. It informs us, "Gillray had recently (1792) accompanied Louthembourg the painter into France, to assist in making sketches for his grand picture of the siege of Valenciennes. After their return, the king, who made great pretensions to taste, desired to look at their sketch. He was already prejudiced against Gillray for his political caricatures, and not.

withstanding the rough style in which he had made his spirited sketches of the French officers and soldiers, he threw them down contemptuously, with the more hasty observation, 'I don't understand these caricatures!' while he expressed the greatest admiration at Louthembourg's more finished and intelligible drawings of landscapes and buildings. Gillray, who was mortified at the neglect shown towards himself, and was not at this time pensioned by the court, revenged himself by publishing the picture of the monarch contemplating the features of the great enemy of kings, who was an object of particular abhorrence to George III., and observed, 'I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this.'" The king is examining Cooper's portrait of Oliver Cromwell; the parsimonious manners of the monarch are satirized in the save-all, by means of which he uses up the last fragment of his candle,—the face of the king is a highly-finished miniature, as, indeed, a vast number of others are; the instance of the candle end is only another instance of Gillray's attention to accessories and allusions which are at all times so expressive and significant. Personal peculiarities and actions never escaped him. No wonder, then, that the king should dislike a man who had used his utmost ability to make the public believe he was an avaricious fool, and who at that very time had rendered the queen little less than odious, by drawing a revolting picture of her in the character of Sin, which had given great offence to the court. We find as a peculiarity but few parodies of other men's pictures throughout his works; he had no need to borrow who knew no poverty of invention.

Whatever was uppermost in the public mind was food for our caricaturist, costume, coalition, or Catholic emancipation, music or ministers, gout or gambling, for which latter offence he places the Ladies Archer and

Buckinghamshire in the pillory, and is unceasing in his onslaught. Judging from his productions, our naval victories afforded him great delight: like many others in the collections, they are not caricatures. The issue of paper money during the administration of Pitt, and the split between Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, are also fertile subjects with him; but every new incident, political or otherwise, seemed to give birth to some new ideas. About this period a caricature was published, illustrative of the encroachments of Russia upon Turkey—as in our own day; England offers her aid, and as it was doubtful what the policy of France would be, a member of the House of Commons is made to ask, "*where's France?*"—this print by some accident found its way into the hands of a small self-sufficient orator in Devon; London papers then were very rare. The custom was upon the Sunday afternoon to meet upon the green before the village inn, and so discuss the little news they had. Our orator began, "Well! so you are going to have more taxes put upon you—that's Pitt's doing, that is—and you may pay them if you like, mind, I sharn't, that's all I've got to tell you, that is: And what's it all for, I'd like to know?—to keep off the French—the war with France!—with France, by the Lord!—with France! *Now d— me if I believe there is such a place!*" This was rather a startling assertion, and so new, besides, that his hearers were what he called "flabbergasted"—they'd "neur thought o'that;" perhaps there wasent after all—at length one standing by said, "Oh! yes; but there is, though." "Is there?" said our demagogue. "You seem to know a good deal about it, John; *where is it?*" Why, that John "coudent tell;"—so now, out came the new imported print, and the blacksmith was triumphant. There is no such place as France.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE LADY NOVELISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ENDLESS have been the theories which writers in different periods have broached respecting the proper work of women; it is, we believe, generally considered now to be a very tiresome subject. We do not think many men, or women either, doubt the distinctive character of the female mind—that it is not made to do every sort of work that man can or may do, at least not in the same manner; but we cannot help suspecting that the sooner all these nice questions—as questions, as matters of argument, of limitation, rule, and dictation—are dropped, the better. Men are never so near being morally and divinely right as when they content themselves with enjoying and ministering to what is good with no theoretical reference to sex at all; and woman is surely most womanly in the highest sense, most gentle, fervent and sincere, when she is thinking least about the matter.

So with respect to the question of *which* among women should write, and *what* they should write, we have heard and read a large amount of fluent nonsense, as it has appeared to us—such as that wives and mothers may write novels, but single women may not; and that, in short, all women whose position in society is, in the one respect of being unmarried, isolated, should not increase that isolation by such a self-centering thing as authorship of any kind. On these and other similar discussions we have only one remark to make—that they really are very useless; that whenever a woman feels she has something to say which may do good, even to the lower extent of giving pleasure, she will generally find means of saying it, and had much better not be hindered. Mere cessation of authorship, we suspect, will do but little in correcting those tendencies of which authorship is a sign. Let the novel, poem, or essay be written, and let the public criticize it freely. Our conclusion still is that the grandest, wisest, simplest thing man or woman can do is to obey any strong, clear call of duty towards God or man; to express that which has been brought home to the mind in a truthful, un-

exaggerative way, if it be a case in which writing seems the most natural instrument for the conveyance of what they have to say; to hope, humbly but firmly, that a few words of theirs may be the inspirers of deeds—to look indeed upon the smallest self-sacrificing deed as worth more than many books—but still not to disparage any vocation—spoken, written, or acted out.

As a general rule, we do not much wonder that men have come to look with distrust on woman's championship of social questions in the way of argument. They do often, certainly, go beyond the mark. They are apt to bring prominently forward all those mere offsets from the main subject which a sound lawyer or moderately wise man would leave out of the discussion as apt to divert attention from the main point, and put clear logic out of court. And then the bravery of women, allied though it may be to many noble qualities, is against them. When they talk, as sometimes they do, in the most irritating manner of man's cowardice, it ought to be noted how often they themselves provokingly carve out new and hard work for him by their own rashness and one-sidedness. Taking willingly a credit—which men are rather too ready to resign—of being more religious than their brothers or husbands; they do and say more things that put practical religion in jeopardy than those brothers or husbands would ever dream of. In fact, in matters of reasoning, they are really harder upon their friends than their foes, for the magnanimity of woman's nature makes her peculiarly anxious to be generous and candid to antagonists. Hence we often find her more liberal towards works of dangerous tendency than towards those which, having a much securer foundation, are a little straitened and narrow in their outward form.

One cannot but be struck, meanwhile, with the great increase in quantity, and general improvement in the quality, of novels written by women. We are quite aware that every sort of evil may steal into our houses under the guise of an interesting fiction; that broad,

coarse novels of the Fielding and Smollett kind are not what we have to dread, but rather the insidious poison of false sentiment or the novelties of great assumptions, passing unquestioned because of the glare which surrounds them. Nothing, however, of this kind moves us from our belief that novel-writing is quite one of the legitimate occupations of women. They cannot, indeed, fetch up materials from the haunts into which a Dickens or Bulwer may penetrate. They may in vain try to grapple with the more complicated difficulties of many a *man's* position and career; but, as far as they go—and often they can and do go far—they are admirable portrayals of character and situation. They know—there is no denying it—a great deal about men. Brothers, friends, husbands, open to them widely, in many cases, the doors of their hearts. They are allowed to see much of that inner life. They see what is merely small and conventional, but also what is lofty and simple. And then how much is the store of woman's ideas enlarged by the mingling of other literatures with our own! The grave old Roman culture we never wish to see neglected; we feel its value to the mind; but an Englishwoman must now, to some extent, be also European, American, Asiatic, nay Australian. Nor can she shut herself up here at home, except by violence, in the Church-woman's, or the Dissenter's, or the Catholic's circles of thought.

With all these facilities—with the means of high religious and moral cultivation within her reach—with a public ready to read, thankful to be amused—with no more than a fair share of criticism to apprehend—why should not woman write fiction admirably well? Bear witness to a woman's power, most wonderful Consuelo! Stand forward, earnest, inspired, duteous, magnanimous "Uncle Tom," and say what there is, what long-standing system of wickedness, that may not be shaken to its centre by the touch of a woman's hand!

Nor can we agree to stop our ears against the voices of the past. We remember the beauty and deep pathos of Mrs. Inchbald. We remember Jane and Anna Maria Porter, who, when they left ordinary life behind, and treated of characters safely removed from the *then* English public by time and distance, made the prettiest romances about them imaginable. The general strain of Mrs. Opie's novels we are compelled to own was feeble, but she surely worked up some of her scenes with an even *terrible* power, as in "Murder will Out," "The Ruffian Boy," and the ma-

niac scene in "The Father and Daughter."\* Mrs. Radcliffe, surely, that great dealer in mysteries, was not useless in her day. Admirable indeed is the adaptation from age to age of outward supplies to man's inward wants; admirable the provision, in every period, of material out of which imagination may shape that which is needed to supply the real want of a period; and we should say that in nothing is this shown more strikingly than in the gradual clearing away of the unknown, in proportion as the known world becomes more various, more rich in stirring interests, more likely to stimulate mental enterprise, and strongly to influence the moral energies. Mrs. Radcliffe's material world is gone;

For now where may we find a place  
For any spirit's dream?  
Our steps have been on every soil,  
Our sails on every stream.

In her day, castles and convents, and mighty nobles and wicked monks and abbesses, could be planted in fiction all over Switzerland and Italy; tyrants might be torturing vassals, and women might be buried alive every day, for aught that could be demonstrated to the contrary; and peasants were always dancing on the vine-covered hills. Even nature had a trick or two played with her. It was always full moon in Mrs. Radcliffe's pictures; she never did things by halves. Now we should say that the then living world of England was, on the whole, the better for these things; and that, judging by those novels of the time which portrayed actual English domestic life, it was better that fiction should withdraw men and women out of their own realities, and take its materials from a romantic and comparatively little known world. Clara Reeve, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and the authors of the *Canterbury Tales*, did not merely shun polluting things, but were themselves poetical and elevating.

We are half unwilling to mention Miss Burney, whose talent we allow; yet we must confess that, in spite of applauding Dr. Johnson and plain literal George the Third, we never can read a chapter of *Evelina*, or even *Cecilia*, without disappointment and disrelish.

\* One of those dearly beloved sisters of ours in America, of whom we have recently been hearing so much, has, we find, given death and burial to our bright, kindly, happy friend (never so happy and kindly as now), Mrs. Opie. The spire of her native town's cathedral scarcely carried itself more erectly than she when we saw her last, not so very long ago. May she live on, unaffected by all premature obituary articles, for some peaceful years yet!

The common run of her characters is not merely a local and conventional one, but it seems to us divested of those touches of truth and nature which in the hands of higher writers often dignify what is in itself mean. Her portraits are portraits with little of soul; they are hopelessly low in tone, and deficient in the higher traces of imagination. There are exceptive passages in *Camilla*, though the importation of Johnsonian sentences quenches our dawning pleasure; but the character of Sir Hugh Tyrold, booby as he is, has in it some very beautiful touches.

Time would fail us were we to enter on the religious novels—on *Cœlebs*, and the productions which followed, from the pen of Miss Hawkins, Mrs. Brunton, and several others. In quite another strain, Miss Ferriar had exceeding great merit; and we need not do more than mention the names of Miss Edgeworth and of Jane Austen.

Let us move on to our own times. Here the field is so extensive that our difficulties of selection increase. Only to enumerate the principal female novelists who have been at work for the last twenty or twenty-five years is something startling. In that time we have had at least three or four able novels per annum, not to mention others of respectable promise. We have had Lady Dacre, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Gore, Miss Martineau, Lady Georgina Fullerton, Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Gaskell, Currer Bell, Mrs. S. C. Hall, the authoress of Mrs. Margaret Maitland and of *Adam Græme*, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Kavanagh, and the unknown author of *Rose Douglass*. As English we may not lay claim to Mrs. Stowe—and yet how much of Saxon origin in *Uncle Tom*, and also in the clever novels of Elizabeth Wetherell and her sister!

We could wish, however, that some of our lady writers were not so damagingly rapid and frequent in their gifts. Mrs. Marsh, for instance, most of whose first volumes are generally good, but who is so apt to fail as she proceeds.

May we not venture to add that, as all authors have power over their own works till they are made over for good or evil to the trader, they would be doing a good deed if they would inform themselves beforehand of the manner in which their productions are to be sent into the market? It cannot, we are sure, be a matter of indifference to a sensitive woman whether her name is to usher forth a fair or a scanty allowance, in quantity and quality, in proportion to price. It must surely be painful to her if she knows that the

eyes of readers are angrily wandering over a wide margin, a straggling mode of printing, and those other devices of which the public is often made to complain, while remarkable and very pleasing contrasts are occasionally exhibited. Not wishing to make any invidious remarks on what we dislike, we will only give one instance of what we think commendable generosity to the public, in a tale entitled "*The Heir of Redclyffe*," recently published in two volumes. We are not now noticing its literary ability, and are quite uninstructed as to its authorship, whether male or female—it would do honor to any pen; but also it deserves to be singled out for its generous allowance of matter—it contains as much as four volumes of our ordinary novels, furnished at less than half the price.

Every one knows that the last glowing summer inspired several of our best lady novelists to write, and that we, in the past winter and present spring, have been profiting by their labors. Among the rest we should have liked to read the name of the authoress of "*Deerbroke*;" for though Miss Martineau wanders widely (too widely) abroad, we know that she loves and appreciates fiction, and we feel the great, though somewhat peculiar, merit of what she has accomplished in that department. Looking in vain for her, however, we must thankfully (though not unquestioningly) receive what has been given us by others.

The authoress of *Jane Eyre*, of *Shirley*, and now of *Vilette*, stands in our minds very much where she did. She may have become a little more cautious—she does not so deeply offend—but we cannot with truth say that we think her tone higher. She does not rise, as we hoped she would; she is as fresh, as suggestive, as full of originality as ever—and an original book is rare enough in these days to be highly prized. There are parts of *Shirley*, the least popular of her works, which show that she has more feminine perception of character than either *Jane Eyre* or *Vilette* betokens. Nevertheless, in *Shirley*, even more than in the others, the predominant impression is that it is unwomanly. Can the authoress live among wives and mothers?

Miss Mulock also has appeared again. Of her no complaint can be made similar to that we have just uttered; all she writes is not merely pure, but purifying. We do not think she is possessed of the talent of Currer Bell, but she is a beautiful, engaging, elevating writer. Her first novel, "*The Ogilvies*," did not, we think, promise very much; but in "*Olive*" there are noble scenes and exquisite

touches. In the whole range of our fiction, nothing seems to us more beautiful than the picture of the artist and his unselfish, devoted sister, or of the improving, gentle Mrs. Rothesay, in this book; and in "The Head of the Family," Ninian Greame and his Lindsay, their guardian care of the young family committed to their charge, the contrasts in their position, as, one by one, their pleasures and cares are withdrawn, are surely delightful pictures. Miss Mulock errs, however, we think, in dealing too much and too long in secret loves and needless restraints. She makes deep and silent attachment too much the burden of her song; and this is the more curious, as she deprecates the false morality thus induced, in "The Ogilvies." A novelist should take care not to remind the reader too often how soon and pleasantly a tale *might* come to an end, but for these foolish scruples and overstrained sacrifices on the part of the heroes and heroines. In "Agatha's Husband," the scrupulous concealments of moneyed difficulties by a husband from his wife, have the effect, we think, of almost destroying the interest of both characters.

There are two or three other novels of last year, written by women, of which, had we time, we should like to say something. The American ladies, in particular, are coming out delightfully in this department; for instance, "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," and "Glen Luna," are promising books. The most striking of our English female novels seems to us, however, to be "Ruth," by the authoress of "Mary Barton."

It is impossible to deny that many good people are aggrieved by "Ruth." There is no disguising, that a girl who has taken her place among the fallen is finally raised to the level of a real and most exemplary heroine. This is the fact lying at the foundation of the novel. By what management can this have been made bearable to strict and severe readers?

By no *management* at all, we should say. It must, we think, be allowed to every woman, be she novelist, or simply wife, mother, and housekeeper, to have formed some sort of opinion on cases of this kind which may have come before her; cases in which she may have witnessed various shades of better feeling—have known of more or less extenuating circumstances—have been more or less convinced of the evil consequences of unmitigated exclusion and severity. Now, if one who has received a strong impression on

these points be, like Mrs. Gaskell, prompt to clothe her thoughts in language, to tell out her feelings (because nothing seems to her so directly to the purpose) in the form of a *tale*, she does no more than give simple utterance to her own aspect of a truth—she does not exclude other views, other sides of a question—she merely presents one real living picture, which she justly thinks the world, in its great purity and wisdom, may, if it is true to nature, be the better for knowing. A strong conviction of the evil of putting aside the once frail, as beings who can scarcely be named without danger of contamination—a certainty that this swells the number of sinners, and tends to corrupt society more and more—is the one idea present to her mind, and under it she writes. That some, and those among very true lovers of their kind—very excellent, admirable people, by no means overstrained in their general views of moral questions—should recoil from both the subject and Mrs. Gaskell's way of treating it, does not surprise us; but we think their views somewhat narrow and oppressive.

There is another part of the subject which is very painful: from it, however, we may not shrink; and, happily, there are good and strong men who allow the injustice of merely punishing the delinquents of one sex, however repentant, however desirous of return, with perpetual exclusion—while not the betrayer only, but the actual deserter of the betrayed woman is scarcely less welcomed by society *after* than *before* his offence. Here again then Mrs. Gaskell has strongly felt a deep and painful truth, and has written under its influence.

This is the sum of the whole: the tale tells by implication the author's views of the evil of closing summarily the doors of mercy and hope; it points out the danger of driving merciful people into falsehoods, and, at the same time, the author shows, with all her might, the short-sighted, confusing, evil nature of all such expedients—how they detract from the merit of a generous act, and by fixing the censor's eye upon the *means*, steal away for a time sympathy with the *end*. As for the execution of the work, nothing really can be more beautiful. Mrs. Gaskell's language is the perfection of easy, simple, womanly grace; her wit is irresistible. Nevertheless, we do not think her always alike successful in the management of the story. We think that it would have been more true to paint Ruth as both more alive and less simple. She ought not to have gone astray from stupidity or from fear, but with all her poetic



love of beauty should have been less passive, more enkindled—more of the woman, in short; ensnared from within as well as from without, though still possessed of a young heart's delicacy. At the same time we are far from insensible to Mrs. Gaskell's difficulty. Had Ruth erred from passion rather than from ignorance, scenes must have been constructed in accordance with that view, and then we should have had the usual objectionable draggings through dangerous mazes of sentiment and suffering, which a pure writer would of course much prefer shunning altogether.

Passing to the more lengthy process of poor Ruth's misery and recovery, if we were asked to point out that part of the succeeding narrative which we could decidedly wish had been otherwise framed, it would be the continuance of the deception on Ruth's part, after the scene on the sea-shore, in which her seducer reappears. From this moment must be dated her own independent mental and moral efforts; till then she has been a passive instrument in the Bensons' hands, but now a new life is breathed into her. She herself resists temptation—she herself from this time takes her destiny into her own hands; and growing out, then and there, with that new existence, should have been born, we think, an abhorrence of the lie, and a determination to have the truth known at all cost. How the story might have been told it is not for us to say; we have faith in the authoress, in her rich resources and dramatic powers, and believe she would have wrought out her conclusions with triumphant power; as it is, though nothing can be more masterly than the scene on the actual discovery of the deception, the character of Ruth is not raised as it might have been if the disclosure had been voluntary. She bears the treatment she receives nobly; but one cannot forget that it is a compulsory endurance, however accepted and improved.

It is impossible to notice all the opposing opinions we have heard and read on other parts of the narrative—we shall merely advert to one. It has been gravely said that Ruth should not have rejected her seducer's late and desperate offer of marriage. From that opinion we give our unqualified dissent; no *such* woman, we think, could ever have accompanied *such* a man to the altar, there to plight her solemn vows before God and man.

Much exception has been taken to the characters of both Benson and Bradshaw. We have little sympathy in the ordinary objec-

tions made to either of them. They are fine studies, and deserve most careful examination. Thurston Benson is a man of whom many good people say that it is nearly impossible such a one could have been a party-ence on others have early been nourished in to deceit. They cannot surely have taken into account all the antecedents. He appears at no part of his career to have been a strong, well-exercised man. With a weak, ailing frame, habits of depend-him, and a studious, contemplative, poetical turn of mind has been fed by his way of life; of the kindest possible nature, the sterner parts of religion do not lay hold on him; mercy and tenderness are all his thought. The harshness he has both witnessed and experienced in Mr. Bradshaw, the great man of his mighty small world, yet further drives him to the side of loving-kindness. Then, as a minister, let his real position be fairly stated. Mr. Benson conducts the worship of a dissenting congregation, and is looked upon with respect and regard; but, as is generally more or less the case among such congregations, with great familiarity and considerable contempt for his judgment in worldly matters. He is not, except by the already civilized and softened, a man to stand in holy awe of. He is far more what we might call a class-leader, than an appointed, ordained minister of God's word. Such a man, so placed, if he has extraordinary gifts, may awaken a wide and strong interest; his people may be proud of him. He is *their* minister—their Mr. Benson. But, take an ordinary, average case; suppose too that ill health both lessens his chance of a change, and sheds languor over the frame; this minister will grow passive, and get into the habit of being tutored. Portions of his independence will be lost—particularly sister or wife will be infected with the fear of espionage, and this will react on himself. He grows nervous and cowardly; not probably in the matter of preaching and proclaiming his religious views, for *there* the perpetual habit of acquaintance with his Bible, the service to which he is vowed, the immediate end of his life—will keep him awake and alive, and we do not think his error would be that of faithlessness to his convictions. On the contrary, were you to test love of truth by some kinds of trial, to place before him a false object of worship, a creed which his conscience disowns—though martyrdom were on one side and every worldly advantage on the other—you would find him firm and upright. But should he meet with a

very singular call for the exercise of his benevolence, and thereupon the image of his congregational leader arise also clothed in its stern terrors, what will be in all probability his course? In many cases, in *most* in which the character has been what we have portrayed, we suspect that the result would be that which Mrs. Gaskell depicts. Not inevitably, of course; there are strong and patient men who would have dashed away the temptation in a moment. There are men who would instantly have felt that "God does not need our sinful acts," who would have taken the poor, suffering, fallen thing by the hand, and given her shelter and aid without the smallest sacrifice of truth. But they would have been the exceptions, and it behoves us to say that their venture would have been tremendous, their faith very rare. Take the case of Ruth. Benson was risking all upon a hope. He had never known her previous to her fall. Position, friendship, pecuniary means, were all to be thrown up for the possibility of doing good to an unknown and erring creature. Another suggestion would come—"If the secret remains my own, on *my* head will all the risk fall; if Ruth proves unworthy, *my* trusting heart only will feel the pain of disappointment." Moralists! mortal men and women! which among you will "throw the first stone" at this failing man?

But is Benson's error varnished over in Mrs. Gaskell's story? Surely not so. To say nothing of the augmented troubles and tangles which arise out of the false position in which he has placed himself and Ruth, the evil is shown most strongly by the second and far more inexcusable transaction into which he is led. This, too, alas! is sadly life-like; and here the power of the narrator is not more marked than the depth of her moral feeling. It is a noble thing to carry the sympathies of the reader from the winning, attractive Benson to the unamiable and repulsive Bradshaw, simply through the force of right and truth—and this she has done most triumphantly. Who is there that does not feel Bradshaw's indignation to be on the whole righteous? Who, building up in his own mind the image of such a man, does not regard the wrong done him by Benson as a cruel and a cowardly deceit? The power of exercising his own judgment on a matter when its exercise was peculiarly his pride and delight, to be thus clandestinely taken from him, was an injury which writes itself upon our minds more strongly than any

burst of passion, however coarse, and however unjustifiable when applied to Ruth herself.

Our readers will see that, deeply as we admire this beautiful work, we do not think it faultless, and are by no means inclined to underrate the amount of difficulty and disapprobation which must adhere to any such attempt as Mrs. Gaskell's. Nevertheless, we reiterate our opinion that often where it has been censured it has been least understood. We think it a beautiful poem, full of lovely lights and refreshing shades, ministering to the best part of our nature, rising into the region of our highest contemplations. Whether it has done or will do good—whether any actors on this strange, complicated stage of life will be stimulated to look into cases of departure from the strict path of virtue, with a view to arrest the downward course—whether (still better and more promising course) they will be led to study the causes which most directly lead to vice, with a view to their removal, we cannot and probably never shall know. That it is not an ill-timed work, at least, we believe. At this day there is a strong prevailing disposition put forth, not before it was needed, to look after our outcasts of all sorts, trusting that the ninety and nine will hold their safe ground meanwhile. Something there may be of sentimentality, something of the love of excitement, in this; but let no one neglect or throw contempt on the impulse which leads the higher classes—high whether in the social or the moral scale—to communicate freely with the lower. It is not as flatterers of the people that we say this, and heartily agree in the opinion of those who think that our literature and our morals require more and more for their basis a sound increasing knowledge and sympathy between all orders of men. Mutual comprehension—mutual understanding of each other, how inestimable a privilege it is! This is what woman can especially forward; and those other ministers of the people—our physicians, watching over their bodily health—our clergymen, laboring after their spirituals—how much may they do to promote this great object of mutual good understanding! Scarcely less important is the novelist's part. Of all men, the novelist should not divide, but unite. We have recently had a very beautiful example of the harmonizing process, and few things, we think, can be more profoundly just and conciliatory than some of the truths put by the author of "My Novel" into the mouths by his practi-

cal squires and time-taught philosophers. Well has it been said by a charming writer and wise thinker of our day, "Every great poet (or novelist) is a 'double-natured man.' He is not one-sided; can see the truth which lies at the root of error; can blame evil, without hysterically raving against every doer of it; distinguishes between frailty and villany; judges leniently, because by sympathy he can look on faults as they appear to those who committed them—judges justly, because, so far as he is an artist, he can regard the feeling with which he sympathizes from without; in a double way realizing it, but not surren-

dered to it."\* Be such forever the spirit of our English fictions! Vivid, life-like, yet large and humanizing; while, on the other hand, a more execrable aim can hardly be than his who calls up the spirits of discontent, insubordination, and revenge, while affecting to recreate the tired mind. But we cannot enter upon this chapter of perversions. From all participation in such may Heaven keep women, and especially the women of England!

\* Rev. F. W. Robertson, *Influences of Poetry*; Two lectures delivered at Brighton. Hamilton and Adams.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal issues of the Press, at home and abroad, are noticed in the following list, with indications of the opinions pronounced of them by the leading literary journals:

Mr. Ruskin's new volume of the *Stones of Venice*, entitled the *Sea Stories*, elicits general praise. The *Literary Gazette* says: "It is not often, in these days of rapid action and superficial thought, that we are called upon to notice books which embody the fruits of such long and earnest study as those of Mr. Ruskin. He writes at all times with the force of earnest conviction, and the ardor of a strong but tempered imagination gives dignity and relief to a style of unusual richness and brilliancy. In the volume before us we have the results of years of deep and passionate study of Venice, with all its marvels in history, in architecture, and in art, on which the author's mind has brooded until all the past has become vivified anew, and the stones of the wondrous City of the Sea have become eloquent of the master minds under whose direction they rose out of the plashing waters of the Adriatic. His descriptions are the perfection of word painting, and there is this additional charm in them, that the intellect and heart are sure to be gratified, as we follow them, by profound thoughts and noble veins of sentiment." The *Spectator* thinks that "Mr. Ruskin, by this second instalment of his important labors, adds to his reputation as a vigorous and original critic, a high-toned man, and a writer of the first order. His exposition continues lucid, his eloquence earnest and dignified, his description pictorial and highly wrought." The *Athenæum*, on the other hand, pronounces it,—"As a rhapsody, it is charming,—though as a piece of reasonable teaching, it is anything rather than impeccable."

Classic and Historic Portraits. By James Bruce. 2 vols. "Instead of meeting," says the *Athenæum*,

"with a mere catalogue, filled with the well-known names and well-worn anecdotes, yet wanting in color, novelty, and interest, we find in these pages the liberal outpourings of a ripe scholarship, the results of wide and various reading, given in a style and manner at once pleasant, gossippy, and picturesque. Mr. Bruce does not appear to be the man to tell old stories, or take respectable traditions on trust. On almost every subject he contrives to say something new,—to bring in fresh illustrations, or to correct some ancient error."

Mount Lebanon. A Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852. By Colonel Churchill, Staff Officer on the British Expedition to Syria. The *Literary Gazette* esteems this "the fullest and best account that has yet appeared of the mountain district of Lebanon."

Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski. By Lieut. W. H. Hooper. The Tuski are a tribe of people inhabiting the north-eastern corner of Asia, bordering Behring's Straits, and Lieut. Hooper was an officer of the *Plover*, sent out in 1847 to join the *Herald*, in an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Having reached Behring's Strait without meeting its intended consort, the *Plover* wintered in Emma Harbor, at the southern extremity of this comparatively new land, and ten months were spent in feasting, dwelling, trading, and sledging among its sociable and interesting natives. They are located principally along the coast line in tents of walrus skin, and penetrate into the interior only so far as may be gained by an occasional dog or deer-sledge excursion. The book, though not without literary defects, is readable and instructive.

Recollections of a Three Years' Residence in China; including Peregrinations in Spain, Morocco, Egypt, India, Australia, and New Zealand. By W. Tyrone Power. This, the *Athenæum* pro-

nounces "one of the most lively and entertaining books of travel which has lately appeared. Mr. Power is in the Commissariat Department, and in his varied scenes of service he has made observations which he now records for the instruction and amusement of the public."

Thackeray's *Humorists* attracts general attention, the papers speaking well of it. The *Literary Gazette*, however, thinks it not up to the measure of the subject, or the author's powers.

The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects. By F. W. Newman. As in everything that comes from Prof. Newman's pen, there are earnestness of tone, weight of reflection, and knowledge of the subject on every page of this terrible little volume. Dynastic stories are seldom such as the minds of moral, moderate men can linger on with pleasure:—Tudors and Stuarts, Bourbons and Bonapartes, Hohenstaufens and Romanoffs, all the regal families of the modern world, have, each in turn, furnished their full share of crime, intrigue, and treason to the archives of human history. Prof. Newman sees this clearly:—"All great empires," he admits, "have been born in crime." But he believes that in "the lowest depths" there is a deeper still,—that among great offenders against civilization there is a greatest; and he goes, in successive chapters, over the tale of Hapsburg rule in Castile—in Valencia and Aragon—in Bohemia—in Protestant Germany—in the Hereditary States of Austria—in the Netherlands—in Belgium—in its dealings with the Protestants and Moors of Spain—in Austrian Poland—in Hungary—in Servia and Croatia—in Austrian Italy, and in Sicily,—showing in a few pregnant words, fortified by references of good authority, what history has to plead at its calm and impartial bar against the good faith of this imperial race.—*Athenæum*.

Essays on Various Subjects. By Cardinal Wiseman. After noticing the polemical character of this volume,—made up of contributions to the *Dublin Review*,—the reviewer in the *Athenæum* thus speaks of its literary merits: "Of the literary merits of these volumes we must, with all our dissent from much that the author esteems more essential than their literary merits, speak very highly. They display a mind naturally powerful, trained to a subtle and laborious use of itself, stored with very various learning, and cultured to a high degree of taste and refinement. There is much striking thought in the volumes, much rare and exact scholarship, much eloquent and beautiful writing, and much ingenious and pungent criticism. It must be allowed, too, that, with all his severity as a controversialist, the author maintains the courtesy of high literary breeding. On the whole, on the evidence of these volumes we should pronounce Cardinal Wiseman to be a man of powerful, masculine mind, great learning, fine culture, and strong consistent purpose,—but wanting in the crowning element of 'genius,' which places a man among the first-rate. Even in the department of speculation he is inferior to some other writers, with whom, in certain respects, he may be very fitly compared. He always thinks strongly:—but he makes no deep incisions, penetrating to the marrow of what is under discussion,—and there is always a very obvious limit to the range of his generalizations."

The Story of Mont Blanc. By Albert Smith.

This is called by the *Examiner* as "sincere and pleasant a little book as we have lately looked into; and it will not surprise us if its popularity keep pace with that of the Exhibition to which it may be called a supplement. The style is unaffected, the matter is neatly brought together and arranged, and the impression produced is that of a subject treated by one who knows it well, and to whom the treatment of it has been a delight,—not a task."

Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich. By his daughter, Mrs. Thistlethwayte. The *Literary Gazette* prefaces its review of this work by the following estimate of the subject of it: "Few English bishops of modern times have left a name more justly and more universally respected than Dr. Henry Bathurst of Norwich. Joseph John Gurney, a man of kindred spirit, thus spoke of his venerable friend and neighbor a few days before his death: 'I cannot well express the warm regard and affection I feel for him. His liberality and absence of prejudice were noble, and his Christian courtesy delightful.' Such was the impression made by Dr. Bathurst's character on all with whom he came in contact. Those who least liked him had no fault to find but one, which leaned to virtue's side, and which in a bishop of the last generation could not fail to be conspicuous."

Mr. Thomas Lynch, whose "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student," attracted much attention some time since, has published a course of lectures on various literary subjects, delivered at the Royal Institution, Manchester, under the title of *Essays on some of the Forms of Literature*. The titles of the lectures are—1. Poetry; its sources and influences. 2. Biography, autobiography, and history. 3. Fictions and imaginative prose. 4. Criticism, and writings of the day. There is much ingenious and philosophical thought, united with good and genial feeling, in Mr. Lynch's essays.

The Evangelist of the Desert: a Life of Claude Brousson, from Original and Authentic Records. By H. S. Baynes. The Claude Brousson whose story is here told was an advocate of the provincial Parliament of Toulouse, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; subsequently, he became a preacher of the Reformed Church of France, and ultimately a martyr to the doctrines which he had embraced. The biography is carefully and ably executed. Mr. Baynes has had access to manuscript and other documents of great rarity for the purposes of his work, and he has written the life of Brousson with earnestness of feeling. The two volumes, sequent in subject as they are in appearance, constitute a trustworthy and popular guide for the English reader to the secret annals of the Protestant Church in France:—one of the most romantic, and at the same time most neglected episodes in European history.

Celebrated Jesuits. By the Rev. W. H. Rule. "Mr. Rule has produced in these two volumes," says the *Athenæum*, "a popular and acceptable contribution to the library of Jesuit story. The work contains six biographies,—those of St. Francis Xavier, Diego Laynez, Henry Garnett, Cardinal Bellarmine, John Adam Schall (the famous Tam-yo-vam), and Gabriel Gruber. Much of the ground

here trodden is little worn. With the exception of Xavier, Bellarmine, and perhaps Garnett, little is popularly known in England of these men or their doings. The story of Schall and his astronomical mission in China is extremely interesting:—and we do not remember any other account of him accessible to English readers. But the chief interest for present readers will be found in the last chapter, headed 'Gabriel Gruber.' There is, to most men, a mystery in this secret existence of the order, which Mr. Rule's account of 'Gabriel Gruber,' the visible providence of the 'institution,' will help very materially to dispel."

Select Letters and Remains of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson. Edited by the Rev. John Baillie, of Linlithgow. A memoir of Mr. Hewitson was recently published by his friend, Mr. Baillie, to which these volumes are supplementary. They contain selections from his correspondence, and from his manuscript papers. The selections from the sermons and the theological notes, and the fragments and aphorisms, are very interesting and profitable reading, and sustain fully the high impression of the acuteness and learning as well as the piety of the author, as derived from the memoir of his life.

Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Cause. By George Taylor. Originally published by C. SCRIMMER, New York. The *Athenaeum* calls it "the best American book on the evidences of natural religion with which we are acquainted. With science in its various departments the author shows himself familiar, and he makes judicious application of his knowledge to the illustration of theology. The work is divided into five parts, in which the Nebular Hypothesis, Astronomy, Geology, Comparative Physiology, and Physical Geography, are severally treated. On geology he enters into most details, and gives a very interesting and instructive review of its principles and discoveries in connection with the evidences of design, and in illustration of the divine attributes of power, wisdom, and goodness. It is a well-argued and well-written treatise, equally to be commended for its scientific information and its literary style."

Mr. Everett's Address, delivered before the New York Historical Society, with an introduction by the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, has been published in London, and it is thought by the *Critic* to give "a graphic sketch of the leading points of American progress from the earliest times to the recent European immigration.

A little treatise on The Body, Mind and Spirit; or, the Life of Nature, of Reason, and of Heaven, describes human life in its physical, intellectual, and spiritual relations. The style is somewhat mystical, but there are curious facts and ingenious and intelligent reflections and remarks in the work.

Of the celebrated Confessions of an English Opium Eater, a new edition appears. We have read the book over again with undiminished zest, and feel how great must be the attractiveness of the style and subject to those who listen for the first time to Mr. De Quincey's strangely interesting confessions.

An Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question has been republished, in which Mr. Thomas Carlyle utters some characteristic extravagances on the subject of slavery. The *Literary Gazette* thinks it "difficult to make out whether shrewdness or absurdity most marks the discourse. Amidst what in the author's own words may be called 'dark, extensive moon-calves, unnameable abortions, and wide-coiled monstrosities,' there occur some striking and sensible remarks, well formed and forcibly expressed thoughts and sentiments."

History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to our own days. By M. Ch. Weiss. 2 vols. This important work is reviewed at length in *Blackwood*. The *British Quarterly Review* says of it: "Among the works which have been issued, owing to the revived interest felt for their religion by the Protestants of France, this, by Mr. Weiss, may be reckoned among the most important and the most interesting. Indeed, these volumes are full of instruction, and frequently possess a dramatic interest. The author traces the men whom the bigotry of Louis XIV. and his courtisans drove from their hearths, and their native land, into the several places of their exile, and describes the establishment of their colonies in Germany, in England, in Holland, in Switzerland, in America, and even in Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; speaking of the edicts of the governments of those countries in their favor, the services which they rendered to the nations by whom they were welcomed, as much in relation to politics as to agriculture, industry, commerce, literature, and religion; and showing the extent to which they contributed to the greatness, the riches, and the liberties of those lands; and, finally, their successive fusion with the natives, as well as the actual condition of their descendants."

Our countryman, Dr. Coleman's work, *Ancient Christianity Exemplified in the Private, Domestic, Social, and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians*, is warmly recommended by the *British Quarterly Review*. It says: "Our brethren of the United States have profited more by German industry and learning than we Englishmen. We have men among us who get reputation by using up materials collected by the toil of our German neighbors, but the class is more limited with us than on the other side the Atlantic. Mr. Coleman has gone to the best sources of information, and produced a work alike instructive and reliable, relating to a subject with which every intelligent Christian, and especially students for the ministry, ought to make themselves familiar. Besides treating of all subjects which ordinarily enter into the general class of Christian antiquities, this volume contains an account of the rites of the Armenian Church, also a sketch of the Nestorian Church, and a chapter on the Sacred Seasons of the New England Puritans, together with a detailed index of authorities, and index of councils, a chronological index, and a general index; the whole forming a complete and very useful book."

The Maid of Florence; or, Niccolò de' Lapi. By the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate, M. A. This historical romance is worthy of the reputation of the enlightened and accomplished statesman by whom it is written. Our only fear is that the work is too

philosophical to be popular. With historical incidents are mingled profound reflections and political comments, which ordinary novel readers will only consider hindrances to the development of the story, and to the flow of the narrative. But for intelligent and educated readers few books of fiction of such a kind are provided, and they will value the work accordingly. The story is one of the time of the famous siege of Florence, when the city defended itself, unaided, against the arms of Clement VII. and Charles V. The Emperor, to give effect to the treaty of Barcelona, concluded with the Pope, wished the Florentines to submit to the Medici. Niccolò de' Lapi, the father of the Maid of Florence, the son of a citizen who had died in exile, had from infancy conceived a hatred against the Medici, and the party of the Palleschi. Having returned to Florence, and obtained immense wealth, he was one of the chief defences of the city. Round the family of Niccolò the principal events and characters of the siege are grouped.

New Novel of Political Life, entitled "Charles Delmar," by a distinguished writer, is pronounced by the *Spectator* to be "a remarkable book, exhibiting a wide acquaintance with the biography and personal traits of public men, the result of considerable thought on parties and politics. Disraeli figures favorably as Jacobi. Lord Palmerston, who is admirably drawn as Lord Tiverton. Graham, rather harshly painted, as Sir John Everard Grimstone. Peel is not disguised at all, and Lord John Russell scarcely."

Correspondence of the American Revolution. Edited by Jared Sparks. 4 vols. The twelve volumes of the Washington Letters are necessarily incomplete without the letters which replied to the questions asked, or to which they were themselves replies. Hence these volumes. We do not see that Mr. Sparks, once committed to his task, had any choice in the matter; but neither can it be denied that the result is somewhat formidable. Sixteen ponderous volumes of ponderous letters—each volume containing about five hundred and fifty pages—are enough to alarm even a lover of big books. The *Athenæum* says of this work: "A correspondence so extensive, were it as luminous as it is voluminous, could scarcely hope to obtain a large popular acceptance. Still it was a useful thing—a necessary thing in its way—to gather at the present time, while papers are in existence, all the documentary and authentic memorials of the War of Independence. The days of Washington were the heroic times of America. Washington himself is the hero of a great continent:—a hero, all of whose proportions are noble, and whose figure grows in the love and reverence of mankind with every passing year. With the sole exception of Napoleon, he is the most conspicuous personage in modern history:—and he has the vast advantage over his Italian rival in fame, that his genius was essentially moral, so that he could rule himself as well as he could sway the mind and direct the energies of his countrymen. Of such a man the memorials are infinitely precious. They concern not only the country which he served by his genius, but the world to which he left the example of his moderation and his virtues."

## ITEMS.

Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Panizzi have made their

customary annual Return to Parliament about the Library of the British Museum. The estimated number of volumes now in the Library is 510,110. Mr. Panizzi's New General or Supplementary Catalogue (of which only three copies exist, and those in MS.) has run to 805 volumes!—containing, it is estimated, the titles of 135,000 volumes of printed books.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the Geologist, in a leading article in the *Witness* newspaper, of which he is editor, has written an able and ingenious reply to Mr. Macaulay's assertion, in his late Indian speech, of the superiority of distinguished university men for the practical affairs of life. The instances adduced by Mr. Miller, if they do not refute Mr. Macaulay's statements, at least show how much may be said on the other side of the question. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School,—John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John, of Hunter Square, Edinburgh; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe." "Oliver Cromwell got but indifferently through college; John Churchill spelt but badly, even after he had beaten all the most accomplished soldiers of France; and Arthur Wellesley was but an uninformed and vacant young lad for some time after acquiring his first commission." In literature, besides Scott, the instances of Goldsmith, Cowper, Dryden, Swift, Chalmers, Johnson, and others, are cited, to show that excellence is often attained after the absence of precocity. Mr. Miller's own case is one in point, where highest scientific and literary eminence has been gained without juvenile scholastic distinctions. Mr. Macaulay's rhetorical paradoxes must, therefore, be received with great mistrust.

Thackeray has a new serial in preparation.

Mr. Samuel Warren's works will shortly be republished in a cheap form, in weekly and monthly parts, commencing with the *Diary of a Physician*.

Mr. Prosper Mérimée has been named by the French Emperor a member of the Senate. This nomination gives him a salary of £1200 a year. M. Mérimée is favorably known in modern literature.

His Majesty the King of Hanover has conferred on Mr. S. W. Fullon, the author of *The Marvels of Science*, and their Testimony to Holy Writ, the Hanoverian medal of the Arts and Sciences, to mark his approbation of that work.—It is not generally known that the King of Hanover exhibited powers as an author which might have enabled him to attain distinguished eminence in literature, had not the ordinary and most urgent motives for their exertions been neutralized or excluded by his exalted rank. In 1839 his Majesty, then Crown Prince, published anonymously at Hanover, a little work in German, entitled, *Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Music* (Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music), which was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1840, in an article beginning thus: "This little work is the well known, although not openly avowed, production of Prince George of Hanover; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to it, as incontestably establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished amongst contemporary seions of royalty."

The Great Industrial Exhibition is making the

tour of the world. The *Frankfort Journal* states, that the Bavarian Government has resolved on the erection of an edifice, on the model of the Hyde Park Palace, for the Zollverein exhibition,—at a cost of 800,000 florins.

It is the intention of the Prussian Government to hold next year in Berlin a general Exhibition of the Arts of Germany. The plan is, to assemble the most remarkable works and products which have appeared within the last five and twenty years, a period which goes back to the revival of German art. The various German States will shortly be invited to co-operate.

From a return just issued it appears that there were eleven pensions granted between the 20th of June, 1852, and the 20th of June last, charged upon the civil list, amounting to £1200. To John Russell Hind, the astronomer, £200; Gideon Algernon Mantell, the geologist, £100; Caroline Southey (widow of the late poet laureat), £200; Nancy Taylor, (widow of Colonel Taylor, killed at Sobraon), £100; Francis Ronalds, for discoveries in electricity, &c., £75; Charles Richardson, author, £75; Louisa Stuart Costello, authoress, £75; Jane Pugin, wife of R. W. Pugin, architect, £100; Elizabeth Hester Colby, wife of Major-General Colby, £100; Wm. Jerdan, "in consideration of his services to literature for many years, and his distressed circumstances at an advanced period of life, £100;" and Elizabeth M. Dunbar, widow of the late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, £75, and her three daughters, for the survivors or survivor of them.

A tribute has been rendered to the memory of Dr. Mantell, in a memoir read by a Member of the Council of the Clapham Athenæum, in the welfare of which institution, Dr. Mantell took an active interest. An obituary notice, written in the 'American Journal of Science,' by Professor Silliman, is appended to the Clapham memorial, the whole presenting a flattering and agreeable portrait of Dr. Mantell's personal and scientific character.

MR. CHARLES BLOOMFIELD, eldest son of the author of 'The Farmer's Boy,' died on the 26th inst. in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was formerly connected with the press, but the last fifteen years of his life were passed in the office of Messrs. Weir and Smith, solicitors, Basinghall street.

The submarine electro-telegraphic communication between Great Britain and Ireland has at length been successfully completed.

An interesting palæontologic discovery has just been made at Villefranche, near Lyons in France, in the execution of some railway works, consisting of the remains of some huge antediluvian animals. They are in a fair state of preservation. Amongst them are a tusk, which though broken is about two and a quarter yards in length, and two jaw-bones of such monstrous dimensions, that it is said to have required twelve men to carry them.

#### GOSSIP.

A GRANDSON of William Wilberforce is preparing a book of travel in Brazil, including some remarks on slavery there.

Hurst and Blackett have in the press *Memoirs of*

*Dr. Abernethy, with a View of his Writings, Lectures, and Character*, by George Macilwain.

Professor Faraday's explanation of the mystery of table-turning has been translated into all the newspapers in Paris, and has excited very great attention.

The Sultan has conferred the Order of Medschitshe on Rossini, as a reward for his having composed two military marches for Turkey.

M. Francis Arago, whose death has been more than once reported, is dangerously ill at Pessignan, where he went from the baths of the Pyrenees.

The Chair of Botany at the Jardin des Plantes, vacant by the death of M. Ad. de Jussieu, has been abolished, and one of Palæontology has been substituted, to which M. Alcide d'Orbigny has been appointed.

"Between the 11th December, 1851, and the 11th December, 1852," wrote Alexandre Dumas a few days ago to the editor of one of the principal journals, "I have written a work in five volumes, called *Conscience l'Innocent*; another in twelve volumes, called the *Comtesse de Charny*; another in six volumes, called the *Pasteur d'Ashbourn*; another in six volumes, called *Isaac Laqueden*; another in two volumes, called *Leone Leona*; and, in addition, eight volumes of the *Memoirs of my Life*. Adding to these about a volume of other writings, which I do not take the trouble to recapitulate, I arrive at a total of forty volumes, which comprise something like 120,000 lines or 8,000,000 letters. Such has been my year's work."

The young men of Edinburgh have petitioned Parliament in favor of an extension of Mr. Ewart's Act to that country.

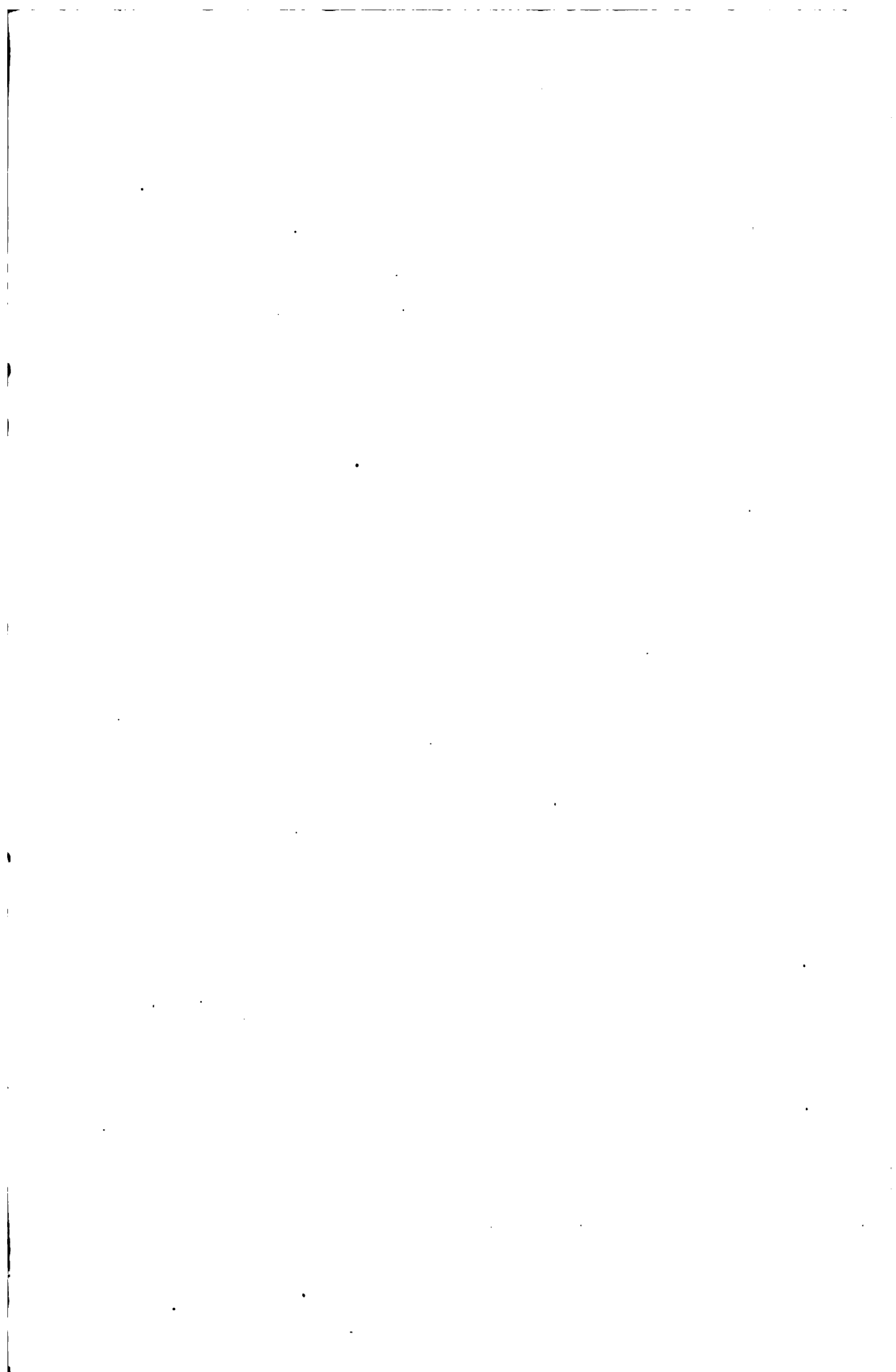
The select committee of the House of Commons recommend that free libraries, mechanics' institutions, and other public institutions be supplied with Parliamentary papers. The committee recommend that a committee be appointed at the commencement of each session to consider all applications made for Parliamentary papers.

The House of Commons Committee on Decimal Coinage have concluded their inquiries; and it is reported that the members are of one opinion in favor of its adoption,—taking the pound as integer, divisible into a thousand mills or farthings.

A case of specimens of Swedish porphyry from the royal quarries at Elfdal has arrived in England. These specimens include fifteen distinct varieties, some of great beauty. They have been presented to the Crystal Palace Company by Mr. Charles Henry Edwards.

Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall, has offered an exhibition of 20*l.* per annum, for three years' residence, to any body educated at the Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, whom the master may select as fittest for the University. Lord Delawarr and Mr. J. R. West have each given 100*l.* towards the fund, and other sums have been subscribed to the amount of 425*l.*

The Geographical Society of Berlin, in its last sitting, was informed that the Russian Government intends to measure the degrees of the meridian from Cape North (latitude 72½° north) to the mouths of the Danube (latitude 45½° north.)







Henry Hallam.

Portrait by Sir Martin Sheppard, 1840.

The power  
of the people  
is the power of the people.

We have seen  
some of the  
most powerful  
of the people  
in the world  
and we have seen  
the power of the people  
in the world.

On this Lord John observed that the  
reader will not wonder that he has thought  
it right to comply with the request of his  
deceased friend. To the general proposi-  
tion we cheerfully assent, but the manner  
in which the task has been executed is a

faces to the collected edition of his works,  
secondly, a number of letters, already above

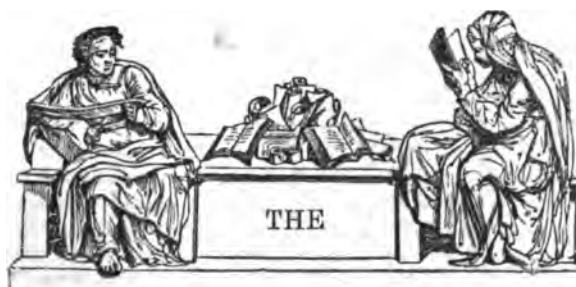
\* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of  
Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honorable  
Lord John Russell, M. P. Vols. I, II, III, and IV.  
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Henry Hallam.

March 10, 1881.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1853.

From the Quarterly Review.

## MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.\*

[This powerful article, intended to annihilate the popular Whig poet and partisan, is from the pen of the Tory Corypheus, J. Hilme Croker, and is in his best style.—Ed.]

WE have given our general views of Mr. Moore's literary character, as well as of some of his principal productions, so fully on former occasions that, on the present, we shall confine our observations to the *special contents* of the volumes before us. This is a task which we wish we could have spared ourselves; for we have but little to commend either in the substance or the circumstances of the publication—which has not merely disappointed the general reader, but must, we believe, have given pain to every one who has any regard for the memory of poor Moore.

The book presents us with, first, an autobiographical sketch of Moore's earlier life, of which a good deal seems to us very apocryphal, and what is of any value has been already before the public in the prefaces to the collected edition of his works; secondly, a number of letters, already above

400, chiefly to his mother, and Mr. Power the publisher of his "Melodies;" thirdly—but much the larger and more important section, occupying half the second and the whole of the third and fourth volumes—a Diary—beginning in August, 1818—and thenceforward most assiduously and minutely kept—of not merely the incidents of his literary and domestic life, but the sayings and doings of the extensive and variegated society in which he moved.

These materials he bequeathed under the following clause of his will (dated 1828):—

"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family."—*Preface*, p. i.

On this Lord John observes "that the reader will not wonder that he has thought it right to comply with the request of his deceased friend." To the general proposition we cheerfully assent, but the manner in which the task has been executed is a

\* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M. P. Vols. I, II, III, and IV. 1853.

very different question. Every one recollects his friend Sydney Smith's description of his Lordship's readiness to undertake *any* thing and *every* thing—to build St. Paul's—cut for the stone—or command the Channel fleet." We cannot guess what he might have been as an architect, an anatomist, or an admiral, but he is assuredly a very *indifferent* editor.

His position, indeed, is altogether a strange one. We see him in the political world executing the most important duties without an office, and in his literary capacity accepting a very important office, without performing its most ordinary duties. He is also, we find, simultaneously editing the correspondence of Mr. Fox. Yet it evidently never once occurs to him, that one who has so many irons in the fire runs a risk of burning his fingers.

In the first place, the volumes are—what is called—*edited* in the most slovenly and perfunctory style. For instance:—

At the close of the letters we find one of the few, and generally very idle notes that he condescends to give us:—

"\*.\* These letters are, many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.—J.R."—i. 141.

"*Fear!*" any one who had read the Letters must have been *sure* of it; and why is it so? What is the use of an *editor* but to look after such things? and, in this case, we really believe that it might have been done by an hour's attentive perusal and comparison with the other contents of the volumes. But the materials are not only negligently misplaced—but, if Lord John had, as he intimates, a power of *selection*, in many instances very ill chosen. We by no means quarrel with his having given us much that may appear trifling—it was incident to the nature of the task he had undertaken—but we smile at the pompous solemnity with which he endeavors to excuse such an ungifted accumulation of littleness and nothings as we have now before us.

"Mr. Moore," his Lordship says, "was one of those men whose *genius* was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life and the lesser traits of his character."—p. vi.

To this we may make the old reply, *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. Mr. Moore was a lively and a popular writer, and a most agreeable companion, and well entitled to a special biography, but we never imagined that

the recesses of his private life were to afford anything so emphatically important to mankind.

Admitting, however, as we are quite willing to do, the amusement and even the instruction to be derived from a Dutch delineation of the smaller details of social life, it is essential even to that petty pleasure to know something about the company into which we are thus introduced. Of the many hundred persons who are more or less prominent actors in the long *melo-drame* of Moore's life, there are not above a couple of dozen that would not require a nomenclator, while the editor has not thought fit to fix the identity of *any one*, and leaves us a mere mob of undistinguishable names. There are, or seem to be, five or six different tribes of *Moors*, three or four septs of *Nugents*, four or five clans of *Douglasses*, *Smiths* in their usual abundance, and long strings of "Brown—Jones—Robinson," and the like, but not a hint from the writer or the editor which of the Browns, Joneses, or Robinsons is the party concerned. Lord John, we admit, may say that in the great majority of cases we should probably think any explanation that could be given very barren and unprofitable. Just so: but what is that excuse but a proof that the greater part of the work is itself unprofitable and barren; for what interest can there be about the sayings and doings of people whose personal identity is not even worth realizing?

There is one instance of this neglect or reserve so remarkable and so unaccountable that it seems to throw something of suspicion where we are sure Lord John could have had none—we mean the announcement of Moore's *marriage*. We need not say in what a variety of ways such an event influences any man's subsequent life. In Moore's case it seems to have been singularly imprudent, and if not clandestine, at least very mysterious, and must have been the cause of much embarrassment, and in spite of his joyous and sanguine temper, of constant anxiety. Almost every page of the Diary, and many pages twice or thrice over, testify how vividly, how ostentatiously he produces and reproduces the happy consequences of this alliance; but those who will take the trouble of looking closer will see that he seems to have been in a constant fidget about the various shades of coolness or countenance with which his choice was received, and that his feelings towards individuals were evidently sweetened or soured according to this special influence; and yet all that

either he or his editor tells us on this affair which predominates over every hour of his after life is this—

—At page 252 of the first volume, under date "*May, 1811,*" he writes to his mother that he is to meet at breakfast at Lady Donegal's\* and at dinner at Mr. Rogers's,

"A person whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week."

To which the editor appends this note:—

"Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke on *March 22, 1811,* at St. Martin's Church in London."

Surely after Lord John's dissertation on the necessity of the world's being made acquainted with the minute details of Mr. Moore's life, it is very strange to find him thus slurring over the chief personage and topic of all. We throw into a foot note a few words on this subject (chiefly collected from the Diary) which seem necessary to supply the editor's injudicious omission, and to explain Moore's real position. We do so the more willingly, lest our silence, added to that of Lord John, should lead to a suspicion that anything should be truly said derogatory in the slightest degree from the merits of "this excellent person," as she is, no doubt justly, described by Lord John, and by every one else that we have ever heard speak of her.†

\* Barbara, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Godfrey, became in 1790, the third wife of the first Marquis [then Earl] of Donegal. He died in 1799. Lady Donegal and her sisters Mary and Philippa seem to have lived together; hence Moore always speaks of them as the *Donegals*. They were amongst the earliest, kindest, and most sensible of Moore's friends; and a few of Miss Mary Godfrey's letters to him, full of lively talk and excellent advice, are certainly the best things in the volumes. It is not stated, and we very much doubt, that Lady Donegal knew anything of Miss Dyke before the marriage, but she immediately, as Moore phrases it, "took her by the hand." Lady Donegal died in 1829. Of Miss Godfrey we regret that we know nothing but her half-dozen agreeable letters.

† Mr. Dyke was, we are informed, a subaltern actor on the Irish stage; he also gave lessons in dancing and showed some artistic talents in scene painting. He had three daughters; the eldest married a Mr. Duff, also, we have been informed, on the stage, and the youngest Mr. Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre [ii. 208]; the second, Elizabeth, born in 1793, was the wife of Moore. They were all on the stage, [i. 304], when young as dancers, and afterwards as actresses; in both these capacities they were engaged to fill the female parts in the *Amateur Theatricals* of Kilkenny in the years 1809 and 1810, when Moore, then one of the performers

But besides these obvious defects of Lord John's editorial system, some questions of more serious importance present themselves. He considers it, he says "clear," that

"by assigning to me the task of 'looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals' he might leave behind him, 'for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise,' he meant to leave much to my discretion."—i. ix.

It is clear Lord John could not rationally have accepted the duty without some degree of control—not, however, and arbitrary, but a responsible control.

When a man of strong party feelings like Lord John Russell has an unlimited power over a miscellaneous mass of papers, written on the spur of every transient feeling by a *partizan of his own*, and teeming with all the political partialities and personal antipathies of their *common* habits and opinions, it would be only fair to tell us *distinctly* at the outset, whether he makes a *selection* or whether he prints in *extenso* the whole work as he finds it; and in the former case he should indicate by *blanks* or *asterisks* where any suppression occurs. We observe that Lord John in a few places does introduce, in the exercise of his discretion, blanks and asterisks. This would imply that he has made *no other* suppressions—and, if so, the Diary must have been, on the whole singularly inoffensive, and a dozen similar suppressions would have removed the chief blots of this kind that we have heard complained of; but here a recent circumstance suggests some rather puzzling considerations. There occurs in the Diary the following passage:—

"June 16, 1825.—Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sidney Smith and his family, Luttrell, Lord John

[and it is said a very good one], became acquainted with them, and enamoured of Miss E. Dyke. The courtship commenced at Kilkenny [iv. 103], was continued in Dublin [ib. 126], but, it seems, without the knowledge of his family, as his mother, we see, did not hear of the match for two months after it had taken place, and then as being with "one she little dreamed of." It appears that these young persons were always under the care of their mother, and their personal characters were irreproachable. The Kilkenny play-bills supply a fact that should be noticed. The season was about the October of each year. In 1809, Miss E. Dyke appears constantly, and she and Moore played repeatedly *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom* together. In 1810, her name is not found in the bills, and her sisters took her usual parts. We conclude that Moore had then made up his mind to the match, and his delicacy had induced the lady to quit the stage.

[Russell], Sharpe, &c.,—highly amusing. Talked of Sir Robert Wilson :—after the battle of Leipsic, to the gaining of which he was instrumental. Lord Castlereagh, in sending over to Lord Stewart the public document, containing the order for thanks to Wilson, among others, on the occasion, accompanied it with a private one, desiring Lord Stewart [now Marquis of Londonderry] to avoid the thanks to Wilson as much as he could, in order not to give a triumph to his party. Lord Stewart, by mistake, showed this letter instead of the public one, to Wilson, who has had the forbearance never to turn it against the Government since.”—iv. 291.

This very naturally produced a letter from Lord Londonderry to Lord John, denying the whole statement, and strongly reproaching him with not having consulted any of the legitimate and accessible sources of information which were within both his private and official reach, and which would have shown that the story was a scandalous falsehood. Lord John's answer was prompt and gentleman-like :—

“*Chesham Place, May 21, 1853.*

“MY LORD—I AM deeply concerned that the passage to which your Lordship alludes should have been published by me.

“My first impulse on reading it was to strike it out, both as extremely improbable in itself and as injurious to the memory of the late Lord Londonderry. [!.] In the hurry with which the publication was conducted, for a peculiar purpose, the passage was afterwards overlooked. I shall, however, expunge it from a new edition which is now preparing. The anecdote itself I had entirely forgotten; nor do I know who mentioned it, in the year 1825, at Mr. Rogers's breakfast-table.

“It is certainly inconsistent with the bold and open character of the late Lord Londonderry.

“Your Lordship's denial that there was any foundation for it is enough to prove its falsehood, nor do I require for that purpose the additional testimony of Mr. Bidwell. The story must be placed among those calumnies which float in the idle gossip of the day, and I must repeat to your Lordship my regret that I should have been instrumental in reviving it.

“I have the honor to be, &c.,

“J. RUSSELL.

“The Marquis of Londonderry.”

This candid and graceful explanation is, of course, quite satisfactory as to the facts of the Castlereagh and Wilson case, but it is rather the reverse on the point which we are discussing, and which is of more extensive consequence. In the first place, the proposed suppression in a second edition could go but a short way in remedying the specific mischief—since, as we presume, the sale of the *editio princeps* has been extensive ;—but

besides, we think that *other* parties calumniated in Moore's Diary have an interest in having this flagrant proof of its inaccuracy kept on record. Lord John's reparation to Lord Londonderry should be, not the suppression of the passage, but the addition of a note to correct it. But we must further, and with a more general view, observe that Lord John's statement that, when he first read it, “*his impulse was to strike it out*”—though it was “*afterwards overlooked*”—admits that he exercised the power of expunging passages which he thought “*injurious*” or even “*improbable*”—a vast power in partizan hands, and which substitutes Lord John Russell's private judgment for Mr. Moore's evidence. It further associates Lord John in the responsibility of ALL the “*injurious*” or “*improbable gossip*” which these volumes actually contain—it proves the culpable heedlessness with which he deals with his own editorial duties and with other folks' feelings—and it confesses that the Diary issued to the world under his auspices was in fact a receptacle for “*calumnies which floated in the idle gossip of the day*.” These are serious admissions, nor is their importance in any degree diminished by his attempting to lay a share of the blame on the “*hurry with which, for a particular purpose, the publication was conducted*.” He might have been in some “*hurry*” to conclude the bargain with the bookseller;—there might even be some hurry in arranging and getting out the first *livraison* of the work; but this is in the *second batch*—which was a long time delayed—and would have equally, as far as we can see, answered its “*peculiar purpose*” if it had been delayed till the whole was completed. We are, however, glad that things have turned out as they have. We are glad that Lord John had not time to expunge the passage, for it now helps to characterize the Diary, and it might be produced by and by, when Lord Londonderry would not be alive to contradict it, and the memories of his brother and himself would have remained stigmatised to posterity for a most base fraud.

But, though we think that Lord John Russell's editorial proceedings are very questionable, we must on the other hand admit—supposing that there have been no serious deviations from the original materials—that a more diligent editor could not have remedied in any essential degree the innate defects of the book. So voluminous a polyglot of gossip—such a gigantic distention of nothings and next to nothings—cannot,

we believe, be paralleled, even in its present state; and what may it not grow to? The present work occupies but *seven years*—1818-1825—of Moore's life—so that *five or six and twenty* remain. Not that it is all mere gossip, nor all trivial; nor unamusing—nor even altogether uninteresting. Its most substantial value is, undoubtedly, that it throws a great deal of light, and *corrective* light, both on Moore's genius and the character and tendency of his most popular works; and the "*world*," we admit, may be in some degree the better for it—as Rousseau's *Confessions* tended to correct the mischief of the *Héloïse* and the *Emile*. It also affords some glimpses (though less than might be expected) of the state of society and manners. It sketches or rather touches—slightly indeed, and seldom impartially—many public characters; and skims over as much of the literature of the day as had any relation to Moore's own productions. But these more interesting topics are so loosely and incidentally handled, so comparatively scant in quantity, and so scattered through the inferior matter, that we do the Diary no injustice in calling it like Gratiano's talk—"an infinite deal of nothing, two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:"—or to use Moore's own words, which are really prophetic of this work in an extraordinary degree—

"With crumbs of *gossip* caught from *dining* wits,  
And half-heard jokes *bequeathed* like half-chewed bits,  
With each ingredient served up oft before,  
But with fresh *fudge* and *fiction* garnish'd  
o'er."—*Works*, p. 520.

Any extent of extract for which we could find room would give a very imperfect idea of the *miscellaneity* of the whole, and the tenuity of at least half of the Diary; but, as our readers ought to have some general idea of the style and the fashion of the work, we shall lay before them a transcript in *extenso* of a couple of pages—and, to escape all cavil as to our selection of entries, we shall take the four or five at the commencement of his last year of exile at Paris and the first at his residence in Wiltshire after his return.

"1822, *January 1st*.—Walked out with Bessy [his wife] in the morning to choose an *étrenne* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took two games of forfeit; drank

champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

"2nd.—Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party. Went from thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the *divertissement* in the Opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod, and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Elysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera; stayed only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to-day.

"3rd.—Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons: no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers), which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy goes to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box."—iii. 313-14.

Such were among the most rational of the Parisian days and nights. As to those of the Wiltshire cottage—

"*Sloperton, January 1st, 1823*.—The coat (a Kilkenny uniform) which I sent to town to be new-lined for the fancy ball to-morrow night, not yet arrived. Walked to Bowood. Found Lady Lansdowne and Jekyll, Lady L. again expressing her strong admiration of the poem. Said she had proposed to the Bowleses to dine at Bowood on Saturday, and hoping that Bessy would have no objection to be of the party.

"2nd.—Obliged to make shift for to night, by transferring the cut steel buttons from my dress coat to a black one, and having it lined with white silk. Dined with the Phippses. Went in the same way as before; Mrs. P. dressed as a Sultana and looking very well. The ball at a Mrs. Hardman's (a German) beyond Devizes; odd enough, and amusing, though in a small ill-lighted room. Two fine girls there, the Miss Holtons, the eldest beautiful. Not home till between four and five.

"4th.—The day very wet. Had promised the Bowleses to meet them at dinner at Bowood to-day (Bessy having given up the whole plan), and go on with them to Bremhill, to stay till Monday, but sent an excuse, and offered myself to the Lansdownes for to-morrow instead. An answer from Lady Lansdowne, begging me to stay till Tuesday, and as much longer as Mrs. Moore could spare me."—iv. 32.

"5th.—Have received several new papers with reviews of the poem; all very favorable. Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippses, &c.



These extracts, though affording no doubt an average sample of the whole, happen to contain no entries of a class of mere trivialities too large to be left altogether out of our account, but of which a very small taste will suffice—such as his thus registering (A. D. 1819) for the benefit of posterity when and where he ate an ice:—

- "Sept. 8th.—Eat ice at the Milles Colonnes."—iii. 7.  
 "9th.—An ice at the Milles Colonnes."—ib.  
 "10th.—Eat an ice at Tortoni's."—p. 8.  
 "16th.—Took an ice with Lord John at Ruchesses"—p. 11:—

and whether when he went next summer—(A. D. 1820)—to lodge at Sèvres, he got to town (on his almost daily visit) by a cab or an omnibus:—

- "July 7th.—Villamile and I went in a cuckoo."—ib. 126.  
 "13th.—To town in a *célérier*."—  
 "Aug. 4th.—Returned in a *célérier*."

And so on in fifty places—varying occasionally the *cuckoo* and *célérier* for the *gondole* and the *Parisienne*. He might just as well have added the *Nos.* and the *fare*.

With what possible object could he, even the morning after they had happened, register such events as the following of his country life?—

- "1823, Dec. 29th.—[Dined] at Dr. Starkey's. Company, the Phippes, Hughes, and ourselves. The P.'s left us at home at eight.  
 " "Dec. 4th.—Power [the Music publisher] arrived. . . . Asked the Phippes to dinner, as Power had bought fish and oysters.  
 " "Dec. 5th.—The Phippes again dine with us to finish the fish. Also Hughes."—iv. 151.

Or in London:—

- "1825, Sept. 8th.—Walked about with Luttrell, but he was obliged to go home, not being well!"—iv. 315.  
 " "Sept. 17th.—Called at Power's on my way to Shoe-lane, and felt such a sinking in my stomach, that—I stopped to dine with him."—ib. 317.

The Diary, as it is now presented to us, beginning the 18th August, 1818, has all the appearance of being only a continuation. So that it affords no indication of either when or for what precise object it was commenced. It may have been in part designed as a *bonâ fide* collection of memoranda for an autobiography—partly as a repository for

odds and ends that might be turned to account in some literary shape or other—and evidently as a magazine of jokes and stories, to be occasionally brought out *à la Jos Miller* in conversation. He may also have calculated that it might one day be a profitable pecuniary speculation for the benefit of his family—an idea which the gift of the *Byron Memoirs*, and the price of 2000 guineas for which he sold them, may have confirmed; but neither this nor any other conjecture we can make will account for the quantity of lower topics which intrude themselves. We suppose that he must have intended to revise and expurgate them.

But there was, no doubt, a still earlier feeling—one indeed, in a greater or less degree, at the bottom of all diaries written for publication—personal vanity;—and this influence, which is "like Aaron's rod and swallow all the rest," very speedily showed its predominancy. It is as constant and as strong in his journals as in poor Madame D'Arblay's—though unquestionably he manages it with more tact and dexterity. In his social manners it was admirably veiled, and no one we ever saw received so much personal admiration with more ease and simplicity. But such reserve is hardly maintainable when a man is soliloquizing in the tempting solitude and (as he tries to persuade himself) the secrecy of a Diary. It is a kind of intellectual dram-drinking, which becomes irresistible and ends in a *delirium tremens* of morbid vanity. We are satisfied that neither Lord Landsdowne, nor Mr. Rogers, nor any one of Moore's habitual society, had any idea of the extent of this weakness. Sometimes it transpires slyly in little inuendoes of his own—sometimes he puts it adroitly, oftener clumsily, into the mouths of other persons—sometimes it flares out boldly in long transcripts from books, newspapers or letters. The amount of the Diary which this sort of matter occupies would be incredible if we did not produce rather copious specimens of the various ingenious devices by which Moore manages to tickle himself:—

- "Received a letter from Rogers, which begins thus:—'What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed.'"—iv. 139.

Born "at the corner of Little Longford Street" with a rose in his mouth, and not, as most people are, in his mother's bed, but in

his own! Was Mr. Rogers laughing at him?

"Saw the Examiner, which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the Chronicle, and says 'Their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate the poet and patriot from whose pen they come.'"—iii. 224.

"The Examiner quoted some lines I had sent to Perry [of the morning Chronicle], and added, 'We think we can recognize whose easy and sparkling hand it is.' I wonder he found me out."—ii. 183.

Other persons might be in doubt whether there was not some other poet and patriot, and some other easy and sparkling hand in all England: but Moore has no doubt at all, and finds himself out directly.

"A flourishing speech of Sheil's about me in the Irish papers. Says I am the first poet of the day, and join the beauty of the bird of Paradise's plumes to the strength of the eagle's wing."—iv. 243.

One is at first surprised to find copied into Moore's London Diary an extract from "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," about Mr. Jeffrey's dress at an evening party at Edinburgh—A.D. 1819. It seems the last thing to be expected in another man's autobiography, and to be left by him for re-publication:—on looking closer we find the cause—

"He [Peter] says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, 'In short he is more of a dandy than any great author I ever saw—always excepting Tom Moore.'"—ii. 357.

Argal—Moore is, even by the hostile evidence of *Peter*, a great author!

Going one night to Almack's he asks a lady whether she did not think Lady Charlemont lovely—"Beautiful," replied the lady—so notorious a truism that we doubt whether Moore himself would have thought of noticing it—if the lady had not added—"as lovely as Lalla Rookh herself!" (ii. 333.)

Of the conversation of a most accomplished gentleman and scholar, whom he mentions as *Duncan of Oxford*—and whom, of course, he had not had the good fortune to meet before—he can remember only his having said, after having heard a speech of Moore's at a Literary Institution at Bath, "I have had that sweet oratory ringing in my ears all night." (iv. 273.)

Mr. Bowles publishes one of his controversial pamphlets on Pope, which Moore used habitually to laugh at as twaddle—but

Bowles, "grown wiser than before," secures honorable mention of this one by an inscription transcribed from his fugitive title-page into the safer asylum of the *Diary*—"inter Poetas suaves, suavissimo." (iv. 273.)

Moore laughs at the vanity of old Delille, who, on Lord Holland having paid him an elaborate but well-turned compliment in French, answered, "Savez vous, Milord, que ce que vous dites-là est très joli" (iv. 276); but he does not see anything ridiculous in having himself registered a few pages before, that, on hearing Moore himself sing, the Duchess de Broglie had "exclaimed continually, Oh, Dieu! que c'est joli!"

On the 28th Nov., 1818, he goes to dine with Mr. Rogers's brother and sister, at Highbury, and finds "Miss Rogers very agreeable." No doubt; and we dare say the lady was always so; but what was the peculiar agreeability of that day?—

"She mentioned that she had had a letter from a friend in Germany saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read"—

Milton, Shakspeare?—No:—

"Lord Byron and ME."—ii. 229.

"Bayly" takes him to an amateur play and fancy ball. Moore remembers but one detail:—"an allusion to me, in the epilogue by Bayly, as *Erin's matchless squire*, &c., brought thunders of applause and stares on me." (iv. 274.)

He meets Lady Cochrane at an assembly—is introduced to her—finds her "pretty and odd,"—which he exemplifies by her having told him "that she would at any time have walked ten miles barefoot to see me." (iv. 290.)

He dines with his old friend Lord Strangford at the Athenæum, and both are delighted with his renewal of their early habits. Two days after he meets his Lordship, who, with true diplomatic tact, reads him part of a letter he had had from Lady Strangford, saying how pleased she was at his account of the meeting, and adding, "*I shall henceforward love Moore as much as I have always admired him.*"

His daughter's schoolmistress at Bath fails—and her pupils are sent home; another offers to take the child:—"terms would be a minor consideration indeed with the daughter of such a man as Moore!" (iv. 313.)

When he has a mind to regale himself with some flattering recollections which do

not exactly fall in with the thread of the Diary, he drags them in with a *by the bye*—which is with Moore a happy version of a *propos de bottles*:—

"*By the bye*, was pleased to hear from Rogers that Luttrell said, 'If any body can make such a subject [Captain Rock] lively, Moore will.'"

"*By the bye*, received a letter from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologizing for such a liberty with the *first poet of the age*."—iii. 11.

He meets Mr. Hutchinson, just come from being made M.P. for Cork, where—

"*By the bye*, they hipped and hurried me as the *Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland*. I am becoming a stock toast at their dinners. Had seen this very morning an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny of Cork, when I was drunk as the *Poet and Patriot* with great applause."—ii. 157.

"Forgot, *by the bye*, to take notice of some verses of Luttrell's:—

'I am told, dear Moore, your lays are sung—  
Can it be true, you lucky man?—  
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
Along the streets of Ispahan.'"—iii. 301.

But he does not tell us that Mr. Luttrell's authority for the fact was—Moore himself, who in another *by the bye* tells us where he got it.

"*By the bye*, Mr. Stretch, with whom I walked yesterday [in Paris], said he had been told by the *nephew of the Persian Ambassador*, the Lalla Rookh had been translated into their language, and that the songs are sung about everywhere."—iii. 167.

Moore, generally so profuse of proper names, omits to tell us those of the Persian Ambassador and his nephew—but we have little doubt they were of the illustrious house of *Mamamouchi*, which has had so long a tenure of Oriental embassies at Paris. *Stretch*, too, seems a singularly appropriate name for the retailer of such an Eastern story!

This Mamamouchi report is, we suppose, Moore's authority for saying that Lalla Rookh

"has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and *Persian* languages."

"Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, 'If Mr. Moore wished to be made much of—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his head turned—let him go to Berlin; there is nothing talked of there but Lalla Rookh.'"—iii. 219.

He "meets Mr. and Miss Canning at a Paris dinner, and observed—

"a circumstance which showed a *very pleasant sort of intelligence* between the father and the daughter."—iii. 160.

Our readers will, by this time, not be surprised at the "*pleasant sort*" of sympathy which Moore's ingenuity was on the watch to detect between these two brilliant intelligences. "*I*," adds the Diarist—

"*I told a story* to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical."—*ib.*

Occasionally his self-importance takes a still higher flight. At an Assembly at Devonshire House—

"The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the *Duke of Wellington*, near whom I stood, turned aside *first* to shake hands with me—though the great Captain's hand was waiting ready stretched out."—iv. 76.

Sometimes when we think that he is about to offer a sugar-plum to a bystander, we are surprised at the legerdmain with which he pops it into his own mouth. Thus—Catalani visits Dublin when Moore happened to be there; a Mr. Abbot

"brought my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her *kindness* to Nell, calling her"—

of course one expects some little *kind* compliment to the young lady herself—not a bit of it—

"calling her—*la sœur d'Anacréon*!"

We shall conclude these, after all, scanty samples with one which takes the unusual form of humility, and is, with its context, even more amusing. After a page of recapitulation of the various forms of compliment and odors of incense which he received at a Harmonic meeting at Bath, he concludes with the most amiable *naïveté*:—

"During the ball was stared at on all sides without mercy. *In such a place as BATH* any little *lion* makes a stir."—ii. 280.

This is rather hard on Bath, as we have just seen what pains the same *little lion* takes to let us know that he was making the same kind of *stir* all the world over—in various shapes and distant regions—as a nightingale, a bird of Paradise, an eagle,

and a dandy—at Berlin, Cork, Ispahan, and the corner of Little Longford Street!

In short, Moore reminds us in every page of what Johnson said of that caricature of authorly vanity, old Richardson the novelist—"That fellow could not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation *without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar.*"

This excess of *amour propre*—so judiciously veiled in society, but, as we now see, so active and industrious in turning the smallest circumstances to its own private account—was, of course, as morbidly sensitive of anything to which his fear or his fancy could give a less flattering color. These latter were obviously distasteful matters, and not to be registered; but, like action and reaction, the two opposite but inseparable principles were always at work. We have heard and *seen* many individual complaints of the misrepresentation and malevolence of several passages in the Diary. Of the frequent misrepresentations there can be no doubt; but whatever there may be of malevolence (except always on party matters) we are inclined to attribute rather to the momentary impulses of the *amour propre blessé*, than to any predisposition to ill-nature or cynicism. The truth, we believe, is, that he was naturally kind and loving, but proportionately susceptible of petty jealousies and imaginary slights, and having, as these volumes too clearly show, passed his whole life in a more habitual state of *public exhibition* than any other person—not being a professional performer—that we ever heard of, he acquired much of the irritability of professional people—outwardly checked, indeed, but internally sharpened by his anxiety to combine his artistic powers of amusing with the dignity of an author and the independence of a private gentleman. In society he played these united parts admirably. The Diary has now furnished us with a less satisfactory analysis of the elements.

We are restrained, by considerations too obvious to require explanation, from entering into the individual complaints to which we have just alluded; but it would be a dereliction of our duty not to apprise our readers that they involve grave charges of inaccuracy, misstatement, and culpable insincerity on his part. We have had an opportunity of examining the evidence in some of the cases—and we regret to say, there must be, on all those counts, an unhesitating verdict against Moore.

There is one instance of the caution with which his most deliberate assertions of facts should be received that is innocuous and "highly amusing." He was extremely sore on the subject of his ridiculous duel with Jeffrey, when the Bow Street officer who interrupted the proceeding found that *one* at least of the pistols had no ball. We find in these volumes a formal account of the affair from his own pen—some of which is certainly untrue, and most of it, we think, colored and discolored.

We have no doubt of Moore's courage, or that *he* meant to fight, but we incline to suspect that his *second*, Doctor Thomas Hume,\* always considered an honest and good-hearted man, saw the extreme absurdity of the quarrel, which Moore, in a very wanton and braggadocio style, chose to fasten on Jeffrey, and being intrusted, as Moore admits, by Jeffrey's friend Horner—*propter ignorantiam*—with the loading of both pistols, very wisely omitted to insert any balls; and that this omission (unnoticed by the anxious and inept Horner) was the reason why the Irish doctor refused to sign a fine statement on the subject which Moore had drawn up—a refusal which, adds Moore, occasioned an estrangement of thirty years between him and that old friend. How it happened (as the police report seems to indicate) that a bullet was found in one of the pistols (Moore's) and in the other a paper pellet, we cannot explain, unless by the supposition that Hume, after the interruption, contrived to slip the bullet into one pistol and had not time or opportunity to do so in the other. It may be thought, no doubt, an easier solution to suppose (with Jeffrey's learned biographer among others) that the pistols were fairly but loosely loaded, and that one bullet dropped out; but if that had been the case, there was no reason why Hume should have refused to attest Moore's statement.

But there are points of Moore's narrative which exhibit strong specimens of that species of rodomontade which throws doubt over all the rest. He says of the evening before the meeting—

"I forget where I dined, but *I know* it was not in company. Hume had left to me the task of

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\* Not, as has been sometimes supposed, Dr. J. R. Hume, the friend and physician of the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Thomas Hume was for some time attached to the army in the Peninsula—which accounts for this confusion of him with a more distinguished medical officer.

providing powder and bullets, which I *bought in the course of the evening at some shop in Bond-street*, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score duels."—i. 202.

*All a fable.* We have before us a letter of his to Lord Strangford, then minister at Lisbon, written on the eve of the great encounter, which contradicts every syllable of the foregoing statement, and is curious also on other accounts:—

"MY DEAR STRANGFORD,—I have owed you a letter this long time, and now that I do write, it will be perhaps for the last time. I have thought proper to call out Mr. Jeffrey, who has been so long abusing you and me, and we are to fight to-morrow morning at Chalk-farm. I am afraid, my dear Strangford, much as I value you, I should have forgot sending a valedictory word to you if it were not for a pretty little woman who has this moment reminded me of a promise I made to procure her letters from you for Madeira. The cloth has been but this instant taken from the table, and, though *to-morrow may be my last view of the bright sun*, I shall (as soon as I have finished this letter) drink to the health of my Strangford with as unaffected a warmth as ever I have felt in the wildest days of our fellowship. My dear fellow, *if they want a biographer of me when I am gone, I think in your hands I should meet with most kind embalmment*, so pray, say something for me: and now to the object of my letter. Mrs. W—, a very particular friend of mine, is ordered by her physicians to Madeira, and she thinks it would be pleasant to know some of the Portuguese grandees of the island: if you can get her letters from your friends at Lisbon, you will oblige me not a little. Who knows, my dear Strangford, but it may be a *posthumous* obligation? For fear of the worst, send the letters enclosed to Mrs. W—, W— street, London, and remember me as one who has felt your good and social qualities, who at this moment recalls with pleasure the days he has spent with you, and who hopes that his good genius to-morrow will allow him to renew them hereafter. *These fine women have their glasses filled to your health.* So good bye.

God bless you, yours while I live.

Sunday, August 10th.

T. MOORE.

We shall say nothing of the silly vaporing style of this letter, which would certainly be a most characteristic prelude to a mock duel. We need only observe that *this* was the day that Moore *knows* he did not dine in company, and this—*Sunday*—was the evening on which he *went to a shop in Bond-street* to buy all the superfluity of ammunition. Which of the stories is true? or was either? We must further observe that, as the letter was written late on *Sunday* night, it could hardly have been *posted* till Monday, when it might

have been suppressed as some other valedictory epistles were (i. 207), and a simpler request substituted, which would have spared Lord Strangford a long doubt of his friend's safety; but Moore, it seems, could not resist the temptation of sending it—nay, perhaps, of writing it on the Monday—as a proof of the *anacreontic* spirit with which he could face death *while fine women were filling their glasses*, and that, in the words of his own song, his last hour was dedicated to "*smiles and wine.*"

Next after his own self-worship—if indeed it was not a branch of it—there is nothing so prominent throughout the volumes as his adoration of his wife. Let us say, once more, that she seems to have been worthy of his affection; and there is no praise—prodigal as it may sometimes seem—which she does not appear, from the evidence of all who knew her, to have deserved; but, after this tribute of justice to the lady, we confess that there is something in the way in which Moore *parades* her throughout his Diary that we cannot understand, and that seems evidently artificial. Why have expended so much time and trouble in elaborating on paper the expression of a steady and habitual feeling, which he could find fresh and fresh in his own heart? What could be his motive for making such an *étalage* of what we must suppose was the daily bread of his happiness?

We can have no doubt of the sincerity of Moore's attachment to and admiration of his wife, but we must observe that these ultra-uxorious expressions occur with peculiar emphasis just before and just after some *escapade* from home; they are the honey with which he sweetens the edges of his absences. It is evident that Mrs. Moore saw the Journal (iv. 16); and we now have no doubt that many of these flattering phrases were peace-offerings to his *Ariadne*. The instances are too numerous and too regularly recurring to be accidental.

We shall select a few here, just to direct our readers' attention to this ingenious device.

"1818, April 24th.—*Arrived at my cottage—always glad to return to it, and the dear girl that makes it so happy for me.*—ii. 151.

"1818, Nov. 18.—*Walked with my dear Bessy . . . my darling girl!* 21st.—*Told L. Lansdowne I was going to town.*—ii. 218.

"1819, Aug. 23d.—*Employed in preparing for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven, we shall not be long separate.*—ii. 353.

"July 21st.—Making preparations for my departure. Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time—but still most *thoughtfully and sweetly* preparing everything comfortable for me.—97.

"1827,—Oct. 15th.—Bessy would not hear of my staying at home. Insisted that, if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland to amuse myself a little. *Dear, generous girl! there never was anything like her warm-heartedness and devotion.*"

Other instances will occur in future extracts.

We have no doubt that Moore calculated that these tender expressions would not merely soothe the lady's feelings at the moment, but would also tell very much in his own favor—as a *model* husband—when his Memoirs should come to be published; but they are accompanied, as we shall now show, by many circumstances which make a strong and unamiable contrast with the exuberant and passionate expressions of his devotion to the tutelary angel at home.

Legal proceedings taken against Moore for the defalcation of his deputy in an office which he held in the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, obliged him to quit England; and Lord John Russell—not yet, we suppose, aware of the besetting weakness of Moore's mind—advised him to fix his temporary residence in Paris, where he became, as he did everywhere, the delight of all his acquaintance, and wasted his time and his money—which in such circumstances could hardly be called his own—in a style as giddy and extravagant as any that has been imputed to either of the improvident classes, to both of which he happened to belong—of poets and Irishmen.

His longest residence was in the *Allée des Veuves* in the Champs Elysées, but in the summer months he was allowed by a Spanish gentleman of the name of Villamil—to occupy a small cottage, a dependance of a fine villa which he had at Sèvres. Nothing could be more convenient and promising. The place was rural and extremely pretty, and the retirement exactly suited for the various literary pursuits in which Moore was engaged. But though these were his only means of livelihood, he worked at them in a very desultory way; and whether in Paris or the country, spent more than half his mornings, and all his evenings, in a constant whirl of gayeties, alike inconsistent with study and economy.

"1820, June.—Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a-week

was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together: the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot days that we have had this summer, and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which, with champagne and *vin de Grave* well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties too, to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli, *which brought tears into my eyes*, being the first I have seen since I was a little child."—iii. 124.

There were matters nearer and more urgent which might have brought less irrational tears into his eyes. But when any gleam of reflection as to his position did occur, it was hardly ever to awaken a proper sense of his own imprudence, but only to make him wonder that his friends in England were not more thoughtful and more active about him than he showed the least inclination to be about himself.

"1821. June 14th.—A letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how *dilatory and indifferent all parties* have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my *exile*."—iii. 242.

If his friends in England could have guessed what the Diary has now revealed to us of the life of the *Exile of Erin*, they would not have thought it any great hardship. Dinners, concerts, operas, theatres two or three of an evening, suppers, balls, &c., occupied almost every day and night. Visiting with a childish impatience and enjoyment the public gardens of Beaujon—Tivoli—Jardin Suisse—and carefully registering when and how often he went down in the cars of the *Montagnes Russes* and what ladies were the companions of these flights—strange ones, we think, for a father of a family aged 43; for instance:—

"1821. May 7th.—Went to Beaujon; descended in the cars three times with each of the [Miss] Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S."—iii. 229. [No "Bessy."]

"1821. Aug. 19th.—At Beaujon; went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl."—265. [No "Bessy."]

1822. Aug. 11th.—With Lucy [Miss Drew, it seems] to the *Jardin Suisse*: very pretty; went down in the cars."—365. [No "Bessy."]

While he was living in this way, the idea of writing *The Epicurean* most appropriately

presented itself to him. To read up for this projected work, he wanted *Les Voyages de Pythagore*, but hesitated at the price—three Napoleons. This economical scruple is dated 8th September, 1820. Three days after we find the following entry:—

"1820. Sept. 11th.—Went into Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the *Père la Chaise* before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected. . . . Gave them—Bessy, Dumoulin [a poor starving Irishman, who soon after died in a hospital], Miss Wilson [we believe a governess], Anastasia [his own little child], and Dr. Yonge's little girl—a dinner at the *Cadran bleu*, and took them afterwards to the *Porte St. Martin* [a melo-drame theatre]. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the *Voyages de Pythagore*. Bessy, however, told me when we came home that she had saved by little pilferings from me at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books."—iii. 146-7.

All this—the *Père la Chaise* and the *Cadran bleu*—the funeral flowers and the *Porte St. Martin*—the ice punch and the *Voyages de Pythagore*—reads like a mere farce, but the smile it creates is a bitter one when we reflect on poor Bessy's honestly-pilfered Napoleons, so wantonly squandered.

At last the season drives them back to Paris:—

"1820. Oct. 16th.—We took our leave of La Butte, after three months and a half's residence; and, so far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the *Allées des Veuves*. We dined alone with our little ones for the first time since the 1st of July, which was a great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, 'This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.'"

On this Lord John adds a note—saying very coolly:—

"Mrs. Moore was quite right. In reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy."—Ed. iii. 157.

This appears to us altogether inadequate to the occasion, and laying the chief blame on Moore's popularity is a poor evasion of the real state of the case, which was his inability to refrain from such self-indulgence.

We say self-indulgence, for it is remarkable, in all this *tourbillon* at Paris as well as in his English life, both in town and country, that "Bessy's" share in all external gayeties was infrequent—and it seems reluctant. Illness is frequently given as an excuse for her absence from these gayeties—but, even when she appears to be well enough, we can trace little or no change in these arrangements. There can be no doubt that the foolish and unaccountable mystery in which he chose to envelop his marriage continued to hang about her. The ladies of the highest rank and character who were the best acquainted with all the circumstances of the case—Lady Donegal, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Loudon—all received her with unreserved attention, and even cordiality; yet it is evident that Moore was in a constant fidget about her reception in mixed society, while she herself seems to have been unwilling to step beyond her own narrow circle both of intimates and amusements. Her conduct throughout appears to have been perfect; but this difference of tastes, or at least of practice, in their social tendencies must, we suppose, have contributed to the very singular phenomenon that—notwithstanding Moore's constant and enthusiastic eulogiums on his domestic paradise—he seems to have given to either wife or home no more of his time and company than he could possibly help. Sometimes he diarizes specimens of behavior which a husband of but ordinary feeling might have been ashamed to practise, and one of the very commonest sense to record. What comfort could he expect from reading in after-life such entries as these?

"1820, Jan.—Bessy very ill on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahaults on the 14th, but she could not go. I did."—iii. 97.

So small an incident as a gentleman dining out, though his wife was not well enough to accompany him, would not be worth notice; but we shall see that it was not an exceptional case—indeed the exceptions were all the other way:—

"1822, Feb. 18.—Bessy very ill. Dined at home uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and forgot my uneasiness in the beauty of the *Ballet!*"—iii. 327.

"April 2nd.—The Macleods wanted Bessy and me to join them at the *Café Francais*. Bessy not liking to go, I did."

"3rd.—Bessy ill with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres; I went alone to the *Ambigu*."—ib. 333.

This contrast between his professions and his practice may, in the hurry and bustle the Diary, escape a cursory reader—but will be exhibited in the following synopsis of Moore's movements and engagements for a fortnight at the *Allée des Veuves*—which we select, not as being peculiarly erratic, but only for the *singularity* of its concluding day having been dedicated to "Bessy":—

| " 1820    | Morning.                         | Evening.                                                                               |
|-----------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Nov. 24.— | Into Paris at 3 .                | Dined at Very's.<br>[No Bessy.]                                                        |
| 25.—      | Early into Paris                 | Dined at Lord John's Hotel.<br>[No Bessy.]                                             |
| 26.—      | Walked into Paris                | [Not stat'd where dined, but probably at home.]                                        |
| 27.—      | Early into Paris                 | Dined at Very's.<br>[No Bessy.]                                                        |
| 28.—      | Early into Paris                 | Dined at Mad. de Souza's. [No Bessy.]                                                  |
| 29.—      |                                  | Party at home, sung.                                                                   |
| 30.—      | In Paris . . .                   | Dined at Lord Granard's, sung.<br>[No Bessy.]                                          |
| Dec. 1.—  | [Not stated] . .                 | Dined at Lord Rancilff's, sung.<br>[No Bessy.]                                         |
| 2.—       | [Not stated] . .                 | [Probably at home.]                                                                    |
| 3.—       | [Probably at home]               | Dined at home.                                                                         |
| 4.—       | Into town . . .                  | Dined at a restaurateurs, then went to the Forsters, sung, and home by 12. [No Bessy.] |
| 5.—       | Into town at 4 . .               | Dined at Very's.<br>[No Bessy.]                                                        |
| 6.—       | Walked for an hour by the Seine. | Dined at home." —iii, pp. 172, 176.                                                    |

At last, on the 7th, we find a remembrance of "Bessy," and a pleasing one:—

"Dec. 7th.—A note from Lord Rancilffe, asking me to meet Lord John to-day; but having given Bessy the hope of our enjoying a day together, did not like to disappoint her, so refused." —*Ib.*

But, alas! Here is the "promised day of enjoyment":—

"Bessy and I went shopping; dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue de la Paix; and in the evening to the Variétés: four pieces, none of them very good." —*Ib.*

And so home, we presume. in the *vélocifère*.

Such a return, after a fortnight's racketing, to an appropriated day of conjugal quiet, and such a careful record thereof, are perhaps *unique* in life and in autobiography. But other extracts have a still more serious appearance:

"1821, July 8th.—Dined at Lord Granard's. [No Bessy.]  
 "9th.—Dined at General Fuller's, at Versailles. [No Bessy.]  
 "10th.—Dined at Lord Holland's. [No Bessy.]  
 "11th.—Late dinner with Villamil. [No mention of Bessy.]  
 "12th.—Dined at home.  
 "13th.—Dined with the Villamils at Riche's [a restaurateur]. [No mention of Bessy.]  
 "14th.—Dined with Lord Holland. [No Bessy.]  
 "15th.—Went in [to Paris] for the purpose of passing two or three days with the Storys. [No Bessy.]  
 "16th.—A ball at Story's in the evening, in honor of her [Mrs. Story's] birth-day. A strange evening, from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the erysipelas again by dancing. I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. Supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock."—iii. 255.

We pause to remark that there is no previous note of "Bessy's illness," nor indeed had she been so much as mentioned for a fortnight before. The four days that followed this "*strange evening*" were spent as usual in dinners with the Storys and Villamils and visits to Tivoli, without the slightest allusion to "Bessy" since the 16th; so that we are quite startled at reading, without any preparatory hint—

"21.—Went into town early in order to get Bessy's passport, &c. Dined at Villamil's. [No Bessy.]

"22d.—Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's [no Bessy], and came out at eight in the evening.

"23d.—All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the dear girl. Dined at Story's. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

"24th.—All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy comfortably off! at nine o'clock, with dear little Tom [their boy]. Heaven guard her!"

No hint is given of either the *why* or the *whither* of this sudden movement of one so generally quiescent as "my darling Bessy," till, on the 6th of August, she turns up in Wiltshire. On the 17th Moore is "in low spirits," and "cries bitterly" over the loss of the Liverpool packet, which he had "just



read in the newspaper;" but "a picnic with the Villamils and Mrs. S." and "a letter, too, from Bessy," make a material "alteration in his spirits" (268). Then went on the usual routine—ices at Tortoni's—dining at taverns—singing with the Villamils—supping with the Storys—and we hear nothing more of the wife and child till the 3d of September, when a letter announces "to his great delight," her approaching return; and on the 4th "he was right happy to see" alight, at the Messageries Royales, "*the dear girl* and her little one" (p. 274). But short, alas! was his enjoyment of their loved society—for, at the end of one week—on the 12th of the said September—we find that he embraced the "lucky" opportunity of accompanying Lord John Russell to England, where he remained two months. What sudden call after that "strange evening" the *dear girl* and her *little boy* had in Wiltshire, or why Moore could not have combined any business he might have had in England with *her* visit we are not told; but the Diary scraps look very like a mystification of something which there was some reason or other for not clearly explaining.

We have already hinted that our poet was not always insensible to the extravagance and culpability of his Parisian life:—

"1822, Jan. 7th.—Dined by myself at the *Trois Frères*, and found great pleasure in the few moments of silent repose which it gave me."

The inhabitants of the *Allée des Veuves* finding "silent repose" at the *Trois Frères*—the best perhaps, certainly the busiest, and therefore not the quietest *café* of the Palais Royal!—but he proceeds in a still more serious style:—

—"Never did I lead such an unquiet life: *Bessy* ill; my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gayety."—iii. 315.

One would be inclined to respect and pity his "remorse;" and we can well understand his recording it in his Diary as a pledge of amendment. But mark what *immediately* follows:—

"Jan. 8th.—Dined at Pictet's, a Swiss banker's, &c.; thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly, &c.

"9th.—Dined at home quietly, for a wonder. Evening, to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, &c. &c.; did not go to bed till 5 o'clock.

"10th.—Was to have dined with Hibbert, but preferred Lambton. All went to the Français afterwards to see a new tragedy.

"11th.—Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's;—company, &c. At nine to the Variétés—laughed almost to pain. Went afterwards to the Macleods, and thence, at twelve, to Lady Charlemont's ball.

"12th.—Dined at the Douglas's, &c. In the evening to Mercer's—sung a little—then went to Lafitte's ball, &c. &c.

"13th.—Dined at Col. Ellice's; company, &c. Thence to Madame de Flahaut's, &c. Did not stay, meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's ball. Went to the wrong place—found it was Marshal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in looking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent's. Went to the Macleods.

"14th.—Dined at the Douglas's—a party in the evening. For half an hour at Mrs. Newte's ball."

And so on for ten consecutive days, without—amidst so copious a variety of places and persons—one single mention of the word "*home*" or the name "*Bessy*"—the last we had heard of either being that "*it was uncomfortable*," and that "*she was ill*." Under what infatuation Moore should have made these entries directly following the penitential remorse of the *Trois Frères*, we cannot conceive; and indeed as little, how Lord John (since it is clear that he has omitted some things) should have published details so worthless in themselves, and, we should suppose, so exceedingly disagreeable to the amiable person in whom he has taken so much interest.

His Lordship expresses, as we have seen, some regret at having contributed to throw Moore into his Parisian vortex. But he may console himself:—it was the nature of the man, and not the influence of place, that produced these effects.

"Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

The same passion for *exhibition* and enjoyment, and the same kind of dislike or weariness of domestic habits, seem to have influenced his English life almost to the same extent. As Mrs. Moore remained in the country while her "*bird*"—as he says "*she* generally called him"—and surely the word was never better applied than to her volatile little songster—was pursuing his business or his pleasures in town, the contrast is not so constant and striking as it was in France; but even when in the country, the Diary lets us see that the same principle of escaping from mere domesticity was still as active as the decency of English manners would permit.

His cottage in Wiltshire, fortunately for

his tastes, but unluckily for his studies and his business, was within a short walk of the elegant and intellectual hospitality of Bowood, and surrounded by a circle of country neighbors less distinguished but not less joyous, kind, and clever. The neighborhood of several little towns, and that great mart of idleness—Bath—afforded frequent occasions or excuses for escape from the monotony of home; and this sometimes even under circumstances similar to those at Paris, which might have been expected to keep a less devoted husband more at home.

"1824, Nov. 21st.—Bessy by no means well. Walked over to Bowood. Sang in the evening. Slept there.

"22d.—Walked home after breakfast to see how Bessy was. Found Bessy not much better. God wet in returning to Bowood. Sang again. Slept there."—iv. 263.

A morning call to the sick wife—but breakfast, dinner, supper, singing, sleeping at Bowood.

We could fill pages with similar extracts, but the following summary of occurrences in the autumn of 1825 will superabundantly suffice.

It appears that in the summer of 1825 Mrs. Moore was really suffering under some painful, though, we presume not serious, complaint, for which she was ordered to Cheltenham, where she arrived on the 22d July. Moore followed the "darling girl" on the 4th August, and remained with her two whole days (!), during which she was wheeled about in a chair. On the 7th he left "the dear girl"—"his darling Bess"—for London. There he remained between eight and nine weeks, working no doubt in the morning at the *Life of Sheridan*, but spending his afternoons and nights in more than his usual whirl of dinners, suppers, concerts, theatres, without making, during all the time, the slightest allusion to the state of the poor lady at Cheltenham, of whom the first we hear is that, when Moore returned to Sloperston on the 27th September, he found her there, but *not recovered*. Then follows a series of entries in the Diary, of which our space allows us only to give the dates and chief *memorabilia* :—

"1825. Sept. 28th.—Dined at home.

"29th.—Dined at Bowood. Company, &c. Sang in the evening, and slept there.

"30th.—Walked home to breakfast to see Bessy—the boil coming to a head. Returned to Bowood to dinner, &c. Sang again in the evening. Slept there.

"Oct. 1st.—Bowles called at Bowood, while I was listening to Mrs. Fazakerley's singing to the guitar. Wanted me to dine with him to-day, but told him *Bessy's illness rendered it impossible*. After luncheon, home, &c.; found Bessy better, and anxious I should go to Bowles, &c.; so returned to Bowood. Thence walked to Bowles's. Company, &c., &c. A great many glees, duets, &c., in the evening. My singing much liked.

"2nd.—Dined at home.

"3rd.—Dined at Bowood, &c., &c.

"4th and 5th.—[No entry. Still, it seems, at Bowood.]

"6th.—[Breakfast, it seems, at Bowood.] Returned home. Dined at Money's [another neighbor], &c., &c."—iv. 321.

Where he may have dined the following days is not noted; but enough is told. We lay no stress on the silence of the Diary about "Bessy" while he was in London: he no doubt received frequent, perhaps daily, accounts of her. Our wonder is that, finding on his return that she was still so ill that it *was impossible to leave her for a single day*, it should turn out that of the nine succeeding days he spent but two at home, and all the rest in the various gayeties of the neighborhood.

Even when at what he called *home*, it is surprising to count up how seldom he really was *en famille*, and his joy at his escapes. Take one sample :—

"1824. April 13.—Started at 3 o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the masquerade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days. Bessy, however, not well enough to go."—iv. 179.

That, however, was so little a damper on his spirits, that on the second day of the visit he exclaims in rapture :—

"The day very agreeable; could hardly be otherwise. A pretty house, beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good Champagne and Moselle, charming music—*What more could a man want?*"—179.

'Tis a pity that there was no Irish echo to answer—"Bessy!"—poor Bessy that was sick at home.

But though Mrs. Moore seems, like a prudent as well as an affectionate wife, to have in general submitted to these wanderings, and even (as Moore says in a preceding extract) sometimes encouraged them—seeing probably that she could not resist his restless disposition—yet it is evident that she was not insensible to these derelictions. The first

symptom of this is in a letter to Mr. Power, his music-publisher—who *jobbed* his songs from him at 500*l.* a year; here we find a paragraph which is really a clue to much that would be else unintelligible in Moore's life; it confirms our former observation, that his existence was essentially one of theatrical *exhibition*, and adds—what we never suspected—*exhibition for profit* :—

"You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone; to take her would be too expensive; and indeed it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* [*sic*] with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by *singing them about*, that she agreed to my leaving her. *This is quite my object*. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition* [*sic*], which will do more service to the *sale of the songs* than a whole year's *advertising*."—i. 330.

Little did the fashionable coteries whom he *obliged* and delighted with his songs imagine what was "quite his object"—that he was really going about as Mr. Power's *advertising van*.

"1823. April 14th [in London].—Received an impatient letter from *Bess*, which rather disturbed me, both on her account and my own. Perceive she is getting uncomfortable without me."—iv. 55.

Yet still he lingered in town, "leading," he says, "a restless and feverish life" (iv. 89), till the 24th June, when he returned home, but only for three weeks—for a proposal from Lord Lansdowne for a tour in Ireland was irresistible.

One of these absences was marked by a peculiar incident.

"1825. 28th May.—With an *excellent, warm-hearted, lively wife*, and dear promising children, what more need I ask for? Prepared for my *trip to town*."—iv. 283.

And *next day was off*; but Bessy was this time on the alert also. She followed the truant (unbidden, it is pretty clear) two days after, and stayed six days in town—but without seeing much more of her "*bird*" than if she had remained alone in the cage at Sloperston; for they were not lodged in the same house—and of the six days of her stay they dined together but twice, breakfasted not at all, and passed no evening together but one at the opera. But on the sixth morning—

"8th June.—Up at five. And *saw my TREASURES safe in the coach*!"—iv. 284.

The reader will observe how the cup is sweetened to Bessy's taste; when he was going off, he had hoped to reconcile her by a tribute to her "*liveliness*" and "*excellence*," and when he sends her back he consoles her with the record that she is a "*treasure*!"

Having thus got rid of his *treasures*, he remained in London, in his usual round of amusements, for near two months, when at last he paid his invalid at Cheltenham that visit of two days which has been already mentioned.

Such are the very unexpected details of Moore's domestic life which these volumes reveal, and which, we think, with all deference to Lord John Russell, instead of being thus blazoned to the world, might rather better have been suffered to "sleep in the shade."

Some other circumstances no less surprise us. In the midst of all the gayety and brilliancy in which Moore figured, who could have suspected an *extrema* of penury at home? We find a pompously recorded visit to the High Sheriff of Leicestershire—with turtle, venison, and so forth—wound up with a confession that he and his wife were forced to remain there longer than they had intended, from not possessing a few shillings to give to the servants at coming away. He writes to Mr. Power :—

"[Longley Priory], Nov. 12, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR :—I have only time to say that if you can let me have *three or four pounds* by return of post you will oblige me. I have foolishly run dry, without trying my other resources; and I have been this week past literally without a shilling. . . . You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret-drinking longer than I wish, and merely *because* we have not a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away."—i. 315–16.

From this novel mode of being in the custody of the sheriff, Mr. Power, by a remittance of 10*l.* enabled the captives to redeem themselves: and, indeed, throughout the whole of Moore's after-life, Mr. Power's highly-tried but always ready liberality enabled Moore to work through the "never ending still beginning" difficulties in which, what appears to us a most reckless improvidence involved him. With receipts which to a poet who did not set up for a man of fashion would be thought enormous, he never had a penny in his pocket, and seems to have existed by loans, kite-flying, anticipations, and petty shifts, hardly reconcilable with integrity, or, at least, delicacy. What shall we say to such anecdotes as the fol-

lowing, which we are almost ashamed to repeat? In December, 1818, Lord Lansdowne stood godfather to Moore's second boy:—

"After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper which contained, he said, *a present for the nurse*. The paper contained two *5l.* notes, one of which Bessy gave the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother."—ii. 239.

and this strange misappropriation of Lord Lansdowne's bounty is followed up by a cool observation that "*they*" (Bessy's mother and sister)—

"have latterly been very *considerate* indeed in their applications for assistance to me."—*Ib.*

We hardly think that Moore was in this case sufficiently *considerate* as to the source from which he assisted them.

A Mr. Branigan, with whom he had made some acquaintance in the country,

"announces to me by letter that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a Bank post-bill to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum, but it's very convenient just now."—ii. 331.

When we recollect his appearance in society and now see the real misery of his position, we are struck at once with pity and wonder. We know not whether it may be thought more like praise or censure to say that in his personal deportment no one could trace anything of the constant anxiety and embarrassment which such a condition of affairs would produce on most men's manners and temper. He seemed always cheerful, always at ease, making no *étalage* of finery or foppery: and we believe we may say that none of his friends—none but those with whom he had money dealings—could have the slightest idea that he was not in easy circumstances, and on a footing of independence and equality with any other member of good society.

He says on one occasion—December 23rd, 1825:—

"Shearer said that the Longmans had told his brother that *I had the most generous contempt for money of any man they had ever met*."—iv. 262.

That "contempt for money" which consists in throwing it away Moore may have had, but we must say that this is the only passage in the Diary that affords us the slightest hint of his liberality in money af-

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fairs. An author in the sale of his works is as fairly a tradesman as the bookseller with whom he deals, and we do not in the least cavil at the eagerness which Moore shows in his bargains, but we really cannot allow him thus to record his own easy liberality without showing from the same pages how little the praise was deserved. All that he tells of himself is of so different a character, so full of tricks, and what would be called *sharp practice*, that we can only rejoice that Messrs. Longman fared better than their neighbors;—yet we have Moore's own evidence that even *they*, had they known all, might have had some grounds of complaint. He had, as early as July, 1814, commenced his negotiation with Messrs. Longman for his poem of *Lalla Rookh*, which came (after a good deal of sharp bargaining on Moore's part) to an agreement for 3000 guineas. Mr. Longman, finding, it seems, some unexpected delay in the production of the poem, inquired in April, 1815, about its progress, and Moore answers on the 25th of that month,—

"*I had copied out fairly about four thousand lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I had promised, but I have changed my intention*."—ii. 14.

And then he proceeds with some *ingenious* reasons for requesting his leave to *withhold the said fairly copied MS. from his perusal*:—

"but I mean, with your permission, to *say in town that the work is finished* [*sic*], and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season."—*ib.*

But in the *very next page*—in a letter, dated a fortnight later, to a private confidant in Ireland—he confesses that all this was sham—that there were no "four thousand lines fairly copied for Mr. Longman's perusal:" that there was no possibility of the poems being published at any period of that year; and that "it can hardly be till this spring *twelvemonth* that it can be finished off fit for delivery." (*ib.* p. 76.) It was not, in fact, published till *two years later*.

Here is another private confession to his mother:—

"There is so much call for the opera [M.P.], that I have made a *present* of it to little Power to publish; that is, *nominally* I have made a *present* of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—one that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light

of the piece myself; and the *second*, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman."—i. 264, 265.

Tricks of this sort are not so openly confessed in the Diary as in these confidential letters; but the scattered indications of them are frequent, and we do not remember one single instance of liberality in money dealings on the part of Moore, nor any one proof—though many imputations—of a contrary disposition in any of his publishers. To this class of topics belongs, we are sorry to say, a great deal of double-dealing and shuffling with Messrs. Murray and Wilkie, with whom he had made his first agreement for the "Life of Sheridan," and which he afterwards transferred to Messrs. Longman, who furnished him with near 500*l.* to repay what Murray had already advanced him on the credit of that work. The transaction—vaguely shadowed as it is in the Diary—shows anything rather than that *contempt for money* which Lord John seems to rank among Moore's higher characteristics. But still more remarkable is the story of Lord Byron's Autobiographical Memoirs, their sale, redemption, and destruction—very confusedly and disjointedly told in the Diary; but which, as it involves not only personal character, but a question of considerable literary interest, and perhaps of some future importance, we shall endeavor, though it will occupy more space than we can well spare, to bring into one comprehensible view.

It appears that Moore had at first offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman, who declined to purchase them; and this, we suppose, brought him over from Paris in September, 1821, to endeavor to dispose of them to greater advantage. He arrived in London at eleven o'clock on the night of the 25th, and *early* next morning "wrote a note to summon Murray." Murray came next day—"agreed to his own terms—viz., two thousand guineas for the Memoirs—and took away the MS."

When Moore communicated his bargain to Lord Holland, his lordship looked at the case with a gentlemanlike delicacy which was natural to him when party prejudices did not intervene, and which may on this occasion, have been a little quickened by some *personal considerations*—

"He expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s Memoirs; said he wished I could have gotten the 2000 guineas any other way. Seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a quiver of

*poisoned arrows for future warfare on private character.*"—iii. 298.

We wonder that Lord John Russell, when he came to read this opinion of Lord Holland's, did not agree with him that the sale of such a work was not a creditable way of obtaining two thousand or even three thousand guineas.

After meditating on this suggestion, Moore *seemed* to think it so important that he ought to attempt a rescinding of the bargain. Subsequent circumstances, however, leave no doubt that it was not Lord Holland's suggestion, but the prospect of making a better bargain, that induced Moore to try to recover the property of the MS. We hear no more of the affair for six months, but on the 22nd of April, 1822, we find the following entry:—

"Spoke to Murray on the subject of Lord B.'s Memoirs; of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to *with the best grace imaginable*. Accordingly there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as security till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, *an over delicate deference to the opinion of others*; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction, and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain."—iii. 345.

We see no ground whatsoever for this self-applause; for the only practical effect of this new arrangement was one which seems to have been for some months occupying no trivial share in Moore's ponderings—namely, that if he could at any time get any one to give him 2500*l.* or 3000*l.* for the Memoirs, he had a right to pay off Murray, and transfer the MS. to a new purchaser—*putting the difference in his own pocket*. Such an arrangement, we need not say, did not at all meet Lord Holland's objection—and Mr. Murray was certainly the most liberal of men to consent to it, for he remained 2000 guineas out of pocket, and must have done so as long as Lord Byron should happen to live—while Moore had the option, when he pleased, of turning the MS. to better account and leaving Murray in the position of having had so much risk and trouble, only to be laughed at by some higher bidder in Mr. Moore's auction. We shall see that all this, and worse than this, did in fact *take place* to the fullest extent, as far as concerned Murray's pecuniary interests.

So (omitting some minor details) matters stood till the 3rd of May, 1824—we request attention to the dates—when Moore had

"a letter from Lord Byron, at Missaloughi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy, the physicians do not know which."—iv. 182.

No observation whatsoever follows this serious announcement; but we have not long to wait for its collateral consequences:—

"1824, May 12th.—Dined early with Rees [managing partner of Messrs. Longman]. Rees asked me if I had called on Murray to get him to complete the arrangement entered into when I was last in town [of which we find no other mention than we have quoted] for the redemption of Byron's Memoirs?—said I had not. Told me the money was ready, and advised me not to lose any time about it."—ib. p. 186.

Who can doubt that Moore had been on the lookout for a better bargain?—for here is what he significantly calls a "rival bibliopolist" who has the money ready to pay off Murray, and who advises Moore to lose no time in doing so. But lo! by one of the most extraordinary coincidences we have ever read, on the very next morning Moore learns by accident, in another bookseller's shop—

"that Lord Byron was dead. . . Recollected then the unfinished state of my agreement for the redemption of the Memoirs."

It needed, we think, no great effort of memory to "recollect" a subject which Mr. Rees had brought so strongly before him the day before.

This event made a total change in the circumstances of the case. Murray had paid, two years before, 2000 guineas on the speculative value of the Memoirs when Lord Byron should die. Lord Byron was but thirty-three when the bargain was made. Murray had, according to all calculations, many a year to wait before he could expect any return for his capital—or rather indeed, being considerably Byron's senior, he could hardly have anticipated any such return during his own life-time; but now the event had unexpectedly occurred—the contingent reversion of the MS. had become a possession, and its value proportionably increased—probably doubled—as it ought to be, on a mere business calculation of Murray's previous risk. But again (Diary, 15th May) Moore luckily "recollects that he had

"directed a clause to be inserted in the [second] agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dic-

tated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the two thousand guineas for me on Monday morning."—iv. 189.

With such a clause, how could Moore have had a moment's alarm or even doubt about his right? The fact, however, turned out to be that *there was no such clause!*

But in the mean while there had started up a third party. The Diary for the previous day (May 14th) ends—

"Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird anxiously inquiring in whose possession the Memoirs were; and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no."—iv. 187.

Murray at this time, had no communication from Moore, nor could he have the slightest idea that Moore could have any claim to the MS., the absolute property being vested in Murray by Byron's death; but he at once, with a liberality and feeling which did him honor, offered to forego the prize he had drawn in this lottery of business, and to place the Memoirs at the disposal of Lord Byron's friends.

This it is obvious would have been the best and most delicate way of carrying out the spirit of Lord Holland's suggestion, by which Moore had professed to be guided in his efforts to get hold of the MS., but it would not at all have suited his real object—evidently that of selling them elsewhere—and he therefore vehemently opposed this arrangement, and, relying on his own version of the second deed, denied Murray's right to give up the MS. to any one but himself—whom (so Moore asserted) the alleged clause in the deed constituted, under the existing circumstances, the sole and rightful proprietor. Murray was very much surprised at hearing of such a clause, but unluckily the deed had been mislaid, and he had only his own disbelief to oppose to the positive assertion of Moore.

Then follows, in the Diary, a long, very confused, but of course unilateral history of the discussions that ensued between Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, as the friends of Lord Byron—Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, on the part of Lady

Byron and Mrs. Leigh—and Moore—in which the latter insisted on his right of property in the MS., and protested in the strongest manner against its destruction; offering, indeed, “the suppression of all that might be thought objectionable,” but contending that what was *not* so should be retained for *his own benefit* and that of the public. The progress of the affair is, we have said, very confusedly told even in what Lord John Russell gives us of Moore’s Diary—but it becomes more so by his Lordship’s choosing to suppress a separate and “*long account of the destruction of the MS.*” left by Moore, and to substitute for it some *studiously obscure* sentences of his own. Lord John says:—

“The result was that, after a *very unpleasant scene* at Mr. Murray’s, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*—who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. *After the whole had been burnt, the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore’s interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.*”

“The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton [Hobhouse], and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the *irritation* which the circumstances of the moment produced, but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honorable to Lord Byron’s memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which *recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.*”  
—iv. 192.

We cannot omit to enter our protest against Lord John’s assertion, that the MS. was destroyed with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*: we know not what may be said in the portions of the Diary that Lord John has suppressed, but in all that he has published, and in all the other evidence, we find the most resolute opposition to any such measure.

All seemed now ended—but Moore conjured up a fresh difficulty, of which, whatever may have been the real motive, that which he assigned seems absurdly punctilious. The *actual cash* in which the repayment to Murray was made, was supplied to Moore by the Longmans (on the security of his bond); and of course Lord Byron’s family and friends, who had received and

destroyed the MS., were immediately prepared to reimburse Moore. Moore positively refused to be reimbursed; he persisted (contrary to the direct and indisputable terms of the agreement) in asserting that the MS. was his, and that his honor required that it was he who should have the merit of the sacrifice. *Merit*, we have seen, there was none, for he had opposed the sacrifice to the utmost; and his alleged *rights* had been extinguished by the production of the deed; but he still pertinaciously pleaded his honor, and spends a great deal of verbiage to justify a punctilio for which we can see no ground nor any object. If we could see or imagine any rational or even colorable *point of honor* in the case, we could understand and admire Moore’s feelings and conduct.\* As it is, we confess that this part of the affair remains to us a suspicious mystery.

The final result will surprise our readers and the public as much as it did us when our recent inquiries brought it to our knowledge. Moore—through the unheard of liberality of Murray—finally *pocketed* more than double the sum he had been intriguing and squabbling about. For the 2000 guineas originally agreed on for the Memoirs, Moore had engaged to Murray to edit them, and to accompany them with a *Life*. After the destruction of the Memoirs, Murray recurred to the idea of a *Life*; and as Moore was certainly, for many reasons, the person best fitted for the task, Murray proposed it to him. But the sum originally agreed on for *both* Memoirs and *Life* had now become, through Moore’s complicated manœuvres, wholly inadequate for the *Life* alone. His debt to the Longmans, arising out of these transactions, had grown to a sum of £3020, for which they had his bond; and Moore seems to have been in a state of irremediable insolvency—for whatever he might be able to earn by his pen could at most have met his current expenses, but not availed against such a permanent and growing burden as this. Murray, who had—like everybody else who knew the fascinating little “bird”—a strong personal feeling for Moore, hoped that he might combine his own interest as a tradesman with the extrication of the author; and he not merely consented to relieve him from Longman’s bond—(though it was a debt incurred in hostility to Murray)—but, to enable him to exist while he was employed at the *Life*, he gave him a further sum of £1200, which, with some other small advances of cash, interest, &c., amounted in

the whole to £4870, which was, in fact, what Murray paid to Moore for the "Life," half the materials of which Murray himself contributed. Such generosity is, we think, unparalleled; and would probably have never been known but for an additional exhibition of Moore's greediness, almost as surprising. The Life was published; but Moore, overrating its success, and under-rating what it had cost Murray, endeavored to obtain a *further remuneration*. In answer to an attempt so unreasonable—and, might we not say, so ungrateful?—Murray, in a letter to Moore, dated the 24th of May, 1831, stated, first, the fact that the book had not paid its expenses, and he then detailed the circumstances above stated; which we think a *coup de grace* to the pretence of his having a "most generous contempt of money."

Long as this detail has been, there are still two collateral points of the case on which we must make some observations.

The first is that Lord John talks only of the destruction of Lord Byron's *original MS.* He passes *sub silentio* the possibility of copies of the MS.—and their fate. One complete copy we know was made with Lord Byron's concurrence, and of the variety of hands through which it passed, some at least attempted copies. One transcript (complete or incomplete) is stated by Moore to have been given up, or torn up, by a lady who had made it, upon her hearing of the "painful scene" at Murray's:—but this only heightens the probability that there might have been other irregular transcripts. And, if so, what proof is there that they were *all*, penitentially or delicately, destroyed? We see it surmised in several publications of the day "that they *were not*;" and that, after all, it is probable that the Memoirs may be still in existence, and one day published." *We ourselves* give no credit to these surmises; and Lord John Russell could not be expected to answer for surreptitious copies—but we think he ought to have made some inquiry after the copy which the Diary states to have been made, or at least have added a line to state—as we believe the fact to be—that no trace of any copy appears in Moore's papers.

The second point we have to notice is one that touches Moore's character for veracity, and which Lord John Russell should surely have endeavored to explain. Our readers will have seen in the extract in p. 272, that Moore asserted that he had *dictated* and *saw* the solicitor *insert* a clause in the *draft* of

the agreement, which, when the *deed* itself was produced, did not appear in it. This assertion, ostentatiously repeated by Moore, implies certainly a serious charge against both Mr. Murray and his eminently respectable solicitor (the late learned and ingenious Mr. Sharon Turner), as if they had *omitted in the deed* the clause which Mr. Moore *dictated* and *saw inserted in the draft*. This has induced Mr. Turner's son, naturally solicitous for his distinguished father's reputation, to make search for the original draft. He has been lucky enough to find it, and it is now under our eyes. Well—it *contains no such clause*—it agrees exactly—*literatim*—with the *deed*. Here, then, are Messrs. Murray and Turner, as might have been expected, fully acquitted; but what becomes of Mr. Moore, who seems as clearly convicted of deliberate and reiterated falsehood and fraud? We are glad to be able, *from the examination of the document itself*, to suggest a hypothesis which would acquit him of so grave a charge—though only by finding him guilty of what seem to have been habitual with him—great confusion and inaccuracy. We see on the face of the draft that there was an interlineation made allowing a limit of *three months*—not as Moore asserted for *his redemption* of the MS.—but for Murray's *publication* of it—(viz. "within three months after Lord Byron's death")—and this addition, so far from being *dictated* by Moore and written in by the solicitor, is written in *by Moore's own hand*. Here, then, is another palpable misstatement; but it affords us a probable clue to the whole imbroglio. Moore most likely had in his mind the intention of extending the limit of redemption to three months, but instead of *dictating* what he desired to the solicitor, he with *his own pencil*—and perhaps without fully explaining his meaning—wrote in the words "*within three months*"—but wrote them in at a *wrong place*. So that, instead of providing, as he may have intended, to give *himself* a power to redeem—he in fact only imposed on Murray the obligation of publishing—within three months. We think ourselves very fortunate in having, by the inspection of the original paper, arrived at this solution, which relieves Moore's character from so deep a stain as his own Diary had thrown, and his own editor had left, upon it. But on a review of the whole affair it cannot be denied that Moore is convicted on his own evidence of gross inaccuracy, a very unhandsome double-dealing with Murray,



and an ostentatious parade of liberality and disinterestedness which existed neither in his thoughts nor his acts.\*

There is another revelation made in these volumes equally, or, indeed more unexpected, as to Moore's literary character. Every one sees at a glance that all his works—except a few of his earlier songs—smell a good deal of the lamp; and that the text, and still more the notes, are redundant with all sorts of out-of-the-way reading. There are more Greek quotations in Moore's works than in all the English poets put together, from Chaucer to Crabbe. Most readers, we believe, skip them over, like the student of Euclid, who never looked at the *cuts*. They were thought to be nothing more than a misplaced *étalage* of the early studies of the *Translator of Anacreon*; and in great measure no doubt they were so; but these volumes show that they were something more. We here see that Moore's poetical impulses arose more from reading than from feeling—from books rather than nature; that his genius was not inventive. He looked for inspiration neither to the skies nor the seas, nor the forests, nor even the busy haunts of men, but to the shelves of the library, where, accordingly, we find him studying, or rather *reading up*, for each of his greater poems—*Lalla Rookh*—the *Angels*—and *Alciphron*—as assiduously, and copying as copiously, as one would for so many *Dissertations* on Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian scenery and manners. It is true that he has worked up his materials with great taste, and all the verbal powers of poetry—sweetness, polish, brilliancy, splendor; but still it has all the air of exquisite manufacture rather than of spontaneous effusion—*materiem superabat opus*; the inventive genius is wanting. In some of his lighter love-songs we are startled with pedantic conceits, which require a learned note. And even when he degrades his muse into a drab, and sets her to talk *slang* with Tom Cribb, we find him interlarding it with the most laborious pedantry, till at last, when he finishes this stupid *fatras* (which his publishers seem ashamed to reprint in their last edition of his works), he cannot help exclaiming, "What a *rag-fair of learning* I have made it!" In the labors of the Scriblerus club the affectation of learning heightens

the ridicule; but that is not Moore's case. There is no fun at all in his pedantry; nor is it intended for fun, but simply to exhibit what in the sincerity of the *Diary* he calls "a rag-fair of learning"—not seeing that his greater poems are, in the original conception as well as in the illustrations, obnoxious to much the same kind of criticism.

We are not so absurd as to reproach Moore for studying to invest his fictions with all attainable reality and truth—our surprise is, that a poet so cried up as "possessing in his own fancy and feeling an inexhaustible fountain of ingenious creations" (*Lord John, Preface*, xxviii.) should have selected for all his great efforts *non-natural* subjects, so little sympathetic even with his own heart or mind that he himself is driven to hunt through utterly unfamiliar authors for any available scrap of information about them; and, after all, so little is there of distinctive and appropriate either in the substance or details of those works, that it would, we believe, have cost Moore no great trouble to have incorporated his *Angels* with *Lalla Rookh*, or *Alciphron* with the *Angels*. A curious illustration of this occurs in the *Diary*. After the *Loves of the Angels*, founded on a passage of Scripture, helped out by the apocryphal book of *Enoch*, had been published and four editions sold, Moore found the imputation of impiety so strong, that he took the bold resolution of shifting his whole machinery to *Mahomet's Paradise*; and did so in a few weeks by the assistance of "*D'Herbelot*," "*Prideaux's Life of Mahomet*," "*Beausobre's Manichæism*," "*Hyde's Religio Persarum*," "*Philo-Judaus*," &c., &c. (iv. 41-2). Yet, when after so substantial a change the metamorphosed work came forth, we do not remember that the public ever seemed to observe the difference any more than if it had been an ordinary second edition. Such a *disponability*, as the French call it—such a *dissolving view*—would not have been possible if there had been anything of truth or nature, or even fictitious interest, in the original composition. Johnson ridiculed *epitaphs to let*; but here was a whole poem to *let* like furnished lodgings, and nobody took the least notice of the new-comers, nor discovered that they were not the old occupants.

In the midst of so much show of odd erudition—he even, we think, had the temerity to *review* some of the Greek Fathers!—Moore ever and anon betrays utter ignorance of literary points with which we might expect any educated man of his day to have been

\* We shall add at the conclusion of this Article a letter which the late Mr. Murray addressed at the time to Mr. Wilmot Horton, and which most satisfactorily explains his share in this extraordinary transaction.

familiar. This must we suppose be attributed to the desultory habits of his life. He seems to have been by no means a bookish man, and to have given but little of his time to general or even current literature, though by fits very studious of "all such reading as was never read" when he wanted to work it into some particular design.

"Colonel Henley mentioned a play of Racine's (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon."—iii. 240.

It is odd that he should forget the name of one of the few tragedies of this great dramatist. Colonel Henley, no doubt, alluded to the first lines of *Alexandre*. And in some remarks that Moore makes (iii. 225, 238) on the structure of the French heroic or tragic verse, he shows that he knows nothing about it.

"1822, July 30th.—Came home by the *gondole*. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of *Malesherbes*. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming, from my dark corner, at the end of each of his recitations, *C'est de Malesherbes, ça. Oui Monsieur. C'est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*"—iii. 359.

Astonished the poor man might well be at the interference of a "learned Theban" from the Western Bœotia, who confounded the names of *M. Lamoignon de Malesherbes*, the celebrated minister and venerable friend of Louis XVI., with that of *Malherbe*, a poet of the days of Henry IV., of whom we will venture to guess that Moore never read a line but one little elegiac ode on the death of Rose Duperrier, which is preserved in all the French *Recueils*, and which every one has by heart. Moore's intrusive parade of his learning, and his real confusion of two such different and well-known persons, seem to us quite as comical as his own story of another Frenchman, who, when Lord Moira showed him the castle of *Macbeth* in Scotland, corrected him, "*Maccabée, Milord: nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent—Judas Maccabée, Empereur Romain.*" (ii. 247).

We find him gravely quoting *Mr. Luttrell* as complaining—

"that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, 'like that King of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town.'"—iii. 262.

Is it possible that Moore should not have known whence *Mr. Luttrell's* pleasantry was derived? It seems so: and there is a similar instance in vol. iv. p. 72.

Again, he quotes, from *Lord Holland*, Cowper's burlesque lines, "*Doctor Jortin,*" &c. (iii. 272), evidently having either not read or forgotten one of the most delightful and popular publications of his own time—*Cowper's Letters*.

"19th Sept. 1818.—Dined at Bowood. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner. Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and *Swift's* ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy, which I must see."—ii. 167.

"*Swift's* ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy—which I must see!" He would have to search long enough before he saw any such thing. It is wonderful that he should not have known that *Swift* was himself *Bickerstaff*, under which pseudonyme he ridiculed the prophecies of the notorious almanac-maker *Partridge*, where, however, there is nothing at all about "*the end of the world.*" But neither *Bickerstaff* nor *Partridge* had anything to do with the passage referred to at Bowood, which is from an altogether different drollery, in ridicule of *Whiston's* theory of comets. We should have hardly thought that there was any reading man in England who was not familiar with all these pleasantries.

Moore talks of a *Mr. Theophilus Swift* who had in his time some squabble with the heads of the University in which his son, *Mr. Deane Swift*, had a share—"Mr. Swift," says Moore, "having had his son so christened in honor of the name" (i. 38). Moore must have looked but little into the Dean's history not to know that one of his uncles had married the daughter of Admiral *Deane*, whose surname had thence become a Christian name of the Swift family. It is strange that he should not have read *Swift's* Correspondence, the second letter of which, dated 1694, is addressed to "his cousin, *Deane Swift, Esq.*": and stranger still that he should never have seen or heard of so well-known a work as the *Essay on the Life of the Dean of St. Patrick's*, by an elder *Mr. Deane Swift*—the father of *Theophilus* and grandfather of the second *Deane*—whom Moore supposes to have been the first.

Again:—

"*Douglas* said he supposed that it was from the Patriarch that the garment called a *Joseph* was named. *Douglas* must have been thinking

of a *Benjamin*, for a *Joseph* is, I believe, a woman's garment."—ii. 182.

How could Moore forget the highest poetical authority for *Joseph* as a man's garment?—

"He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a John."—*Dunciad*, ii. 128.

He had not even read, it seems, that "hand-book" of anecdotes—the *Walpoliana*—for he thinks it necessary to transcribe (iv. 247) a story as told by Lord Lansdowne, which is printed there. Lord Lansdowne might very naturally tell it, but Moore's transcribing it proves that he had never read it.

"Lord Lansdowne mentioned an epigram as rather happy in its structure: I forget the exact words:—

"[The hearer] perplexed  
"Twixt the two to determine—  
Watch and pray says the text,  
Go to sleep says the sermon."—iv. 241.

Moore might have found it in the *very first page* of epigrams in the "Elegant Extracts."

Presently, however, we find him sneering at Lord Lansdowne, as "*showing off*" some criticism on Dryden's translation of the opening of the *Æneid*, and especially on the imperfect rendering of *fato profugus*, which Moore had heard from him before (ii. 246). If Lord Lansdowne—who is as little of a mere *show-off* man as we ever met—did repeat himself, it certainly was not Moore who, enjoying his hospitality, should have been on the watch to detect and record it. Moore goes on to attribute to Lord Lansdowne some further remarks on the word *profugus*:—

"Bowood, 1818, Dec. 30th.—Lord L. mentioned a passage in *Florus*, where the word *profugus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profugus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profugus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—'*Errat Virgilius, forte profugus erat.*'"—ii. 246.

All we can understand from this strange passage—marked and accented as we have given it—is, that Moore seems not to have had the slightest idea of what his friends were talking about—that he confounded the meaning with the *prosody* of the word—that he fancied *Florus* to be a poet, whose authority would determine the penultimate syllable to be long—and that Dr. Paley having,

in consequence of his northern education, pronounced it a short, he was ridiculed by fellow Cantabs for so monstrous a mistake. We cannot imagine how Moore, even his western education, could have related such absurdities, and supposed some error in the transcription of it; but we may safely acquit Lord L. of having any share in them.

On another question of prosody, he gets out of his depth in very shallow water. In confessing that the Dublin University were in his day deficient in prosodists that they make mistakes as to *and shorts* (i. 50)—believing that *and shorts* of our great schools refer to *and short syllables*, and not, as the *long and short lines*—i. e., hexameters and pentameters: and twenty years later he had not discovered his mistake.

It makes a significant conclusion to the foregoing negligences and ignorances to find that it was only one week before his final departure from Paris, after a residence of near two years, that he found his way to the royal library:—

"1822. Nov. 15th. Went to the library. What a shame that I should not *till now* have availed myself of the facilities of this treasury!"—iv. 20.

He left Paris on the third day after this compunctious entry.

On the whole, there is hardly anything in the Diary that has surprised us more than the frequent, and, as it seems, conclusive, evidence of Moore's deficiency, not only in more serious, but even in ordinary, reading. There are hardly any of his acquaintance, and we should note more especially his noble friends Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, who do not appear to have been—*quod minime reris*—better versed than this voluminous poet and historian both in English and classical literature.

A very prominent feature of the Diary is and, indeed, one of its least irrational objects would be—the record of the jokes and stories that Moore's taste should think worth remembering. Knowing that he lived with all the wits of the day, Whig and Tory, and having ourselves often admired his tact and humor in reproducing such things to enliven his own conversation, we expected a choice harvest: but there, as everywhere else, we have been disappointed. Few are good, and the majority are downright failures. Amongst the few tolerable with which we are not familiar the following are the best. Foremost

we place two of Kenny's, the dramatist, who—

"said of Luttrell's 'Julia,' that it was too long, and not broad enough."

An excellent critique on that somewhat ponderous levity.

And again, when Moore's troubles came upon him, without appearing to affect his spirits, Kenny said, with a pleasantry that reminds one of Gil Blas,—

"'Tis well you are a poet: a philosopher never could bear it."—iii. 169.

"On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says Rogers: Knight being a very bad listener."

Lord Ellenborough showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused, and said—

"'Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?' 'Pleasure, Mr. —, has been out of the question for a long time; but you may proceed.'"—ii. 312.

Moore, confessing that he was not a scientific Musician—

"mentioned the tendency I had to run into consecutive fifths, adding that [Sir Henry] Bishop now revised my music; [George] Lord Auckland said, 'Other bishops take care of the *tithes*—but he looks after the *fifths*.'"—iv. 263.

"Curran, upon a case where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley's for acting *Lock and Key*, said, 'My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said *Lock and Key* is to be considered as a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind.'"—iv. 7.

At a stag-hunt at Killarney, the animal

"came close to where Lord Avonmore, then Attorney-General, and Dr. O'Leary were standing—O'Leary said—How naturally instinct leads him to you for a *noile prosequi*!"—iv. 112.

A dialogue between a visitor and a servant at a hall door in Dublin:—

"'Is your master at home?' 'No, Sir, he's out.' 'Your mistress?' 'No, Sir, she's out.' 'Well, I'll just go in, and take an air of the fire till they come.' 'Faith, Sir, it's out too.'"—ii. 288.

These are at least among the best that have any novelty; they are generally hackneyed, and, what is surprising, sometimes very ill told. "It is not every one," says Johnson, "who can carry a joke." Moore we

always thought was one of those who could, and indeed he had considerable success in that way; but the following failure is almost as bad as the Joe-Miller story of him, who called the fall of a shoulder of mutton a *lappus linguæ*:—

"1821. Feb. 2.—Talking of letters being charged by weight, Canning said that the Post Office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hipplesey, 'it was so *dull*.'"—iii. 166.

Oh, no, Mr. Moore, Canning said "it was so *heavy*." He attempts to repeat after Tierney two pleasantries of Mr. Pitt—of one he makes nonsense, and the other he maims and loses its point. It is truly told in Q. R., vol. 79, p. 513. Here is an imbroglia, to us quite incomprehensible. Creevey, he says, who had passed some time with Sheridan at Mr. Ord's in Northumberland, described—

"Sheridan's *Gayety*: acted over the *battle of the Pyramids* on *Marston Moor*, ordering Captain Creevey to *cut out that cow*—pointing to a cow in a ditch."—iv. 295.

Was it Creevey or Moore who imagined that either the battle of the *Pyramids* or that of *Marston Moor* was a *maritime exploit*—like the celebrated *cutting out* the *Hermione*?

"I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:—

'Cæsarem vehis et fortunæ. (*sic*)

'When meaner souls the tempest struck with  
awe,  
Undaunted Colclough crossed at *Luggelaw*,  
And said to Boatmen, shivering in their rags,  
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle-bags!"  
—iii. 5.

This pleasantry, not itself a very choice one, is miserably mangled in every way. *Luggelaw* is a mountain *tarn*, in the county of Wicklow, where no one ever took boat unless to fish or sketch, and where hounds never could come—nor, if they did, do sportsmen hunt with saddle-bags. The epigram was made, we believe, by Charles Bushe on Mr. Cæsar Colclough, a barrister riding the Leinster Circuit, who, in a storm that deterred others, crossed the ferry at *Ballinlaw*, between Waterford and Wexford. It was said that he took this short cut to anticipate the rest of the bar by an earlier arrival at Wexford, and that Bushe took this kind of revenge on him. This blunder is the more remarkable because it proves that Moore never could have visited Luggelaw,

one of the most striking scenes of that picturesque district so often mentioned in his *Melodies*. How this should have happened we cannot imagine, particularly if he saw the "Meeting of the Waters," Glandelough, &c., in going to which he must have passed close to Luggelaw, which is nearer to Dublin, and we think finer than any of them.

Moore professed to feel great pleasure from natural scenery, but this and several other passages in the *Diary* lead us to doubt whether the feeling was very strong. Dove-dale, for instance, gives him no more distinct idea than that it is the very abode of—*genii*! (i. 301). To be sure, both he and Lord John tell us that he wept at the sight of Mont Blanc, but he also tells us that he wept at seeing a Frenchman go up in a balloon. We know also that he never saw Killarney till his English friends the Lansdownes took him there in his forty-second year; and when he was asked which of two different confluences he meant to describe in his celebrated song of the "Meeting of the Waters," he was unable to say.

The specimens he gives of his own bons-mots or repartees are very poor—take one, which, from the rank of the lady and the care with which he records it, was, we presume, a favorite recollection:—

"Had music in the evening [at Woburn]. The duchess [of Bedford] said she wished I could transfer my genius to her for six weeks; and I answered, 'most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time.'"—iii. 283.

The good taste of agreeing so readily in the Duchess' humble estimation of herself, and in her Grace's high opinion of *him*, and of estimating his own superiority at just the worth of *Woburn* (!), seems to us equal to its pleasantry.

After the publication of the *Life of Sheridan* there was some talk of his undertaking those of *Grattan* and *Byron*:—

"Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for *Lives* I was likely to have—I said I had better publish *nine* together, in one volume, and call it *The Cat*."—iv. 323.

Spoiled it seems from the old drollery in *Walpole's Letters*: "If I had as many *many lives* as a *cat*, or as one *Plutarch*."

Finding some difficulty in lighting a fire at a French inn—

"I said the wood was like the houses in Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie*—which amused Lord John."—iii. 13.

Having thus endeavored to collect from the scattered evidence of the *Diary* a kind of synopsis of some of the chief points of Moore's personal and literary character, we now turn to the consideration of some circumstances of a more public nature; and here it is that we can cordially say that, whatever neglect or error of detail may be imputed to Lord John Russell's editorship, his work is a public—we had almost said historical—benefit. Moore's political satires had a considerable effect in their day, not so much from their gayety and wit—which was often feeble, and more often forced—as from the deep bitterness and personal rancor by which they recommended themselves to that combination of factions self-styled the *Whig party*. Of this active and unscrupulous opposition Moore became the poet-laureate; and though his vituperatory verses are as essentially effete as the panegyrics of any court laureate of them all, they have left behind them, both in common talk and in the *olla-podrida* literature of our day, a kind of vague impression, which these volumes will tend to correct and efface to a degree of which Moore's egotism was, and Lord John Russell's prejudice is, we suspect, alike unconscious.

To exhibit this in its true light we must revert a little to Moore's autobiography.

We here find more than we had ever before heard or suspected of his early initiation into the United Irish Conspiracy: Moore tells us that he was not actually a United Irishman—and his youth would, no doubt, prevent his being in their councils—but he frequently boasted that he was heart and soul devoted to their principles, and, to the extent of his little power, active in propagating them. All of what are called his *patriotic* songs were calculated to revive and feed the spirit of the Irish Rebellion; and, to the very last, he seems to be proud of being considered a *Jacobin*, and even a *traitor*—which latter title is evidently viewed by him as equivalent to that of *patriot*.

This leads us to observe on two passages of Lord John Russell's Preface, penned no doubt with the object of justifying Moore's extreme politics, but which we think deserve, on higher grounds, serious animadversion. In his critical summary of Moore's works, Lord John says of his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, that "the character and fate of Lord Edward are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot;" and in speaking of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the noble Editor affirms that it was "*wickedly provoked*—

ed" by the Government. This canonization of treason and murder as *patriotism*, and this calumny on the Government of the country, are among the legacies that Lord John has had from Holland House. Our readers know that Lord Holland avowed both these scandalous opinions in his last volume of *Memoirs*; and we hope they have not forgotten our refutation of them (Q. R. June, 1852). We need hardly say that we have very little reliance on Lord John Russell's judgment on any question where party prejudices can intervene; but that an author who has published largely on modern history—a statesman who has been successively Secretary of State for the Colonial, the Foreign, and the Home Departments, Prime Minister, and who is now Leader of the House of Commons—should go out of his way to gild over rebellion as *patriotism*, and to assert so gratuitous and so absurd a slander as that the English and Irish ministers of those days had "*wickedly provoked*" the rebellion, passes our understanding: it is like nothing we ever read of, except the assertion of certain French historians that Mr. Pitt provoked the massacres of September.

We are astonished at Lord John Russell's venturing to reproduce such a misrepresentation if it were merely *historical*:—it is worse, as we have just intimated, when a man in such a station endeavors to palliate not merely rebellion—but a rebellion of which we can scarcely say that the ashes are yet cold; but worst of all it is, when the very book he is editing—notwithstanding the *avowedly* rebellious bias of the author—contradicts Lord Holland's and Lord John Russell's fable of the rebellion having been "*wickedly*" or in *any* way "*provoked*" by the Government. Moore's *first* political recollections—dating many years before 1798—he tells us, were that—

"all the oldest acquaintances of his father and mother were some of the most deeply involved in the *grand conspiracy against the Government*."—i. 48.

Again, in the year before the rebellion, Moore says—

"the celebrated newspaper called the *Press* was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and the other chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy [*Were they the tools of Pitt and Camden?*], with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the *great crisis* that was *fast approaching*."—i. 55.

Moore would have been willing enough to palliate the rebellion—but he had been too near an observer to attempt any such imposition; and every line and every word of his record of those times is a contradiction of Lord John Russell's most indecent and most unfounded—we might almost borrow his own term "*wicked*"—charge on the Government of the time.

From these perilous political connections—though never from these rebellious principles—Moore seems to have soon escaped into a very different and—in spite of his *Jacobin* opinions—more congenial society. His musical taste introduced him to one or two musical families, which he surprised and delighted by a combination of poetry and music in a style altogether peculiar to himself. He sang his own verses to his own tunes, in a style still more his own: the songs were indeed rather little amatory breathings than poetry—the voice rather a warbling than singing—but both were set off by an expression of countenance and charm of manner the most graceful, the most natural, and the most touching that we have ever witnessed; in truth we believe that those who have ever heard Moore's own performance will agree that from no other lips—not even those of female beauty—did his songs ever come with such fascinating effect. With this singular and seductive talent, accompanied by perfect good manners and lively conversation, he soon made his way in the "singing, dancing, supping" society of Dublin; and it is evident from all the names that occur in the letters of this period that it was of an altogether different political complexion from his former associations.

At this time his parents, though little in a condition to meet such an expense, decided on his being educated for the Bar—and accordingly, in April, 1799, he proceeded to London, to be entered at the Middle Temple. The preparations for this journey are told with singular naïveté, and include a peculiarity which we should not have expected from what he says of the general good sense of his mother:—

"A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together, towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also *another*

*treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth, blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.*"—i. 72.

He remained here, it seems, only long enough to *keep*, as it is called, two law terms, and returned to Dublin in July; where, the season of the year having no doubt thinned the gay company in which he had before lived, he probably worked more assiduously at preparing for the press the translation of Anacreon which he had begun while yet in college. This work—then his only ticket in the lottery of life—being at last ready for the press, he returned to London, where he immediately circulated proposals for publishing it by subscription.

He had brought also a letter of introduction to the Earl of Moira, who at that time was the chief professor of Irish patriotism in England; the intercourse of that date was confined to a morning visit and a dinner; but he then received an invitation to the Earl's seat at Donington Castle in Leicestershire, of which he availed himself on his way to London the *second* time, in November, 1799.

He made for many years not merely frequent visits to Lord Moira at Donington, but several lengthened abodes with which his Lordship indulged him, in the absence of the family, to pursue his studies free from expense and the absorbing distractions of society, and with the advantage of a fine library,—a considerate kindness on the part of Lord Moira which showed an early appreciation of the danger to which Moore's taste for the dissipations of London exposed him. Soon after his marriage Moore hired a cottage in the neighboring village of Kegworth, where he had the library always, and occasionally the society of the castle, within his reach.

Very early in their acquaintance Lord Moira seems to have obtained from George IV., then Prince of Wales, the acceptance of the dedication of the forthcoming Anacreon; and as Moore's subsequent conduct towards that Prince was altogether, we think, the least creditable as well as the most remarkable circumstance of his whole life, it is our historical duty to give as particular an account of it as we can gather from these

volumes. Some time before the personal introduction Moore writes:—

"[1800. May.]—My dear Mother,—I have got the Prince's name [to the subscription], and his permission that I should dedicate Anacreon to him. Hurra! Hurra!"—i. 104.

"*Hurra! Hurra!*" We pause for a moment, not to sneer at this burst of exultation, very natural in a youth of Moore's then circumstances, but to lament that the next time we meet these words from Moore's pen should be in an insult to the very personage of whose favor he was once so proud—in a burlesque description of the Regent's opening Parliament:—

"*Hurra! Hurra!* I heard them say,  
And they cheered and shouted all the way,  
As the great Panurge in his glory went  
To open in state his Parliament."—*Works*, 511.

At one of the fashionable assemblies in which Moore's agreeable talents soon rendered him so universally acceptable—a party, we believe, of Lady Harrington's—he had by and by the honor of being personally introduced to His Royal Highness:—

"1800. Aug. 4th.—I was yesterday introduced to His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. He is, beyond doubt, a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honor he had done me, he stopped me, and said the honor was entirely his," &c., &c.—107.

"1801. March 8th.—I last night went to a little supper after the opera, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were."—111.

"March 28th.—You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was 'How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you.'"—112.

This is all we find before Moore's trip to America; but immediately after his return he writes:—

"[1804.] Saturday [Dec. 7th].—My darling Mother—I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night at a small supper party at which I met him. Every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these:—'I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I had heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you [laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time] it was a subject of general concern.' Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and ex-

pressing them so cordially--was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father's and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and, pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing. It was at Lord Harrington's."—i. 178.

"1806. May.—I believe I told you the kind things the prince said to me about my book (the *Odes and Epistles*)."—193.

"1811. June 21st.—My dearest mother,—I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête [at Carlton House], which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eye with the assemblage of beauty, splendor, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. . . . The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance."—i. 254, 5.

This was one of the two *fetes* at the beginning at the Regency to which Moore's subsequent libels make so many offensive, and, as we now see, ungrateful allusions. We see also that he had once at least dined at Carlton House.

The Prince was certainly struck with the talents and manners of the young poet, and partook of Lord Moira's good will towards him:—and during Mr. Addington's administration—in 1803—their *joint* influence (we speak advisedly) procured for their protégé a *very easy* office in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It is, no doubt, to palliate Moore's subsequent ingratitude to *both* his patrons, that he and his partizans, and of course Lord John, take the tone of denouncing this appointment as "the greatest misfortune of Moore's life," and even of treating the kindness of his early protectors as a matter of reproach. This is altogether unfounded. We nowhere find any distinct account of the value of the office, and on the contrary there seems a studied reserve on that subject; but we see that both Moore and his father made close inquiries into that important point, the results of which were so satisfactory as to induce Moore to make a voyage to Bermuda to take possession of the post. We know that it yielded *something* (i. 184.):—and indeed during *twelve* years—the most struggling years of his life, we hear no complaint of its not being productive. On the contrary, in 1810, he talks of "his *Bermuda treasury*," and expects to receive something thence very shortly, [i. 245]. In May, 1812,

he expected "money from Bermuda," which turned out to be "*money indeed!*" [i. 280]. In the winter of 1813 we find him entering into a negotiation for getting an immediate advance on the credit of his coming profits [i. 369]; and in December, 1814, we have him acknowledging the remittance of no less a sum than £500, which he immediately invests in the funds, and glories in being "a stock-holder" [ii. 58]. It is just a year after the receipt of this £500 that we find his first complaint about Bermuda—"I get as near nothing from it as possible" [ii. 88]. No wonder: he had been twelve years pocketing whatever monies his deputy chose to send him, and, though warned and advised both *officially* and *privately* that he ought to look after this important business, he never took, as far as appears, any trouble about it. At last, in the spring of 1818—after *fifteen years'* enjoyment of the office—came the real disaster, which was this:—The proceeds of the sales of two or three ships and cargoes, which had been condemned, were lodged in the registry of the court, pending an appeal; this sum Moore's deputy embezzled, and Moore, who had, he says, "forgotten both the deputy and the office," was disagreeably awakened by a demand from the injured parties to make good the deposit. What the real defalcation was is not exactly stated, but it was finally compromised for £1040. Twice or thrice that sum need not have *overwhelmed* a prudent man in Moore's circumstances. He was in the receipt of very large sums for his works, and for immediate aid, on this occasion, Messrs. Longman offered to advance the whole sum on his own security, and several of his private friends—Mr. Rogers, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Richard Power, Lord John Russell, and the present Duke of Bedford, were anxious to enable him to have settled the affair at once. These offers his delicacy rejected, and he proceeded to resist the demand by dilatory proceedings in the court. We do not understand this kind of *delicacy*: would it not have been more delicate, or, in plain English, more honest—even if he had exhausted his own immediate resources—to have accepted temporary loans from such old and affluent friends as we have named—or, still better, Messrs. Longman's proposal in the way of business—than to have not only left the claimants unpaid, but increased their loss by a litigious resistance? Instead, however, of feeling either for himself or the claimants, it appears from the Diary that for a year and a half—from April, 1818 to August, 1819—



Moore was enjoying himself in his usual round of fashionable amusement, and it was not till the progress of the suit rendered delay no longer possible that he thought of escaping from arrest, first in the sanctuary of Holyhood House, but, as the safety of that asylum was doubtful, finally by retiring to the Continent.

Why should the bounty of his royal and noble patrons be in any way made responsible for all this personal neglect and imprudence on Moore's part? They gave him an office, estimated as we think we have heard, at £400 a year clear profit, which—besides being as much as they had any chance of obtaining from a Government with which they were not connected—was also in every way suitable to Moore's then position. It secured him a moderate income, and, being almost a sinecure, left him at liberty to dedicate his time to his literary avocations. Such is, we believe, the truth of this long misunderstood and misrepresented affair.

We must now revert to Moore's political prospects. In 1806 All the Talents came into office, and amongst them Lord Moira. Moore, with as keen an appetite for place as ever a *patriot* had—and we can say no more—is in a perfect fever of greedy delight. He writes to his mother, Feb. 4th, 1806,—

"I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fate is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and *my fate* now depends upon his sincerity, which it would be profanation to doubt; and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence! Tierney goes [Chancellor of the Exchequer] to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for my father's advancement. In short, every thing promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune smiles."—192.

Fortune smiled, but not so bountifully as Moore anticipated. Lord Moira was only Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which has little civil patronage, but he did for Moore all that he could, and more than he ought. He made his father barrack-master of Dublin, for which the old man's years and habits rendered him wholly unfit; and having in his own gift "a small appointment to give away, he proposed it to Moore himself—till something better offered" [i. 192]. Moore does not say what it was, but declines it, telling his lordship he would wait till something worthier of his [sic] "generosity and my ambition should occur" [ib]. Lord Moira, instead of being offended, ap-

plies to Mr. Fox for that "something worthier," and Mr. Fox seems good naturedly to have promised compliance with his request.

"You may tell my uncle and aunt of Fox's *promise*—Lord Moira has told me that it is one of the Irish *Commissionerships* that I am to have; but these will not be arranged until those in England are settled."

Whatever the *promise* may have been, it and Lord Moira's influence vanished at Mr. Fox's death; and Moore, ignorant, no doubt, at the time, of the delicate situation in which Lord Moira was placed after Mr. Fox's death, never forgave his lordship for the neglect and lukewarmness to which he attributed his disappointment.

Dissatisfied with Lord Moira and the Talents, Moore became outrageous at their successors.—"Fine times," he says, "for changing a ministry—and changing to such *fools* too" (i. 222); the fools being—*inter alias*—Percival, Liverpool, Harrowby, Huskisson, Palmerston, Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington!—He goes down in despair to Donington Park, to vent his bile on this new Ministry:—

"I am not (he says to Lady Donegal, 27th April, 1807, writing love verses. I begin at last to find out that politics is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better to *rebel* against Government than have nothing to do with it. So I am writing politics, but all I fear is that my former ill luck will rise up against me, and that, as I could not write love without getting into—, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason* (sic)."—i. 225.

This, a confession more candid than delicate to be made to a Tory *lady*, was followed up by his two political satires of "Corruption" and "Intolerance," which, bitter and even personally libellous as they are, may be fairly forgiven to a papist who had lost the prospect of an Irish Commissionership by the cry of "No Popery." But he still had hopes from Lord Moira, which the melancholy illness of George III., and the prospect of a new reign kept alive. On this latter subject we find in a letter of the 17th of August, 1811, a passage so discreditable that nothing but his own evidence could make us believe. He had it seems at that time his silly opera of "M.P." in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and thus expresses his apprehension that the *King's death* might interfere with it:—

"I have been a good deal and *loyally* (sic) alarmed lest a *certain catastrophe* should inter-

rupt the performances of the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before he is—[N.B. before he is dead, I mean—don't mistake me].”—i. 268.

He then proceeds to repeat an account of the “poor King being turned loose and suffered to range blindly and frantic about his apartments at Windsor, like Polypheme in his cave,” which, however, “he is *quite happy to find was all a fabrication*” (ib). This brutal trifling with the two most awful incidents of human nature—insanity and death—is rendered additionally painful and pitiable by the recollection that the giddy author was doomed to have his own reason quenched and his own life closed under the calamitous circumstances which he then treated so lightly.

In February, 1812, the restricted Regency expired; and the Prince—after an ineffectual effort to form a combined ministry, which was chiefly defeated by the dissensions and extravagant pretensions of the Whigs themselves—continued Mr. Perceval's administration. Moore writes to Lady Donegal:—

“In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power I see an end of the *long hope* of my life, and my intention is to go far away into the country, &c. . . . the truth is, that the political events of the last few days, so suddenly breaking up *all the prospects* of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.”—i. 269, 270.

In an immediately following letter he states his own motives still more clearly—no loyalty to the Prince, no devotion to Lord Moira, no Whiggery, no popery, no patriotism—nothing but a personal speculation. He tells lady Donegal that he needs no consolation, for—

“the truth is, I feel as if a load had been taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense in which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-wisp* all my life, and the only thing I regret is, that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance.”—i. 271.

But he has still another consolation:—

“I, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I meet him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege.”—i. 271.

That is, in plain English, “having no longer

any hope of a *place*, I am free to become a libeller, and I mean to use my privilege.”

This laudable resolution soon connected him with *Holland House*—where Lord Moira had become an object of suspicion or worse, because the Prince showed more reluctance “to desert Lord Moira than the rest of the party,” amongst whom Lord Moira was now evidently *de trop*.

Moore, already secretly dissatisfied (as we have seen) with Lord Moira, now began immediately, under Lord Holland's special auspices, that series of *personal* libels on the Prince which made so much noise in their day, but which, when we are now obliged to look through them, appear to us to have less of *wit* or even *gayety* than we thought, and to have owed their vogue to what we may call, in the original and most appropriate meaning of the word, their *scurrility*. The salt of these productions was their ingratitude, irreverence, and insult against one who ought to have been in a peculiar degree exempt from them—not only by the absence of every private provocation and the existence of personal obligation on Moore's part, but still more—by his public station, which, besides its legal claims to respect, had one which should have been even more binding on a man of delicacy and honor—that he was as helpless as a woman against such *polissonnerie*.

These showers of garbage, flung in newspapers at the Sovereign, as if he had been a criminal in the pillory, Moore in 1813 collected, with some additional lampoons, in a little volume called the *Twopenny Post-Bag*. One of Lord John Russell's rare notes—and a rare one this is—assures us that this *Post-Bag* “is full of fun and humor, without ill-nature” (i. 331). We will not dispute Lord John's taste as to what he may think fun and humor. Anything that abuses a political opponent is, no doubt, fun and humor; but we should have been utterly astonished at his finding no *ill-nature* in the *Twopenny Post-Bag* if we did not know that there are palates so disordered as not to find vinegar sour, nor aloes bitter. We can only say that to our taste, and that we think of the majority of mankind, there never was a bitterer or sourer specimen of concentrated malignity; and we quite agree in the judgment passed on it by a Whig—a clever man, and a personal friend of Moore—that it was “ribaldry not to be palliated even by its wit;” and that “*deep must have been the hate that prompted it; and bitterly and*

*rancorously it was uttered.*" And we shall see by and by that Lord Holland himself repented him of such impolitic as well as unworthy libelling. Lord John's strange compliment to his friend's *good nature* puts us in mind of Foote's to the Duchess of Kingston. "Well, I have heard of *Tartars* and *Brimstones*, but your Grace is the *flower* of the one and the *cream* of the other." Such seem to us the *cream* and *flowers* of Moore's poetical lampoons. A more practical and conclusive commentary on Lord John's estimate of these *good-natured* verses is furnished by the fact, that Moore was afraid to own, and Carpenter of Bond Street, then his usual publisher, to print them; and so the title-page announced some obscure name, or perhaps, pseudonym, under which the poison might be safely disseminated.

This course of libelling ran on for many years, and in a spirit still more ignoble than it began. Moore might be excused for preferring Lord Holland to Lord Moira—for resenting the discountenance of the Catholic claims—for sharing the sudden disappointment of his political party; but an *odium in longum jacens*, bad as it is, would be less discreditable than such a motive as the following, which it seems to us astonishing that Moore should have confessed even to his own pen:—

"1818. Nov. 20.—Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! *money must be had*, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest."—ii. 218.

"Dec. 17th.—Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a *little money* without much trouble."—ii. 240.

The first, certainly the most remarkable, and artistically, we think, the best, was a parody on the letter (Feb. 15, 1812) of the Prince to the Duke of York, explanatory of his motives for retaining his father's ministry, whose measures had at that important crisis of the affairs of the world, been so successful, but proposing to combine with them—to resist the common danger—the Whig party under Lords Grey and Grenville. The latter peremptorily declined. We do not stop to inquire whether these Lords were right or wrong—Moore pronounces them decidedly wrong, because they spoiled his hopes of a place—nor do we mean to revive that or indeed any other merely political question of

the day, further than to say that the Prince's letter received the general assent of the country and of what was left of independence in Europe, and was the basis of that triumphant policy which led Wellington from the Tagus to the Seine, and Bonaparte from the Tuileries to St. Helena.

Moore did not trouble himself with any such considerations. He saw in the royal letter nothing but the destruction of the "*long hope*" of his life that he had been building on the Prince's friendship for Lord Moira and Lord Moira's friendship for himself, and he endeavored, like other disappointed fortune-hunters, to disguise his own vexation under the cloak of patriotism. It was on or about the same day that he announced to Lady Donegal his intention to use his "*privilege*" of libelling that this parody was read to a select conclave at Holland House, preparatory to its being published in the *Morning Chronicle*. There is a curious sequel to this affair. We find in the *Diary*, near ten years later—

"1821, Nov. 2.—Lord Holland anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's letter, whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrell. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. *Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with. I should much like to know the secret of his reviving this matter just now.*"—iii. 297.

And four years later still—

"1825, Aug. 16—Lord Holland read to me several cahiers of what I rather suspect to be memoirs of his own times. There was mention in it of my parody on the Prince's letter. 'Another poet,' he said, 'Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humor than of worldly prudence,' &c. *This is too bad*—Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody."—iv. 304.

The secret is now plain enough. Lord Holland, when he came in a less heated moment to write an account of the affair, saw it was indefensible, and was desirous of implicating poor Lord Moira in the blame; and so disguising a main point of the Prince Regent's case, which was, that the *party* had thrown Lord Moira overboard, not he them.

We know not where we could find a stronger instance of prophetic self-censure than is afforded by some lines of a satire of Moore's called *The Skeptic*, published in 1809, in which, with that blindness to the *tu quoque* which so often afflicts writers of this class, he says:—

"Self is the medium through which judgment's ray  
Can seldom pass without being turned astray.  
Had Walcot first been pension'd by the Crown,  
Kings would have suffered by his praise alone;  
And Paine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,  
Had laughed, like Wellesley, at the rights of Man."

We forget to what phrase of Lord Wellesley's he may have alluded, but certainly any one who reads of his own morbid anxiety for government patronage and place might not uncharitably apply the preceding line to his case—

"And Moore perhaps, for something snug per ann.,"

would have taught his Muse a different song than those libels on the Sovereign. The poem proceeds;—

"Woe to the skeptic, in these party days,  
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise,  
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,  
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots.  
Nor his the meed that crowned Don Hookham's rhyme;  
Nor sees he e'er in dreams of future time  
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise  
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes;  
Yet who that looks to History's damning leaf,  
Where Whig and Tory—thief opposed to thief—  
On either side, in lofty shade, are seen,  
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between, &c.

*Works*, 145.

Who would believe that the penman of this sneer at that eminent scholar, writer, and diplomatist, Mr. Hookham Frere, and this tirade against all placemen, was himself in possession of a "*sinecure*," and a "*fertile*" one, too, till he mismanaged and lost it by his entire neglect; that he procured for his father a place almost a "*sinecure*," which the old man also mismanaged and lost; that his own life was passed in *dreams of reversions* as "*dear*" as any Scotchman ever entertained; that when those "*thieves*" the "*Whigs*" had come into power, in 1806, he was in "*a bewilderment of hope and anxiety*" for a place;—and that he was destined to be at last "*pensioned by the Crown*"?

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So far we have only looked to Moore's personal relations with the Prince and the patriot pretences under which he endeavored to color his libels; but we find in these volumes some elucidation of a more important matter. The great point of Moore's attack, and that which in a variety of shapes was urged against the Prince by the Whigs, was His Royal Highness's desertion of his old political friends in forming that ministry of *fools* in 1807. We should not have thought it worth while to discuss such a charge—as if great national interests were to be made subservient to the partialities of private life—as if Prince Henry ought to have preferred Sir John Falstaff to Chief Justice Gascoyne—but unreasonable and unconstitutional as the indulgence of such personal partialities would have been if they had existed, the fact is that they did *not* exist, and that the imputation against the Prince was an anachronism and a misrepresentation. The Prince is charged with "*deserting his old friends*." Now, the plain historic fact is, and Moore himself is forced to attest it, that, whatever it may be called, coolness, separation, desertion was the act of the party and not of the Prince. Those of the party who possessed especially his private regard were Mr. Fox, Lord Moira, and Sheridan (Moore, *Life of Sheridan*, ii. 384). These composed the heir-apparent's "*little senate*." His deference for Mr. Fox induced him to submit to his coalition with Lord Grenville, but he was "*never friendly to it*;" (*ib.* ii. 383—), so that on Mr. Fox's death, as Moore himself states—

"the chief *personal* tie that connected the Heir Apparent with the party was broken—its *political* identity had been already disturbed [by the Grenville coalition]; . . . and *immediately* after Mr. Fox's death His Royal Highness made known his intentions of *withdrawing from all interference in politics*, and expressed himself as no longer desirous of being considered as a *party man*—his own phrase."—*ib.*

What possible pretence could there be, four or five years after that explicit declaration, to consider him as bound to that party?

Lord Holland himself, in 1818, confessed to Moore that Lords Grenville and Grey were to blame for the final rupture with the Prince in 1812—and this he did so strongly that Moore goes on to say—

"All this accounts *most satisfactorily* for the *defection* of the Prince, and, if anything could justify his *duplicity* and *apostacy*, it would be their arrogance and folly.—ii. 184.

This is but a cross-grained candor; for of what duplicity and apostacy, as respects friendly relations, was the Prince ever accused, except in this defection so "satisfactorily accounted for"? But in justice to Moore we must say, that at this time he probably was not aware of the extent of Lord Moira's separation from the party in 1807—which the Earl subsequently told him, and authorized him to repeat.

So far as to the pretence of the Prince's deserting his friends. Now a word about the principle of Catholic Emancipation, which he was also said to have deserted. It is well known that the Prince's own opinion never was in favor of that question; indeed it would have been a strange abnegation in one whose power and station had no other basis in this country than Catholic exclusion; and Moore himself furnishes us with evidence, not merely of this adverse feeling, but of its being well known to those of the Prince's most intimate friends who took the opposite view. That question was first broached in the Imperial Parliament in the spring of 1805. The Prince's opposition to it was immediate and decided. Being informed that Fox had consented to present the Catholic petition in the Commons (as Lord Grenville was to do in the Lords), the Prince endeavored to dissuade him from that step. This we learn from Fox's answer to *Sheridan*, who conveyed the Prince's wishes. Fox avowed and persisted in his intentions, adding, "*I am sure you know how painful it would be to me to disobey any command of His Royal Highness, or even to act in any manner which might be in the slightest degree contrary to his wishes, and therefore I am not sorry that your information came too late*" (*Life*, ii. 334). At this time—the beginning of May, 1805—there was no prospect of any political change; Mr. Pitt was alive—the King in good health—the Catholic question was new—it had not yet taken its strong party color, and had none of the *prestige* which in a long subsequent struggle it acquired—there was nothing therefore at this time to affect the sincerity of the Prince's opinion, and in that *opinion* there is no reason to suspect that he ever for a moment wavered. Shortly after this, when the Catholic question had grown to be a thorough party measure, we find (*ib.*, ii. 364) a letter from *Sheridan* to the Prince, in which he states the Prince's position on that question to be *so different from his own*, that he had not liked to talk to him on the subject. This

letter is undated, but it must have been two or three years before the Regency.

Moore himself was, about this time, no very zealous emancipator, and talks what we dare say he would a little later have called the language of bigotry and intolerance. He writes to his mother in the summer of 1807:—

"Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still* the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. *The Roman Catholics deserve very little; and even if they merited all they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things that they could get it.*"—i. 231.

This paragraph is much more significant than it seems at first sight. The month or day is not given, but it was written from Donnington, where he then was *with Lord Moira*; and it appears from the context that it was towards the end of June or beginning of July in 1707—just at the meeting of the new Parliament which followed the dismissal of *All the Talents*, and when Catholic Emancipation had become the leading—indeed the paramount principle of the Whig party, now again become the Opposition. Can it be reasonably doubted that Lord Moira's opinion was not very different from Moore's? Moore, in his "*Life of Sheridan*," makes an awkward and tardy confession of the injustice of his calumnies on the Prince in this matter:—

"With respect to the chief personage connected with these transactions, it is a proof of the tendency of knowledge to produce a spirit of tolerance, that they who, judging merely from the surface have been most forward in reprobating his separation from the Whigs, as a rupture of political ties and an abandonment of private friendships, must, on becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances that led to this crisis, learn to soften down considerably their angry feelings, and to see, indeed, in the whole history of the connexion—from its first formation in the hey-day of youth and party, to its faint survival after the death of Mr. Fox—but a natural and distinct gradation towards the result at which it at last arrived, after as much fluctuation of political principle on one side as there was of indifference perhaps to all political principle on the other."—*Life*, ii. 408–9.

The cloudy verbosity of this confession shows the reluctance with which it was made; but, as it finally gives the substantial truth, we shall not quarrel with its style or taste.

There remains, however, another incident in this affair, hitherto very indistinctly noticed, but which really was the hinge on

which Moore's fortune turned. Towards the close of 1812, when Lord Moira was appointed Governor-General of India, Moore's own hopes began to revive, but he soon saw, from Lord Moira's cool and distant manner, that *something* had changed his Lordship's disposition towards him; he begins to foresee a disappointment, which he accounts for to his two most confidential correspondents in the same repeated words:—

"I do not think that Lord Moira—*eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers* that he has about him—will be able to offer me or *procure* me anything worth my acceptance."—i. 312-13.

Vexation and vanity are blind guides, or Moore would not have thus irreverently described a class to which he himself so prominently belonged; for it is but too evident that he was as *hungry* as any of the *pack*, and that the rest of the *pack* probably thought as contemptuously of *him*. But this suggestion was no more true than it was decorous. The real cause was much simpler. It was that of which Moore must have been conscious, though he affected not to see it—it was that indicated by Lord Holland in the conversation of the 2d of November, 1821, above quoted; namely, the self-evident fact that neither Lord Moira nor any other friend of the Prince or servant of the Crown could have ventured to propose any species of favor to a person who had made himself so gratuitously, so prominently, and so personally offensive to the Sovereign. It was therefore, as we have shown, neither the Prince that deserted Lord Moira, nor Lord Moira that deserted Moore; it was Moore who, under the joint influence of personal disappointment and of Holland House, had giddily abandoned Lord Moira, outrageously insulted the Prince, and rendered absolutely *impossible* any further kindness that either might have originally designed him.

Amongst all these libels there is one that deserves special notice, not only for its untruth, but because Moore himself furnishes us with proofs of its deliberate malignity; we mean that concerning the conduct of the Prince towards poor Sheridan, towards the close of his life; and as the matter is of more lasting interest than almost anything else in these volumes, and as we have it in our power to add something to what we said on the same subject in our review of Moore's *Life of Sheridan* when first printed (*Q. R.*, vol. xxxiii.)—the *Diary* itself, indeed, afford-

ing additional confirmation of the view we then took of this almost historical question—we shall be excused for entering the more fully into its details.

On the 5th of August, 1816, a month after Sheridan's death, Moore published, anonymously of course, in the *Morning Chronicle*, nine malignant stanzas on "The Death of Sheridan," of which three were addressed especially to the Prince Regent. Those three we feel it necessary to quote in this place, not merely as a specimen of Moore's style of insulting the Sovereign, but because we are able to accompany them with a fuller refutation from Moore's own confessions, now fortunately, and in spite of himself, supplied:—

"And THOU too whose life, a sick Epicure's dream,  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd.  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam  
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothing-  
ness cast:  
No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies  
thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;  
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
Though this would make Europe's whole opu-  
lence mine:  
Would I suffer what—e'en in the heart that thou  
hast,  
All mean as it is—must have consciously  
burn'd  
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from  
thee at last  
And which found all his wants at an end, was  
return'd."

The ground of this outrageous insult and calumny was as follows:—A very few days before Sheridan's death, Mr. Vaughan, commonly called "Hat Vaughan," an old friend of his, called at Carlton House, and told Colonel Macmahon, the Prince's private secretary, that poor Sheridan was in a deplorable state of both health and circumstances—in fact dying of disease and starvation. Sheridan had of late (from a motive which we shall mention in the sequel) made himself a stranger at Carlton House, where therefore this news created equal sorrow and surprise; but Mr. Vaughan's picture of the destitution was so vivid, that the Prince, without any further inquiry authorised Colonel Macmahon to advance in the first instance to Mr. Vaughan £500 to be employed in the immediate relief of the sordid misery he described, but with an injunction that what was done should appear to be done by Mr. Vaughan as a private friend and most especially that the Prince's name should not be mentioned. Mr. Vau-

declined to take more than £200 at first, and with that sum he instantly went to Sheridan's house: under his direction, and at the expense of about £150, the pressing distress was relieved; and he saw poor Sheridan and his wife—who was almost as ill and quite as destitute—in a state of comparative comfort. Two days after this had been accomplished, the comforts provided and paid for by Mr. Vaughan, and while he was preparing ulterior measures, he was surprised by having the money he had expended returned to him, as from Mrs. Sheridan's friends, who, it was said, would not allow Mr. Sheridan to want for anything—and Mr. Vaughan's further interposition was rejected. Such are the naked facts of the case, at least as Mr. Vaughan reported them to Col. Macmahon. He added, as his own conjecture, that it was soon suspected that he was only the secret agent of the Regent, and that some zealous political partizans, who had hitherto taken no notice of Sheridan's distress, thought this a good opportunity of insulting his Royal Highness, and, under pretence of "*Mrs. Sheridan's independent spirit*," had induced and enabled her to repay Mr. Vaughan's advances. Of the justice of this conjecture we have no direct evidence, for Mr. Vaughan did not know whence either the money or the advice came, but, seeing how exactly it tallies with Moore's libellous misrepresentation, it cannot be reasonably doubted that they came from the same source.

We must now go back to account for Sheridan's estrangement from Carlton House, and here we have the evidence (imperfect as we shall afterwards see, but substantially sufficient) of Lord Holland—as stated in Moore's record of a conversation between them. We omit a passage or two very abusive of Sheridan's general character, but which do not immediately apply to the point to which we wish to confine ourselves. What we are obliged to tell is painful enough, and needs no aggravation. The first and main charge is that "*this gracious Prince*," as Moore ironically calls him, abandoned to obscurity and even absolute want an old and faithful friend. Hear Moore's report of Lord Holland's own answer to that:—

"1818, 7th Oct.—Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan; told me the most romantic professions of honor and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind . . . . A

sof of this mixture was that, after the Prince

became Regent, he offered to bring Sheridan into parliament; and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but Sheridan refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, 'he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him.' Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high mindedness, he told Lord Holland of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough, &c."—ii. 184.

The intrigue Lord Holland alludes to took place after Sheridan's defeat at Stafford, in October, 1812, which, as Moore says,

"completed his ruin. He was now excluded both from the theatre and parliament—the two anchors of his life—and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck on the waters," &c.—*Life*, ii. 437.

We need hardly observe that exclusion from Parliament was the more serious in poor Sheridan's case, as it exposed him to the personal degradation of arrests, from which, during his long course of pecuniary shifts and difficulties, he had hitherto been exempt. But did the Prince then abandon him? The foregoing extract answers that question—and Moore himself acknowledges that the Prince offered to find him a seat; but, adds Moore—

"the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the Royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear, and he declined it."—*Life*, ib.

So Moore, in the published "*Life*" (1825), chose to color the case; but we now see in the Diary of seven years' earlier date (1818), that when Lord Holland told him of this affectation of independence, it was only as illustrative of Sheridan's habitual system of "meanness and swindling;" and that it was refuted by the concomitant fact that Sheridan was "setting on foot an intrigue" to induce the Prince to advance 4000*l.* to buy a borough. This decisive fact, told to Moore by Lord Holland at the same time as the rest of the story, was—may we not say fraudulently—suppressed in the "*Life*," as was also that other important fact that the Prince had told Sheridan that the seat was "*by no means to fetter him in his political conduct*." To this double suppression verbi Sheridan's biographer, to complete his fable, added a suggestio falsi of his own invention—that Sheridan had declined the Regent's

offer. For this supplement Lord Holland, it appears, did not afford him the slightest color, and, we can add, it never had the least foundation. On the contrary, Sheridan was naturally and notoriously anxious to avail himself of the Regent's offer, and very active in endeavoring to discover how and where the seat was to be obtained: *that*, and that alone (and not any question of independence, which had been already provided for), was the difficulty. It was while Sheridan was employed in this search after a seat that a circumstance occurred which terminated all these negotiations, and produced the self-banishment of Sheridan from Carlton House. The case was this:—After the negotiation mentioned by Lord Holland about the seat that was to be had for 4000*l.*, and which had failed—not through either Sheridan or the Prince—Sheridan, in his renewed inquiries, found, or pretended to have found, that a gentleman, returned at the general election for a close borough, wished to resign it, and would do so, and secure the election of his successor, for 3000*l.* This sum we know, from the best authority, the Prince also consented to advance, and *did advance*, and it was placed in the hands of a third person (a solicitor named by Sheridan) to be paid to the anonymous gentleman on Sheridan's return. Sheridan being then, as he had been all his life, in great pecuniary straits, was unfortunately tempted to obtain possession of this 3000*l.* There even seems reason to doubt whether the whole story had not been an invention to get the cash into this solicitor's hands. At all events, however, nothing that we have ever heard, even of Sheridan, was more complicated, more farcical, or more disgraceful, than the devices which he employed to get hold of this money—which *he eventually did*; but not without grievous complaints on his part that some of the people he employed in cheating the Prince had, in their turn, cheated him. The result was, that the 3000*l.* vanished, and with it all hope of the seat. It was not till *then* that Sheridan was, as Moore says, "completely ruined"—"a wreck," indeed, but of his own making: He never had the courage to see the Prince again. He soon hid himself, as it were, in a different class of company, and was, as we ourselves remember, lost sight of by all his former society.

On this last point also we must say a few words. In the verses in the "Chronicle," there were, besides the three stanzas against the Prince before quoted, several more, in

which Moore reproaches, in the most bitter terms, the Princes, noblemen, and gentlemen who, he says, ostentatiously paraded themselves at Sheridan's funeral, but had suffered him to die of want; and this, another gross calumny, he reproduced in the "Life."

"Where were they all, those Royal and noble persons, who now crowded to 'partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory?—where were they all while any life remained in him?—where were they all but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking?—or when zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted his death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with *patience*."—*Life*, ii. 461.

So it seems. Mr. Moore, at least, had not *patience* to investigate the *truth*—the truth being, that these most respectable personages, whose names Moore carefully enumerates—that is, as he thinks, gibbets, for thus paying him the last office of humanity—knew, and could know, nothing of the previous destitution. Sheridan—a self-immolated victim to his own lamentable and shameful weaknesses—had hidden himself from their society; and it was, as Lord Holland told Moore (which Moore ought not, when dealing out his censures, to have forgotten), a peculiarity of Sheridan's disposition, that he had all his life endeavored to put a false face on his difficulties, and to conceal his private embarrassments and wants. He was still living—nominally at least—in his usual respectable residence in Saville Row; beyond that circumstance everything about him had long been obscure. No one knew or suspected the extremities to which he was reduced; this Moore himself confesses. The first signal of distress was a private one, a request to Mr. Rogers, dated the 15th May, to lend him 150*l.*, which, he said, would "remove all difficulty." Moore himself was the bearer of the money.

"I found Mr. Sheridan as good-natured and candid as ever; and though he was within a few weeks of his death [he died on the 7th of July], his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre, for which his eyes were so remarkable, diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price he expected for his dramatic works, &c."—*Life*, ii. 466.

There was nothing, it seems, like *destitution*—nothing to alarm Mr. Moore—nothing to induce Mr. Rogers to increase or repeat the advance of 150*l.* Moore proceeds to



say, that he cannot find that during the following month any of his royal and noble friends called at his door or sent to inquire after him. Why should they? What reason had they to suspect a danger which neither Moore nor Mr. Rogers appear to have done? And a little further on we find this passage:—

“About the middle of June the attention and sympathy of the public was, *for the first time*, awakened to the desolate situation of Sheridan, by a paragraph in the *Morning Post*.”—*Life*, ii. 459.

“*For the first time!*”—and what was the consequence?

“This article produced a strong and general sensation. Its effect, too, was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan’s door, and in the appearance of such names as the Duke of York, Duke of Argyle, &c., among the visitors.”—*ib.*

That is, they came as soon as they heard that he was ill; and now, we ask, with what fairness or candor did Moore, in his libel of 1816, and, still worse, in his history of 1825, hold up to public execration or contempt those *royal and noble personages*, as not having shown sympathy for a danger they had never heard of, while he knew and confesses that they showed that sympathy as soon as the truth reached them? Moore had sharpened his original libel by what he thought a striking contrast; and ten years after, when he came to publish his history, he adhered to and reprinted the libel, utterly regardless of having in the same pages proved its falsehood.

But we have not yet done with this series of deliberate misrepresentations.

Moore is very indignant at the tardy parsimony of the Prince’s assistance through Mr. Vaughan. He first heard the story, four days after Sheridan’s death, by a *letter from town*—that is, no doubt, from one of the Holland House clique—and he writes to his mother:—

“1816, July 10th.—Poor Sheridan! The Prince (I hear from town), after neglecting him and leaving him in the hands of baliffs *all the time of his sickness*, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.”—*ib.* 102.

A more malignant sentiment than that “*I hope this is true*” we never read—“*hope*” that something painful, cruel, scandalous, that must have sharpened the death-pangs

of one friend, and stained the character of one who had been a friend and benefactor, “*may be true!*” But, again; if Sheridan was in the hands of baliffs *all the time of his illness*, it was not the fault of the Prince—for there is no proof that the Prince knew anything about it—but rather of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore, who, as we have just seen, themselves visited him in his last illness; and if he was then in the hands of baliffs, must have known it, and left him so. Moore could have afforded no pecuniary relief, but the wealthy brother-poet and banker might; at all events, neither Moore nor any of his correspondents could be justified in saying that the *Prince* had left him in the hands of baliffs. Upon this “letter from town”—*which we should like to see*—Moore’s libel was founded, and to *that* he stuck, even after its falsehood was proved to—we cannot say his *satisfaction*, but—his *conviction*.

The point in dispute was, whether the 200*l.* which Mr. Vaughan brought was the whole intended donation, or whether it was only a first instalment to relieve the urgent necessities of the moment. Now we entreat our readers to attend to the following dates and circumstances. Moore’s Diary has this entry:—

“1820, Aug. 16.—Received a letter from Lord Strangford, telling me that he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince’s 200*l.* gift to Sheridan, and can furnish me with facts which he says will completely disprove that story. *Shall be glad* to hear them [we doubt *that*, for we have seen that he *hoped* the scandal might be true]. I can only say that *I have the authority direct* of Vaughan (him of the Hat) for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money.”—*iii.* 138.

This is an evasion of the question. There was no doubt about the money having been sent. The point was whether that was an inchoative or a final contribution. Now there is not in the Diary, in which all his inquiries about Sheridan are so minutely registered, any trace that he had *at this date* ever seen Mr. Vaughan. We have the evidence of his own note on this subject in the “*Life*,” that he had had

“a conversation with Mr. Vaughan, in which Mr. Vaughan told him that a further supply was intended.”—*Life*, ii. 457.

This, therefore, must have been *the* same conversation subsequently reported:—

“1822, April 30th.—Met *that* [misprint for

*Hat* Vaughan, who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be *merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted. This alters the complexion of the thing materially.*"—iii. 348.

Now, we put Moore's veracity as to a point of fact and his candor in point of statement in issue on his own assertions. How could he, on the 16th August, 1820, quote, against Lord Strangford's suggestion, Mr. Vaughan's authority, when it appears that he did not see Mr. Vaughan till near two years later—30th April, 1822; and how could he, under the former date, misrepresent Mr. Vaughan's communication as the very reverse of what it turns out to have really been in the interview in 1822! and in which Moore is forced to admit *materially altered the complexion of the case*—that is, overthrew Moore's whole calumny. If it should be suggested that Moore might possibly have seen Vaughan *twice*, we disprove any such hypothesis: first, by the silence of the Diary—so minute in all that relates to his collectanea about Sheridan; secondly, because if Vaughan has told him two different stories, it is hardly possible that, writing in the spirit Moore did, he should not have availed himself of such a contradiction—instead of saying of the *last* communication that "*it altered the complexion of the thing,*" he would have said, "*it is contradicted by what Vaughan told me before.*" And finally, why did he, so late as the 25th May, 1825, in restating the affair, say that Dr. Bain, the physician who attended Sheridan,

"never understood (as Croker and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come?"—iv. 281.

Why, we say, did he at this last date put the fact on *Mr. Croker's* authority—which had never been mentioned before, and which could only have been hearsay, at second or third hand—when he had himself heard the facts so long before as 1822 from Mr. Vaughan, the sole agent and *testis ipsissimus* of the transaction?

There are one or two other equally slippery passages concerning this affair in the Diary, with which we need not trouble our readers after the decisive extracts we have made; but, to complete the picture, and exhibit Moore's obstinate resolution to obscure the truth of the matter, we must add that in the "*Life*" he reproduces the calumny in the *text*, and only throws into a *foot-note*, as if he disbelieved it, the *fact* which he thought had

made so material an alteration in the complexion of the case.

The revival of these calumnies against George IV., by the publication of Moore's Memoirs, induces us to insert here part of a memorandum taken down from his Majesty's own lips on the 26th of November, 1825, shortly after the appearance of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*. His Majesty, in dictating these notes, intended them to be made use of to repel Moore's misstatements; and, by now producing the portion that relates to Mr. Vaughan's mission, we feel that we are at last doing what, from an over-delicacy, has been perhaps too long delayed. The communication was made in the familiar tone of private conversation, and we have not presumed to alter a word, but we have omitted some of the very painful details reported by Mr. Vaughan, which, however, add nothing to the main point of his narrative.

THE KING—"The last time that I saw Sheridan was in the neighborhood of Leatherhead, on the 17th of August, 1815. I know the day from this circumstance, that I had gone to pay my brother a visit at Oatlands on his birthday, and next day, as I was crossing over to Brighton, I saw, in the road near Leatherhead, old Sheridan coming along the pathway. I see him now, in the black stockings, and blue coat with metal buttons. I said to Bloomfield, 'There's Sheridan;' but, as I spoke, he turned off into a lane when we were within thirty yards of him, and walked off without looking behind him. That was the last time I ever saw Sheridan, nor did I hear of or from him for some months; but one morning, Macmahon came up to my room, and after a little hesitation and apology for speaking to me about a person who had lately swindled me and him so shamelessly, he told me that Mr. Vaughan—*Hat* Vaughan they used to call him—had called to say that Sheridan was dangerously ill, and really in great distress and want. I think no one who ever knew me will doubt that I immediately said that his illness and want made me forget his faults, and that he must be taken care of; and that any money that was necessary I desired Macmahon should immediately advance. He asked me to name a sum, as a general order of that nature was not one on which he could venture to act: and whether I named, or he suggested, 500*l.* I do not now remember, but I do remember that the 500*l.* was to be advanced at once to Mr. Vaughan, and that he was to be told that when that was gone he should have more. I set no limit to the sum, nor did I say or hear a word about the mode in which it was to be applied, except only that I desired that it should not appear to come from me. I was induced to this reserve by several reasons. I thought that Sheridan's debts were, as the French say, '*la mer à boire,*' and unless I was prepared to drink the sea, I had better not be known to interfere, as I should only have brought

more pressing embarrassments on him; but I will also confess that I did not know how really ill he was, and, after the gross fraud he had so lately practised upon me,\* I was not inclined to forgive and forget it so suddenly, and without any color of apology or explanation; for a pretended explanation to Macmahon was more disrespectful and offensive to me than the original transaction: and finally, there is not only bad taste but inconvenience in letting it be known what pecuniary favors a person in my situation confers, and I therefore, on a consideration of all these reasons, forbid my name being mentioned at present, but I repeated my directions that he should want for nothing that money could procure him.

"MacMahon went down to Mr. Vaughan, and told him what I had said, and that he had my directions to place 500*l.* in his hands. Mr. Vaughan, with some expression of surprise, declared that no such sum was wanted at present, and it was not without some pressing that he took 200*l.*, and said that if he found it insufficient he would return for more. He did come back, but not for more; for he told Macmahon that he had spent only 130*l.* or 140*l.*, and he gave the most appalling account of the misery which he had relieved with it. He said that he found him and Mrs. Sheridan both in their beds, both apparently dying, and both starving! It is stated in Mr. Moore's book that Mrs. Sheridan attended her husband in his last illness; it is not true, she was too ill to leave her own bed, and was in fact already suffering from the lingering disease of which she died in a couple of years after. They had hardly a servant left. Mrs. Sheridan's maid she was about to send away, but they could not collect a guinea or two to pay the woman's wages. When Mr. Vaughan entered the house he found all the reception rooms bare, and the whole house in a state . . . . . that was quite intolerable. Sheridan himself he found in a truckle bed in a garret, with a coarse blue and red coverlid, such as one sees used as horse-cloths, over him. Out of this bed he had not moved for a week . . . . . nor could Vaughan discover that any one had taken any notice of him, except one lady—whose name I hardly know whether I am authorized to mention. Some ice and currant-water was sent from Holland House—an odd contribution, for if it was known that he wanted these little matters, which might have been had at the confectioner's, it might have been suspected that he was in want of more essential things.

"Yet, notwithstanding all this misery, Sheridan on seeing Mr. Vaughan appeared to revive: he said he was quite well, talked of paying off all his debts, and, though he had not eaten a morsel for a week, and had not had a morsel to eat, he spoke with a certain degree of alacrity and hope. Mr. Vaughan, however, saw that this

was a kind of bravado, and that he was in a fainting state, and he immediately procured him a little spiced wine and toast, which was the first thing (except brandy) that he had tasted for some days.

"Mr. Vaughan lost no time in next buying a bed and bed-clothes, half a dozen shirts, some basins, towels, &c. &c. He had Sheridan taken up . . . . . and put into the new bed—he had the rooms cleaned and fumigated—he discharged, I believe, some immediately pressing demands, and, in short, provided, as well as circumstances would admit, for the care and comfort, not only of Sheridan, but of Mrs. Sheridan also.

"I sent the next day, (it was not till next day that Macmahon repeated this melancholy history to me, for I myself did not see Mr. Vaughan) to inquire after Sheridan, and the answer was that he was better and more comfortable, and I had the satisfaction to think that he wanted nothing that money and the care and kindness of so judicious a friend as Mr. Vaughan could procure him; but the day following, that is two days after Mr. Vaughan had done all this, and actually expended near 150*l.* as I have stated, he came to Macmahon with an air of mortification, and stated that he was come to return the 200*l.* 'The 200*l.*' said Macmahon, with surprise; 'why, you had spent three-fourths of it the day before yesterday!' 'True,' returned Vaughan, 'but some of those who left these poor people in misery have now insisted on their returning this money, which they suspect has come from the Prince. Where they got the money I know not, but they have given me the amount with a message that Mrs. Sheridan's friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan wanted for nothing. I,' added Mr. Vaughan, 'can only say that this assistance came rather late, for that three days ago I was enabled, by His Royal Highness's bounty, to relieve him and her from the lowest state of misery and debasement in which I had ever seen human beings.'

As this article is passing through the press we are surprised by receiving an extraordinary supplement to the work we have been discussing, in the shape of a catalogue of autograph letters of Moore to his music-publisher, Mr. Power, which are, at the moment we write, sold or selling by auction. Of these letters it is stated that *only* fifty-seven have been printed in Lord John Russell's work. This implies that Lord John had a wider choice, and indeed we find that there are about *one hundred and sixty* lots, each containing several letters, whose dates are contemporaneous with those given by Lord John. But the striking peculiarity of the catalogue is this, that it notes that Lord John has made many *omissions* in the letters he has printed, and it gives large extracts from the much greater number that are still unpublished. As far as we can judge from the short notices of the catalogue, Lord John's omissions of *passages* seem not to have been many, nor of any importance;

\* This affair is imperfectly stated by Lord Holland (see *ante*, p. 161), but the general result was, that Sheridan obtained 8000*l.* from the Prince by what can really only be described by Lord Holland's phrase—*swindling*.

but if *all* the *letters* here catalogued were (as seems implied) placed at his disposal, he has pretty evidently *not selected* the most *characteristic*. As to the great mass of those that are unpublished, the extracts from them given in the catalogue appear to us quite as curious as any that Lord John has published, and even as Moore's own Diary. Mr. Power seems to have been the person deepest in his personal confidence—most employed in all his concerns—and for many long and struggling years, while Moore looked so gay and prosperous to the world, his only resource almost for his daily bread. The details given in the extracts of the catalogue are often very painful—sometimes ignoble—but they are intensely characteristic of a state of things for which not even the humiliating confessions of the Diary had

prepared us, and we hesitate not to say, even as they stand in the auctioneer's catalogue, afford a much clearer, and by their vividness, reality, and truth, more interesting view of Moore's habits, circumstances and feelings, than all Lord John Russell's volumes—of the value of which, as affording a *complete* picture of Moore, the catalogue has very considerably lowered our opinion. We suppose that another *livraison* of his Lordship's work must be near at hand, and we must reserve for that occasion a great deal more than we at present have time or space for, both as to portions of these opening volumes on which we have not touched, and as to this Power correspondence, of which we confidently expect to hear more than the auctioneer has told us.

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## MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE is now in his forty-sixth year, and may consequently be said to be in the prime of life, and in full possession of his capacious intellect. His future career furnishes abundant room for speculation, not unmixed with anxiety. It may be assumed that he has fairly outgrown those confined notions of political principle with which he commenced his chequered career; his mind has firmly grasped and fully comprehended the liberal tendencies of the age. But it is impossible not to see that politics have ever been subordinate in his mind to theology, and on this point he has changed less than the other. He no longer seeks, indeed, to advance the Church of England, or rather his own peculiar section of that Church, at the expense of other sects; but it is by no means certain that he would not, if the choice were before him, excommunicate those who took a different view of church doctrine from himself, and thus rend asunder the Church of England. As it is easy to see, that theological questions are coming every year more prominently into view, in proportion as they occupy a larger share of the public attention, Mr. Gladstone may be expected to play a conspicuous part in these transactions, and his influence on the Church of England; and by consequence on the general religious con-

dition of the country, will, in all probability, be great. We have already adverted to the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's style of speaking. It is impossible to listen to him without admiring the beauty of his language, the stately march of his measured tones, and the perfect mastery he possesses over all the resources of a language which never allows him for a moment to be at a loss for a word. His chief defect is an occasional obscurity of meaning, arising from the subtle and penetrating intellect of the man, which seems constantly suggesting doubts and modifications of the principle he is advancing; so that there seems to be carried on at the same time throughout his speech, not only the main propositions he is concerned to prove, but, in addition, a sort of under-current of thought which insensibly modifies its sharpness, and blunts its edge. It ought to be added, however, that his later speeches have been singularly free from this defect; he has shown himself more of the practical statesman and less of the school-man. As a model of eloquence, he is, undoubtedly, next to Macaulay, the most finished orator in the House of Commons.—*The British Cabinet in 1853; in Nelson's Library for Travellers and the Fireside.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

## MARIA THERESA, AND HER SON.\*

A RECENT Swiss traveller describes a village in the Grison country, situated on the slope of a great mountain, of which the strata shelve in the direction of the place. Huge crags directly overhanging the village, and massy enough to sweep the whole of it into the torrent below, have become separated from the main body of the mountain in the course of ages by great fissures, and now scarcely adhere to it. When they give way, the village must perish; it is only a question of time, and the catastrophe may happen any day. For years past, engineers have been sent from time to time to measure the width of the fissures, and report them constantly increasing. The villagers for more than one generation have been fully aware of their danger; subscriptions have been once or twice opened in the cantons and in Germany to enable them to remove: yet they live on in their doomed dwellings from year to year, fortified against the ultimate certainty and daily probability of destruction by the common sentiment—things may last their time, and longer.

It is needless to say how much of this popular fatalism is exhibited in the habitual acquiescence of modern society in the political institutions under which it lives. The cracks and crevices in the mountain which overhangs our old privilege-founded European system, are constantly sounded by explorers, and their reports are never very reassuring; we are more and more convinced of the insecurity of thrones and commonwealths, and political sagacity wholly fails to reveal to us the manner of their reconstruction. Yet we live on in a kind of provisional safety, reconciled to that constant neighborhood of dangers against which, apparently, we can no better guard ourselves than the villagers can prevent the fall of their rocks. And certainly no ex-

isting portion of that system more frequently reminds us of the case of our Grison villagers, than the fabric of the Austrian Empire; an edifice raised by a succession of accidents, on the surface of a mass destitute of all the ordinary political principles of cohesion, and doomed for generations past, by seers of all political sects, to speedy destruction. Yet the fatalist principle seems to prevail there as elsewhere. Its statesmen live on, not as disbelieving in the destiny predicted to them, but as conscious of inability to escape from it. They look on the revolutionary enemies with whom they maintain their everlasting struggle of repression, as the Turks do on the yellow-haired Russians,—as those who are destined, sooner or later, to take away their place and nation. Their rules of conduct, their professed principles, even their favorite maxims,—the *alors comme alors* of Kounitz, the *après nous le déluge* of Metternich,—all seem to indicate the thorough consciousness that what exists is provisional only, while to attempt to fashion the unknown future out of the present is but the hopeless task of a visionary. Yet the empire subsists meanwhile, and gives every now and then ample proof that its institutions, whatever their real strength may be, possess at least a superficial vigor and tenacity sufficient to repel outward invasion, and to re-consolidate the fabric after temporary shocks from within.

The reigns of Leopold I., Joseph I., and Charles VI. (1657—1740) comprise this latter period,—the last age of the male line of the Hamburgs,—which may, on the whole, be regarded as one of progressive decline. The Jesuits remained all powerful through most of it: but their rule had lost its energy for lack of serious opposition: the spiritual managers of Austria degenerated into a feeble council of ancients, devoted to those endless and trifling intrigues of which inferior minds conceive State-craft to consist. Nowhere did the *Perrücken-Zeit*, the age of periwigs, exhibit so much of its characteristic formality, deadness, and absurdity as in Aus-

\* ART. I.—*Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofes und Adels, und der Oestreichischen Diplomatie.* (*History of the Austrian Court, Nobility, and Diplomacy.*) By Dr. EDWARD VEHSE (forming part of a series of Histories of the German Courts since the Reformation.) Ten Parts. Hamburg: 1852.

tria. A tendency toward Oriental state and prostration, unknown to the freer sixteenth century, overspread everything. The monotonous seclusion of the monarch, the passive obedience of the people, the ubiquitous bastinado by which that obedience was enforced, all partook of the Asiatic character. Between its etiquette and its devotions, Vienna was utterly intolerable to foreigners bred in a kindlier atmosphere. "J'avoue," says the Duc de Richelieu in 1726, "qui si j'avois connu la vie que mène ici un Ambassadeur, rien dans la nature ne m'aurait déterminé à accepter cette ambassade. Il faudrait la santé d'un Capuchin robuste pour en supporter les fatigues." And no wonder: for the libertine duke complains of having spent exactly one hundred hours in church, by the side of the emperor, between Palm Sunday and Easter Thursday. If such was the purgatory endured by ambassadors, the sufferings of the sovereign himself may be imagined. He must often have felt what the late simple-hearted Emperor Ferdinand expressed after his abdication, "We know that we made our subjects happy; but it was the life of a dog!" Life at court was reduced to one long tedious ceremonial; life at Vienna, and in the provinces, was coarse and insipid. The reader will recollect Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's brief but effective sketches of this society; and he will derive similar impressions from the Memoirs of the Saxon Baron Pöllnitz, cited, with many other authorities, in Dr. Vehse's amusing chapters on "the Condition of the Court of Vienna under the last Hapsburgs."

The army degenerated no less than the civil government. The blood-cemented fabric of the second military monarchy of Austria gave way by internal decline. The victories of Eugene scarcely form a brief exception; indeed, the Austrian troops formed only a contingent in the Imperial or allied armies which he commanded. At the death of Charles VI. in 1740, the army had dwindled down to less than 50,000 effective men, scattered over Europe from Ostend to Belgrade, and from Breslau to Milan.

The male line of the Hapsburgs died out in its degeneracy, in Austria as in Spain. But in the former country its power passed to a young and brilliant princess, Maria Theresa (we prefer the popular spelling to the German form, Theresia), whose mother, the beautiful Elizabeth of Brunswick—*die weisse Liesel*, as her husband used to call her,—born of a house distinguished for ability, had infused, by her marriage with Charles VI., a new ele-

ment into the stagnant ichor of his ancient race. Austria was saved in 1740, as in 1620 and as in 1848, by the very rapacity of her neighbors, eager to anticipate the moment of her expected dissolution. The sudden enthusiasm which greeted the accession of the persecuted queen of Hungary, her own unconquerable spirit, the Hungarian "insurrection," the great feats of the war of succession, are matters of too notorious history to need more than an allusion. But those who recount them have passed over almost in silence the great blot on the early part of the empress-queen's reign—her recurrence to the precedents of the worst and bloodiest period of her country's history, in the merciless revenge which she took on subjects whose crime, at the worst, was a negative one. In fact, the Austrian government has obtained gentler treatment from history than it deserved, in this instance as in that of the religious cruelties of the former century, from the comparative obscurity of its internal annals; while the memory of far inferior excesses, committed by powers whose actions were more open to the light of day, has been branded with much more severity. Thus history and romance have vied in preserving the recollection of the punishment of the Scottish Jacobites, in 1746. Few have ever heard of the "bloody assizes" of Prague in 1743, held on subjects who had never taken up arms against their sovereign, and whose only crime was a passive submission to the Bavarian claim of succession, grounded on the will of one of her predecessors. Not to speak of banishments and confiscations, some of the higher classes "were condemned to cruel deaths, some to torture and degradation, some to sweep the streets in *opere publico*, some to daily hard labor in the bridewell with ordinary flagellation, others to imprisonment for life." Twenty-one persons—their names unknown to history—are said to have perished by secret execution. One ancient family, that of Wrtby, is supposed to have been exterminated on this occasion; for the registers of the Hof-Commission never gave up their dark secrets. It is only known that the Wrtbys did not reappear from imprisonment, and that their hereditary office of treasurer, and their estates, passed to the family of Lobkowitz. At Maria Theresa's coronation, a priest brought before her "more than fifty little children and pregnant wives of those who had been imprisoned by the Hof-Commission, who with shrieks and tears implored pardon for them in the name of God's mercy, and of the native clemency

and moderation of their gracious sovereign." (Vehse, vii. 165.) Their petition was refused.

To recount such things of a masculine ruler would be to pronounce him a tyrant of the worst description. It would be unjust so to decide of Maria Theresa, even in the first flush of her blood-bought triumph. She was in all things very woman; and in this intensity of the qualities of her sex, much of the secret of her greatness lay. Her vindictiveness, also, was feminine, passionate, not implacable. Vehse had done her in this respect no more than justice, if his portrait does on the whole betray some symptoms of the popular idolatry of her name.

"Maria Theresa's voice was clear, her speech rapid, accompanied with much and lively gesture; the fireiest expression in every movement, mitigated only by that lofty dignity which never deserted her, even in her fits of involuntary ill-humor or easily-roused anger. Of pure sanguine temperament, she was very excitable, easily provoked, but pacified at once, especially when mere mistakes had been committed; and ready to recompense with overflowing munificence wherever she felt that she had gone beyond the right limits in her anger; for she was just, and even painfully conscientious. It was only necessary to persuade her of the injustice of a project, however advantageous to herself, and she let it drop immediately, and disliked even to hear it mentioned afterwards." (Vol. vi. p. 329.)

It seems strange to award the last praise to the divider of Poland; yet it is not undeserved. It is known that she consented to that measure when her energy was enfeebled by disease, under the pressing influence of Kaunitz, and as it should seem under the fear of a northern league against her. But she wrote under Kaunitz's minute the memorable words:

"*Placet*, since so many great and learned men will have it so: but when I have long been dead, men will learn the consequences of this violation of all that has hitherto been regarded as just and holy.' . . . 'I observe well,' she added in another scrap of paper, still preserved, 'that I am left alone, and no longer *en vigueur*; therefore, I let things take their course, though to my deep sorrow.'

"Like all great spirits," Vehse proceeds, "she was enthusiastic in love and friendship. Whoever was loved by her became the entire possessor of her affection. The feeling of gratitude was in her unusually strong; she never forgot the slightest service, or most trivial mark of attachment. The Hungarians, who had rescued her at the outset of her reign, were among the last thoughts which occupied her deathbed; nor did she ever forget that the Turks had abstained from turning her extremity on that occasion to their advantage.

. . . . . She was whenever there was occasion for it, heroic in demeanor, clear in judgment, consistent in conduct. Of humor, and the genial, jovial temperament of her ancestor Rudolf, she possessed nothing whatever. Yet she was always cheerful, and in her youth, a lover of amusement and festivity. The most threatening vicissitudes of fortune disturbed her outward composure but little. Impatient apprehensiveness was an ingredient altogether foreign from her thoroughly princely blood."

The household virtues of correct life and family affection in great princes have become, fortunately, matter of rather common-place encomium at the present day; it was not so in Maria Theresa's; and her conduct in these respects contrasted nobly with that of the crowned profligates of her sex who succeeded each other on the neighboring throne of Russia. Young and beautiful, amidst all the vice of a corrupt age, and all the temptation to uncontrolled indulgence which the world's ready acquiescence or approval could have afforded, she was preserved at once by strong religious principle, and by that passionate, imaginative attachment which women of her temperament can often bring themselves to feel for a handsome, good-natured, rakish pococurante husband, with no one tittle of their own heart or intellect, and who loves them but

"A little better than his horse, a little dearer than his hound."

The married life of Maria Theresa and Francis of Lorraine should be portrayed by the hand—a great deal too cunning in such disagreeable delineation—which has described for us the *ménage* of Lady Castlewood and her profligate of a Viscount. We should, however, do the Emperor Francis injustice by too close a comparison. Though so ill educated that he could hardly read or write, his unaffected good sense and amiable character made him one of the most attractive persons of his age; and irresistible, it seems, by many besides his empress. She was ready to sacrifice all and everything for him, save power, the darling of her life, which even conjugal endearment could not win from her. She could bear no partner on the throne, and Francis had not the force of character to gain from her the cherished possession. Reduced to unwilling insignificance, yet disagreeably conscious of his own unfitness, even if allowed to take any real share in the government of his realm, he became, as his son Joseph II. described him, "an idler, surrounded by flatterers." "Be warned by me," said the Em-

press, in a fit of confidence to her reader Madame Greiner, "and never marry a man who has nothing to do."

It was a natural consequence that she plagued his life out with jealousy. She tried to get rid of all the pretty aristocratic faces which might tempt the eyes of her sauntering consort. Like her great English prototype Elizabeth, though from a very different development of character, she got, by degrees, to detest gallantry and flirtation, and all that could recall to her mind the frailty of marital nature. "Elle voudrait," says the Prussian envoy, Count Podewils, in 1747, "par le même principe, bannir tout galanterie de la cour. Elle voudrait faire un ménage bourgeois." The effect even survived the cause, and Maria Theresa's close and conventual watchfulness over the morals of her court and metropolis, after her husband's death, became by no means the most dignified feature in her administration. "The thought," says Vehse, "incessantly accompanied her, that it was her duty, as the first of her sex, to protect its morals and dignity." Some of the consequences of this notion, the secret drawing-room inquisition or "Sitten-gericht," the "Keuschheits-Commission," and the like, might furnish a ludicrous commentary on the results of such imperial fancies.

But if Maria Theresa did little but mischief by this meddling, there can be no doubt of the immense effect for good of her imperial example. Every one conversant with the history of our country, has done justice to the influence of the domestic life of George III. on its moral progress; even higher merit of the same order was due to Maria Theresa, in less auspicious times. It is not too much to say, that by the proof which she gave, that beauty, and grace, and enthusiasm, the love of admiration and the love of power, and every other quality of the queenly lady, were compatible, not only with high religious views, but with a strict and religious life, she greatly raised, in Germany, the dignity of her own sex, and its appreciation by the other, and counteracted successfully the evil influences which radiated from that seat of cold and cynical profligacy, the court of her victorious neighbor Frederick. Perhaps the greater directness of the influence of that example on the female half of her court, produced the result so frequently observed on by Sir R. Keith in his correspondence,—that the ladies of Vienna were far superior, in point of cultivation and intellect, to the men.

It must be added to this part of her portrait, that even injuries on the tenderest point

neither affected her constitutional magnanimity, nor her constant attachment. When the remains of her husband were at Hall on the Inn, waiting for conveyance to Vienna, after his sudden death at Innspruck, she appeared in public for the first time. Alone in a corner of the room, in deep mourning, and avoided by all, stood the last object of his too notorious admiration, the beautiful Princess Heinrich von Auersperg. The empress stepped at once from the circle and took her by the hand: "We have indeed both lost much, *meine Liebe*." And from that day she took the princess under her protection.\* Maria Theresa survived her husband fifteen years, living amid the emblems of perpetual mourning. She shut herself up on the eighteenth of every month, and the whole of every August, the day and month of his death. As her life drew near its end, she spent many days at times in the funeral chapel, before the picture of her husband, taken as he lay in his coffin, and her last words, well understood by those around her, were, "I come to thee."

But perhaps the empress's maternal virtues constituted a higher claim on the affections of the good-humored Viennese than even her conjugal. Who can estimate the value, for the promotion of loyalty, of those sympathies of the nursery and the school-room which so irresistibly attach the most influential half of mankind? The happy mother of sixteen little archdukes and archduchesses, absorbed in the endless details of their teething, weaning, and education, possessed a source of innocent popularity which her good-natured and somewhat gossiping disposition rendered still more efficacious. She lived, so to speak, in public, and made all Vienna and all Austria as far as she could, the confidants of her maternal pleasures and anxieties. There was no loss of dignity or refinement to be hazarded by such condescension as this: least of all in a country where the romance of life, and its commonest domestic details, have always been linked together more closely than elsewhere; where heroines are still said to effect their conquests while cutting slices of bread and butter, and sentiment to find its favorite lodging in the store-room. When the news arrived of the birth of her grandson (afterwards Francis the Second) in 1768, she hur-

\* Some ingenious German speculator has conjectured that the personage called "the German princess," whose mysterious discovery under a haystack near Bristol, occupied the lovers of the marvellous in 1780, was a daughter of Francis I. by this lady.



ried off to the opera, where she had not been for a long time, in most domestic dishabille, leant over the ledge of the box, and called to her neighbors loud enough for the information of the whole house, "Podel" (Leopold) "has got a boy and on my wedding-day too; is not that gallant?" Pit and boxes were electrified.

Yet though Maria Theresa was the homeliest and most natural of mothers, so long as she could keep her children under her wing, her affection was ever subordinate to the fatal "Ragion di Stato," to that political game which was the great object of her life. She never understood the noble character of her son Joseph, her "Starrkopf," as she called him. The bigotry of his education made him reserved and suspicious, while its pedantry rendered him ill-informed\*; and by her obstinate refusal to part with one atom of her power to him, though nominally associated with her and already advanced in middle age when she died, she made his love of reform, which would have found a thousand useful events, ferment within him to a dangerous revolutionary passion. Her beloved daughters were sacrificed one by one to state convenience. Three of them in turn were destined for the royal wretchedness of union with Ferdinand of Naples; two were rescued from the honor by death. "Je regarde la pauvre Joséphe," (she said of the favorite among them) "comme un sacrifice de politique; pourvu qu'elle fasse son devoir envers Dieu et son époux, et qu'elle fasse son salut, dût-elle même être malheureuse, je serai contente." In an evil day for the Neapolitan people and for humanity, Josepha was replaced by Caroline in the contract with the Lazzarone king, who received his Austrian princesses fresh and fresh, as they were served up, with perfect indifference. A courtier asked him how he liked the bride? "Dorme come un' ammazzata, e suda come un porco," was the po-

lite reply. But Maria Theresa's darling wish was fulfilled, when her youngest daughter was summoned to the proudest and apparently the happiest of unions which affection or policy could have desired,—the brightest and most cloudless morning which ever belied its promise.

As was in natural accordance with a domestic character of this description, affability and ease, the favorite *Gutmüthigkeit* of her country,—something compounded of good nature and good humor—were among the chief charms of Maria Theresa's disposition, and the chief secrets of her influence. It seemed strange, that one who appeared to the world wrapt in the stateliest etiquette, and who was, moreover, everywhere regarded as a punctilious asserter of her rights and dignity, should be at the same time so accessible to those about her, and so little excited by trifling neglect or even affront; but so it was. Even the weakness which Wraxall remarks in her, of believing too readily the stories which found their way to her private ear, and taking partial views in consequence, arose out of the same disposition. The liberties which were sometimes taken with so mighty an Empress, and in public too, seem surprising. The young Prince Christian von Lowenstein was banished on one occasion from Court for some excess. He appeared there the next day notwithstanding. The Empress had him brought before her to give account of his audacity. "At Berlin," was his answer, "an order is given only once, but at Vienna you must speak three times before a thing is done." The Empress smiled, and the order was withdrawn. In her zeal for correcting the morals of her people, she one day commenced an address to her great minister Kaunitz, as he attended in her cabinet, on the subject of his extravagances. "Je ferai observer à S.M.," was his reply, "que je suis venu ici pour lui parler de ses affaires, et non des miennes." The imperial lecturer was silenced at once.

This kind of yielding disposition in trifles, coupled with stubbornness in essentials, was far from unsuccessful, as in countries requiring stronger management it might have been. It suited the character of the German-Austrians, the courtiers and court aristocracy, the townsfolk of Vienna, the public under whose immediate observation Maria Theresa had chiefly to act her forty years' part. Like Elizabeth's courtier Lord Hunsdon, "nati sunt ex salice, non ex quercu." Good temper, yieldingness, a habit of bowing to adverse fortune, and taking defeat and oppression

\* It is distressing to think of the sufferings the young philosopher must have undergone at the hand of his well-meaning instructors. The history of the Austrian Empire was written on purpose for him, in fifteen folio volumes. Some judgment of its character may be formed from what Mailáth says of the Hungarian division, written by a patriotic canon, in which twice as much space was allotted to the Huns and Avars as to events after the succession of the House of Hapsburg. One result on Joseph's mind, among others, was a great distaste for the acquisition of positive knowledge, usually the branch in which sovereigns of any education have shone the most; inasmuch that there was some truth in Frederick's remark, that though always learning, he knew nothing. His fancy was full of ideas, his memory barren of facts.

with a kind of simple resignation, have always characterized them among the nations of Europe. During the endless reverses of the Silesian and Seven Year's Wars, Empress, army, and citizen seemed to vie with each other in this half-comic submission to destiny, and mutual forgiveness of faults and weaknesses, as Sganarelle and Pantaloon take their thrashings on the theatre. Witness the trait which tickled Horace Walpole's fancy so much that he perpetually quotes it, in Count Neipperg's despatch on the defeat at Mollwitz: "Je suis fâché de dire à S.M. que son armée a été battue, et tout par la faute de son serviteur, Neipperg." Charles of Lorraine,—the loser of battles, *der Schlachtverlierer*, as he is styled, was never punished for his many sins in this line, except by the occasional pasquinades of the very gentle wits of Vienna. These fell also to the lot of Daun, the Austrian Fabius, who now and then won a battle, but invariably went to sleep in his quarters for some months afterwards. When his wife drove to court after one of these feats, she was saluted in the street with an universal shower of nightcaps. As for the Prussians, they mocked at their Southern rivals, even in occasional defeat, as the Athenians did at the Bœotians. When General Haddick took Berlin, he despatched to his gracious sovereign two dozen pair of Berlin gloves, stamped with the city arms, by way of *spolia opima*, but he forgot to send a file of his grenadiers to superintend the packing: when the parcel was opened at Vienna, the gloves proved all left-handed!

Maria Theresa was doubtless proud, as became a descendant of so many Cæsars; but it can hardly be said that pride formed a substantial element in her character; what passed for such in public estimation of her, was rather love of power and extreme jealousy of her authority. Such pride as she possessed easily yielded to any suggestion of policy. In her anxiety to found the French alliance, she demeaned herself so far as to address Madame de Pompadour under her own hand as "Madame, ma chère sœur et cousine." The favorite addressed her playfully in answer as "chère reine." When her husband, the jovial Franz, read the letter, he threw himself on two chairs and laughed till they cracked under his weight. "What is there to laugh at?" she quietly asked. "I have written to Farinelli before now."

Not only Maria Theresa's pride, but her devotion—a far stronger principle of action—was singularly subordinate to her engrossing political zeal and her masculine understand-

ing. Devout she was even to excess; her piety degenerating into a world of scrupulous observance and idle questions of conscientious casuistry. Her bigotry made her commit many foolish actions, and not a few unjust ones; but it scarcely exercised any perceptible influence on the general destinies of the empire under her sway. Dearly as she loved her spiritual teachers, she kept the priestly Æolus in general pretty closely confined to his natural province of court and chamber influence—*illâ se jactat in aulâ*—excluding him from the wider region of politics. And therefore the latest political champion of Ultramontanism, Count Montalembert, regards her reign as a period of persecution to the Church. She, the most pious sovereign in Europe, was the chief leader in the overthrow of the Jesuits. Dr. Vehse says that she yielded this point to Kaunitz only after long resistance and many tears, and finally on his giving her proof that a general confession made by her to Father Hambacher had been taken down in writing, and sent to the general of the order. Others affirm that she gave way to the direct spiritual injunction of the Pope. But the secret history of the fall of the Jesuits, after all that has been written on it, seems to remain secret still.

Baron Gleichen says of her, that when at the point of death, "as soon as she had ascertained from her physician the\* number of hours she had to live, she hastened to receive the sacraments; and this done, she dismissed altogether the material objects of her habitual devotions, did not even look at the crucifix, despatched several affairs of business, and ended her life seated on a sofa in the middle of her family." The Baron himself believing in nothing but ghosts, magnetism, and alchemy, merely cites the story as evidence of the general unreality of religious professions. If there be any truth in it, we imagine him to be wholly wrong. Such resolute return to her ordinary duties was the act of devotion, *in extremis*, of a noble and most conscientious spirit, persuaded that the execution even to the last of the great earthly task allotted to it was due not to the world only, but to its own eternal welfare.

No picture of Maria Theresa's reign, however slight, would be complete without a sketch of the great minister Von Kaunitz, who managed her foreign affairs without in-

\* According to one story, she authorized him to give her notice of her approaching end by a preconcerted question. When he asked "whether she wanted lemonade?" she knew that sentence was passed.

terruption for twenty years, and, nominally, those of her son during his whole reign: and whose influence was strongly perceptible in much of her internal policy also. The figure of Kaunitz is one of those which come out in more definite importance as we recede from their times, and are better able in some respects to judge of them than their contemporaries, since we see as great and consistent political schemes what the latter only observed in fragments. The author of three great political events, the long French alliance of Austria, the fall of the Jesuits, and (jointly with his northern coadjutors) of the partition of Poland, cannot pass into the oblivion which awaits ordinary premiers after their day of influence; although none of these three strokes of policy have been strictly speaking, permanent; for the French alliance died with the French Revolution, and Austria fell back on her more natural affinities; the Jesuits have returned; and the partition of Poland, though a subsisting fact, has turned almost wholly to the profit of Russia.

Kaunitz was a Moravian of a converted Protestant family; an exception to the general rule, that the greatest Austrian statesmen, as well as soldiers, have been foreigners. There was, however, no national feeling or character about him. As a public man, he was the servant of a crown, not a country; and in private his affectation of French manners and predilections were carried to an absurd excess. He remained through life a coxcomb and *petit maitre*,—a German *petit maitre*, too, who never could, by the most laborious exertions, attain the graces of the native article. The French laughed at him while he aped their manners and language to the extent of purposely speaking their bad German. Many strange things are told of him by our countrymen Wraxall and Swinburne; and Dr. Vehse has gleaned his anecdotes from their pages as well as from other quarters; but we will ourselves borrow the pen of a personal observer, the Baron Von Gleichen, whose curious "Denkwürdigkeiten" were published in 1847, under a German title though composed by himself in French.

"Kaunitz was tall and well made, particular in his dress, notwithstanding the somewhat ludicrous appearance presented by his five tailed wig; he was dignified in his bearing, and his address was rather stiff and ceremonious. His formality of manner, however, sat more easily upon him than upon most of the Austrian nobles; for it seemed of right to belong to him, and to bear the stamp of a superior mind.

"His usual salutation was merely a nod, but it was accompanied by a benevolent smile to his

friends, and a patronising air towards others. He was kindhearted, upright, loyal, and disinterested, although by no means disinclined to receive presents from different courts, of wine, horses, pictures, and other articles which gratified his taste. He expressed himself in carefully chosen language, and in a slow, deliberate manner. Few men had such an extensive acquaintance with technical language as he had, and he highly appreciated a command of it in others. An unusual word of this description would win his good opinion as easily as a *bon-mot* would that of the Duke of Choiseul. He was well informed and fond of art, especially of painting, and patronised artists of every class. He had a great esteem for accomplished craftsmen, even in the subordinate branches of handiwork, and had a real passion for well executed productions of every kind. Prudent and dispassionate, his excellent judgment and long experience well entitled him to the name they won for him, of the political Nestor of his age. He was happy in possessing a variety of elegant tastes, without being under the influence of any one ruling passion. His friends complained of the coolness of his partiality to them, but his enemies, on the other hand, could accuse him of no harsh or vindictive conduct. He would listen with patience and attention to the most prolix details, and was very full and precise in his replies, but he would rarely permit a rejoinder. He was singularly sparing of his labor, and seemed often to be throwing away his time on dreams and trifling occupations, but his real object was to save time for thought, and to keep his head clear and collected. One of the maxims that he was constantly quoting, and which the Emperor Joseph might have studied with advantage, was, never to do one's self what another can do for one. 'I would rather tear up paper,' he used to say, 'than write a line which another person could write as well as myself.' He was indeed so sparing of his writing, that his less important letters were only signed with a K. On the other hand, he made it a rule never to leave his office till all the business on hand was dispatched. He carried his care of his health to the length of egotism. Anxious to keep himself free from every species of annoyance, he sacrificed every consideration to his personal comfort and convenience. Even in his youth, he used to make the Empress Maria Theresa allow him to close the window of her apartment if he felt it cold, and to wear his cap in her presence. In order to keep himself in an equal temperature, he carried a great coat and a cloak in the winter. It was his habit to retire every evening at eleven o'clock, and neither the presence of an archduke, nor even of the Emperor, could induce him to put any constraint upon himself; and if he happened to be playing billiards with the latter, when eleven o'clock struck, he would make his obeisance, and leave His Majesty standing. He had a great aversion to scents, and if approached by a lady who had any about her, even though she might be a stranger to him, he would accost her bluntly with the words, 'Allez, madame, vous puez.' He tried to keep death and old age out of his thoughts, and would allow no notice to be taken

of his birthday. In the instructions which he wrote with his own hand for his reader, he earnestly requested him never to name the words death or small-pox in his presence.

"To such a length did he carry his self-esteem, that he was accustomed to speak of himself as of a third person. The Emperor Joseph had caused busts of Marshal Lascy and Prince Kaunitz to be made. Under that of the latter had been placed a Latin inscription, full of magnificent eulogies on the minister. Some one praised the excellent style of this inscription in his presence, and the prince replied, 'I wrote it.' (It is said of him by Vehse that, if he wanted to praise anything very highly, he used to say, 'Mein Gott, I could not have done that better myself.') He was a good judge of horses, and was greatly pleased when any one admired his performances in his riding school, where he was always to be met with before dinner. The English ambassador, Keith, sent one of his countrymen there on one occasion, charging him to pay the prince the highest compliments he could, and to season them as strongly as was required for a man already sated with praises. The Englishman, who was no adept in the art of flattery, hesitating and blushing, brought out the words, 'Oh! *mon prince*, you are the best rider I ever saw in my life.' 'I believe I am,' was the only answer he received."

The death of this singular being was in keeping with the rest of his career. He lived to the age of eighty-four, outlasting two generations of his masters, and witnessing the French Revolution and reign of Francis II. Deaf and doting, he clung to power with tenacious jealousy, and they were obliged at last to withdraw important papers from his cognizance by stratagem. When, like Achitophel of old, he saw that his counsel was no more followed, he is said to have refused sustenance, and died of exhaustion.

With the really greater though less imposing operations of Maria Theresa's reign—those of reform in the internal administration of her states—Kaunitz had only indirectly to do. Her ablest counsellor in this department was Count Haugwitz, a Silesian, born a Protestant subject of Austria, but who abandoned his religion and came to Vienna when his native province was conquered by Frederick. The task of administration reform imposed on her at her accession was indeed enormous; yet there were circumstances which rendered it less difficult than might have been supposed from its apparent magnitude. We must conceive the Austrian empire, in 1740, as not so much a State as a bundle of States under one sovereign,—a monarchy of the middle ages in the middle of the eighteenth century. Each separate state had its viceroy or stadtholder, its diet, its administration, and a sepa-

rate branch of the Council in Vienna in communication with it. There was great pressure of taxation on the people, with scarcely any return to the treasury; an army neither regularly equipped nor recruited; a crown singularly poor in domain lands and private revenues, the resources of most German sovereigns. There was every obstacle which ignorance or apathy could oppose to reform; but there was no active hostility to it; scarcely any section of the people in the hereditary states were inclined or able to make a stand for privilege. The inhabitants of the old Austrian provinces were docile and manageable. In Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, there was, as we have seen, a kind of condottiere-descended nobility very slightly rooted in the soil, and leaning on the crown for support; and a populace tamed into submission by ages of tyranny. Where any popular spirit existed, it was but the jealousy of rival rights and nationalities, holding each other in perpetual check, and looking to the crown as the only umpire. Accordingly, great as the changes effected by her government were, yet, being temperately though firmly introduced, we hear little or nothing of any difficulty experienced in their execution. In a few years, the old stattholderships and separate governments were totally abolished, and exchanged for a centralised system of government from Vienna; a large revenue was raised from regular taxation; the largest standing army in Europe recruited by regular conscription; a great absolute monarchy compacted out of a multitude of limited principalities.

With the detached portions of the empire enjoying distinct constitutional rights—the Tyrol, the Netherlands, Hungary—those which really possessed a national spirit—the prospect of success was widely different in the eyes of a prudent sovereign, however despotically inclined. Accordingly, we do not find that Maria Theresa meddled with the rights of the two former at all. Her dealings with her ancient and eccentric kingdom of Hungary, too near and powerful a neighbor to Vienna to be simply disregarded, were throughout very characteristic. In that region there was fiery spirit enough, and jealous opposition to all increase of the central power; but, on the other hand, there were those deep-rooted internal divisions which have caused the masses ever to play the Austrian game,—differences of religion, differences of race (the latter not less felt in those times than in our own, although their effect was less appreciated,) and the constant suppressed warfare between the *populus* and the *misera con-*

*tribuens plebs*, the half a million of nobles and the millions of trampled peasants. Above all, there was that organized anarchy which the Hungarians then called a constitution; which, by maintaining a perpetual conflict of rights, claims, and protests, kept all internal government at a dead lock, and rendered recourse to the central power, however distasteful, matter of sheer necessity, when there was anything really to be done: even as the contending parties in the play must have stood for ever with their points at each other's throats, had not some one entered to bid them, "in the Queen's name, drop all their swords and daggers." It was clear that, although Hungary could not, without encountering violent resistance, be so governed as to add much to the regular financial or military strength of the monarchy, it might at least be so governed as to furnish no cause of weakness in ordinary times, and a great reserve of strength in emergencies, by an administration content neither to anticipate nor oppose the course of events, and to leave "progress" to take care of itself. The flowers of constitutional privilege, the attempt to pluck which by force from the national tree would draw blood, would fall of themselves, like ripe figs into the mouth of the eater, if left alone. Such was the general and most successful policy of her Hungarian government. She did "*nil contra legem, multa præter legem*." She convoked three diets, and quarrelled with all of them about internal reforms; she then resolved to convoke no more, and none met during the last sixteen years of her reign. Nor did she appoint a Palatine, the ancient mediator between the crown and nation in Hungary, after the death of Louis Bathany in 1765. But what the nobles had refused to the Plebs, she took advantage of an apprehended *Jacquerie* to confer, of her own authority. The famous "*Urbarium*,"—the bill of rights, such as it is, of the Hungarian peasantry—was simply published by the crown, and not confirmed by the Diet until many years after her death. The privileged classes submitted—under perpetual protest of course—to the gentle violence which did for them what the *esprit de corps* of the inferior nobility would never have allowed them to do for themselves; and they submitted, with similar apathy, to the gradual and indirect substitution of the ready, active, and helpful subordinates of the executive for their own clumsy municipal authorities. "The Constitution would have fairly gone to sleep," says Mailath, "if Maria Theresa had lived much longer."

But the great Empress-queen loved the Magyars; and that chivalrous race were proud of the gracious and accomplished sovereign, whom they had rescued in her utmost necessity; and this tie between them contributed even more than policy to the maintenance of her authority. She made her favorite friends and gossips of the ladies of their aristocracy; she drew their magnates to Vienna by all the attractions of her personal influence; she carried on the Germanizing of the nobility, of which stern patriots at times complained, by the most quiet and gradual means. Only an occasional outbreak of feeling would betray the intense jealousy with which she watched any revival of the old independent spirit. An Austrian Count, Aspermont, enjoyed large Hungarian estates through a female descent from the great Prince of Transylvania, Ragoczy. The Count's carriage once stuck fast on a journey in the depths of a Hungarian cross road. Numbers of peasants were passing in their market carts, but they remained deaf to all the solicitations of his servants for help, and only enjoyed the sight of the Germans in a "fix." At last the Count got on the roof of his carriage and shouted, "Will you let the grandson of Ragoczy be smothered in the mud?" They rushed to his assistance at once, and drew him out in triumph. When next he appeared at Court, the Empress called him before her.—"Listen to me, Aspermont: I do not wish you to be smothered in the mud; but leave alone this nonsense about Ragoczy, or I shall assuredly send you to prison."—(Vol. vii. p. 169.)

Great, however, as were the administrative reforms effected under Maria Theresa, it can hardly be said that they extended so far as to produce any substantial change in the social condition of her people. In this respect, indiscriminating eulogy has done her rather more than justice. Little impression was made, during her time, on the vast mass of barbarism and serfdom which overspread the bulk of her empire. Her good dispositions towards the inferior classes of her subjects, whatever they may have been, found but little practical scope. She was probably very willing to make mankind happy under a beneficent despotism; her tendencies, as an Austrian writer describes them, with some affectation but some truth, were "*idyllisch-autocratisch*;" her fancy may have aspired to a pastoral reign among neatly powdered Arcadians after the fashion of Watteau. But the loving mother of the empire knew little, face to face, of the sufferings and oppressions

of her poorer children. Her legislation, in these respects, followed with a lagging pace the spirit of the age. She reformed the criminal law indeed, but hers was still "ein grausames Gesetzbuch," a savage code; torture was only abolished, even at Vienna, in 1776, the law of witchcraft "modified" about the same time, justifying the saying attributed to Pitt, that Austria "is always an idea behind the rest of the world." What she did for the peasants of Hungary has already been noticed; in the German States, she went no farther than to ameliorate, in some respects, the condition of "leibeigenschaft" or personal servitude.

It was, above all things, the sense of this great duty unaccomplished, fermenting in a character of strong will and positive judgment, during twenty years of nominal power and real impotence under his mother's rule, which made of Joseph II. what he was, the royal comet, travelling with brilliant but questionable impetus without the regular orbit in which crowned luminaries usually revolve. The world has judged this sovereign, the despotic precursor of the French Revolution, as it usually judges, by success. Because he failed, he has become a bye-word; had he carried through the great scheme of policy which he had conceived, he would have been regarded as the greatest, and with all his absolutism the most beneficent, sovereign who ever swayed the destinies of the human race. And had not his early death intervened, it is difficult to say that a large portion of that scheme might not have been realized. We cannot safely pronounce on what might have been, nor decide whether, as the popular notion is, his death rescued him from general rebellion, or whether it cut short the career of one who was beginning to learn, by experience, the right means towards his magnificent ends, and who would in a few years more have changed much more than the surface of European politics and society.

But however this may be, we utterly disclaim the test of mere success in the judgment of characters such as his. That one bred up in an atmosphere of bigotry, court flattery, and aristocratic pride, should for years have been framing to himself a distinct perception and thorough appreciation of the iniquities and oppressions wrought under the sun; that he should have realized the depth of popular ignorance, the crying injustice of noble privileges, the canker of idle monachism, the countless sufferings of the enslaved multitude; that he should have formed within his mind the deliberate resolution, These things

shall not be; they are simply evil, and they shall perish, if my power is torn up by the roots along with them; if my own ease and popularity, and life itself, are shattered to pieces in the encounter with them;—that he should have issued at once to attack these gigantic abuses, like Thalaba among the enchanters, without parley or preparation, relying on his own good right alone, and resolutely cutting away his own chance of retreat;—all this amounts, in point of *a priori* moral probability, to little less than a miracle. It were a likelier task for nature to produce another Napoleon than another Joseph II. Yet he is generally passed by with the cursory sentence, that he was one who formed vast projects, but lacked judgment, tact, and moderation to put them into useful execution. That his composition did lack these wholesome diluents is certain, but it is equally certain that a man possessed of them to any large amount would never have formed such projects at all. As well complain of want of judgment, tact, and moderation in Shaw, the life-guardsmen at Waterloo.

How many inferior qualities go to make up a mind like his—how much there may have been of vanity, and desire to astonish, and love of power in his character—a biographical analyst may think it his duty to inquire: for our purpose, the purity and loftiness of its chief elements dispenses with the duty of examining how much of the grosser clay was mixed with it. The main springs of his policy were a fervent love of mankind, and an intensely acute sense of justice; and his chief errors were caused by the excess of these, not by any intrusion of baser motives. That philanthropy is a somewhat revolutionary virtue we now well know: excessive love of justice in a sovereign is hardly less so. "L'art de bouleverser les états" (says Pascal) "est d'ébranler les coutumes établies, en sondant jusque dans leur source, pour marquer leur défaut de justice: il faut, dit-on, recourir aux lois fondamentales et primitives de l'état, qu'une coutume injuste a abolies. C'est un jeu sûr pour tout perdre; rien ne sera juste à cette balance." This strong conscientiousness Joseph inherited from his mother: but the passion for ideal political justice was his own. He carried it to a point at which it became not only a weakness in the eyes of statesmen, but in those of the multitude a positive vice. To take an instance which strongly exemplifies our meaning: the popular notion that a sovereign should only interfere with the sentences of criminal courts to remit them, that a "King's face should give grace"—is insepa-

nable in feudal Europe from the very idea of monarchy. But this one-sided interference was revolting to his sense of absolute equity.

He was the only Christian monarch out of Russia, so far as we know, who ever assumed as a regular course, the function of increasing as well as diminishing the punishments awarded by the ordinary tribunals: and this innovation, founded as it was on the strictest view of right, was the very first which he was compelled by public feeling to withdraw.

Never, assuredly, was so complete a sweep made of old institutions and usages, as far as mere change of the law could do it, as in the five first years of Joseph's reign. That of the French Revolution itself will hardly bear the comparison, especially when regard is had to the different genius, and state of preparation, of the two communities. It was like the sudden change in the locomotion of the same country, from the old Eilwagen crawl of four miles an hour, without intervening improvements, to the speed of the railway. It takes away the breath of those accustomed to the bit-by-bit proceedings of constitutional countries, to recite the mere catalogue of Joseph's reforms. In the short space of time we have mentioned, all exclusive rights and privileges were clean abolished; serfdom and compulsory feudal dues\* and services, ceased legally to exist: all men became equal before the law under the sovereign. All old local constitutions, including that of Hungary, with which his mother had dealt so warily, were abolished or violently invaded, old provinces obliterated from the map, and a division of the whole empire into thirteen great departments, with a civil administrator (*Kreishauptmann*) at the head of each, substituted. All ecclesiastical dependence on the see of Rome was removed; all convents not connected with useful institutions, such as schools and hospitals suppressed; universal religious toleration, or rather equality, established, except for some unlucky deistical sectaries, who, instead of toleration, incurred the Austrian classical number of fifty-five "Stockprügel," or blows with a stick; for Joseph, with all his radicalism, was a religious man, and no friend to deists. "I am no divine," he said to the professor of theology at Bologna, "but

a soldier: but this much I know, that there is only one road to Heaven, and only one doctrine, that of Jesus Christ." Education was made national, the press rendered free, the old and inveterate "unwesen" (to use a German word for which we want an equivalent) of guilds and corruptions in the towns, and other restrictions on internal commerce, utterly abolished; the superstructure of ages razed down to the very foundation.

It need not be said, that a great number of these changes remained in the form of decrees only, and never attained a practical existence. Yet he actually performed much; energetically, but intemperately, and without the slightest trace of that politic respect which might have been shown for interests injured, or feelings wounded in the process. *Regis ad exemplar*, the subordinates who were entrusted with the execution of the Emperor's innovating decrees, set to work with a revolutionary violence which seems scarcely credible in a civilised and regular State. In fact, much of what we read of the Austrian reforms of 1780—1785, resembles the sometimes grotesque and sometimes terrible scenes which took place ten years later in France. Convents were ransacked with merciless violence, their goods plundered, the precious contents of their libraries destroyed or scattered; the bones of the dead disturbed by official riflers of the graves. At the *Chartreuse*, at Vienna, the mummied corpse of Albert the Wise was ejected from its leaden coffin, for the sake of the metal, and lay for months exposed to the curiosity and insults of the populace. An order was at one time issued by Joseph for the conversion of that venerable pile, the ancient palace of the *Hradschin*, at Prague, into barracks: to be executed by a given day. Instantly a band of Vandals was let loose, to strip it of the accumulated relics of centuries. The mysterious treasure chamber of the star-gazing Emperor Rudolf was utterly despoiled of its renowned antiquarian collections. "The statues were sold off; a torso found no purchaser; it was thrown at last out of the window into the garden; an oculist of Vienna, Barth, bought it for six 'siebzehner.' It was sold at the congress of Vienna to the Crown Prince, Louis of Bavaria, for 6000 ducats—it is the *Ilieneus* of the *Glyptothek* at Munich. The antique coins were sold by weight. An inventory of the contents of the treasury was made, which was preserved in the *Schonfeld Museum*, at Vienna; a *Leda* of Titian figures in it, as 'a woman bitten by an enraged goose.' (Vol. iii. p. 8.) Yet,

\* It was in reference to some change of this kind that the Bohemian Count Chotek remonstrated, and declared that the peasants ought to pay, and must be made to pay. "I fancy, dear Chotek," Joseph wrote in reply, "that physical force is after all on the side of the peasants; and if it ever should happen that they will not pay, what is to become of us all?"

after all this mischief was done, Joseph was induced by the murmers of the Bohemians to revoke his order; a strong proof of the truth of Frederick's sarcasm, that "he always took the second step before the first."

The truth is, that Joseph had learned, during his long apprenticeship in his mother's court, a kind of cynical contempt for men. He connected this, in his own mind, with the equalising precepts of his philosophy: he admired the constant exhibition of it by his great model, Frederick, of whose peculiar *aquafortis* wit he possessed nothing. He did himself probably more injury by his labored smartnesses against religious fraternities and monks—those ulemas and fakirs, as he affected to call them—than by suppressing their convents. His nobility could more easily have forgiven his attacks on their privileges, and his endeavor to diminish their importance by pitchforking into their class a herd of insignificant people, civil functionaries, municipal authorities, and the like, the notorious "Bagadelladel" of Austria, than his parade of maxims about the equality of mankind, and the grim satisfaction with which he gave the Viennese, by way of corollary to these maxims, the spectacle of a count who had forged banknotes, sweeping the streets in chains; and another, a grey-haired colonel of the guards who had plundered his military chest, exposed in the pillory.

Closely allied with these peculiarities, were a roughness of manner carried to affectation, a harsh and dictatorial air; an assumed outside, which covered singular delicacy as well as strength of sentiments: feelings tremblingly alive to every variation in those of the persons whom he loved; a lively sympathy for suffering, a special fondness for elegant and particularly female society; his only relaxation in later years, and in which he appeared to great advantage, as what Kaunitz described him, in his barbarous Frenchified dialect, "ein ganz aimabler perfecter Cavalier." Baron Reizenstein, in his "Journey to Vienna" (1789), describes not amiss this double aspect of Joseph's outward demeanor. "When I entered the room," he says, "the Emperor was still speaking with a gentleman to whom he gave some orders. His tone was so rough, so harsh, his pronunciation so Austrian, that the impression made on me was displeasing in the highest degree. Immediately afterwards, two French ladies were introduced to him. How polite, refined, and soft his manner at once became! The imperious monarch disappeared; the most prepossessing, attractive man of the world stood

before me instead." His death is said to have been accelerated by his passionate grief at the loss of his favorite niece, Elizabeth of Wirtemberg, the first wife of Francis the Second. One of the most touching of the many pieces of his writing which remain, is the billet of adieu to the Princess Frances Lichtenstein, written just before his decease, and addressed "Aux cinq dames réunies de la société, qui m'y toléraient." The reader will find it at vol. viii. p. 307 of the work before us.

It was in his ecclesiastical reforms, in reality the most beneficial part of his operations, that Joseph encountered the first and most violent, if not most determined resistance. The leader of the Ultramontane opposition was the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, Migazzi, no saint, but more resembling Thomas à Becket before he began to exhale the odor of sanctity; a "handsome, gallant man of the world," says Vehse, and a great intriguer in the former reign. It was under the influence of the representations of Migazzi and his party, that Pius VI. determined on his memorable journey to Vienna, in 1782.

It was in truth a memorable journey; and we of the third generation after it, are now for the first time able to perceive its true significance. It is scarcely an exaggeration to call it one of the turning points in the history of the world. Rome on that occasion renewed her youth by touching her mother earth; the successor of the Apostles became, for a moment, the brother and companion of that mass of mankind from which his first predecessors sprang. In earlier days, during the life and death struggles of the Reformation, the importance, in religious quarrels, not only of exciting the general sympathies of the multitude, but of downright popular agitation with all its vulgar incidents, had been thoroughly understood on both sides of the question. To know how and when to let loose with success the passions of the populace, *lacher la grande levriere*, as the leaders of the French League were wont to call it, was then an important point in the politician's art. But the age of popular enthusiasm had now long passed: and in Germany especially, where the Thirty Years' War degenerated from a great religious quarrel into a struggle of rival condottieri, the importance of the plebeian element in Church politics was practically forgotten. Of the intriguing and diplomatic statesmen-popes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not one would have thought of descending from his pedestal to invoke the aid of the masses in an emergen-



cy, any more than he would have thought of preaching a crusade.

Nor do we believe that Pius VI. for a moment entertained the notion. He was a good and zealous churchman, but neither wiser nor more original in his views than cardinals in general. His idea seems only to have been that of making a personal impression on Joseph, partly by his own persuasive powers—for there entered no small amount of vanity into his composition—partly through that traditional aid from above which had made Attila quail before Leo. In this sense only his project was judged, when his advisers strenuously urged him against it, and the wise men of the world taxed him with consummate folly. "I was almost beginning to believe in your master's infallibility," said Frederick to Pius's envoy at Berlin, "but this journey to Vienna!" Nor did the adoration of the multitudes which threw themselves at his feet in sudden enthusiasm during that long Alpine journey, or of those who flocked from far and near to Vienna to idolise him, insomuch that a famine was apprehended during his stay, however it might affect the feelings of observers, alter the general estimate of his undertaking. Even now some liberal historians, like Schlosser, affect to doubt the reality of its effects, and assert that the great South German "revival" of 1785 evaporated in smoke. They do not perceive the new impulse which was then given to the minds of men, if not to the immediate march of events. The progress of religious democracy in Catholic countries since that day, is but too marked a feature in modern history. There was but too much significance in the emblematic medal which the legate at Munich struck on the occasion, representing Religion as Cybele, drawn in her car by lions among the prostrate bodies of men.

The Pope, indeed, gained no present advantage by his journey, as is well known. Joseph received him with a polite affectation of keeping all serious conversation at a distance. Kaunitz, according to the anecdotes repeated by Vehse, thought it politic to treat the unwished-for stranger with peculiar rudeness, as if in contempt of his supposed power, shook lustily the hand which Pius offered him to kiss! received him at his villa in morning dishabille, talked of nothing but his statues and pictures, and pushed his visitor into all kinds of places and postures in order to give him a better sight of them, insomuch that the high-bred Italian, at once pontiff and patrician, remained "tutto stupefatto." Jo-

seph even gave his supposed victory over his Holiness something of a comic turn, by paying him a return visit at Rome, where the populace, always anti-papal whatever the sentiment may be elsewhere, received him with shouts of "Long live the Emperor-king, *siete a casa vostra, siete il padrone.*" But the work of resistance to his reforms was not the less effectively commenced. The cause of reaction had received a moral aid, worth more than myriads of bayonets. Joseph was taught how thoroughly he had miscalculated, in his heedlessness, the influence of the ulemas and fakirs—the objects of his scorn—over the masses which he deemed made but to obey a beneficent despot. He knew that there was a power within his states greater than that of the Emperor; that half the allegiance, and more than half the reverence, of the millions, belonged to another than him. His pride was no less wounded than his purpose thwarted. And the blow was a fatal one.

We have no space to dwell on the details of that reaction which completes, as it were, the dramatic unity of Joseph's ten years of reign. Perpetual opposition in Church and State made him in no degree alter his purpose, but it rendered him impatient and violent, and apt to exercise his power the more stubbornly in trifles, because he felt himself bound fast by a thousand invisible chains, when he attempted any greater movement. He became suspicious; and Vienna swarmed with government agents, noble and plebeian spies, instruments of the secret police, who poisoned his ear with suggestions of imaginary plots, and led him into the commission of acts of injustice towards some of his most faithful subjects. Then commenced in reality or in popular belief, that fearful system of the employment of *agens provocateurs* to stir up the opposition of classes and races, with which Austrian policy under several reigns has been reproached, how far justly it is impossible to say. When the Hungarian nobles were in organized passive resistance to the attack on their Constitution (1784), a Wallach boor, Horya, became the leader of a peasant insurrection against them. His supposed complicity with government agents was never proved; but he had tokens to show which worked strongly on the imagination of his followers; a golden chain with a picture of the Emperor, a writing in gold letters which he called an imperial patent. The revolt was accompanied with great atrocities, and was repressed with equal cruelty. Horya was executed by the wheel, a hundred

and fifty of his people "after their country-fashion," that is, impaled alive. These horrors worked powerfully on the sensitive mind of Joseph, which was by this time lapsing into fixed disgust and weariness of life.

It was mainly to shake off the pressure of disappointment at home that he rushed into the Turkish war, only to see thousands of his soldiery perish of fever in the marshes of the Lower Danube, and an Austrian army, for the first time since the rescue of Vienna, retreat in disorderly dispersion before the unbelievers. Then came the successful progress of the Belgian revolt, a revolt of which the cause was as undeniably rightful, as the conduct and agents were contemptible; begun by the drunken students of Louvain shouting for "better beer, bread, and tobacco, and orthodox doctrine and discipline," continued by a coalition of priest-led zealots and empty democrats. Conquered at last, he had to withdraw reforms and restore privileges, even with greater precipitation than he had evinced in the first part of his career. In a few months, all his greater innovations were cancelled, except the abolition of serfdom and the toleration edict. He could not survive his broken hopes and outraged authority. By whatever name his last disease might pass in the physician's catalogue, over-exertion, dropsy of the chest, malaria fever brought back from the Turkish frontier—the true cause, a broken heart, was plain enough to all. Yet he retained to the last, both the fundamental heroism of his character, and his clear conviction of the righteousness of his cause. "I know my own heart," he wrote; "I am convinced in my innermost soul of the purity of my intentions; and I hope, that when I am no more, posterity will examine, aye and judge, more considerably, more justly, and more impartially than the present age, what I have done for my people."

"Here lies Joseph II." is his well-known self-composed epitaph, "who failed in everything he undertook." They were the words of disappointment, not of truth. The greatness of what he achieved has been underestimated, only because measured by the gigantic scale of what he projected. The two great measures which we have just noticed, alone suffice to immortalize him: the liberation of the *Leibeigeners*, which has remained an accomplished fact; and the Edict of Toleration, which, however it may have appeared at times to be menaced, has never as yet been seriously encroached upon. But these form only a part of what his empire has to thank him for. As his latest biogra-

pher (Röse) observes, much of what he retracted was lost in form only, but preserved in substance. Independently of mere political theory, the importance of his administrative changes is fully recognised by Austrian statesmen, who know the practical necessity of unity of action on the part of the central power. The obstinate and compact strength opposed by Austria to the invasions of Napoleon, is mainly attributed by some to the solidity which his reforms communicated to her executive; and Count Ficquelmont, in his recent writings, appeals to the occurrences of 1848, as bearing the most decisive evidence to the correctness of his judgment of her prospects and requirements. The national system of education, often admired even by those least in love with Austrian institutions, is mainly the result of his regulations. The good which he did by the removal of feudal and municipal obstructions to industry, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. Without believing what some affirm—that the population of Austria increased by one-fourth in the ten years of his reign, while its revenue undoubtedly doubled—we have no doubt that a great and simultaneous increase of population and wealth bore incontestable evidence to the soundness of his economical measures.

Has posterity yet attained that impartiality respecting him for which he prayed? Placed beyond the sympathies of both the great leagues of modern thinkers, he has been condemned and satirized by liberals as an absolutist—by the partisans of reaction as a demagogue. With courtiers and statesmen it was the fashion, particularly during the revolutionary era, to sneer at him as a mistaken visionary. There was, at all events, one class among whom his memory was long and fondly cherished: and it was that to the sympathies of which he would best have loved to make his appeal. The Austrian peasantry of German blood are at once an eminently loyal race, and one on which affection and kindness are rarely thrown away. They were never misled in their judgment of him. Even when they were kneeling before the carriage of the Pope, they had no idea that they were assuming an attitude of opposition to their friend and Emperor. No royal name lives among them at this day, in reverential tradition, so truly as that of Kaiser Joseph. Their estimate of him cannot be better expressed than in the simple apologue which is still popular in Austria. The peasantry of a Styrian village are assembled to discuss the news of the Emperor's death. They will not

believe it,—it is a lie of the court nobles, the lawyers, the lazy friars. While they are debating, information is brought of the revival, bit by bit, of the old order of things: the Carthusians have returned to the neighboring abbey, the Capuchins have resumed their rounds, the Forstmeister and the gamekeeper have reoccupied their lodges and the steward is sitting at the receipt of feudal dues. The oldest peasant rises and takes off his hat,—“Then Joseph is dead indeed,—may Heaven have mercy on his soul.”

Sixty years have since elapsed, and the prolific house of Hapsburg-Lorraine has furnished two numerous generations of princes, several distinguished for civic virtues, and one at least of high military renown; but no spirit like that of Joseph, or his mother, has animated the race since his remains descended to the vaults of the Capuchins, nor has anything occurred to refute the saying of Kaunitz, that it takes “a hundred years to make an Austrian great man.” We should have wished, had space permitted, to follow Dr. Vehse through his last volume, bringing the internal history of the monarchy to our own times, and showing the connection of the present with the past. We should then have seen, how the long struggle with France purified away, as it were, whatever there was of encroaching and arbitrary in the foreign policy of Austria, and substituted for it a strong principle of self-sufficing forbearance. We should have seen how the same events raised into life, for the third time, the military monarchy, and created that heroic army, itself almost a nation, of which the endurance and constant fidelity are among the most remarkable features of political history in our age; whose unsoldierly spirit is the one living principle of unity in that miscellaneous empire. We should recognize, in the long administration of Metternich, one painful endeavor to maintain the *status quo*, by a temperate and self-denying policy without, but by unsparing and unsleeping repression within: a repression the less endurable, because enforced by statesmen who had no faith in its effects, like religious persecution by unbelievers. For all the while, as we have said above, these have seemed to labor under the consciousness that the elements of that stability, to which they sacrificed all other considerations, were temporary only. And so matters remain to this

day, notwithstanding the unquestionable strength which the cause of order, as understood in Austria, has derived from the mad outbreak of 1848 and its first consequences. There are indeed many who imagine, though recent events have made the trade of prophesying more hazardous than ever, that those events may have brought the catastrophe nearer. Many of the manifestations of local feeling then elicited, may now appear irrational enough. We may smile as we please on the recollection of Austro-Germans raving about the Frankfort Parliament and the National Fleet; haughty Magyars preaching French democracy, with one foot trampling on the Wallach and the other on the Croat; fierce military borderers brandishing their sabres, not as of old for plunder and provant, but for Federalism, and Pan-slavism, and all the inconceivable dreams of the German Professorate. But the practical question for our day is, whether the events to which we refer have increased that mutual repulsion between the several races, through which the strength of the central government is now mainly preserved, or whether they have been taught something of the necessity of union, and of forming mutual and balanced leagues for their support. If the latter be really the case, the map of Europe can hardly remain long as it is. And those politicians, both within and without Austria, who wish to avert such an end, and at the same time look beyond the probable duration of a throne supported by bayonets, and a bundle of States tied together by red tape, have to consider the double alternative which now deeply occupies many minds, whether Austria must revert to the centralizing policy of Joseph, substituting by degrees liberty for repression, as becomes the age, and creating an Austrian nation through and beneath Austrian institutions, or must have recourse, in due measure, to that federal principle which has had such triumphant results elsewhere. Either project is full of difficulties, but neither, perhaps, beyond the reach of practical accomplishment, if the energy which Austria has shown in self-assertion and defence, were turned towards internal reform, and courageous concessions made to that spread of political will and intelligence which is inevitably transforming the community, there as elsewhere, from an inert mass, to a living body.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## MODERN BRITISH ORATORS.—No. 1. EDMUND BURKE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ALL hail to Edmund Burke, the greatest and least appreciated man of the eighteenth century, even as Milton had been the greatest and least appreciated man of the century before! Each century, in fact, bears its peculiarly great man, and as certainly either neglects or abuses him. Nor do after ages always repair the deficiency. For instance, between the writing of the first and second sentences of this paper, we have happened to take up a London periodical, which has newly come in, and have found Burke first put at the feet of Fox, and secondly, accused of being actuated in all his political conduct by two objects—those of places and pensions for himself and his family; so that our estimate of him, although late, may turn out, on the whole, a "word in season." It is, at all events, refreshing for us to look back from the days of a Derby, a Disraeli, and a Biographer Russell, to those of the great and eloquent Burke, and to turn from the inhuman ravings and essential atheism of the "Latter Day Pamphlets," to the noble rage and magnificent philippics of a "Regicide Peace."

First of all, in this paper, we feel ourselves constrained to proclaim what, even yet, is not fully understood—Burke's unutterable superiority to all his parliamentary rivals. It was not simply that he was above them as one bough in a tree is above another, but above them as the sun is above the top of the tree, and Sirius above the sun. He was "not of their order." He had philosophic intellect, while they had only arithmetic. He had genius, while they had not even fancy. He had heart, while they had only passions. He had widest and most comprehensive views; their minds had little real power of generalization. He had religion; most of them were infidels of that lowest order, who imagine that Christianity is a monster, bred between priestcraft and political expediency. He loved literature with his inmost soul; they (Fox on this point must be excepted) knew little about it and cared less. In a word, they were men of their time; he belonged to

all ages, and his mind was as catholic as it was clear and vast.

Contrast the works and speeches of the men! Has a sentence of Pitt's ever been quoted as a maxim? Does one passage of Fox appear in even our common books of elocutionary extracts? Are Sheridan's flights remembered except for their ambitious and adventurous badness? Unless one or two showy climaxes of Gratten and Curran, what else of them is extant? How different with Burke! His works are to this hour burning with genius, and swarming with wisdom. You cannot open a page, without finding either a profound truth expressed in the shortest and sharpest form, looking up at you like an eye; or a brilliant image flashing across with the speed and splendor of a meteor; or a description, now grotesque, and now gorgeous; or a literary allusion, cooling and sweetening the fervor of the political discussion; or a quotation from the poets, so pointed and pat, that it assumes the rank of an original beauty. Burke's writing is almost unrivalled for its combination and dexterous interchange of excellencies. It is by turns statistics, metaphysics, painting, poetry, eloquence, wit, and wisdom. It is so cool and so warm, so mechanical and so impulsive, so measured and so impetuous, so clear and so profound, so simple and so rich. Its sentences are now the shortest and now the longest; now bare as Butler, and now figured as Jeremy Taylor; now conversational, and now ornate, intense, and elaborate in the highest degree. He closes many of his paragraphs in a rushing thunder and fiery flood of eloquence, and opens the next as calmly as if he had ceased to be the same being. Indeed, he is the least monotonous and manneristic of modern writers, and in this, as in so many other respects, excels such authors as Macaulay and Chalmers, who are sometimes absurdly compared to him. He has, in fact, four or five distinct styles, and possesses equal mastery over all. He exhibits specimens of the law-paper style in his articles

of charge against Warren Hastings; of the calm, sober, uncolored argument, in his "Thoughts on the present Discontents;" of the ingenious, high-finished, but temperate philosophical essay, in his "Sublime and Beautiful;" of the flushed and fiery diatribe, here storming into fierce scorn and invective, and there soaring into poetical eloquence, in his "Letter to a noble Lord," and in his "Regicide Peace;" and of a style combining all these qualities, and which he uses in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, and in his "Reflections on the French Revolution." Thus you may read a hundred pages of him at once, without finding any power but pure intellect at work, and at other times every sentence is starred with an image, even as every moment of some men's sleep is spiritualized by a dream; and, in many of them, figures cluster and crowd upon each other in bickering profusion. It is remarkable that his imagination becomes apparently more powerful as he draws near the end of his journey. The reason of this probably was, he became more thoroughly in earnest toward the close. Till the trial of Warren Hastings, or even on to the outbreak of the French Revolution, he was a volcano speaking and snorting out fire at intervals—an Etna at ease—but from these dates he began to pour out incessant torrents of molten lava upon the wondering nations. Figures are a luxury to cool thinkers; they are a necessity to prophets. The Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel have no choice. Their thought must come forth with the fiery edge of metaphor around it. The Minerva of deep earnest feeling ever rushes out in armor.

Let us look, in the course of the remarks that follow, to the following points—to Burke's powers, to his possible achievements, to his actual works; to his oratory, to his conversation, to his private character, to his critics, and to the question, what has been the net result of his influence as a writer and a thinker?

1. We would seek to analyze shortly his powers. These were wonderful, in their variety, comprehensiveness, depth, harmony, and brilliance. He was endowed in the very "prodigality of heaven" with genius of a creative order, with boundless fertility of fancy, with piercing acuteness and comprehension of intellect, with a tendency leading him irresistibly down into the depths of every subject, and with an eloquence at once massive, profuse, fiery, and flexible. To these powers he united, what are not often found in their company, slow plodding perseverance,

indomitable industry, and a cautious balancing disposition. We may apply to him the words of Scripture, "He could *mount* up with wings as an eagle, he could *run* and not be weary, he could *walk* and not be faint." Air, earth, and the things under the earth, were equally familiar to him, and you are amazed to see how easily he can fold up the mighty wings which had swept the ether, and "knit" the mountain to the sky, and turn to mole-like minings in the depths of the miry clay, which he found it necessary also to explore. These vast and various powers he had fed with the most extensive, most minute, most accurate, most artistically managed reading, with elaborate study, with the closest yet kindest observation of human nature, and with free and copious intercourse with all classes of men. And to inspire and inflame their action, there were a profound sense of public duty, ardent benevolence, the passions of a hot but generous heart, and a strong-felt, although uncanting and unostentatious piety.

2. His possible achievements. To what was a man like this, who could at once soar and delve, overtop the mountain, skim the surface, and explore the mine, not competent? He was, shall we say? a mental *cameleopard*—patient as the camel, and as the leopard swift and spotted with splendor. We have only in his present works the fragments of his genius. Had he not in some measure,

"Born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party given up what was meant for mankind,"

what rich works on general subjects had he written! It had been, perhaps, a system of philosophy, merging and kindling into poetry, resembling Brown's "Lectures," but informed by more masculine genius; or it had been, perhaps, a treatise on the Science of Politics, viewed on a large and liberal scale; or it had been, perhaps, a history of his country, abounding in a truer philosophy and a more powerful narrative than Hume, and in pictures more brilliant than Macaulay's; or it had been, perhaps, a work on the profounder principles of literature or of art; or it had been, perhaps—for this too was in his power—some strain of solemn poetry, rising higher than Akenside or Thomson; or else some noble Argument or Apology for the faith that was in him in the blessed religion of Jesus. Any or all of these tasks we believe to have been thoroughly within the compass of Burke's universal mind, had his lot been otherwise cast, and had his genius not been

so fettered by circumstance and subject, that he seems at times a splendid generalizer in chains.

8. These decided views, as to the grand possibilities of this powerful spirit, must not be permitted to blind us to what he has actually done. This, alike in quantity and in quality, challenges our wonder. Two monster octavos of his works are lying before us; and we believe that, besides, there is extant matter from his pen equal to another volume. What strikes you most about the quality of his writing, is the amazing restlessness and richness of his thought. His book is an ant-hill of stirring, swarming, blackening ideas and images. His style often reposes—his mind never. Hall very unjustly accuses him of amplification. There are, indeed, a few passages of superb amplification sprinkled through his writings; but this is rarely his manner, and you never, as in some writers, see a thought small as the body of a midge suspended between the wings of an eagle. He has too much to say, to care in general about expanding or beating it thin. Were he dallying long with, or seeking to distend, an image, an hundred more would become impatient for their turn. Foster more truly remarks, "Burke's sentences are pointed at the end—instinct with pungent sense to the last syllable, they are like a charioteer's whip, which not only has a long and effective lash, but cracks and inflicts a still smarter sensation at the end. They are like some serpents, whose life is said to be fiercest in the tail." It is a mind full to overflowing, pouring out, now calmly and now in tumult and heat, now deliberately and now in swift torrents, its thoughts, feelings, acquirements, and speculations. This rich restlessness might, by and by, become oppressive, were it not for the masterly ease of manner, and the great variety, as well as quantity, of thinking. He never harps too long on one string. He is perpetually making swift and subtle transitions from the grave to the gay, from the severe to the lively, from facts to figures, from statistics to philosophical speculations, from red-hot invective to caustic irony, from the splendid filth of his abuse to the flaming cataracts of his eloquence and poetry. His manner of writing has been accused of "caprice," but unjustly. Burke was a great speculator on style, and was regulated in most of its movements by the principles of art, as well as impelled by the force of genius. He held, for instance, that every great sentence or paragraph should contain a thought, a sentiment, and an image;

and we find this rule attended to in all his more elaborate passages. He was long thought a "flowery and showy" writer, and contrasted, by Parr and others, unfavorably with such writers as Macintosh and even Paine. Few now will have the hardihood to reiterate such egregious nonsense. His flow-ers were, indeed, numerous; but they sprang out naturally, and were the unavoidable bloom of deep and noble thought. We call the foam of a little river "froth," that of Niagara, or the ocean, "spray." Burke's imagination was the giant spray of a giant stream, and his fancy resembled the rain-bows which often appear suspended in it. Besides all this, he had unlimited command of words and allusions, culled from every science, and art, and page of history; and this has rendered, and will ever render, his writings legible to those who care very little for his political opinions, and have slender interest in the causes he won or lost. His faults were not numerous, although very palpable. He cannot always reason with calm consecutiveness. He sometimes permits, not so much his imagination, as his morbidly active intellect and his fierce passions, to run him into extravagance. He lays often too much stress upon small causes, although this sprung from what was one of his principal powers—that of generalizing from the particular, and, Cuvier-like, seeing entire mammoths in small and single bones. He is occasionally too truculent in his invective, and too personal in his satire. His oracular tone is sometimes dogmatic and offensive; and he frequently commits errors of taste, especially when his descriptions verge upon the humorous; for, Irishman though he was, his wit and humor were far inferior to his other powers.

We select three, from among his productions, for short special criticism: his Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, his "Reflections on the French Revolution," and his "Letters on a Regicide Peace." The first is probably the most complete oration in literature. Henry Rogers, indeed, prefers the speeches of Demosthenes, as higher specimens of pure oratory; and so they are, if you take oratory in a limited sense, as the art of persuasion and immediate effect. But Burke's speech, if not in this sense equal to the "Pro Corona," even as Milton's "Areopagitica" is not in this sense equal to Sheridan on the "Begum Charge," is, in all other elements which go to constitute the excellence of a composition, incomparably superior. You see a great mind meeting with a

great subject, and intimate with it, in all its length, and breadth, and depth, and thickness; here diving down into its valleys, and there standing serene upon its heights; here ranging at ease through its calms, and there, with tyrant nerve, ruling its storms of passion and harrowing interest. The picture of Hyder Ali, and of the "Cloud" which burst upon the plains of the Carnatic, has been subjected to Brougham's clumsy and captious criticism, but has come out unscathed; and, we venture to say, that in massive, unforced magnificence it remains unsurpassed. There is no trick, no heaving effort, no "double, double toil and trouble," as in most of Lord Brougham's own elaborate passages. The flight is as calm and free, as it is majestic and powerful;

"Sailing with supreme dominion,  
Through the azure deep of air."

His "Reflections" was certainly the most powerful pamphlet ever written, if pamphlet it can be called, which is only a pamphlet in form, but a book in reality. It should have been called a "Reply to the French Revolution." Etna had spoken, and this was Vesuvius answering in feebleness, but still strong and far-heard thunder. Its power was proved by its effect. It did not, indeed, create the terror of Europe against that dreadful Shape of Democracy which had arisen over its path, and by its shadow had turned all the waters into blood; but it condensed, pointed, and propelled the common fear and horror into active antagonism with its opponent. It sharpened the sword of the prevailing desire for the fight. It was the first wild wailing trumpet of a battlefield of twenty-four years' duration. One is reminded of the contest between Fingal and the Spirit of Loda. There seemed, at first, a great disparity between the solitary warrior and the dreadful Form riding upon the midnight tempest, and surrounded with his panoply of clouds. But the warrior was *ipse agmen*, his steel was sharp and true; he struck at the demon, and the demon shrieked, rolled himself together, and retired a space, to return, however, again, with his painful wound healed, and the fury of his blasts aggravated, when there was no Burke to oppose him. The merits of this production are, we think, greatly enhanced by the simplicity of the vehicle in which its thoughts ride. The book is a letter; but such a letter! It reminds us of a Brobdignagian epistle. In this simplest shape of literature, we find philosophy the most subtle; invec-

tive the most sublime; speculation the most far-stretching; Titanic ridicule, like the cackinnation of a Cyclops; piercing pathos; powerful historic painting; and eloquence the most dazzling that ever combined depth with splendor. That it is the ultimate estimate of the French Revolution, is contended for by no one. THAT shall only be seen after the history of earth is ended, and after it is all inscribed (to allude to the beautiful Arabian fable) in laconics of light over "Allah's head;" but, meantime, while admitting that Burke's view of it is in some points one-sided, and in others colored by prejudice, we contend that he has, with general fidelity, painted the thing as it then was—the bloody bantling as he saw it in the cradle—although he did not foresee that circumstances and events were greatly to modify and soften its features, as it advanced. Let him have praise, at least, for this, that he discerned and exposed the true character of modern infidelity, which, amid all the disguises it has since assumed, is still, and shall remain till its destruction, the very monster of vanity, vice, malignity, and sciolism, which he has, by a few touches of lightning, shown it to be. How thoroughly he comprehended the devil-inspired monkey, Voltaire; and the winged frog, Rousseau; and that iron machine of artistic murder, Carnot; and La Fayette, the republican coxcomb; and that rude incarnation of the genius of the guillotine, Robespierre! Through those strange satanic shapes he moves in the majesty of his virtue and his manly genius, like a lofty human being through the corner of a museum appropriated to monsters—not, like Carlyle, snuffing the tainted air, and doing violence to his own senses by seeking to include them in the catalogue of men, nor in an attitude of affected pity and transcendental charity;—but feeling and saying, "How ugly and detestable these miscreations are, and, faugh! what a stench they emit."

In a similar spirit, and with even greater power, does he seek to exorcise the evil spirit of his times, in his "Letters on a Regioide Peace." These glorious fragments employed his last hours, and the shadow of the grave lies solemnly upon them, fluctuating, as it were, at times, in the breath of his impetuous genius. When he wrote them, although far from being a very old man (he was just sixty-four), yet the curtains of his life's hope had suddenly been dropped around him. It was not that he and his old friends, the Whigs, had quarrelled; it was not that he had stood by the death-

bed of Johnson, and had undergone the far severer pang which attended his divorce from the friendship of Fox; it was not that his circumstances were straitened; it was not that his motives were misrepresented; it was not that "misery had made him acquainted with strange bedfellows," and driven him to herd with beings so inferior and radically different as Pitt and Dundas;—but it was that death had snatched away him in whom he had "garnered up his heart"—his son. Be it that that son was not all his father had thought him to be, to others—he *was* it all to him. If not rich himself, was it nothing that his father had lavished on him his boundless wealth of esteem and affection? As it is, he shines before us in the light of his father's eloquence for evermore. Strange and enviable this power of genius! It can not only "give us back the dead even in the loveliest looks they wore," but it can give them a loveliness they never possessed; it can defy the obscure, it can illuminate the dark, it can enbalm the decayed; and in its transforming splendor, the common worm becomes a glow-worm, the common cloud a cloud of fire and glory, every arch a rainbow, every spark a star, and every star a sun. It can preserve obscure sorrows, and the obscurer causes of these sorrows, and hang a splendor in the tears of childhood, and eternize the pathos of those little pangs which read little hearts. How De Quincey, for example, has beautified the sorrows, and peculiarities, and small adventures of his boyhood—and in what a transfiguring beam of imagination does he show the dead face of his dear sister, Elizabeth!\* And this young Burke sleeps at once guarded and glorified beneath the bright angel wings of his father's mighty genius.

It is most affecting to come upon those plaintive expressions of desolation which abound in Burke's later works, as where he calls himself an "unhappy man," and wishes to be permitted to "enjoy in his retreat the melancholy privileges of obscurity and sor-

row;" and where he compares himself to an "old oak stripped of his honors, and torn up by the roots." But not for nothing were these griefs permitted to environ him. Through the descending cloud, a mighty inspiration stooped down upon his soul. Grief roused, and bared, and tossed up his spirit to its very depths. He compares himself to Job, lying on his dunghill, and insulted by the miserable comfort of his friends. And as Job's silent anguish broke out at last into sublime curses, and his dunghill heaved up into a burning prophetic peak, so it was with the "old man eloquent" before us. From his solitary Beaconsfield, with its large trees moaning around, as if in sympathy with his incommunicable sorrow, he uttered prophetic warnings which startled Europe; he threw forth pearls of deepest thought and purest eloquence; he blew war-blasts of no uncertain sound, to which armies were to move, and navies to expand their vast white wings; he poured out plaints of sorrow, which melted the hearts of millions; his "lightnings also he shot out," forked bolts of blasting invective, against the enemies or pretended friends, the impostors high or low, who dared to intrude on his sacred solitude; and it fared alike with a Duke of Bedford and a Thomas Paine, as with the rebel angels in Milton:—

"On each wing  
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai,  
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their  
flight,  
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and  
mail.  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
The atheist crew, but, with redoubled blow,  
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew."

But he had not only the inspiration of profound misery, but that, also, of a power projected forward from eternity. He knew that he was soon to die, and the motto of all his later productions might have been, "*Moriturus vos saluto*." This gave a deeper tone to his tragic warnings, a higher dignity to prophetic attitude, and a weightier emphasis to his terrible denunciations. He reminded men of that wild-eyed prophet, who ran around the wall of doomed Jerusalem till he sank down in death, and cried out, "Wo, wo, wo, to this city." In the utterance of such wild but musical and

\* The author, in this beautiful passage, refers to the "Autobiographical Sketches" of Thomas de Quincey, just published, forming the first volume of his collected and selected works. The readers of this journal know the reason why we do not draw their attention to *this* volume, by extracting from it, or otherwise; but no feeling of delicacy shall prevent us from suggesting, that they will do themselves a lasting benefit by becoming subscribers to the work.—*Editor*.



meaning cries, did Burke breathe out his spirit.

The "Regicide Peace" contains no passages so well known as some in the "Reflections," but has, on the whole, a profounder vein of thinking, a bolder imagery, a richer and more peculiar language, as well as certain long and high-wrought paragraphs, which have seldom been surpassed. Such is his picture of Carnot "snorting away the fumes of the undigested blood of his sovereign;" his comparison of the revolutionary France to Algiers; his description of a supposed entrance of the regicide ambassadors into London; and the magnificent counsels he gave Pitt as to what he thought *should* have been his manner of conducting the war. As we think this one of the noblest swells of poetic prose in the language, and have never seen it quoted, or even alluded to by former critics, we shall give it entire:—

"After such an elaborate display had been made of the injustice and insolence of an enemy, who seems to have been irritated by every one of the means which had commonly been used with effect to soothe the rage of intemperate power, the natural result would be, that the scabbard in which we in vain attempted to plunge our sword, should have been thrown away with scorn. It would have been natural, that, rising in the fulness of their might, insulted majesty, despised dignity, violated justice, rejected supplication, patience goaded into fury, would have poured out all the length of the reins upon all the wrath they had so long restrained. It might have been expected, that, emulous of the glory of the youthful hero (Archduke Charles of Austria) in alliance with him, touched by the example of what one man, well formed and well placed, may do in the most desperate state of affairs, convinced there is a courage of the cabinet full as powerful, and far less vulgar, than that of the field, our minister would have changed the whole line of that useless prosperous prudence, which had hitherto produced all the effects of the blindest temerity. If he found his situation full of danger (and I do not deny that it is perilous in the extreme), he must feel that it is also full of glory, and that he is placed on a stage, than which no muse of fire, that had ascended the highest heaven of invention, could imagine anything more awful or august. It was hoped that, in this swelling scene in which he moved, with some of the first potentates of Europe for his fellow-actors, and with so many of the rest for the anxious

spectators of a part which, as he plays it, determines for ever their destiny and his own, like Ulysses in the unravelling point of the epic story, he would have thrown off his patience and his rags together, and, stripped of unworthy disguises, he would have stood forth in the form and in the attitude of a hero. On that day it was thought he would have assumed the port of Mars; that he would have bid to be brought forth from their hideous kennel (where his scrupulous tenderness had too long immured them) these impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the minister of vengeance that feeds them; that he would let them loose, in famine, fever, plagues, and death, upon a guilty race, to whose frame, and to all whose habit, order, peace, religion, and virtue are alien and abhorrent. It was expected that he would at last have thought of active and effectual war; that he would no longer amuse the British lion in the chase of rats and mice; that he would no longer employ the whole power of Great Britain, once the terror of the world, to prey upon the miserable remains of a peddling commerce, which the enemy did not regard, and from which none could profit. It was expected that he would have re-asserted the justice of his cause; that he would have re-animated whatever remained to him of his allies, and endeavored to recover those whom their fears had led astray; that he would have re-kindled the martial ardor of his citizens; that he would have held out to them the example of their ancestry, the asserter of Europe, and the scourge of French ambition; that he would have reminded them of a posterity, which, if this nefarious robbery, under the fraudulent name and false color of a government, should in full power be seated in the heart of Europe, must for ever be consigned to vice, impiety, barbarism, and the most ignominious slavery of body and mind. In so holy a cause, it was presumed that he would (as in the beginning of the war he did) have opened all the temples, and, with prayer, with fasting, and with supplication (better directed than to the grim Moloch of regicide France,) have called upon us to raise that united cry which has so often stormed heaven, and, with a pious violence, forced down blessings upon a repentant people. It was hoped that, when he had invoked upon his endeavors the favorable regards of the Protector of the human race, it would be seen that his menaces to the enemy, and his prayers to the

Almighty, were not followed, but accompanied, with corresponding action. It was hoped that his shrilling trumpet should be heard, not to announce a show, but to sound a charge."

We come now to Burke as an orator. And here we must correct a prevailing misconception. Many seem to imagine that he had no power of oratorical expression; that he was a mere "dinner-bell;" and that all his speeches, however splendid, fell still-born from his lips. So far was this from being the case, that his very first orations in Parliament—those, namely, on the Stamp Act—delivered when he had yet a reputation to make, according to Johnson, "filled the town with wonder;" an effect which, we fancy, their mere merit, if unaccompanied by some energy and interest of delivery, could hardly have produced. So long as he was in office under Lord Rockingham, and under the Coalition Ministry, he was listened to with deference and admiration. His speech against Hastings was waited for with greater eagerness, and heard with greater admiration, than any of that brilliant series, except, perhaps, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; and in its closing passage, impeaching Hastings "in the name of human nature itself," it rose, even as to effect, to a height incomparably above any of the rest. His delivery, indeed, and voice were not first-rate, but only fribblers or fools regard such things much, or at least long, in a true orator; and when Burke became fully roused, his minor defects were always either surmounted by himself, or forgotten by others. The real secret of his parliamentary unpopularity, in his latter years, lay, 1st, in the envy with which his matchless powers were regarded; 2d, in his fierce and ungovernable temper, and the unguarded violence of his language; 3d, in the uncertainty of his position and circumstances; and, lastly, in the fact, as Johnson has it, that "while no one could deny that he spoke well, yet all granted that he spoke too often and too long. His soul, besides, generally soared above his audience, and sometimes forgot to return. In honest Goldsmith's version of it,

"Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought  
of dining."

But he could never be put down to the last, and might, had he chosen, have contested the cheap palm of instant popularity even with the most voluble of his rivals. But the "play was not worth the candle." He

mingled, indeed, with their temporary conflicts; but it was like a god descending from Ida to the plains of Troy, and sharing in the vulgar shock of arms, with a high celestial purpose in view. He was, in fact, over the heads of the besotted parliaments of his day, addressing the ears of all future time, and has not been inaudible in *that* gallery.

Goldsmith is right in saying that so far he "narrowed his mind." But, had he narrowed it a little farther, he could have produced so much the more of immediate impression, and so much the more have circumscribed his future influence and power. He *was* by nature what Cloutz pretended to be, and what all genuine speakers should aim at being, "an orator of the human race," and he never altogether lost sight of this his high calling. Hence, while a small class adored him, and a large class respected, the majority found his speaking apart from their purpose, and if they listened to it, it was from a certain vague impression that it was something great and splendid, only not very intelligible, and not at all practical. In fact, the brilliance of his imagination, and the restless play of his ingenuity, served often to conceal the solid depth and practical bearings of his wisdom. Men seldom give a famous man credit for all the faculties he possesses. If they dare not deny his genius, they deny his sense; or, if they are obliged to admit his sense, they question his genius. If he is strong, he cannot be beautiful, and if beautiful, he must be weak. That Burke suffered much from this false and narrow style of criticism, is unquestionable; but that he was ever the gigantic bore on the floor of the House of Commons which some pretend, we venture to doubt. The fact was probably this—on small matters, he was thought prosy, and coughed down, but, whenever there was a large load to be lifted—a great question to be discussed—a Hastings to be crushed, or a French revolution to be analysed—the eyes of the House instinctively turned to the seat where the profound and brilliant man was seated, and their hearts irresistibly acknowledged, at times, what their tongues and prejudices often denied.

And yet it is amusing to find, from a statement of Burke's own, that the Whigs whom he had deserted solaced themselves for the unparalleled success of the "Reflections on the French Revolution," by underrating it in a literary point of view. Is this the spirit of real or of mock humility in which he speaks, in his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs?" "The gentlemen who in the name

of the party have passed sentence on Mr. Burke's book in the light of literary criticism, are judges above all challenge. He did not indeed flatter himself that, as a writer, he could claim the approbation of men whose talents, in his judgment and in the public judgment, approach to prodigies, if ever such persons should be disposed to estimate the merit of a composition upon the standard of their own ability." Surely this must be ironical, else it would seem an act of voluntary humility as absurd as though De Quincy were deferring in matters of philosophy or style to the "superior judgment" of some of our American-made doctors; or as though Mrs. Stowe were to dedicate her next novel to the author of the "Coming Struggle." Pretty critics they were! Think of the glorious eloquence wisdom, passions, and poetry, the "burning coals of juniper, sharp arrows of the strong," to be found in every page of the "Reflection," the power of which had almost stifled the ire of a nation, and choked up a volcano which was setting the world in flames; sneered at by two men, at least, not one of whose works is now read—by the writer of a farrago like the "Spital Sermon," or by the author of such illegible dullness as the "History of James II.," or even by Sheridan, with his clever, heartless plays, and the brilliant false-setto of his speeches; or even by MacIntosh, with the rhetorical logic and forced flowers of his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*." Surely Burke did, in his heart, appeal from their tribunal to that of a future age. To do MacIntosh justice, he learned afterwards to form a far loftier estimate of the author of the "Reflections." He was, soon after the publication of his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," invited to spend some days at Beaconsfield. There he found the old giant, now toying on the carpet with little children, now cracking bad jokes and the vilest of puns, and now pouring out the most magnificent thoughts and images. In the course of a week's animated discussion on the French Revolution, and many cognate subjects, MacIntosh was completely converted to Burke's views, and came back impressed with an opinion of his genius and character, far higher than his writings had given him. Indeed, his speech in defence of Peltier—by much the most eloquent of his published speeches—bears on it the fiery traces of the influence which Burke had latterly exerted on his mind. The early sermons too, and the "Apology for the Liberty of the Press," by Hall, are less colored, than created by the power which Burke's writings

had exerted on his dawning genius. But more of this afterwards.

What a pity that Boswell had not been born a twin, and that the brother had not attached himself as fondly and faithfully to Burke, as Jemmy to Johnson! Boswell's life of Burke would now have been even more popular than Boswell's Life of Johnson. For, if Johnson's sayings were more pointed and witty, Burke's were profounder and sublimer far. Johnson had lived as much with books and with certain classes of men, but Burke had conversed more with the silent company of thoughts; and all grand generalizations were to him palpable, familiar, and life-like as a gallery of pictures. Johnson was a lazy, slumbering giant, seldom moving himself except to strangle the flies which buzzed about his nostrils; Burke wrought like a Cyclops in his cave, or like a Titan, piling up mountains as stepping-stones to heaven. Johnson, not Burke, was the master of amplification, from no poverty, but from indolence; he often rolled out sounding surges of commonplace, with no bark and little beauty, upon the swell of the wave; Burke's mind, as we have seen before, was morbidly active; it was impatient of circular movement round an idea, or of noise and agitation without progress: his motto ever was "Onwards," and his eloquence always bore the stamp of thought. Johnson looked at all things through an atmosphere of gloom; Burke was of a more sanguine temperament; and if cobwebs did at any time gather, the breath of his anger or of his industry speedily blew them away. Johnson had mingled principally with scholars, or the middle class of the community; Burke was brought early into contact with statesmen, the nobility and gentry, and this told both upon his private manners and upon his knowledge of human nature. Johnson's mind was of the sharp, strong, sturdy order; Burke's, of the subtle, deep, revolving sort; as Goldsmith said, he "wound into every subject like a serpent." Both were honest, fearless, and pious men; but, while Burke's honesty sometimes put on a court dress, and his fearlessness sometimes "licked the dust," and his piety could stand at ease; Johnson in all these points was ever roughly and nakedly the same. Johnson, in wit, vigor of individual sentences, and solemn pictures of human life, and its sorrows and frailties, was above Burke; but was as far excelled by him in power of generalization, vastness of range and reading, exuberance of fancy, daring rhetoric, and in skillful management and varied cadence of style. John-

son had a philosophical vein, but it had never received much culture; Burke's had been carefully fed, and failed only at times through the subjects to which it was directed. Johnson's talk, although more brilliant, memorable, and imposing, was also more set, starched, and produced with more effort than Burke's, who seemed to talk admirably because he could not help it, or, as his great rival said, "because his mind was full." Johnson was, notwithstanding his large proportions, of the earth earthy, after all; his wings, like those of the ostrich, were not commensurate with his size; Burke, to vast bulk and stature, added pinions which bore him from peak to peak, and from one gorgeous tract of "cloudland" to another.

Boswell and Prior have preserved only a few specimens of Burke's conversation, which are, however, so rich as to excite deep regret that more has not been retained; and a profound conviction that his traditional reputation has not been exaggerated, and that his talk was the truest revelation of his powers. Every one knows the saying of Dr. Johnson, that you could not go with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, without saying, "this is an extraordinary man." Nor was this merely because he could talk cleverly and at random, on all subjects, and hit on brilliant things; but that he seemed to have weighed and digested his thoughts, and prepared and adjusted his language on all subjects, at the same time that impulse and excitement were ever ready to sprinkle splendid impromptus upon the stream of his speech. He combined the precision and perfect preparation of the lecturer, with the ease and fluency of the conversationalist. He did not, like some, go on throwing out shining paradoxes; or, with others, hot gorgeous metaphors, hatched between excitement and vanity; or, with others, give prepared and polished orations, disguised in the likeness of extempore harangues; or, with others, perpetually strive to startle, to perplex, to mystify, and to shine; or, with others still, become a kind of oracle, or stereotyped prophet, coiled up in the corner of a drawing-room, and uttering *voces ambiguas*. Burke's talk was that of a thoroughly furnished, gifted, and profoundly informed man, *thinking aloud*. His conversation was just the course of a great, rich river, winding at its sweet or its wild will—always full, often overflowing; sometimes calm, and sometimes fretted and fierce; sometimes level and deep, and sometimes starred with spray, or leaping into cataracts. Who shall venture to give us an "imaginary conversation" between him

and Johnson, on the subject referred to by Boswell, of the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, or on some similar topic, in a style that shall adequately represent the point, roughness, readiness, and sense of the one, and the subtlety, varied knowledge, glares of sudden metaphoric illumination, crossing the veins of profound reflection, which distinguished the other—the "no, sirs," and the "therefores," of the one, with the "buts," the "unlesses," and the terrible "excuse me, sirs" of the other? We wonder that Savage Landor has never attempted it, and brought in poor Burns—the only man then living in Britain quite worthy to be a third party in the dialogue; now to shed his meteor light upon the matter of the argument; and now, by his wit or song, to soothe, and calm, and harmonize the minds of the combatants.

Burke's talk is now, however, as a whole, irrecoverably lost. What an irrepressible, sigh-escapes us, as we reflect that this is true of so many noble spirits! Their works may remain with us, but that fine aroma which breathed in their conversation, that wondrous beam which shone in their very eyes, are for ever gone. They have become dried flowers. Some of the first of men, indeed, have had nothing to lose in this respect. Their conversation was inferior to their general powers. Their works were evening shadows, more gigantic than themselves. We have, at least, their essence preserved in their writings. This probably is true even of Shakspeare and Milton. But Johnson, Burke, Burns, and Coleridge were so constituted, that conversation was the only magnet that could draw out the full riches of their transcendent genius; and all of them would have required each his own Siamese twin to have accompanied him through life, and with the pen and the patience of Bozzy, to have preserved the continual outpourings of their fertile brains and fluent tongues. We are not, however, arguing their superiority to the two just mentioned, or to others of a similar stamp, whose writings were above their talk—far the reverse—but are simply asserting that we may regret more the comparative meagreness of biography in the case of the one class than of the other.

Burke, in private, was unquestionably the most blameless of the eminent men of his day. He was, in all his married life at least, entirely free from the licentiousness of Fox, the dissipation of Sheridan, and the hard-drinking habits of Pitt. But he was also the most amiable and actively-benevolent of them. Wise as a serpent, he was harmless as a d

and, when the deep sources of his virtuous indignation were not touched, gentle as a lamb. Who has forgot his fatherly interest in poor Crabbe—that flower blushing and drooping unseen, till Burke lifted it up in his hand, and gave his protégé bread and immortality? or his kindness to rough, thankless Barry, whom he taught and counselled as wisely as if he had been a prophet of art, not politics, and as if he had studied nothing else but painting (proving thus, besides his tender heart, that a habit and power of deep and genuine thinking can easily be transferred from one branch to all, and that the great genius is great all round—a truth substantiated, besides, by the well-known aid he gave Sir Joshua Reynolds in his lectures); or last, not least, his Good Samaritan treatment of the wretched street-stroller he met, took home, introduced, after hearing her story, to Mrs. Burke, who watched over, reformed, and employed her in her service? “These are deeds which must not pass away.” Like green laurels on the bald head of a Cæsar, they add a beauty and softness to the grandeur of Burke’s mind, and leave you at a loss (fine balance! rare alternative! compliment, like a biforked sunbeam, cutting two ways!) whether more to love or to admire him. Fit it was that he should have passed that noble panegyric on Howard, the “Circumnavigator of Charity,” which now stands, and shall eternally stand, like a mountain before its black and envious shadow, over against Carlyle’s late unhappy attack on the unrivalled philanthropist.

We promised a word on Burke’s critics. They have been numerous and various. From Johnson, Fox, Laurence, MacIntosh, Wordsworth, Brougham, Hazlitt, Macaulay, De Quincey, Croly, H. Rogers, &c., down to Prior, &c. Johnson gave, again and again, his sturdy verdict in his favor, which was more valuable then than it is now. “If I were,” he said, when once ill and unable to talk, “to meet that fellow Burke to-night, it would kill me.” Fox admitted that he had learned more from Burke’s conversation than from all his reading and experience put together. Laurence, one of his executors, has left recorded his glowing sense of his friend’s genius and virtues. Of MacIntosh’s admiration we have spoken above; although, in an article which appeared in the “Edinburgh Review,” somewhere in 1830, he seems to modify his approbation; induced to this, partly, perhaps, by the influences of Holland House, and partly by those chills of age which, falling on the higher genius and na-

ture of Burke, served only to revive and stimulate him, but which damped whatever glow MacIntosh once had. Wordsworth’s lofty estimate is given in Lord John Russell’s recent biography of Moore, and serves not only to prove what his opinion was, but to establish a strong distinction between the mere *dilettante litterateur* like Canning, and the mere statesman like Pitt, and a man who, like Burke, combined the deepest knowledge of politics, and the most unaffected love for literature and literary men. Brougham’s estimate, in his “Statesmen,” &c., is not exactly unfair, but fails, first, through his lordship’s profound unlikeness, in heart, habits, kind of culture, taste, and genius, to the subject of his critique—(Burke, to name two or three distinctions, was always a careful, while Brougham is often an extempore, thinker. Burke is Cicero, and something far more; Brougham aspires to be a Demosthenes, and is something far less. Burke reasons philosophically—a mode of ratiocination which, as we have seen, can be employed with advantage on almost all subjects; Brougham reasons geometrically, and is one of those who, according to Aristotle, are sure to err when they turn their mathematical method to moral or mental themes. Burke’s process of thought resembles the swift synthetic algebra; Brougham’s, the slow, plodding, geometric analysis. Burke had prophetic insight, earnestness, and poetic fire; Brougham has marvellous acuteness, the earnestness of passion, and the fire of temperament. Burke had genuine imagination; Brougham had none); and, second, through his prodigious exaggeration of Burke’s rivals, who, because they were near and around, appear to him cognate and equal, if not superior; even as St. Peter’s is said to be lessened in effect by some tall but tasteless buildings in the neighborhood; and as the giant Ben Macdhui was long concealed by the lofty but subordinate hills which crush in around him. Hazlitt, Macaulay, and De Quincey have all seen Burke in a truer light, and praised him in the spirit of a more generous and richer recognition.

Hazlitt has made, he tells us, some dozen attempts to describe Burke’s style, without pleasing himself,—so subtle and evasive he found its elements, and so strange the compound in it of matter of fact, speculation, and poetic eloquence. His views of him, too, veered about several times,—at least they seem very different in his papers in the “Edinburgh Review,” and in his acknowledged essays; although we believe that at heart he

always admired him to enthusiasm, and is often his unconscious imitator. Macaulay has also a thorough appreciation of Burke, the more that he is said to fancy—it is nothing more than a fancy—that there is a striking resemblance between his hero and himself! De Quincey following in this, Coleridge has felt, and eloquently expressed, his immeasurable contempt for those who praise Burke's fancy at the expense of his intellect. Dr. Croly has published a Political Life of Burke, full of eloquence and fervid panegyric, as well as of strong discrimination; Burke is manifestly his master, nor has he found an unworthy disciple. Henry Rogers has edited and prefaced an edition of Burke's works, but the prefixed essay, although able, is hardly worthy of the author of "Reason and Faith," and its eloquence is of a laborious mechanical sort. And Hall has, in his "Apology for the Liberty of the Press," which was in part a reply to the "Reflections," painted him by a few beautiful touches, less true, however, than they are beautiful; and his pamphlet, although carefully modelled on the writings of his opponent, is not to be named beside them in depth, compass of thought, richness of imagery, or variety and natural vigor of style; his splendor, compared to Burke's, is stiff; his thinking and his imagery imitative—no more than in the case of Macaulay do you ever feel yourself in contact with a "great virgin mind," melting down through the heat and weight of its own exhaustless wealth, although in absence of fault, stateliness of manner, and occasional polished felicities of expression, Hall is superior even to Burke.

That Burke *was* Junius, we do not believe: but that Burke *HAD TO DO* with the composition of some of these celebrated letters, we are as certain as if we had seen his careful front, and dim, but searching eyes looking through his spectacles over the MS. He was notoriously (see Prior's Life) in the secret of their authorship. Johnson thought him the only man then alive capable of writing them. Hall's objection, that "Burke's great power was amplification, while that of Junius was condensation," sprung, we think, from a totally mistaken idea of the very nature of Burke's mind. There is far more condensed thinking and writing in many parts of Burke than in Junius,—the proof of which is, that no prose writer in the language except, perhaps, Dean Swift, has had so many single sentences so often quoted. That the *motion* of the mind of Junius differs materially from Burke's, is granted; but we could account for this (even although we

contended, which we do not, that he was the sole author,) from the awkwardness of the position in which the Anonymous would necessarily place himself. He would become like a man writing with his left hand. The mask would confine as well as disguise him. He durst not venture on that free and soaring movement which was natural to him. Who ever heard of a man in a mask swaying a broadside? He always uses a stiletto or a dagger. Many of the best things in Junius are in one of Burke's manners; for, as we have seen, many manners and styles were his. He said to Boswell, in reference to Crofts' "Life of Young," "It is not a good imitation of Johnson: he has the nodosities of the oak, without its strength—the contortions of the sibyl, without her inspiration." Junius says of Sir W. Draper, "He has all the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration." How like to many sentences in Burke are such expressions as these (speaking of Wilkes:)—"The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, unruffled and unremoved; it is only the tempest which lifts him from his place." We could quote fifty pithy sentences from Junius and from Burke, which, placed in parallel columns, would convince an unprejudiced critic that they came from the same mind.\* It is the union in both of point, polish, and concentration—a union reminding you of the deep yet shining sentences of Tacitus—that establishes the identity. Junius has two salts in his style—the *sal acridum*, and the *sal atticum*. Sir Philip Francis was equal to the supply of the first; Burke alone to that of the second. It adds to the evidence for this theory, that Burke was fond of anonymous writing, and that in it he occasionally "changed his voice," and personated other minds: think of his "Vindication of natural society, in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke." He

\* Amid the innumerable full-grown beauties, or even hints of beauties, borrowed by after-writers from Burke, we have just noticed one, which MacIntosh, in his famous letter to Hall, has appropriated without acknowledgment. It is where he speaks of Hall turning from literature, &c., to the far nobler task of "*remembering the forgotten*," &c. This grand simplicity, of which MacIntosh was altogether incapable, may be found in Burke's panegyric on Howard. Indeed, we wish we had time to go over Burke's works, and to prove that a vast number of the profound or brilliant things that have since been uttered (disguised, or partially altered,) in most of our favourite writers on grave subjects, present and past, are *stolen* from the great fountain mind of the eighteenth century. We may do so on some future occasion; and let the plagiarists tremble! Enough at present.

often, too, assisted other writers *sub rosa*, such as Barry and Reynolds, in their prelections on painting. We believe, in short, this to be the truth on the subject: he was in the confidence of the Junius Club—for a club it confessedly was; he overlooked many of the letters; (Prior asserts that he once or twice spoke of what was to be the substance of a letter the day before it appeared;) and he supplied many of his inimitable touches, just as Lord Jeffrey was wont to add spice even to some of Hazlitt's articles in the "Edinburgh Review." So that he could thus very safely and honestly deny, as he repeatedly did, that he was the author of Junius, and yet have a strong finger in that strangely-concocted *eel-pie*.

We come, lastly, to speak of the influence which Burke has exerted upon his and our times. This has been greater than most even of his admirers believe. He was one of the few parent minds which the world has produced. Well does Burns call him "*Daddy Burke*." And both politics and literature owe filial obligations to his unbounded genius. In politics, he has been the father of moderate Conservatism, which is, at least, a tempering of Toryism, if not its sublimation. That conservatism in politics and in church matters exists now in Britain, is, we believe, mainly owing to the genius of two men, Burke and Coleridge. In literature, too, he set an example that has been widely followed. He unintentionally, and by the mere motion of his powerful mind, broke the chains in which Johnson was binding our style and criticism, without however, going back himself, or leading back others, to the laxity of the Addisonian manner. All good and vigorous English styles since—that of Godwin, that of Foster, that of Hall, that of Horsley, that of Coleridge, that of Jeffrey, that of Hazlitt, that of De Quincey, that of the "Times" newspaper—are unspeakably indebted to the power with which Burke stirred the stagnant waters of our literature, and by which, while professedly an enemy of revolutions, he himself established one of the greatest, most beneficial, and most lasting—that, namely, of a new, more impassioned, and less con-

ventional mode of addressing the intellects and hearts of men.

Latterly, another change has threatened to come over us. Some men of genius have imported from abroad a mangled and mystic Germanism, which has been for a while the rage. This has not, however, mingled kindly with the current of our literature. The philosophic language or jargon—and it is partly both—of the Teutons has not been well assimilated, or thoroughly digested among us. From its frequent and affected use, it is fast becoming a nuisance. While thinkers have gladly availed themselves of all that is really valuable in its terminology, pretenders have still more eagerly sought shelter for their conceit or morbid weakness under its shield. The stuff, the verbiage, the mystic bewilderment, the affectation, the disguised common-place, which every periodical almost now teems with, under the form of this foreign, phraseology, are enormous, and would require a Swift, in a new "*Tale of a Tub*" or "*Battle of the Books*," to expose them. We fancy, however, we see a reaction coming. Great is the Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare and Byron, and it shall yet prevail over the feeble refinements of the small toadies of the Teutonic giants. Germany was long Britain's humble echo and translator. Britain, please God! shall never become *its* shadow. Britain's literature never, shall we say? can thus become *its own* grandchild. Our thought, too, and faith, which have suffered from the same cause, are in due time to recover; nay, the process of restoration is begun. And among other remedies for the evil, while yet it in a great measure continues, we strongly recommend a recurrence to the works of our great classics in the past; and among their bright list, let not *him* be forgotten who, apart from his genius, his worth, and his political achievements, has in his works presented so many titles to be considered not only as the *facile princeps* among the writers of his own time, although this itself were high distinction, but as one of the first authors who, in any age or country, ever speculated or wrote.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, THE NATURALIST.

THIS country has as yet produced no naturalist so distinguished as Audubon in his particular department of science. Wilson, the Paisley weaver, published an admirable work on the birds of America, and, having settled in that country, he came to be regarded as an American rather than as a British writer. The subject of this memoir, who died only a few months ago, certainly stands at the head of all our native writers on British birds. His history is similar to that of many other ardent devotees of science and art. His life was a long and arduous struggle with difficulties, poverty, and neglect; and it was only towards the close of his career, when he had completed the last volume of his admirable work that he saw the clouds which had obscured his early fortunes clearing away and showing him the bright sky and sunshine beyond;—but, alas! the success came too late; his constitution had given way in the ardor of the pursuit, and the self-devoted man of science sank lamented into a too early grave.

William Macgillivray was born at Aberdeen, the son of comparatively poor parents, who nevertheless found the means of sending him to the university of his native town, in which he took the degree of master of arts. It was his intention to have taken out a medical degree, and he served an apprenticeship to a physician with this view, but his means were too limited, and his love of natural history too ardent, to allow him to follow the profession as a means of support. He accordingly sought for a situation which should at the same time enable him to subsist and to pursue his favorite pursuit.

Such a situation presented itself in 1823, when he accepted the appointment of assistant and secretary to the regius professor of natural history, and keeper of the museum of the Edinburgh University. The collection of natural history at that place is one of peculiar excellence, and he was enabled to pursue his studies with increased zest and profit,—not, however, as regarded his purse, for the office was by no means lucrative; but, having the

charge of this fine collection, he was enabled to devote his time exclusively to the study of scientific ornithology during the winter, while during the summer vacation he made long excursions in the country in order to investigate and record the habits of British birds. He was afterwards appointed conservator to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons at Edinburgh, where we have often seen him diligently pouring over, dissecting, and preparing the specimens which, from time to time, were added to that fine collection. It was while officiating in the latter capacity that he wrote the three first volumes of his elaborate work on British birds. His spare time was also occupied in the preparation of numerous other works on natural history, some of them of standard excellence, by which he was enabled to eke out the means of comfortable subsistence.

Mr. Macgillivray was a man of indefatigable industry, of singular order and method in his habits, a strict economist of time, every moment of which he turned to useful account. Although he studied and wrote upon many subjects,—zoology, geology, botany, mollusca, physiology, agriculture, the feeding of cattle, soils and sub-soils,—ornithology was always his favorite pursuit. He accompanied Audubon in most of his ornithological rambles in Scotland, and doubtless imbibed some portion of the ardent enthusiasm with which the American literally burned. Mr. Macgillivray wrote the descriptions of the species, and of the alimentary and respiratory organs for Audubon's great work. His own *British Birds* reminds us in many parts of the enthusiasm of Audubon, and of the grace of that writer's style. Like him, Macgillivray used to watch the birds of which he was in search by night and day. Wrapped in his plaid, he would lie down upon the open moor or on the hill-side, waiting the approach of morning to see the feathered tribes start up and meet the sun, to dart after their prey, or to feed their impatient brood. We remember one such night spent by him on the side of the Lammermoor hills.



described in one of his early works, which is full of descriptive beauty as well as of sound information upon the subject in hand. There is another similar description of a night spent by him among the mountains of Braemar. He had been in search of the gray ptarmigan, whose haunts and habits he was engaged in studying at the time, and had traced the river Dee far up to its sources among the hills, when all traces of the stream became lost; clouds began to gather about the summits of the mountains, still he pressed on towards the hill-top, until he found himself on the summit of a magnificent precipice, several hundred feet high, and at least half a mile in length. "The scene," he says, "that now presented itself to my view was the most splendid that I had then seen. All around rose mountains beyond mountains, whose granite ridges, rugged and tempest-beaten, furrowed by deep ravines worn by the torrents, gradually became dimmer as they receded, until at length on the verge of the horizon they were blended with the clouds or stood abrupt against the clear sky. A solemn stillness pervaded all nature; no living creature was to be seen; the dusky wreaths of vapor rolled majestically over the dark valleys, and clung to the craggy summits of the everlasting hills. A melancholy, pleasing, incomprehensible feeling creeps over the soul when the lone wanderer contemplates the vast, the solemn, the solitary scene, over which savage grandeur and sterility preside.

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"The summits of the loftier mountains; Cairngorm on the one hand, Ben-na-muic-dui, and Benvrotan, on the other, and Loch-nagar on the south, were covered with mist; but the clouds had rolled westward from Ben-na-buird, on which I stood, leaving its summit entirely free. The beams of the setting sun burst in masses of light here and there through the openings in the clouds, which exhibited a hundred varying shades. There, over the ridges of yon brown and torrent-worn mountain, hangs a vast mass of livid vapor, gorgeously glowing with deep crimson along all its lower-fringed margin. Here, the white shroud that clings to the peaked summits assumes on its western side a delicate hue like that of the petals of the pale-red rose. Far away to the north gleams a murky cloud, in which the spirits of the storm are mustering their strength, and preparing the forked lightnings, which at midnight they will fling over the valley of the Spey."

The traveller, seeing night coming on, struck into a corry, down which a small mountain streamlet rushed; and having reached the bottom of the slope, began to run, starting the ptarmigans from their seats and the does from their lair. It became quite dark; still he went on walking for two hours, but all traces of path became lost, and he groped his way amid blocks of granite, ten miles at least from any human habitation, and "with no better cheer in my wallet," he says, "than a quarter of a cake of barley and a few crumbs of cheese, which a shepherd had given me. Before I resolved to halt for the night, I had, unfortunately, proceeded so far up the glen that I had left behind me the region of heath, so that I could not procure enough for a bed. Pulling some grass and moss, however, I spread it in a sheltered place, and after some time succeeded in falling into a sort of slumber. About midnight I looked up on the moon and stars that were at times covered by the masses of vapor that rolled along the summits of the mountains, which, with their tremendous precipices, completely surrounded the hollow in which I cowered, like a ptarmigan in the hill-corry. Behind me, in the west, and at the head of the glen, was a lofty mass enveloped in clouds; on the right a pyramidal rock, and beside it a peak of less elevation; on the left a ridge from the great mountain, terminating below in a dark conical prominence; and straight before me, in the east, at the distance apparently of a mile, another vast mass. Finding myself cold, although the weather was mild, I got up and made me a couch of large stones, grass, and a little short heath; unloosed my pack, covered one of my extremities with a night-cap, and thrust a pair of dry stockings on the other, ate a portion of my scanty store, drank two or three glasses of water from a neighboring rill, placed myself in an easy posture, and fell asleep. About sunrise I awoke, fresh but feeble; ascended the glen; passed through a magnificent corry, composed of vast rocks of granite; ascended the steep, with great difficulty, and at length gained the summit of the mountain, which was covered with light grey mist that rolled rapidly along the ridges. As the clouds cleared away at intervals, and the sun shone upon the scene, I obtained a view of the glen in which I had passed the night, the corry, the opposite hills, and a blue lake before me. The stream which I had followed, I traced to two large fountains, from each of which I took a glassful, which I quaffed to the health of my best friends.

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"Descending from this summit, I wandered over a high moor, came upon the brink of rocks that bounded a deep valley, in which was a black lake; proceeded over the unknown region of alternate bogs and crags; raised several flocks of gray ptarmigans, and at length, by following a ravine, entered one of the valleys of the Spey, near the mouth of which I saw a water ouzel. It was not until noon that I reached a hut, in which I procured some milk. In the evening, at Kingussie, I examined the ample store of plants that I had collected in crossing the Grampians, and I refreshed myself with a long sleep in a more comfortable bed than one of granite slabs, with a little grass and heather spread over them."

Macgillivray's description of the golden eagle of the highlands, in its eloquence, reminds one of the splendid descriptions of his friend Audubon. We can only give a few brief extracts.

"The golden eagle is not seen to advantage in the menagerie of a zoological society, nor when fettered on the smooth lawn of an aristocratic mansion, or perched on the rock-work of a nursery garden; nor can his habits be well described by a cockney ornithologist, whose proper province it is to concoct systems, 'work out' analogies, and give names to skins that have come from foreign lands, carefully packed in boxes lined with tin. Far away among the brown hills of Albyn, is thy dwelling place, chief of the rocky glen! On the crumbling crag of red granite—that tower of the fissured precipices of Loch-nagar—thou hast reposed in safety. The croak of the raven has broken thy slumbers, and thou gatherest up thy huge wings, smoothest thy feathers on thy sides, and preparest to launch into the aerial ocean. Bird of the desert, solitary though thou art, and hateful to the sight of many of thy fellow-creatures, thine must be a happy life! No lord hast thou to bend thy stubborn soul to his will, no cares corrode thy heart; seldom does fear chill, thy free spirit, for the windy tempest and the thick sleet cannot injure thee, and the lightnings may flash around thee, and the thunders shake the everlasting hills, without rousing thee from thy dreamy repose.

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"See how the sunshine brightens the yellow tint of his head and neck, until it shines almost like gold! There he stands, nearly erect, with his tail depressed, his large wings half raised by his side, his neck stretched out, and his eye glistening as he glances

around. Like other robbers of the desert, he has a noble aspect, an imperative mien, a look of proud defiance; but his nobility has a dash of churlishness, and his falconship a vulturine tinge. Still he is a noble bird, powerful, independent, proud, and ferocious; regardless of the weal or woe of others, and intent solely on the gratification of his own appetite; without generosity, without honor; bold against the defenceless, but ever ready to sneak from danger. Such is his nobility, about which men have so raved. Suddenly he raises his wings, for he has heard the whistle of the shepherd in the corry; and bending forward, he springs into the air. Oh! that this pencil of mine were a musket charged with buckshot! Hardly do those vigorous flaps serve at first to prevent his descent; but now, curving upwards, he glides majestically along. As he passes the corner of that buttressed and battlemented crag, forth rush two ravens from their nest, croaking fiercely. While one flies above him the other steals beneath, and they essay to strike him, but dare not, for they have an instinctive knowledge of the power of his grasp; and after following him a little way, they return to their home, vainly exulting in the thought of having driven him from their neighborhood. Bent on a far journey, he advances in a direct course, flapping his great wings at regular intervals, then shooting along without seeming to move them.

"Over the moor he sweeps at the height of two or three hundred feet, banding his course to either side, his wings wide spread, his neck and feet retracted, now beating the air, and again sailing smoothly along. Suddenly he stops, poises himself for a moment, stoops, but recovers himself without reaching the ground. The object of his regards, a golden plover, which he had espied on her nest, has eluded him, and he cares not to pursue it. Now he ascends a little, wheels in short curves—presently rushes down headlong—assumes the horizontal position,—when close to the ground, prevents his being dashed against it by expanding his wings and tail, thrusts forth his talons, and grasping a poor terrified ptarmigan that sits cowering among the gray lichen, squeezes it to death, raises his head exultingly, emits a clear shrill cry, and springing from the ground pursues his journey.

"In passing a tall cliff that overhangs a small lake, he is assailed by a fierce peregrine falcon, which darts and plunges at him as if determined to deprive him of his booty, or drive him headlong to the ground. This

proves a more dangerous foe than the raven, and the eagle screams, yells, and throws himself into postures of defiance; but at length the hawk, seeing the tyrant is not bent on plundering his nest, leaves him to pursue his course unmolested. Over woods and green fields, and scattered hamlets, speeds the eagle; and now he enters the long valley of the Dee, near the upper end of which is dimly seen through the thin gray mist the rock of his nest. About a mile from it he meets his mate, who has been abroad on a similar errand, and is returning with a white hare in her talons. They congratulate each other with loud yelping cries, which rouse the drowsy shepherd on the strath below, who, mindful of the lambs carried off in spring time, sends after them his malediction. Now they reach their nest, and are greeted by their young with loud clamor."

His descriptions of the haunts of the wild birds of the north are full of picturesque beauty. Those of the grouse, the ptarmigan, the merlin, are full of memorable pictures, and here is a brief sketch of the haunts of the common snipe, which recalls many delightful associations:—"Beautiful are those green woods that hang upon the craggy sides of the fern-clad hills, where the heath-fowl threads its way among the tufts of brown heath, and the cuckoo sings his ever-pleasing notes as he balances himself on the gray stone, vibrating his fan-like tail. Now I listen to the simple song of the mountain blackbird, warbled by the quiet lake that spreads its glittering bosom to the sun, winding far away among the mountains, amid whose rocky glens wander the wild deer, tossing their antlered heads on high, as they snuff the breeze tainted with the odor of the slow-paced shepherd and his faithful dog. In that recess, formed by two moss-clad slabs of mica-slate, the lively wren jerks up its little tail, and chits its merry note, as it recalls its straggling young ones that have wandered among the bushes. From the sedgy slope, sprinkled with white cotton-grass, comes the shrill cry of the solitary curlew; and there, high over the heath, wings his meandering way the joyous snipe, giddy with excess of unalloyed happiness.

"There another has sprung from among the yellow-flowered marigolds that profusely cover the marsh. Upwards slantingly, on rapidly vibrating wings, he shoots, uttering the while his shrill, two-noted cry. Tisick, tisick, quoth the snipe as he leaves the bog. Now, in silence, he wends his way, until at

length having reached the height of perhaps a thousand feet, he zigzags along, emitting a louder and shriller cry of zoo-zee, zoo-zee, zoo-zee; which over, varying his action, he descends on quivering pinions, curving towards the earth with surprising speed, while from the rapid beats of his wing the tremulous air gives to the ear what at first seems the voice of distant thunder. This noise some have likened to the bleating of a goat at a distance on the hill-side, and thus have named our bird the Air-goat and Air-bleater."

In his later volumes, the naturalist gives many admirable descriptions of the haunts of seabirds along the rock-bound shores of his native Highlands. He loves to paint the coasts of the lonely Hebrides, where he often resorted in the summer months to watch and study the divers and plungers of the sea. Here, for instance, is a picture of the grey heron on a Highland coast:—

"The cold blasts of the north swept along the ruffled surface of the lake, over whose deep waters frown the rugged crags of rusty gneiss, having their crevices sprinkled with tufts of withered herbage, and their summits covered with stunted birches and alders. The desolate hills around are partially covered with snow, the pastures are drenched with the rains, the brown torrents scum the heathy slopes, and the little birds have long ceased to enliven those deserted thickets with their gentle songs. Margining the waters, extends a long muddy beach, over which are scattered blocks of stone, partially clothed with dusky and olivaceous weeds. Here and there a gull floats buoyantly in the shallows; some oyster-catchers repose on a gravel bank, their bills buried among their plumage; and there, on that low shelf, is perched a solitary heron, like a monument of listless indolence,—a bird petrified in its slumber. At another time, when the tide has retired, you may find it wandering, with slow and careful tread, among the little pools, and by the sides of the rocks, in search of small fishes and crabs; but, unless you are bent on watching it, you will find more amusement in observing the lively tringas and turnstones, ever in rapid motion; for the heron is a dull and lazy bird, or at least he seems to be such; and even if you draw near, he rises in so listless a manner, that you think it a hard task for him to unfold his large wings and heavily beat the air, until he has fairly raised himself. But now, he floats away, lightly, though with slow flapping, screams his harsh cry, and tries to soar to some distant place, where he may remain unmolested by the prying naturalist.

"Perhaps you may wonder at finding him in so cold and desolate a place as this dull sea-creek, on the most northern coast of Scotland, and that too, in the very midst of winter; but the heron courts not society, and seems to care as little as any one for the cold. Were you to betake yourself to the other extremity of the island, where the scenery is of a very different character, and the inland swarm with ducks and gulls, there, too, you would find the heron, unaltered in manners, slow in his movements, careful and patient, ever hungry and ever lean,—for even when in best condition, he never attains the plumpness that gives you the idea of a comfortable existence."

We should like also to give his descriptions of the haunts and habits of the "Great Northern Diver," and the "Great Black-backed Gull," which are most vigorously painted; but we must forbear, referring the reader to the fifth volume of the work itself, which is throughout a most able one. At present we shall conclude our brief sketch of the naturalist's too brief life.

In 1841, Mr. Macgillivray was appointed by the Crown to the Professorship of Natural History in Marischal College, Aberdeen, solely on account of his acknowledged merit, for he had no interest whatever; and the zeal, ability, and success, with which he discharged his duties, amply justified the nomination. He was an admirable lecturer,—clear, simple, and methodical, laboring to lay securely the foundations of knowledge in the minds of his pupils. He imbued them with the love of science, and communicated to them—as every successful lecturer will do—a portion of his own enthusiasm.

In the autumn of 1850, he made an excursion to Braemar, with the intention of writing an account of the Natural History of Balmoral (which was ready for publication at the time of his death); and he afterwards extended his excursion to the central region of the Grampians, in pursuit of the materials for another work. The fatigue and exposure which he underwent on this occasion seriously affected his health; and he removed to Torquay, in Devon, in hopes of renewed vigor. But he never rallied. A severe calamity befel him while in Devon, through the sudden death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. Nevertheless, he went on steadily with his work, which even his seriously impaired health did not allow him to interrupt. We can conceive him in such a state to have written the following passage, which appears

in the preface to his last work, published in the week of his death:—

"As the wounded bird seeks some quiet retreat, where, freed from the persecution of the pitiless fowler, it may pass the time of its anguish in the forgetfulness of the outer world, so have I, assailed by disease, betaken myself to a sheltered nook, where, unannoyed by the piercing blasts of the North Sea, I had been led to hope that my life might be protracted beyond the most dangerous season of the year. It is thus that I issue from Devonshire the present volume, which, however, contains no observations of mine made there, the scenes of my labors being in distant parts of the country. \* \* \*

"It is well that the observations from which these descriptions have been prepared, were made many years ago, when I was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the blessings of health, and freedom from engrossing public duties; for I am persuaded that now I should be in some respects less qualified for the task,—more, however, from the failure of physical than of mental power. Here, on the rocky promontory, I shiver in the breeze, which, to my companion, is but cool and bracing. The east wind ruffles the sea, and impels the little waves to the shores of the beautiful bay, which present alternate cliffs of red sandstone and beaches of yellow sand, backed by undulated heights and gentle acclivities, slowly rising to the not distant horizon; fields and woods, with villages, and scattered villas, forming—not wild nor altogether tame—a pleasing landscape, which, in its summer and autumnal garniture of grass and corn, and sylvan verdure, orchard blossom and fruit, tangled fence-bank, and furze-clad common, will be beautiful indeed to the lover of nature. Then, the balmy breezes from the west and south will waft health to the reviving invalid. At present, the cold vernal gales sweep along the channel, conveying to its haven the extended fleet of boats that render Birchem, on the opposite horn of the bay, one of the most celebrated of the southern fishing-stations of England. High over the waters, here and there, a solitary gull slowly advances against the breeze, or shoots athwart, or with a beautiful gliding motion sweeps down the aerial current. At the entrance to Torquay are assembled many birds of the same kind, which, by their hovering near the surface, their varied evolutions, and mingling cries, indicate a shoal, probably of atherines or sprats. On that little pyramidal rock, projecting from the water, repose

two dusky Cormorants; and, far away, in the direction of Portland Island, a gannet, well-known by its peculiar flight, winnows its exploring way, and plunges headlong into the deep."

And, speaking of the conclusion of his great work, on the last page, he says of it:—

"Commenced in hope, and carried on with zeal, though ended in sorrow and sickness, I can look upon my work without much regard to the opinions which contemporary writers may form of it, assured that what is useful in it will not be forgotten; and knowing that already it has had a beneficial effect on many of the present, and will more powerfully influence the next generation of our home-or-nithologists. I had been led to think that I had occasionally been somewhat rude, or at least blunt, in my criticisms; but I do not perceive wherein I have much erred in that respect, and I feel no inclination to apologize. I have been honest and sincere in my endeavors to promote the truth. With death, apparently not distant, before my eyes, I am pleased to think that I have not countenanced error, through fear or favor: neither have I in any case modified my statements so as to endeavor thereby to conceal or palliate my faults. Though I might have accomplished more, I am thankful for having been permitted to add very considerably to the knowledge previously obtained of a very pleasant

subject. If I have not very frequently indulged in reflections on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as suggested by even my imperfect understanding of his wonderful works, it is not because I have not ever been sensible of the relation between the Creator and his creatures, nor because my chief enjoyment, when wandering among the hills and valleys, exploring the rugged shores of the ocean, or searching the cultivated fields, has not been in a sense of His presence. 'To Him who alone doeth great wonders' be all the glory and praise. Reader, farewell!"

Mr. Macgillivray was able to return to Aberdeen—to die. He expired on the 5th of September last, at the age of fifty-six, leaving a large family behind him, for whom he had been unable (through the slenderness of his means throughout life) to make any provision. His eldest son has, however, already distinguished himself as a naturalist, having been employed by the late earl of Derby, on board the expedition sent by him round the world; and he is now absent as Government Naturalist on board the *Rattlesnake*, which lately sailed to carry out and complete the exploration of the Eastern Archipelago and Southern Pacific. We may therefore expect to have considerable accessions to our knowledge of the Natural History of these regions from his already experienced pen.

THE TOMB OF POPE'S NURSE.—"I lately observed, on the outside wall of Twickenham Church, a plain but respectable stone, with the following inscription, which I have never seen in print:—

'To the Memory of  
Mary Beach,

who died Nov. 5, 1725, aged 78.

Alex. Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy,  
and constantly attended for 38 years,  
in gratitude to a faithful old servant,  
erected this stone.'

I confess I read this affectionate memorial with more pleasure and admiration than the smartest or most elaborate epitaph of the illustrious poet in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere. Whatever was the irritability of

his feelings towards dunces or the great, his domestic affections were warm and constant; he was the best of sons, and the above is but one of the many proofs he gave of his gratitude for the attention he received from those in humble life, which his feeble and sickly frame rendered necessary. His old and faithful servant, John Searl, was remembered under that character in his will; he to whom was addressed the well known 'Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said; and who can forget the lines:—

'Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.'

From Tait's Magazine.

## INDIA, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS GOVERNMENTS.

### No. I.—THE HINDOOS AND MUSSULMANS.

BY J. MC'GREGGOR.

IF the nations who inhabit the regions extending from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, from the Indies to the Burhampootra, spoke one language and possessed one literature, professed one religion and were under one sovereignty, they might, notwithstanding the distinction of races, constitute the most powerful empire in the world.

But from the earliest accounts—from the conquests by Alexander, limited to no great distance beyond the Indies, those nations have been engaged in destroying the inhabitants and devastating the territories of each other, enfeebling their strength, disturbing their internal tranquillity, and rendering life and property insecure. In fact, religious bigotry and traditional hatred have involved them in almost perpetual civil war, and opened their country and their cities to foreign invasion, rapine, and bloodshed.

We are not going to write even a sketch of Indian history. We will endeavor to review clearly and briefly the condition of the nations of Hindostan, before and since they became subject to British authority.

Without some accurate knowledge of the former as well as of the present condition of the religions, traditions, customs, and government of the people, it would be impossible to judge of, or legislate for, an empire of many nations, inhabited by 150 millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, and other Asiatics; all now ruled over by a Christian race, of which not more than 12,000, excluding the British regiments, are residents within the vast dominion of India.

Europeans usually judge of all other countries according to European ideas of right and wrong, of what is practicable and impracticable. Frenchmen, especially, judge all things according to French ideas; and nearly all Englishmen, whose travels have

been confined to the United Kingdom, view through an English social and political medium, all other countries and people. This local and false view, has often led to the most unjust and impracticable conceptions and legislation.

Locke drew up the most beautiful and rational theory ever designed, of a Constitution, extending to one hundred and fifty-two clauses, for the government of Carolina. It was perfect and practical for such a nation, or state, as has never yet existed, and for a people all rationally and fully educated, with no supreme church—no intolerance in religion—with the utmost civil and political liberty, and with the most refined civilization; Mr. Locke's perfect constitution was, therefore, found utterly impracticable for the government of Carolina.

So with India. In our recent debates in the Commons, the arguments and remedies used by the opponents of the India Bill, were all excellent for Christians and Englishmen; but they were utterly unfit and impracticable for the government of Hindoos, Mohammedans, and other Asiatics.

If we seriously, impartially, and justly appreciate the empire over which the British Crown has extended its rule during the last hundred years, the responsibility of the Queen's government in administering, and of Parliament in legislating for India, constitute an accountability on the part of the Crown, of the Peers, and of the representatives of the people, tremendous in its magnitude and awful in its contemplation; but still not impracticable, with wisdom, intelligence, and justice, guiding those who administer the government, laws, and institutions of that mighty empire.

Let us, therefore, review the past, in order to bring knowledge and experience to aid

our judgment in legislating with regard to the present and the future of India.

Notwithstanding the accounts which we have of the expeditions to India under Queen Semiramis and Darius, the only reliable acquaintance which we have of any part of India or its people is the notices which have been preserved of the conquests by Alexander to and beyond the Indus to the Hyphasis or Sutlej, and the voyage of Nearchus down the latter and the Indus to the ocean, and thence by sea to the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates.

Alexander was prevented by his mutinous army from crossing the deserts which separate Lahore from the fertile countries drained by the streams of the Ganges. He, however, felled sufficient quantities of the majestic timber that grew on the banks of the Hydaspes to enable the Phœnician carpenters and mariners who accompanied him to construct a fleet of more than 2,000 ships, eighty-three of which had three banks of oars. With this splendid navy he descended the Indus to the sea, and he might have returned to the Euphrates and the Tigris by sea, but his army and mariners, all except his Admiral, Nearchus, and a few seamen, were terrified at the rise and fall of the tides, and the mysterious and apparently boundless ocean.

The Macedonian king, with his army, returned over the Sands of Beloochistan and other savage lands, finally reaching Kerman and his capital Babylon. His conquests in India were consequently abandoned, and we only know that he fought battles, performed hardy and daring exploits, that the inhabitants were Hindoos in religion, and ruled by their High Priests or Brahmins—that they were divided into hereditary castes, each of which had their respective employments and dignities—that the regions watered by the Jehun, Sutlej, and Indus, were populous and cultivated much in the same way, as when, in the beginning of the eleventh century, they were invaded and devastated by Mahmud, the Ghaznavide, and that the manners, customs, and habitations of the Hindoos were nearly similar to those which prevail at the present time.

It would appear from the short account given us by Arrian, who wrote also the voyage of Nearchus, that Seleucus, the general of Alexander, made an expedition to India to claim as his successors the countries conquered by the Macedonian; but meeting with the formidable power of Sandrocotta (or Chadrugupta) the Emperor of nearly all

India, the general abandoned his pretensions to any territory east of the Indus, and by inter-marriage and mutual presents, a treaty of peace and friendship was concluded between the Hindoo monarch and the Greek warrior.

According to the account, preserved by Arrian, given by the ambassador sent by Seleucus to Palibothra, the capital of the empire, this metropolis, supposed by D'Auville, to be the holy city of *Allahabad*, at the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, was then ten miles in length by two in breadth. It had lofty walls, with 570 towers, 60 gates, and surrounded by a broad ditch thirty cubits deep. Major Rennel insists that the city stood where Patna is now situated; and numerous other places, by Ptolomy and Pliny, as well as modern writers, are given as its site. The Emperor's army, says Arrian, consisted of 400,000 soldiers, with 2,000 chariots and 20,000 horsemen.

Such are the earliest reliable accounts of the Hindoos and of India. The Arabians from that period commenced to make voyages to India. Until the discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope to India, by the Portuguese; and until that nation opened a trade, formed settlements, and made conquests in Asia, during the early part of the sixteenth century, the Moors, or Arabs, alone traded with the empire of the Hindoos and Moguls, and supplied the Venetians and other European nations with the spices, precious gems, and cotton and silk fabrics of Hindostan. They described the countries they visited as rich and populous; and these accounts, no doubt, afterwards excited the avarice of the Mohammedan invaders, who, in their conquests, were remorseless in their cruelty, unsparing in their devastation, and tyrants in their domination over all the regions of Hindostan.

The early history of India, like that of many other countries, is utterly unknown, or fabulous. Their writers divide their annals into four periods or *Yugs*.

The social and moral conditions of nations and of races, are, in all countries, intimately and hereditarily influenced and moulded, according to the simplicity or complexity, the truth or the falsehood of their religious creed and the ceremonies and practices of their worship. Never in the history of the world has there been seen so absurd a catalogue of gods, doctrines, and monstrosities, as in the creed of the Hindoos.

The fabulous accounts of Menu, the son of Brahma, assert that a self-existent and invisi-

ble god had transformed the world from indiscernible darkness by the breaking of a golden egg, within which resided Brahma, the parent of all rational beings. Brahma, for many years, while within that egg, had meditated upon himself; and when delivered from it, on its being broken by the onset of a bull, he divided it into two equal parts, forming one into the heavens, the other into the earth, dividing them by the subtle æther and the eight points of the world, within which was formed a permanent receptacle of waters. The *Veda*, written in the *Labyrinthic Devinagara* characters, and understood only by the Brahmins, is considered to be a divine revelation. The various *Sastras*, or Commentaries, are composed in *Sanskrit*, the language in which also is written the *Puranos*, or circles of Hindoo science.

The first Yuga or period of time, the Satyayug comprised 1,728,000 years, the second or Tretayug 1,296,000, the Dwaparyug 864,000 years, and the remaining or Calyayug is to extend to 432,000 years. The first of these periods is described as the Golden Age of Innocence. In their fabulous writings they also give long lists of the dynasties of their kings, during the three past yugas, as well as of the dynasties who reigned at the same time in the sun and moon. Some of the Hindoo dynasties they say sprung from Pavana, the god of lands and rivers, and others from the firmaments.

After Brahma, the first god, next to the invisible of the great Hindoo Trinity, and who shares the essence of the supreme god, comes Vishnu, the preserver or deliverer, whose *avatars* or monstrous transformations in his descents to the earth, are so conspicuous in the theology of the Hindoos. Vishnu sometimes appeared on earth or in the waters as a fish, or as a horse with several heads, and in various other hideous forms. Siva or the Destroyer is the third deity. Some of the Hindoos consider this god, who also makes visitations in various hideous forms, superior either to Brahma or Vishnu.

Among the female deities *Doorga* is the chief. Her original name was *Parvati*, but having at the head of an army of 9,000,000 of warriors, who, all *armed cap-a-pie*, sprung out of her body, destroyed the giant *Doorga*, she assumed his name. She is the partner of Siva, the destroyer. This goddess assumes as many transformations as Vishnu; occasionally appearing perfectly black, as *Kalee* the goddess of murder, the chief deity of the Thugs, with the skulls and hands of numerous slaughtered giants hanging round

her waist, and two dead bodies suspended as ear-rings. The *avatars* of this monster are the most hideous of all representations of horrors. She is the peculiar goddess of the *Dakois*, or robber-gangs of Bengal. The Thugs also always invoke and worship her, before setting out to commit their assassinations. Besides these gods and goddesses, there are a multitude of inferior deities, inhabiting the *Swerga*, a kind of heaven, and their number is represented as 333,000,000. A selection only is worshipped. One great deity is *Kartikeya*, the god of war. He has six heads and twelve hands, all bearing weapons, and he is represented as riding upon a huge peacock. Among the other deities is *Ganessa*, a fat monster, with the head of an elephant. A pious Hindoo will do nothing without invoking this terrible god. There are also other respective gods, as *Suraya* of the Sun; *Pavana*, of the winds; *Agnee*, of fire; *Varuna*, of the waters; *Kuvera*, of riches; *Aswinder*, of physicians; and *Yama* is a deity who judges the dead. *Venus* and *Ceres* appear united in the goddess of plenty and beauty, called *Laksmi*. The patroness of learning is called *Saraswatti*.

The Hindoos have also their devils, who occasionally storm and occupy the abodes of the Gods. The rivers and mountains are also deified. Even the serpents are included in the many objects of devotion; but the cow is the holiest of all animal deities. Transmigration of souls is inculcated by all the Brahmins and priests, and believed by all Hindoos.

The most splendid temples have been erected for the worship of the Hindoo deities; with all their vices and all the crimes sanctioned by Brahminical doctrines, they had virtues and morals, yet it is almost impossible for human imagination to conceive a religion so low and degrading to the human intellect as that which generally prevailed over India from the earliest period to the time of the first Mohammedan invasion. The Hindoos had however their system of astronomy, their zodiacs, and a knowledge of sciences not altogether peculiar to themselves. India, at the period of the first Mohammedan conquest, and long afterwards, presented the extremes of magnificence and barbarism. There were contrasted with splendid palaces and temples, *Suttees*, *Thugees*, *Dakitees*, and infanticide, as universally prevailing customs and crimes sanctioned by religion.

Sir William Jones has, however, made us acquainted with some of the most sublime doctrines of one Supreme Deity found in the



Vedas, especially the Holiest Text, which sets forth, "Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the godhead, who illumines all—who recreates all—from whom all proceed—to whom all must return—whom we invoke to direct our understanding aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

"What the Sun and light are to the visible world, that are the supreme *good* and *truth*, to the intellectual and invisible universe. Without eyes, he sees—without ears, he hears—without hand and foot, he runs rapidly and walks firmly. He knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him. Him the wise call the Supreme, Pervading Spirit."

But unhappily these beautiful and sublime ideas are inundated and drowned in the superstitious, idolatrous, and horrible worship of the more *terrible* and supposed *visible*, or at least *visitorial* deities of the hideous Pantheon of the Hindoos. Hope and fear, those passions which have, and ever will, influence mankind, are overruling in the superstitions of India, whether Hindoo or Mussulman. Nor must we overlook them while governing or making laws for India.

The first caste among the Hindoos is the Brahmin,—next the soldier,—then the capitalist or trader,—and then immeasurably low in degradation, the laborer. The distinctions and separations are hereditary and irrevocable.

The Bhudist-worship is now chiefly confined to Ceylon, although it originated on the banks of the Ganges. The first great interference with the worshippers of the 333,000,000 of gods, was by those who came forth believing in an eternal truth, that there is but one God, and in the bold and successful falsehood that Mohamed is His Prophet. Mahmud, the Ghaznave, or Ghiznive, was the son of Subuktagi, the slave of the slave of the slave of the Caliph of Bagdad, or commander of the Faithful; by serving his master in a successful revolution, he became his General in the sovereignty which he founded in Ghazna, or Ghizni, which included the country of the warlike Afghans, Cabul, and Candahar. Subuktagi is extolled as distinguished for wisdom, firmness, mercy, and simplicity. Mahmud, his son and successor, made twelve expeditions to India, between 997 and 1025; extended his empire from Transoxiana to the vicinity of Ispahan, and from the Caspian to the banks of the Indus. His war against the Hindoos, by which he acquired great wealth and historical fame, was a war of the religion of the Musselman for the destruction of the

idolatrous Gentoos. His conquests were more wonderful and successful than those of Alexander or Cæsar. Never was Mahmud discouraged by the formidable difficulties which lay between his own dominions and those of India. He overcame all the obstacles of the desert, of mountains, rivers, and climate. He marched over Cashmere and Thibet to the upper Ganges; he encountered, and captured or destroyed 4,000 boats on the Indus; and he entered and plundered the populous rich cities of Bime, with its prodigious sacred wealth—of Tanassar, with its unparalleled rich shrine of gold; Kanouge, with its 30,000 Bete shops and 60,000 musicians; Muttra, sacred to the goddess Krishna, Moulton, and Delhi, Lahore, all abounding in wealth and splendor. He reduced the Rajahs to vassalage and the payment of tribute; and though he generally spared the lives of the people, he attacked the worship and holy places of the Hindoos with unsparing ferocity. He leveled several hundred temples and pagodas; thousands of idols were by his orders broken; and the precious metals and gems of which those gods and pagodas were constructed or adorned, amply rewarded the army of the Destroyers.

Of all those temples, the Pagoda of Sumnath in Guzerat was the most famous. It was flanked on three sides by the ocean, and was strongly fortified by art, as well as naturally by a narrow precipice on the land-side. The neighboring city and country was inhabited by desperate fanatics. The great deity of the temple had his service performed daily by 2,000 Brahmins, and he was washed each morning in water brought from the Ganges. Two thousand villages contributed their whole revenue to maintain this gorgeous temple. To its service was also attached a body of 300 musicians, the same number of barbers, and 500 dancing girls of remarkable beauty, and belonging to families of distinction.

The fanatics of Sumnath admitted that the towns already conquered by Mahmud were punished for their sins; but they proudly asserted that those who worshipped in their temple, were so holy in their lives, that, if the Sultan dared to approach their sacred ground, the vengeance of their deity would overwhelm him in destruction. The Islamite was neither daunted by their threats or by the difficulties of a siege. Fifty thousand Gentoos were victimized by the scimitar or the spear of the Turks. The city and the temple were taken by assault, the pagoda was desecrated, and the priests insulted.

The Brahmins stood around their idol, and as Mahmud approached to cleave its head, they offered a ransom in money equal in amount to more than £10,000,000 for its preservation. Mahmud scorned to bargain for idolatry. He broke the stone image by heavy blows with his mace. It was hollow within, and its belly was filled with rubies and pearls of incalculably greater value than the amount offered for its ransom. The fact affords a probable reason for the liberality and devotion of the Brahmins. The treasure and the fragments of the idol were sent triumphantly to the holy cities of Arabia and to Ghasna.

Mahmud, the *Ghasnavide*, returned with all the magnificence of a conqueror to his own dominions. He will ever rank as an eminent personage, and one of the most celebrated warriors in Oriental history. He was endowed with many virtues; rendered Ghizni a celebrated seat of learning—he founded a university, presided over by the philosopher, Oonsuri; yet after patronizing, he mortally offended the celebrated Ferdusi. His avarice was insatiable, and no man ever accumulated such great treasures of diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold and silver. In 1030 he died in grief, although at the head of an army of 100,000 infantry and 55,000 cavalry, with 1,300 war elephants, because the Turkmans, introduced by himself, had acquired a power which threatened the dissolution of his kingdom, and which, soon after his death, was overturned by the *Seldschukian* Turks, who established in Persia a new and famous dynasty.

The Ghisnvide Dynasty existed, reviving but more frequently declining in power, until destroyed by Mohammed Ghor, who established his brother's throne in Ghisni in 1174, annexed Lahore, attacked the powerful king of the Hindoos, and his army of 200,000 infantry and 3,000 elephants, and routed them with terrible slaughter, pursuing them for forty miles.

The King of Delhi raised a new and greater army; but the Mussulman marched into India, and with his squadrons of cavalry broke down the vaunted "rank-breaking elephants, the war-treading horses, and blood-thirsty soldiers" of the King of the Hindoos, although they had sworn by the Ganges to perish or conquer. The impetuosity of Scythian warfare put into utter confusion and into complete flight the great army of the King of Delhi, who fell in this battle, one of the most bloody on record. During the nine expeditions of Mohammed Ghor into Hindos-

tan, he carried back to Ghizni, treasures to an incredible amount, placed his lieutenant Cuttub in the Government of Delhi, defeated the King of Kanouje, besieged and entered the sacred city of Benares, destroyed its thousand shrines of idols, and sent 4,000 camels loaded with its treasures of precious stones and gold to Ghisni. But this great conqueror was assassinated while asleep, near the banks of the Indus, by a band of Gwickwars, who forced their way, after slaying the sentinels, into his chamber, where they plunged twenty daggers into his body. He left no heir, but his lieutenant Cuttub founded an independent kingdom, governed by Mohammedans, in the India of the Hindoos; while another lieutenant ruled in the Mussulman territories.

The Affghan Dynasty was distinguished for its ferocity, assassination, and irregular accessions to the throne, until broken down by the inroads and conquests of Timor the Tartar, called Tamerlane, and until vanquished by the most remarkable descendant of Tamerlane, the Great Baber, and the permanent founder of the Mohammedan, or Mogul Dynasty, in 1526.

During the three hundred years of the Affghan Dynasty, such was the irregularity of successions, caused by assassinations, civil wars, and treachery, that no family succeeded for three generations, in sitting on the throne of Delhi. No power has been pregnant with greater calamities than those which afflicted the Hindoos during the whole of the Affghan tyranny.

From the downfall of the Affghan Sovereigns, in 1526, until the death of Aurengzebe, in 1707, the Mogul Empire maintained a power and splendor over all India of the greatest magnificence; but from the death of that bigoted, intolerant, and yet bold and vigorous monarch, the decline of that empire was, until its fall, rapid and irretrievable.

The Mogul dynasty—the conquests of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French—the first intercourse of the English with Hindostan—the condition of India at that period—the progress of the Company until they became territorial Sovereigns, after the day on which Clive fought and gained the battle of Plussy—the Mahratta and other wars—the extinction of Portuguese, Dutch, and French power and commerce in and with India, we must reserve for our next, and its following numbers. But, after fairly examining the government and administration of the East India Company, since that extraordinary corporation, of usually rather an ignorant than an

intelligent proprietary, became territorial sovereigns,—condemning their previous avaricious policy and the conduct of many of their officers and agents, who often committed great crimes, and outraged both religion and morals,—and looking at the radical defects of their plan of government, we are compelled to admit that it will appear wonderful in history, not that they have performed so little, but that they have accomplished so much, for the benefit of India, for the extension of

British dominion, and with so few crimes to tarnish the honor, credit, and bravery of the nation, which sent forth the adventurers, merchants, fleets, and soldiers, who from being mere traders for 140 years, have progressively, during the last 100 years, made the Queen of England sovereign over all the kingdoms once forming the empire of the Hindoos, and afterwards of the Mohammedans and Mahrattas.

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From the Retrospective Review.

## SATIRES AND DECLAMATIONS OF THOMAS NASH.\*

IN selecting these works from the many which the author left behind him, we have been influenced less by any similarity or congruity between them than by the simple wish to make our readers acquainted with the once renowned but now little-known satirist, whose mirthful sallies passed from mouth to mouth in the days of queen Bess much as the good things of a Hood or a Sidney Smith did in our own younger days. But his wit as well as his satire partook largely of the grossness of the times in which he lived, as the books before us abundantly testify; and in this and other instances of a similar nature our object will ever be to present our readers with the spirit, if not the quintessence, of an author, while we leave the scum and dregs of his productions to their deserved oblivion. In the present case it is especially incumbent upon us to adopt this course, for the author,

in the epistle prefixed to his "Christ's Tears," says: "Many vain things have I vainly set forth, *whereof now it repenteth me*. St. Augustine writ a whole book of his Retractions. Nothing so much do I retract as that whereinsoever I have scandalized the meanest. Into some splenetic veins of wantonness heretofore have I foolishly relapsed to supply my private wants: of them no less do I desire to be absolved than the rest, and to God and man do I promise an unfeigned conversion." Now this is nobly said; and far be it from us to make the *Retrospective Review* the vehicle for bringing to light what so ingenuous a mind would gladly have consigned to the flames. We shall, however, make one reservation: we do not engage to blot all that Nash himself would have blotted, as thereby much of the raciness of his personal satire would be lost; but blot we will all that could reasonably be construed into a breach of modesty.

The history of Thomas Nash is that of Savage, Chatterton, Hood—a tale of the misery (self-procured or otherwise) which is so often the concomitant of genius. He was born of gentle parentage at Lowestoffe in Suffolk, his father being a member of the Nashes of Herefordshire, and in some way a relative of Sir Robert Cotton. He took his degree of B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, and was, as he himself tells us, a resident there ("the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that university") for almost seven years. For some unexplained reason, however, he quitted Cambridge without proceeding M.A. Mr. Payne Collier, to whom we

\* *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devill. Describing the over-spreading of Vice, and the Suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights: and pathetically intermixt with conceipted reproofes.* Written by THOMAS NASH, Gentleman. London, Imprinted by Richard Ihones, dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, nere Holburne Bridge, 1592. [Reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.]

*Nash's Lenten Stuffe, containing the Description and First Procreation and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth in Norffolke: with a new Play never played before, of the Praise of the Red Herring. Fittes of all Clearkes of Noblemens Kitchens to be read: and not unnecessary by all serving men that have short board-wages, to be remembered. Pamam peto per undas.* London, Printed for N. L. and C. B. and are to be sold at the west end of Paules. 1599.

are indebted for the edition of "Pierce Pen-  
niless," thinks he left his College under some  
imputation of misconduct. He appears soon  
afterwards to have visited Italy, Ireland, and  
many parts of England. In 1587 he was in  
London and associated with the celebrated  
Robert Greene, the dramatist, in literary oc-  
cupations. Two or three years later he  
engaged in his contest with the Puritans,  
which was the opening of the celebrated  
"Martin Marprelate controversy." His ad-  
versaries were very numerous, but Nash's  
sprightly warfare with the small shot of  
satire and wit, was unmatched even by a  
host of theologians and a cannonade of scrip-  
ture quotations. Among all his antagonists  
none had so large a share of his bitterest  
objurgations as Gabriel Harvey, with whom  
the contest was protracted through several  
years, until it was at length put a stop to by  
the public authorities. Nash also wrote  
several plays, and other pieces too numerous  
to be named here. The satirist is not a likely  
man to get friends: few respect him other-  
wise than as some savages are said to worship  
the devil—lest he should hurt them. This  
may partly account for the extreme misery  
and distress into which Nash fell; but ex-  
travagance and debauchery are alleged as  
other causes; and these alas! are no unusual  
concomitants of genius when it takes this  
direction. Besides other misfortunes in which  
his satirical vein involved him, we find him, in  
1597, imprisoned by the Privy Council for  
having written a play called "The Isle of  
Dogs." About the same time he wrote a  
letter to his kinsman, Sir Robert Cotton, in  
which occurs the expression: "I am merry  
now, though I have ne'er a penny in my  
purse." He died—probably under forty  
years of age—in 1601.

It was in one of his "penniless" periods,  
if we are to take him literally, that he wrote  
the first work on our list: this was in 1592.

"Having spent manie yeres in studying how to  
live, and livde a long time without money; having  
tyred my youth with follie, and surfeited my minde  
with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to  
repentance, and addresse my endeavors to pros-  
peritie. But all in vaine: I sate up late, and rose  
early, contended with the colde, and conversed  
with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to losse,  
my vulgar muse was despised and neglected,  
my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and  
I myselfe, (in prime of my best wit) layde open  
to povertie. Whereupon, in a male-content  
humour, I accused my fortune, raild on my patrones,  
bit my pen, rent my papers, and ragde in all  
points like a mad man. In which agonie torment-  
ing myself a long time, I grew by degrees to a

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milde discontent; and pausing awhile over my  
standish, I resolved in verse to paynt forth my  
passion: which, best agreeing with the vaine of  
my unrest, I began to complaine in this sort:—

"Why i'st damnation to despaire and dye,  
When life is my true happinesse' disease?  
My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flye,  
The faultie meanes that might my paine ap-  
pease;

Divines and dying men may talke of hell,  
But in my hart her severall torments dwell.

Ah worthless wit, to traine me to this woe,  
Deceitfull artes, that nourish discontent!  
Ill thrive the follie that bewicht me so;  
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent;  
And yet my wants perswade me to proceede,  
Since none takes pitie of a scholler's neede."

And thus he goes on with his lament of  
neglected talents, and the poor requital of  
literary labor. "I cald to mind a cobbler,  
that was worth five hundred pound; an  
hostler that had built a goodly inne, and  
might dispende fortie pounds yerely by his  
land; a carremman in a lether pilche that had  
whipt a thousand pound out of his horse  
taylor: and have I more wit," he asks, "than  
all these? am I better borne? am I better  
brought up? yea, and better favored? and  
yet am I a begger? what is the cause?"  
The answer to this string of interrogatories is  
much the same in substance, as that which  
an unsuccessful or an improvident literary  
man would now give, namely, that it is the  
fault of an undiscerning public, which prefers  
the trashy and ephemeral to the substantial  
and profound. "Everie grosse-brainde idiot  
is suffered to come into print, who, if hee set  
foorth a pamphlet of the praise of pudding-  
pricks, or write a treatise of Tom Thumme,  
or the exployts of Untrusse, it is bought up  
thicke and three-folde, when better things  
lye dead." So complains Pierce Penilesse,  
but without redress. "*Opus* and *usus* are  
knocking at my door twenty times a weeke,"  
he says, "when I am not at home." At  
length, finding that pretended friends will  
give him nothing, though entreated for God's  
sake, he bethinks himself of a tale that he  
has heard, of pecuniary advances made by  
"the gentleman in black," and thereupon  
indites a "Supplication to the Divell." This  
"supplication" is nothing more than a satire  
on the prevailing vices of the day; and we  
now proceed to adduce from it, a few speci-  
mens of the author's peculiar humor.

"In the inner part of this ugly habitation stands  
Greedinesse, prepared to devoure all that enter,  
attired in a capouch of written parchment, but-  
tend downe before with labels of wax, and lined

with sheepe's fells for warmenes: his cappe furd with catskins after the Muscovie fashion, and all be-tasseled with angle-hookes, instead of aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shewes any humblenes: as for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters-patents assured to him and his heyres, to the utter overthrow of bow-cases and cushin-makers; and bumbasted they were, like beer barrels, with statute-marchants and forfeitures."

In Penillesse's "complaynt of pryde," he is extremely severe against the sectaries of his age, who think "to live when they are dead, by having theyr sect called after their names."

"We devide Christ's garment amongst us in manie peeces, and of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others straight trusses and divell's breeches, some gally gascoynes, or a shipmans hose; like the Anabaptists and adulterous Familists, others with the Martinists, a hood with two faces to hide their hypocrisie, and, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwoodians, a garment ful of the plague, which is not to be worn before it be new washt. Hence atheists triumph and rejoyce, and talke as prophane of the Bible as of Bevis of Hampton. I heare say there be mathematicians abroad that will proove men before Adam; and they are harboured in high places who will maintayne it to the death that there are no divells. It is a shame (Senior Belzebub) that you shoulde suffer yourself thus to be tearmed a bastard, or not prove to your predestinate children not only that they have a father, but that you are hee that must owne them!" A side note adds, "The devill hath children, but fewe of them know their owne father."

Pierce, after belaboring the pride of merchants' wives, upstarts, parasites, &c., proceeds to point out the peculiar forms and phases of pride which distinguish various nations. The Spaniard, for example, is "born a braggart;" the Italian, "a more cunning, proud fellow;" the Frenchman, "wholly compact of deceivable courtship." But it is against the Danes that he inveighs most bitterly. "The most grosse and senselesse proud dolts are the Danes, who stand so much upon their unwelddie burlibound souldiery, that they account of no man that hath not a battle-axe at his girdle to hough dogs with, or weares not a cock's fether in a thrumb-hat, like a cavalier: briefly, he is the best foole bragart under heaven. For besides nature hath lent him a flabberkin face like one of the four winds, and cheekes that sagge over his chin-bone, his appailla is so puffed up with bladders of taffatie, and his back like biele stuff with paralie) so drawn out

with ribands and devises, and blistered with light sarcoenet bastings, that you would think him nothing but a swarme of butterflies, if you saw him afarre off. . . . They are an arrogant asse-headed people. . . . Not Barbary itselfe is halfe so barbarous as they are," &c. &c.

Here we have a sketch of an antiquary's museum:

"A thousand jymjams and toyes have they in theyr chambers, which they heape up together with infinite expence, and are made beleefe of them that sel them, that they are rare and precious things, when they have gathered them up on some dunghill, or rakte them out of the kennell by chance. I knowe one [who] sold an olde rope with foure knots on it for foure pound, in that he gave it out, it was the length and bredth of Christ's tomb. Let a tinker take a peece of brasse worth a halpennie, and set strange stamper on it, and I warrant he may make it more worth to him of some fantastical foole than of all the kettels that ever he mended in his life. This is the disease of our new-fangled humorists that know not what to do with their wealth. *It argueth a verie rustie wit so to doate on worm-eaten elde.*"

But, into the preface to his second edition, Nash introduces the following remarks for the behoof of the insulted archæologists: "The antiquaries are offended without cause, thinking I goe about to detract from that excellent profession, when (God is my witness) I reverence it as much as any of them all, and had no manner of allusion to them that stumble at it. I hope they wil give me leave to think there be fools of that art as well as of al other; but to say I utterly condemn it as an unfruitfull studie, or seeme to despise the excellent qualified partes of it, is a most false and injurious surmise."

The "Supplication" goes on next to lash envy and wrath; and here he has, incidentally, a fair chance of a slap at the litigious spirit of the age. "If John a Nokes his henne doo but leap into Elizabeth de Gappes close, shee will never leave hunting her husband till he bring it to a *nisi prius*." But we must pass over some of our author's excellent stories to give a specimen of his most cutting invective as directed against his enemy, Gabriel Harvey:

"Put case (since I am not yett out of the theame of Wrath) that some tyred jade belonging to the presse, whome I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not doo him), and accused me for reviving in an epistle of mine the reverend memorie of Sir Thomas Moore, Sir John Cheeke, Dr. Watson, Dr. Haddon, Dr. Carre, Master Ascham, as if they were

no meate but for his mastership's mouth; or none but some such as the sonne of a ropemaker [the trade of Harvey's father] were worthy to mention them. To shewe how I can rayle, thus would I begin to rayle on him:—Thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy eares, when thou wert a bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle and setting him upon the schoole gates painted with asses eares on his head, is it anie discredit for me, thou great baboune, thou pigmee braggart, thou pamphleteer of nothing but *pœans*, to be censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers? Off with thy gowne and untrusse, for I mean to lash thee mightily. . . . Poor slave! I pitie thee that thou hadst no more grace but to come in my way. Why could not you have sate quyet at home and writ catechisms, but you must be comparing me to Martin, and exclayne against me for reckning up the high schollers of worthie memorie? *Jupiter ingenii præbet sua numina vatum*, saith Ovid; *æque celebrari quolibet ore sinit*. Which, if it be so, I hope I am *aliquis*; and those men *quos honoris causa nominavi*, are not greater than gods. Methinks I see thee stand quivering and quaking, and even now lift up thy hands to heaven, as thanking God my choler is somewhat assuaged; but thou art deceived, for however I let fall my stile a little, to talk in reason with thee that hast none, I doo not meane to let thee escape so. . . .

"I have reade over thy sheepish discourse . . . and entreated my patience to be good to thee whilst I read it. . . . Monstrous, monstrous, and palpable; not to be spoken of in a Christian congregation! thou hast skumed over the schoole men, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of divinitie brewesse, which the dogges will not eate. If the printer have any great dealings with thee, he were best get a priviledge betimes, *ad imprimendum solum*, forbidding all other to sell wasto paper but himselfe, or else he will be in a wofull taking. . . . I doubt thou wilt be driven to leave all, and fall to thy father's occupation which is to goe and make a rope to hang thyself. *Neque enim lex æquior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua!*

"*Redeo ad vos, mei auditores*. Have I not a indifferent pretty veine in spurgalling an asse? If you knew how extemporall it were at this instant, and with what haste it is writ, you would say so. But I would not have you thinke that all this that is set down heere is in good earnest, for then you goe by S. Giles the wrong way to Westminster; but *onely to shew how for a neede I could rayle, if I were thoroughly fyred!*"

Thoroughly fired indeed! and well may our friend Pierce conclude that he himself is not altogether free from "the sin of wrath" against which he has been declaiming; but, we must now pass on with him to the "complaynt of gluttonie." Here he falls foul with Master Dives, the type of a London alderman then, and according to the vulgar idea, in our own days. "*miserere mei*," he exclains, "what a fat churle it is! Why, he

hath a belly as big as the round church in Cambridge, [—a bad simile, since it is as unlike as may be to a holy sepulchre!] a face as huge as the whole bodie of a base-viall, and legs that if they were hollow a man might keepe a mill in either of them!" While upon this subject, we must not lose an anecdote of the learned Dr. Watson, quaintly told by our author.

"A notable jest I heard long agoe of Dr. Watson, verie conducible to the reproofe of these fleshly-minded Belials, or rather belly-alls, because all theyr mind is on their belly. He being at supper, on a fasting or fish night, with a great number of his friends and acquaintance, there chanced to be in the companie an outlandish doctor, who, when all others fell to such victuals (agreeing to the time) as were before them, he overslipt them; and there being one joynt of flesh on the table for such as had meate stomackes, fell freshly to it. After that hunger (halfe conquered) had restored him to the use of his speech, for his excuse he said to his friend that brought him thether, *Profecto, domine, ego sum malissimus piscator*, meaning by *piscator*, a fish-man; (which is a libertie, as also *malissimus*, that outlandish men in their familiar talke doo challenge, or at least use, above us). *At tu es bmissimus carnifex!* quoth Dr. Watson, retorting very merrily his owne licentious figures upon him. So of us, it may be said, we are *malissimi piscatores* but *bonissimi carnifices*. I would English the jest for the edification of the temporalitie, but that it is not so good in English as in Latine: and though it were as good, it would not convert clubs and clouted shoone from the flesh-pots of Egypt to the provant of the Low Countreys; they had rather (with the serving-man) put up a supplication to the parliament House, that they might have a yard of pudding for a penie, than desire (with the baker) there might bee three ounces of bread sold for a half-penie."

Sloth is the next "complaint" that Penilesse brings forward; and, among the means to avoid it, he recommends plays, such especially as are borrowed out of our English Chronicles. "How would it have joyed brave Talbot," he says, "(the terror of the French) to think that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumphe againe on the stage, and have his bones new-embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators!" With the "seaventh complaynt, of lechery" the "supplication" closes.

Pierce having drawn up his document ready for presentation, and duly addressed it "To the High and Mightie Prince of Darknesse, Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Styx, and Phlegeton, Duke of Tartary, Marquesse of Cocytus, and Lord High regent of Limbo," casts about for the means

of its prompt and careful delivery. He had understood that the fiend was to be heard of at Westminster Hall; but the lawyers all denied any acquaintance with him, and recommended him to try his luck at the Exchange. The answer of every one there was *Non novi Daemonem*, and Pierce turned away disappointed, to seek his dinner with Duke Humphrey. Soon afterwards, however, he encountered "a neat pedanticall fellow in forme of a citizen," who was no other than a disguised imp, and who readily agreed to deliver the "supplication" to his master. But previously he read the paper, and, having concluded his perusal, exclaimed: "A supplication caldst thou this? It is the maddest supplication that ever I saw; me thinkes thou hast handled all the seaven deadly sinnes in it, and spared none that exceeds his limits in any of them. It is well done to practise thy wit, but I believe our lord will cun thee little thanke for it." After this, Pierce interrogates the satanic messenger on the nature of his native region and its inhabitants, and the imp, with a frankness little to be expected from such a quarter, gratifies his curiosity in a long dissertation drawn from a great number of sources—heathen philosophy and mythology, the Scriptures, the fathers, and the school-men. It is in fact nothing more nor less than a clever essay on demonology.

*Nash's Lenten Stuffe* is, as may be inferred from its title, a very singular and quaint production. It is written in much the same humorous and satirical vein as "Pierce Penilesse," and, like that, treats of two distinct subjects. The first is a kind of outline of the history of Great Yarmouth, highly complimentary to that town, its inhabitants, and their occupations. Parts of it remind us somewhat of Fuller, although they are wanting in the peculiar terseness of that inimitable writer. Nash's humor is too diffuse and rambling to be at once appreciated. Sometimes indeed our first impression of a passage is, that it is mere buffoonery or rhodomontade, but on a second reading it is often found pregnant with true humor. The second and larger part of this little book, is a serio-comic eulogium of the red herring, the peculiar pride of the Norfolk port; and certes, no fitter encomiast of a Yarmouth bloater could be found than one who deals so largely in the inflated and bombastical as Nash does. But to our extracts.

"But how Yarmouth of it selfe so innumerable populous and replenished, and in so barraine a plot seated, should not onely supply her inhabitants

with plentiful purveyance of sustenance, but provant and victual moreover this monstrous army of strangers, was a matter that egregiously be-puzzled and entranced my apprehension. Hollanders, Zelanders, Scots, French, Western men, Northern men, besides all the hundreds and wapentakes nine miles compasse, fetch the best of their viands and mangery from her market. For ten weeks together [in the herring season] this rabble rout of outlandishers are billitted with her, yet in all that while the rate of no kinde of food is raised, nor the plenty of their markets one pinte of butter rebated; and at the ten weeks end, when the campe is broken up, no impression of any dearth left, but rather more store than before. Some of the towne dwellers have so large an opinion of their settled provision, that if all her majesties fleet at once should put into their bay, with twelve dayes warning with so much double beere, beefe, fish, and biskit they would bulke them as they could wallow away with."

Our next quotation furnishes an early instance of the use of galleries in churches, and shows the economical cause of their introduction. It is a common notion that these unsightly appendages, together with the pews, originated with the puritans, but here we have an anti-puritan apologising for them.

"The newe building at the west ende of the church was begunne there 1330, which like the imperfit workes of Kinges Colledge in Cambridge, or Christ Church in Oxford, have too costly large foundations to be ever finished. It is thought if the towne had not been so scourged and eaten up by that mortality [the plague of 1348], out of their owne purses they woulde have proceeded with it, but nowe they have gone a neerer way to the woode, for with wooden galleries in the church that they have, and stayry degrees of seats in them, they make as much roome to sitte heare, as a new west end would have done."

The cause of Yarmouth's greatness:—

"I fell a communing hereupon with a gentleman, a familiar of mine, and he eftsoones defined unto mee that the Redde Herring was the old *Ticklecob*, or *Magister Fac-totum* that brought in the red ruddocks and the grummell seed as thicke as oatmeale, and made Yarmouth for *argent* to put downe the city of Argentine. Doe but convert, said hee, the slenderest twinkling reflexe of your eye-sight to this flinty ringe that engirtes it, these towred walles, port-cullizd-gates and gorgeous architectures that condecorate and adorne it, and then preponder of the red herringes priority and prevalence, who is the onely unexhaustible mine that hath raisd and begot all this, and minutely to riper maturity fosters and cheriseth it. The red herring alone it is that countervayles the burdensome detriments of our haven, which every twelvemonth devours a Justice of Peace, living in weares and banckes to beate off the sand and overthwart ledging and fencing it in; and defrayes all impositions and outwarde payments to her majestie,

in which Yarmouth gives not the wall to sixe, *though sixteen moath eatene burgess townes that have dawbers and thatchers to their mayors, challenge in parliament the upper hand of it.*"

As to the herring himself, we are told that when the lordly sun, "the most rutilant planet of the seven, shines forth in Lent, . . . Heralius herring enters into his chiefe reign and scepterdome." "Stately borne, stately sprung is he—the best bloud of the Ptolomies no statelier!" "Of so eye-bewitching a *deaurate-ruddie dye* is the skin coat of this Lantsgrave, that happy is that nobleman who for his colours in armory can nearest imitate his chemicall temper; nay, which is more, if a man should tell you that God Himen's saffron colour'd robe were made of nothing but red herrings' skins, you would hardly beleieve him: such is the obduracy and hardnesse of heart of a number of infidels in these dayes!" "But to think on a red herring—such a hot stirring meate it is—is enough to make the cravenest dastard proclaime fire and sword against Spaine." The greatest milk-sop (we do not quote verbally here) who eats "the least ribbe of it, it will embrowne and iron-crust his flesh, and harden his soft bleeding vaines as stiff and robustious as branches of corral." "The art of kindling fires that is practised in the smoking or parching of him is *old dog* [a sovereign defence?] against the plague." He is further styled the father of his country—"Pater patria, providitore and supporter of Yarmouth, the lock and key of Norfolk."

"There are that number of herrings vented out of Yarmouth every yeare (though the grammarians make no plural number of *halec*) as not onely they are more by two thousand last than our owne land can spend, but they fill all other lands to whome at their owne prises they sell them, and happy is he that can first lay hold of them. And how can it bee otherwise, for if Cornish pilchards, otherwise called *fumados*, taken on the shore of Cornwall, from July to November, be so saleable as they are in Fraunce, Spaine, and Italy, (which are but counterfets to the red herring, as copper to gold, or ockamie to silver—much more their elbows itch for joy when they meete with the true golde, the true red herring it selfe. No true flying fish but he, or, if there be, that fish never flies but when his wings are wet, and the red herring flies best when his wings are dry, throughout Belgia, High Germanie, Fraunce, Spaine, and Italy hee flies, and up into Greece, and Africa south and south-west, estrich-like walkes his stations. And the sepulcher-palmers or pilgrims, because hee is so portable fill their scrips with them; yea, no dispraise to the blood of the Ottomans, the Nabuchedonesor of Constantinople and giantly Antaeus that never

yawneeth nor neezeth but he affrighteth the whole earth, gormandizing muncheth him up for imperiall dainties, and will not spare his idol Mahomet a bit."

The romantic history of the herring—"to recount *ab ovo* from the church-booke of his birth, howe he first came to be a fish, and then how he came to be king of fishes, and gradionately how from white to red he changed"—is exceedingly drolly, but not very delicately, narrated. It seems that after that memorable Hellespontine tragedy, the death of Leander and Hero, the conclave of Olympus determined to make them denizens of the element in which they had perished. And as during life they had been separated by the sea, so it was resolved that a great waste of waters should divide them after their metamorphosis. Leander, therefore, in the form of a *ling*, had his habitation assigned him "on the unquiet cold coast of Iceland," while the beautiful Hero was sent to the British seas to bless all aftercoming times as the herring! The gods moreover in mercy to their love, granted the two fishes an occasional interview, as "at the best men's tables in the heele of the weeke, uppon Fridayes and Satterdayes, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meate and meale for seven weeks together!" To make the history complete, the nurse or duenna of Hero was changed "into that kind of graine which wee call mustard-seede." Hence, it is added, it is, that "the red herring and ling never come to the boord without mustard!" The manner in which the herring became "king of fishes," is sufficiently curious. Nash may have taken it from some medieval apologue unknown to us, though it would rather appear to be the produce of his own exuberant fancy. It is substantially as follows. A falconer bringing over certain hawks from Ireland, and airing them above hatches on ship-board, one of them broke from his fist, and being hungry began to seek for prey. At last, she spied a speckled fish, which she mistook for a partridge, and made a stoop for it accordingly, when, suddenly she found herself "snapt up, belles and all at a mouthful" by a shark that happened to be at hand. A kingfisher, who saw the deed, reported it to the "land fowls," and there was nothing to be heard among them but "Arme, arme, arme! to sea, to sea! swallow and titmouse, to take chastisement of that trespassse of bloud and death committed against a peere of their bloud royal." Warlike preparations were made, the muster



taken, and the leaders selected, "who had their bills to take up pay." Field-marshal Sparhawke took the command; several peacocks, in consideration of their gay coats and "affrighting voyces," were selected as heralds, while some cocks played the part of trumpeters; the kestrels were standard-bearers, the cranes pikemen, and the woodcocks demi-lances! But on reaching the Land's End, they were fain to exclaim, *Æquora nos terrent, et ponti tristis imago*, and must have returned as they came, but for the water-fowl,—ducks, drakes, swans, geese, cormorants, and sea-gulls—who lent them their "oary assistance and aydeful furtherance in this action." The puffin, a thing half bird, half fish, in the spirit of mischief, informed the fishes of the armament that had been prepared against them; but the whale, the sea-horse, the dolphin, and the grampus ridiculed the whole affair. Not so however the smaller fish, who held a consultation and agreed to appoint a king. Afraid to fix on any of the larger denizens of the deep, lest they should prove despots and tyrants, their choice at last fell upon the herring, who was forthwith installed amidst shouts of *Vive le roi*, and God save the king; the only dissentients being the plaice and the butt, who made wry mouths at his diminutive majesty, and this is the reason why all their descendants down to the present day have their mouths awry! The result of the conflict is not recorded; but the herring still wears a coronet as a mark of regal dignity, and never stirs abroad without a numerous army. The third transition, or how our herring was "camelionized" from white to red, concludes the wondrous history. A fisherman of Yarmouth, having taken so many herrings that he could neither sell nor eat them all, hung some up in his smoky cabin, and was astonished, some days afterwards, to find they had changed their color from white to the "deaurate ruddie" of well-seasoned bloaters. The sight so astonished both the fisherman and his wife, that they fell down on their knees "and blessed themselves and cride, a miracle, a miracle!" He next went to the king's court, then held at Burgh Castle, to exhibit these odd fish, and his majesty, partaking of the fellow's astonishment, licensed him to carry them up and down the realm as strange monsters. He afterwards went to the Pope, and sold him the last one of his stock for three hundred crowns as the king of fishes—but the details of the purchase, the cooking, and the bringing of the herring to the apostolic table with

canopy and procession, would occupy too much of our space; suffice it to say, that from that day downwards the red herring has enjoyed all the popularity that his zealous eulogist and biographer could possibly desire.

After a tirade against lawyers, rather incongruously brought into his book, and a little allusion to alchemy, Master Nash tells us a secret which he thinks all tapsters will blame him for blabbing—"In his (that is, the red herring's) skin,

"There is plaine witchcraft, for doe but rubbe a kanne or quarte pot round about the mouth wyth it, let the cunningest licke-spiggot swelt his heart out, the beere shal never foame or froth in the cupp, whereby to deceyve men of their measure, but be as settled as if it stooode all night."

After rebutting some disrespectful things that have been said of herrings:—

"So I coulde plucke a crowe wyth Poet Martiall for calling it *putre halec*, the scould rotten herring, but he meant that of the fat reasty Scottish herrings, which will endure no salt, and in one moneth (bestow what cost on them you wil) waxe ramish if they be kept; whereas our embarreld white herrings, flourishing with the stately brand of Yarmouth upon them, *scilicet*, the three halfe lions and the three halfe fishes, with the crowne over the head [the arms of the port], last in long voyages better than the redde herring, and not onely are famous at Roan, Paris, Diepe, Cane (whereof the first, which is Roan, serveth all the high countries of Fraunce with it, and Diepe, which is the last save one, victualles all Picardy with it), but heere at home is made account of like a marquesse, and received at court right solemnly, I care not much if I rehearse to you the manner, and that is thus:—

"Every year about Lent tide the sherifes of Norwich bake certayne herring pies (foure-and-twenty as I take it), and send them as a homage to the lorde of Caster hard by there, for lands that they hold of him, who presently, upon the like tenure, in bouncing hampers covered over with his clothe of arms, sees them conveyed to the court in the best equipage: at court, when they are arrived, his man entereth not rudely at first, but knocketh very civilly, and then officers come and fetch him in with torch-light, where, having disfraughted and unloaded his luggage, to supper he sets him downe like a lord, with his waxe lights before him, and hath his messe of meate allowed him with the largest, and his horses are provendered as epicurously: after this some foure marke fee towards his charges is tendered him, and he jogges home againe merrily."

We shall bring our notice of *Nash's Lenten Stufte* to a close by transcribing the peroration of the book itself.

"The pussiant red herring; the golden Hes-

perides red herring; the Meonian red herring; the Red Herring of Red Herrings Hal; every pregnant peculiar of whose resplendent laude and honor to delineate and adumbrate to the ample life were a worke that would drinke drie fourescore and eightene Castalian fountaines of eloquence, consume another Athens of facunditie, and abate the haughtiest poetical fury twixt this and the burning zone and the tropike of Cancer. My conceit is cast into a sweating sickness, with ascending these few steps of his renowne: into what a hote broyling Saint Laurence fever would it relapse then should I spend the whole bagge of my wind in climbing up to the lofty mountain crest of his trophees. But no more winde will I spend on it but this: Saint Denis for France, Saint James for Spaine, Saint Patrike for Ireland, Saint George for England, and the Red Herring for Yarmouth."

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We have placed *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* third on our list, (though it was originally produced in the year 1594, between the two former works), because its subject matter is totally different, and its mode of treatment of course proportionably grave and serious. It is also a much larger work. The limits of this article will not allow of our giving more than a passing notice of it. It opens with a most fulsome dedication to the Lady Elizabeth Carey, wife of Sir George Carey, afterwards Lord Hudson, who is styled "Excellent, accomplished, court-glorifying lady," "illustrate ladyship," "renowned madam," "judicial madam," and "divine lady!" "Varrow saith, the philosophers held two hundred and eight opinions of felicity: two hundred and eight felicities to me shall it be, if I have framed any one line to your liking." Well may such a flatterer as this account himself "a young imperfect practitioner in Christ's school!" It was, however, the common foible of the day. In his epistle to the reader, he bids "a hundred unfortunate farewells to fantastical satirism," and expresses a hope that those who have been "perverted" by any of his works will read this and so acquire a threefold benefit.

Almost a third of the book is occupied by a diffuse monologue, which the author designates "Our Saviour's collacbrimate oration." This is followed by reflections on the destruction of Jerusalem. But the main design of the publication is to censure the sins of London, and to warn the inhabitants against a similar catastrophe. We have declamations in turn against ambition, avarice, usury, atheism, contentions, pride of apparel, and

many other vices. Against the indolence and frivolity of the ladies he is particularly severe:

"Just to dinner they will arise, and after dinner go to bed again and lie until supper. Yea, sometimes, by no sickness occasioned, they will lie in bed three days together, provided, *every morning, before four o'clock, they have their broths and their cullises with pearl and gold sodden in them!* If haply they break their hours and rise more early to go a banquetting, they stand practising half a day with their looking-glass bow to pierce and to glance and look alluringly amiable. Their feet are not so well framed to the measures as are their eyes to move and bewitch. *Even as angels are painted in church windows with glorious golden fronts beset with sunbeams,* so beset they their foreheads on either side with glorious borrowed gleamy bushes, which rightly interpreted should signify, beauty to sell, since a bush is not else hanged forth but to invite men to buy!"

But the men do not escape:—

"England, the players' stage of gorgeous attire, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continual masquer in outlandish habiliments, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await, for wanton disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainness of thine ancestors. Scandalous and shameful it is, that not any in thee, fishermen and husbandmen set aside, but live above their ability and birth; that the outward habit, which in other countries is the only (?) distinction of honor, should yield in thee no difference of persons: that all ancient nobility, almost, with this gorgeous prodigality should be devoured and eaten up, and upstarts inhabit their stately palaces, who from far have fetched in this variety of pride to entrap and to spoil them. Those of thy people that in all other things are miserable, in their apparel will be prodigal. No land can so infallibly experience the proverb, 'The hood makes not the monk,' as thou; for tailors, serving-men, make-shifts, and gentlemen in thee are confounded."

The work was written during the prevalence of the plague which destroyed so many thousands of the citizens in the year 1594.

"In this time of infection we purge our houses our bodies, and our streets, and look to all but our soul.

"The psalmist was of another mind, for he said, 'O Lord, I have purged and cleansed my spirit.' Blessed are they that are clean in heart, however their houses be infected. There were then, in the heat of the sickness, those that thought to purge and cleanse their houses, by conveying their infected servants by night into the *fields*, which there starved and died for want of relief and warm keeping. Such merciless cannibals, instead of purging their spirits and their houses, have thereby doubled the plague on them and

their houses. In Gray's Inn, Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and Moorfields, with mine own eyes have I seen half-a-dozen of such lamentable outcasts. Their brethren and their kinsfolks have offered large sums of money to get them conveyed into any outhouse, and no man would earn it, no man would receive them. Cursing and raving by the highway side have they expired, and their masters never sent to them nor succored them. The fear of God has come amongst us, and the love of God gone from us."

The pestilence which called forth these remarks, and which probably prompted the writing of the book, filled the minds of the Londoners with superstitious dread. It was viewed as a heavy judgment and a direct visitation of God's hand. "His hand I may well term it, for on many that are arrested with the plague is the *print of a hand* seen, and in the very moment it first takes them, they feel a sensible blow given them, as it were the hand of some stander by." Some explained it by natural causes; others by supernatural agency.

"As God's hand we will not take it, but the hand of fortune, the hand of hot weather, the hand of close smouldry air. The astronomers assign it to the regimen and operation of planets. They say Venus, Mars, Saturn, are motives thereof, and never mention our sins, which are its chief pro-

creators. The vulgar menialty conclude, therefore, it is like to increase, because a hearnshaw (young heron) a whole afternoon together, sate on the top of Saint Peter's Church, in Cornhill. They talk of an ox that tolled the bell at Woolwich, and how from an ox he transformed himself to an old man, and from an old man to an infant, and from an infant to a young man. Strange prophetic reports (as touching the sickness) they mutter he gave out, when in truth they are nought else but cleanly coined lies, which some pleasant sportive wits have devised to gull them most grossly. Under Master Dee's name the like fabulous divinations have they bruited, when, good reverend old man, he is as far from such arrogant preciseness as the superstitious spreaders of it are from true peace of conscience."

The morbid feeling which gave rise to these delusions seems to have taken in Nash's breast another direction, and to have led him greatly to exaggerate the actual amount of depravity in the metropolis. The contrast which this work presents to the other two affords curious matter of reflection for the moralist. They have few points in common; and it is in the light and humorous satire; and not in the Jeremiad, that the real character of the writer is developed. The plague passes away, and Nash writes again as of old—gross personalities excepted—in praise of the Red Herring!

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From Tait's Magazine.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM THE STRANGERS' GALLERY.

Nor far from Westminster Abbey, as most of our readers know well, stands the gorgeous pile which Mr. Barry has designed, and for which in a pecuniary sense a patient public has been rather handsomely bled. Few are there who have looked at that pile from the Bridge—or from the numerous steamers which throng the river—or loitered round it on a summer's eve, without feeling some little reverence for the spot haunted by noble memories and heroic shades—where to this day congregate the talent, the wealth, the learning, the wisdom of the land. It is true, there are men, and that amiable cynic, Mr. Henry Drummond, is one of them, who maintain that the House of Commons is utterly corrupt—that there is not a man in that House, but has his price; but we instinct-

ively feel that such a general charge is false—that no institution could exist steeped in the demoralization Mr. Drummond supposes—that his statement is rather one of those ingenious paradoxes, in which eccentric men delight, than a sober exposition of the real truth. Mr. Drummond should know better. A poor penny-a-liner—of a bilious temperament, without a rap in his pocket—might be excused such cynicism; but it does not become an elderly religious gentleman, well shaven—with clean linen, and a good estate. The House of Commons is a mixed assembly. It contains the fool of quality—the Beotian squire—the needy adventurer—the unprincipled charlatan; but these men do not rule it—do not form its opinion—do not have much influence in it. It is an assembly right in the

main. Practically, it consists of well-endowed, well-informed business men—men with little enthusiasm, but with plenty of common sense, and with more than average intellect, integrity, and wealth. Still more may be said. All that is great in our land is there. It boasts the brightest names in literature, in eloquence, and law. Our island-mother has no more distinguished sons than those whose names we see figuring day by day in the division lists. Nowhere can a man see an assembly more honourable, more to be held in honor, for all that men do honor, than the British House of Commons, to which we now propose to introduce the reader.

We suppose it to be the night of an important debate, and that we have an order for the Strangers' Gallery. As the gallery will not hold more than seventy, and as each member may give an order, it is very clear that at four, when the gallery will be thrown open, there will be more waiting for admission than the place can possibly contain, and that our only chance of getting in will be by being there as early as possible. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward the Budget, for instance, there were strangers waiting for admission as early as ten in the morning. We go down about one, and are immediately directed to a low, dark cellar, with but little light, save what comes from a fire, that makes the place anything but refreshingly cool or pleasant. Being of a stoical turn of mind, we bear our lot in patience, not, however, without thinking that the Commons might behave more respectfully to the sovereign people, than by consigning them to this horrid black hole. It is in vain we try to read—it is too dark for that; or to talk—the atmosphere is too oppressive even for that slight exertion; and so we wile away the time in a gentle reverie, occasionally interrupted by the purchase of oranges from the merry Irish woman, who comes to us as a ministering angel, and is in capital spirits at doing so much business, and only wishes there was a budget once a week. As soon as this room is full, the rest of the strangers are put under the custody of the police in St. Stephen's Hall. This is much more pleasant than waiting in the cellar, for there is a continual passing to and fro of lords and lawyers, and M. P.'s, and parliamentary agents and witnesses; so that if you do not get into the House, you will see something going on. But in the cellar you sit, as Shelly says,

Like a party in a parlor,  
All silent, and all damned!

At length we hear the ringing of a bell, it is a welcome sound, for it announces that the Speaker is going to prayers. A few minutes, and another ringing makes us aware of the pleasing fact that that Gentleman's devotions have already commenced. We are delighted to hear it, for we know that the policeman who has had us in charge, and who has ranged us in the order of our respective entrances, will presently command the first five to get out their orders and proceed. The happy moment at last arrives, and with a light heart we run up several flights of stairs and find ourselves in THE HOUSE.

At first we hardly know what we see. Chaos seems come again; every one is out of his place. On the Opposition benches sits Joseph Hume, on the Ministerial Colonel Sibthorp. All is confusion and disorder. No one but the Speaker seems to know what he is about. It is the hour devoted to private business. Amidst the hum of conversation we hear the deep-toned voice of the Speaker, hastily reading over the titles of bills, and declaring them read a first, or second, or third time, as the case may be. Then we hear him announce the name of some honorable M.P., who immediately rises and reads a statement of the petition he holds in his hand, with which he immediately rushes down to the clerk, and which, thereupon, the Speaker declares, is ordered to lie upon the table—literally the petition is popped into a bag. In the meanwhile we take a look around. We are up in the Strangers' Gallery; before us is the Speaker's Gallery, which is a row nearer the busy scene, and which is furnished with easy leather cushions, while we sit upon bare boards. On either side of the house are Galleries, very pleasant to sit, or lie, or occasionally sleep on, and by and by we shall see in them old fogies, red in the face, talking over the last bit of scandal, and young mustached lords or officers, sleeping away the time, to be ready, when the house breaks up, for

Fresh fields and pastures new.

Opposite to us is the Reporters' Gallery. Already some dozen of them are there; those three boxes in the middle belong to the *Times*. At present, the gentlemen of the press are taking it easy; they will have to work hard enough anon. Above them are gilt wires, behind which we see the glare of silks and satins, and faintly—for otherwise attention would be drawn from the gentlemen

to the ladies above—but still clearly enough to make us believe—

That we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,

we see outlines of female forms, and we wonder if the time will ever arrive when Lucretia Mott's dream shall be realized, and woman take her seat in the senate, side by side with the tyrant man. Under the Reporters' Gallery, and immediately facing us, sits the Speaker, in his chair of state. On his right are the Treasury Benches; on the left, those where the Opposition are condemned to sit, and fume and fret in vain. Between these benches is the table at which the clerk sits, and on which petitions, when they are received, are ordered to lie, and where lie the green boxes, on which orators are very fond of striking, in order to give to their speeches particular force. At the end of this table commences the gangway, which is supposed to be filled with independent statesmen, and to whom, therefore, at particular times, the most passionate appeals are addressed. Lower down, is the Bar of the House; and that, in our position, we cannot see. At the end of the table lies the "gilt bauble," as Cromwell called the mace—which is the sign of the Speaker's presence, and which is always put under the table when the Speaker leaves the chair. When a message from the Lords is announced, the Mace-bearer, bearing the Mace, goes to the Bar of House, and meets the Messenger, who comes forward bowing, and retires in the same manner, with his face to the Speaker, for it would be a terrible breach of etiquette were the Messenger to favor that illustrious personage with a glimpse of his back. When the Speaker leaves the chair no one else occupies it. One of the forms of the House, pertinaciously adhered to, and often productive of good results, was employed to some purpose the last time we were in the House. According to Parliamentary rules, when the Speaker puts the motion for leaving the chair, previous to the House going into a Committee of Supply, it is at the option of any member who has a grievance, to bring it forward then. Accordingly, Tom Duncombe skilfully availed himself of this privilege. The ridiculous proceedings of the Government in the late gunpowder plot, was the burden of honest Tom's speech. Duncombe expatiated on the hardship done to Mr. Hales, showed that the *Times* had libelled Lord Palmerston even more than Kossuth, and did, what he

generally does, make the house laugh. Palmerston answered with equal ease, and was equally successful in making the house laugh; and the man who does that will always be heard in St. Stephen's. Lord Dudley Stuart then started to his legs, to express his delight to find that Lord Palmerston declared that Kossuth had nothing to do with the affair, and then wandered into a panegyric on Palmerston himself. Lord Dudley is a good man and an honest man, but he is not a first-rate tactician; and there are better orators than he. In his untiring devotion to the cause of the exile and the refugee, he deserves thanks and praise; one feels inclined to repeat Coleridge's lines, and say:—

Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,  
Where learnt you that heroic measure?

But still his lordship is not always up to the mark, and certainly was not so on the occasion to which we refer. But if he was not that broad-shouldered, square-headed Quaker by his side, John Bright, was, and he, at any rate, determined that Palmerston should not be let off so easily. As Lord Dudley sat down, up then rose honest John. Kossuth had been slandered in an article in the *Times*, which not a man calling himself a gentleman would put his hand to. That was a point which the House took up and cheered. Country gentlemen—poor old Spooner sitting on his bench alone—could join in that. Then Kossuth had been dogged by spies. Was that with Palmerston's sanction. His lordship blandly replied; but Bright is not a man easily soaped down, and he returned fresh and furious to the charge. His lordship again rose to reply, but without the life that amused the House when he replied to Duncombe. Then Cobden, regardless of the noble lord's feelings, would have got him up again, had not the Speaker interfered. This chattering must be stopped. Lord Palmerston had already spoken three times. It was time the badger-baiting were ended. The pause gave occasion to some Irish M.P. to ask a question relative to ministers' money, and to get what Mr. Maguire termed an evasive reply from the Treasury benches, which, under other circumstances, would have made a nice little row by itself; but the Kossuth matter was not to be so easily disposed of, and Mr. Cobden was determined to have his say as well as his *alter ego*, Bright. Accordingly, with his usual tact, he got a cheer or two from the House for the Hungarian hero, and then came down on

Lord John, who, as he generally does, made a neat and appropriate speech. No man can do this better than Lord John; and there the matter ended, and the House then proceeded with its business. Such forms as those we refer to have advantages—they give men opportunities of uttering their sentiments—of castigating Governments when they deserve it—of being a terror to Ministers when evil disposed.

But time has passed away, and the hour for private business has ceased. The benches on both sides of the House are already filled. That first row on the Speaker's right contains the Ministers. The diminutive Lord John sits by the side of the gigantic Graham, and near Lord Palmerston, a man who shares with Joseph Hume the honor of being the father of the House, and who still carries his years well. Joseph Hume is still as fresh and gay as a four-year-old, and if Dodd be an authority he did not take his seat till 1811, while in 1809 we find Palmerston in office. Further from the Speaker, and nearer the stranger's gallery, sit Gladstone—Molesworth—Wilson—the law officers sitting still further removed from us. Fronting them are the Opposition, and that Jewish-looking individual, with a white vest, that renders him the observed of all observers, is the leader of the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose councils he has guided—whose chiefs, at one time, he placed upon the Treasury bench itself. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next best stared-at man in the House; and then the diminutive Lord John. But we all like to look at Disraeli. So far as the Opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a mummy all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them to bite or examine the state of his nails—a nervous action which I believe he unconsciously performs. His speeches are fine displays; he has a voice that one may hear in every part of the House. There is a daring saucy look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man, but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place; but he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle; he is an admirable actor, and blends the useful necessary business talk with the ornamental and the personal, as no other man in the House does. Generally he looks glum, and talks to no one except to Bateson, one of

the Opposition whippers-in, and Lord Henry Lennox, his private secretary, who, however, prefers mostly gossiping in the lobby to the war of words carried on in the house. There are times also when Disraeli looks more cheerful. On that memorable November morning when he was ousted from place—when his party were ingloriously driven from the Eden in which they had long hoped to repose, back into the bleak and desert world, the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him; there was an unwonted gaiety in his walk, and sparkle in his eye, but the excitement of the contest was hardly over. The swell of the storm was still there. Still rang in his ears the thunders of applause—audible to us even in the lobby, which greeted his daring retorts and audacious personalities. By the side of Disraeli sits that respectable Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Sir John Packington—near him the gentle Walpole, of whom it may be said that he never took a joke; the ready-tongued and clever Sir Frederick Thesiger, and other party lights. On the bench behind sits the grey-haired Spooner, still eager in his crusade against Maynooth; and behind him we have a regular row of farmers' friends. That tall nobleman, in sporting costume, with indistinct utterance, with vehement but monotonous action, is the Marquis of Granby. Next to him is the lugubrious representative of Cambridge fens and flats—near by are other remnants of the forlorn Association for the Protection of British Industry and Capital. On the same side of the House, but below the gangway, sit the Irish ultra-Romanists and Tenant Leaguers—a band formidable from their obstinacy and audacity. There they sit, Maguire, the Irish Disraeli Gavan Duffy of the *Nation*—Lucas of the *Tablet*—determined to side with no party—to support no Government that will not give to Ireland all they want for her—determined to make Ireland what she has ever been, a stumbling-block in the way of all who rule.

Behind the gangway, but on the ministerial side of the House, sit the Manchester School. Its chiefs are never heard without attention. Cobden and Bright never open their mouths, but the house listens. Obscure Radicals, Lord Dudley Stuart, Mr. W. Williams, and others, may be on their legs for a quarter of an hour without a sound being heard. The extreme men all sit together. That pale, thinking, determined man, with spectacles, is Edward Miall, of the

*Nonconformist*—the leader and the light—the *tutamen et decus* of the more advanced and intelligent section of English Nonconformists. Below him sits that Church Reformer, Sir Benjamin Hall. High up on the Ministerial benches, but near the gangway, sits smiling Joseph Hume, the best tempered man and most frequent speaker in the House. Fortunately, Joseph does not speak long; if he did, he would be very tiresome indeed. Tom Duncombe, the pet of the great unwashed—a class that we trust will materially diminish, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken the duty off soap, sits immediately behind; and near him you see a short mountain of a man, with large, thoughtful head, long, grey hair, and curious Quaker hat. That is William Johnson Fox—the “Publicola” of the *Weekly Dispatch*—the “Norwich Weaver Boy,” of the *League*—an orator whose orations at the Anti-Corn-Law meetings at Covent Garden, are still remembered as efforts of eloquence unparalleled in these modern times.

But we have been already some time in the House. Hours have come and gone—day has faded into night. Suddenly, from the painted glass ceiling above, a mellow light has streamed down upon us all. Rich velvet curtains have been drawn across the gorgeously painted windows, and if we had only good speeches to listen to, we should be very comfortable indeed. Alas, alas, there is no help for us! As soon as “Wishy” sits down, “Washy” gets up; and members thin off, leaving hardly forty in the House. Nor can we wonder at this. Men must dine once in the twenty-four hours, and members of the House of Commons obey this universal law. Most of them have been hard at work all the day. You are confoundedly mistaken, my dear sir, if you think that as soon as you have taken your seat in the House, you have nothing to do but make a brilliant speech, and to spend the rest of your time cantering in Rotten Row—gossiping in the window of your favorite Club—or being lionized in Belgravia. Never did mother’s son make a more egregious blunder. The rule is—

Work, work, work,  
Till the brain begins to swim.

Possibly, as you have gone by the steamer from your chambers in Fig Tree Court, Temple, to Cremorne, you have seen rows of windows extending along the whole river-front of the New House of Parliament. One

of those rows of windows, at least, denotes the great fact of the existence of a corridor of committee-rooms. These committee-rooms generally open at eleven or twelve o’clock, and the chances are that in one or other of them you will be caught and confined daily till the hour of prayer happily arrives. There you must sit examining witnesses and plans—listening to counsel very learned and very dull. Occasionally counsel are facetious, generally they are quite the reverse: and I assure you that *Mariana*, in the “Moated Grange,” never was so weary, or so wished that she were dead, as you will, after you have been a day or two on the “Bullock-Smithy Waterworks Committee Bill.” Consequently, between the hours of eight and ten, the House gets very thin indeed, and the oratory is of that kind generally known as “small beer.” About ten again the House gets full, and the great-guns rise; but still you must not leave—there may be a division. You must stay there till one or two, as the case may be: so that, after all, an honorable M. P. has not a very easy life. Committees all day, and debates all night—I wonder that some of the old fogies in the House don’t give it up and retire; they can’t be ambitious now—at their time of life they cannot expect a place, or, with their failing powers,

The applause of listening senates to command.

That dream must long have left them. I suppose it is custom that compels them to haunt the house; they have got used to it, and they could not otherwise exist. But it is terrible work after all; just as country life becomes beautiful, just as out-door existence becomes preferable to that within, just as the warm voluptuous breath of the sunny south makes you feel young in spite of grey hairs and increasing obesity, an M. P. is condemned to spend the livelong day and night in the heated atmosphere of St. Stephen’s Hall. Of itself, without bad speeches, this would be a heavy task. It is true that lately the ventilation of the House has been much improved, but still, if *Punch* be an authority, when an irritated cabman, for occasionally cabmen do lose their temper, would call his brother jarvey a fool, he simply terms him the “gentleman wot ventilates the House of Commons.” But time is wearing away. We will suppose the House has become full; the great men have had their say; the debate, as far as the government is concerned, is concluded, generally by Lord John, who is in a

capital state of preservation, and standing nearly erect—little men always do—with his hands tucked up in the arm-holes of his coat, is lively, and leaves the House to divide in good spirits. His lordship is admirably fitted for an age of compromise and coalition. The liberality of his premises is only equalled by the niggardly deductions he draws from them. The boldest Reformers admire his principles, the narrowest Conservatives are scarcely shocked by his conclusions; so that he suits all parties. Lord John resumes his seat amidst loud calls of divide, divide! The division bell rings—peers and diplomatists and strangers are turned out—members come rushing in from the library and smoking-room. The mysteries of the lobby are only for the initiated. If the division is large, we may have to wait half an hour for the result, generally announced with tremendous cheers. Up in the waiting-room, we have no idea how the division goes. All that we learn from the Gallery keeper is, that there was an immense majority, but he cannot exactly say on which side it was. Altogether, the arrangement seems very senseless and absurd. The strangers are surely not in the way of the members, and the publication of the division list, precludes for an instant the idea that it is done to insure secrecy. The arrangement is merely an unnecessary inconvenience which the House keeps up from its love of antiquated forms. Surely now that people are admitted into the House, they might be allowed to stop while they are there. They are certainly as quiet and orderly as the gentlemen that sit below. Not that fault should be found with members; they are generally well behaved, and hear even unutterable bores with attention. It is seldom they put a man down, or are boisterous and rude. Of course, however, this remark is not to be understood as applying to all the representatives from the sister-isle. And now the division is announced, and the House adjourns. Out bound honorable M. P.'s, as schoolboys out of school. Glad enough are they the thing is over, and lighting their cigars—it is astonishing what smokers honorable gentlemen are—not unreluctantly do they wend their way home. Following their example, we exchange the noisy and heated House for the chill and silent night—but we cannot omit to observe first how much the press has altered the character of the oratory of the House. Whilst, for instance, Smithers was speaking—the House was then very thin—nobody listened to Smithers—yet went on Smithers stuttering—reading from M.S. notes—

screeching at the top of his voice—sawing the air with his arms, in the manner of Mr. Frederick Peel—no one listens to Smithers—occasionally a good-natured friend mildly ejaculates an approving “hear,” but generally Smithers sits down as he rises, without any particular mark of approval at all—Why then does Smithers speak?—why because the press is there—to treasure up every word—to note down every sentence—to let the British nation see what Smithers said. This of course is a great temptation to Smithers to speak when there is no absolute necessity that Smithers should open his mouth at all. Yet this has its advantages—on the morrow honorable gentlemen have the whole debate before them, coolly to peruse and study, and if one grain of sense lurked in Smithers' speech, the reader gets the benefit. At times also, were it not for the press, it would be almost impossible to transact the business of the country. For instance, we refer to Mr. Wilson's proposals for Customs Reform. On the occasion to which we refer, Mr. Wilson spoke for nearly four hours. Mr. Wilson we believe to be an excellent man and father of a family, but he certainly is a very poor speaker. Never was there a duller and drearier speech. Few men could sit it out. In the gallery there were a few strong-minded females who heard every word—what cannot a strong-minded woman do?—but M.P.'s gossiped in the lobby—or dined—or smoked—or drank brandy and water—in short did anything but listen to Mr. Wilson; and yet this was a grave, serious, government measure. Why then did not members listen? Because there was no need for them to do so. The *Times* would give it them all the next morning; and so it mattered little how empty of listeners was the House, provided the reporters were there and did their duty. It is to the Reporters' Gallery members speak, not to the House. Thus it is orators are so plentiful in spite of the freezing atmosphere of the House. Ordinarily no one listens—no one expects to be convinced—no one seeks to convince. The House is polite, but it has no enthusiasm. Orators, like George Thompson, are quite out of place in it. Such a man as Henry Vincent would be a laughing-stock. The House would go into convulsions every time his apoplectic face appeared. The House consists of middle-aged gentlemen of good parts and habits, and they like to do business and to be spoken to in a business-like way. Next to business-like speakers, the House likes joking. Hence it is Tom Duncombe and Lord Palmerston are



such favorites. Hence it is that Colonel Sibthorp and Henry Drummond get so readily the ear of the House. The House cares little for declamation. It would rather be without it. It considers it a waste of time. Figures of arithmetic are far more popular than figures of speech. The latter are for school-boys and youth in its teens—the former are for men. Business is one thing—rhetoric is another.

D'Israeli began his career as a rhetorician, and failed. Wisely, he altered his plan. He learnt to keep accounts,—to talk prose—to understand business, and he has been already Chancellor of the Exchequer. One other thing also noteworthy is the general good character of the House and fairness of its constitution. All opinions are found in it. If Mr. Gladstone represents High Church, Sir Benjamin Hall represents Low Church—Mr. Miall extreme Dissent, and Mr. W. J. Fox Dissent that is not orthodox nor extreme, but tolerant and latitudinarian. The heroes of the Anti-Corn-Law League are there, and there also are the country squires who consider them as the fruitful cause of mischief. Protestant Spooner walks into the same lobby with Lucas of the "Tablet;" and Quaker Bright sits side by side with mighty men of war. Teetotal Heyworth finds himself in the same discussion with Bass, famed for bitter ale. The result is not exactly what any man desires, but what is perhaps best under the circumstances—what, perhaps, best represents the general feeling of the country. We know it is fashionable to think otherwise—to represent the House as rotten to its core, and as misrepresenting the opinions of the times. For our part, we believe it does nothing of the kind. It is a much better representative than *a fortiori* we might expect. Aristocrats, you say, are there—yes, but they are men, most of them, of untainted honor—of lofty aim—of comprehensive views—and the general fusion and ventilation of opinion and clash of intellect elicit action most congenial with the intelligence of the age. Take any of the extreme men, for instance. What could they do? Are they the representatives of the mass of opinion? Is the country

prepared to look up the National Church, as Mr. Miall would recommend—to dissolve the Union, as Gavan Duffy would desire—to put down all our armaments, as Mr. Bright would think proper—to grant the five points of the Charter, as poor Mr. Fergus O'Connor contended? Most certainly not. Yet these men are in the House, and rightly in the House, and help to preserve the balance which it is so essential to maintain. With them away, the opinions of the people would not be fairly represented. At the same time, it must be remembered, that they represent but sections, and we must not fall into the error of mistaking a part for the whole. In the House, then, it is wisely arranged that the representatives of extreme opinions shall meet. Thus justice is done to all. Thus mutual toleration is learned. Thus the mental vision of all becomes enlarged. We make these remarks because we think we see a tendency to run down the House of Commons, and the representative institutions of which it is a type. By Britons this feeling should not be entertained. That assembly contains the grandest intellects of which our country can boast. In its earliest days it rocked the cradle of our liberties, and still it guards them, though the stripling has long become a giant. At our elections there is deep-seated demoralization—but still that demoralization has its bounds, which it cannot pass, and the high-minded and the honorable form the majority in the House of Commons; and if, gentle reader, it laughs at your favorite idea, it only does so because that idea is a poor squalling brat, not a goddess with celestial mien and air. A time may come when it may be that, and then it will not knock at the door of the House in vain. Till then, the House may be forgiven for not thinking of it. The House is not bound to take notice of it till then. Law Reform—Parliamentary Reform—Financial Reform—Customs Reform—Education—Colonies—Convicts—India—these are the topics with which the House has now painfully to grapple. Your favorite idea must wait a little longer. In the meantime, if it be a good one we wish it well—if it be a true one we shall surely hear of it again.

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## M. AMPERE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON is a striking proof of this truth, that we cannot will to create a great town. To prepare a site worthy of the political Capital of the United States, they hewed down the trees which surrounded it, and traced the line of an immense street, at one end of which they erected the Capitol, where the Congress sits, whilst at the other they built the "White House," for the President's residence is so called. They then laid out other streets in every direction, so that they then contemplated the establishment of a place which would hold two hundred thousand souls, whereas Washington holds at the most but fifty thousand. Moore indulged in a spirit of raillery, at a town in its infancy, where could be seen squares in swamps, and obelisks amongst trees. The population is sparsely scattered over a place badly laid out, which has given rise to the remark, that at Washington there may be seen houses without streets, and streets without houses.

The first view of this town made me sad. In the midst of a country covered with snow, through which the Potomac slept like a frozen serpent, the brown turrets of the Smithsonian Institute, a scientific establishment of a singular order of architecture, raised themselves up in the midst of a hazy atmosphere. The streets were whitened by winter, and in the midst of these icy regions, the grotesque figures of the blacks were to be seen in strange contrast with the color of the snow, far away from their country, for slavery exists in the District of Columbia, subject to the immediate authority of Congress. Slavery is at the door of the Palace of Liberty!

I was happy to find the French Minister at Washington, M. de Sartiges, an old acquaintance of Rome and Athens; since Minister Plenipotentiary in Persia, he now represents the urbanity of the French and the intelligence of the Parisians in the midst of the coldness of the Americans, and they seem to be on very good terms with each other. As for myself, being received under his hospitable roof, I found that France, and

particularly a France, as amiable as that of the Embassy, was good to be met with in every country.\*

*"Let us go to the Capitol to pray to the Gods."*

The Capitol is a remarkable monument. Well situated on a slight eminence, it overlooks the course of the river, and a vast plain terminated by some hills. Souvenirs aside, this horizon does not come up to the Roman horizon; it has more extent than grandeur, two things that are not synonymous, although they sometimes confound them here. On the opposite side of the town are placed some sculptures of different merit; America, discovered by Columbus (and which is said rather jokingly), is apparently discovered because it is naked; and Greenough's statue of Washington. Another work from the same sculptor will soon be placed there; it is a group remarkable for its design and execution, which represents the Anglo-Saxon race controlling and governing the indigenous inhabitants of the country. I saw this group in Mr. Greenough's study in Florence, and it appeared to me that it would be a fit ornament for the American Capitol. The central dome of the Capitol appeared to me to be too low, and too heavy for the extent of the lateral buildings. The hall in the interior placed under the cupola is very fine. On the one side sits the House of Representatives, and on the other the Senate. The columns of the vestibule, through which you enter to the hall of sitting of the last named body, present a singular and rather graceful attempt at native architecture; they are or-

\* I was much pleased with the conversations of M. Boileau, now first Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, after having been the first to distinguish himself at the Polytechnic School, which is not of frequent occurrence with a diplomatist. M. Boileau has been applying himself to scientific labors in Pennsylvania and the exploration of its mines; his conversations on this subject recompensed me for the loss I sustained in not being able to see the mining country. I could not do so from the advanced state of the season.

namented with wheat-stalks grouped in a bunch. The capitals are formed of thorns and leaves of the same plant. At no great distance from them they have used the tobacco leaf to decorate other columns, which does not produce such a pleasing effect. However, it is very natural to borrow decorations for the architecture of a country from its vegetation. The Egyptians did the same with the *lotus* and the *papyrus*, the Greeks with the *acanthus*, the French, the English and the Germans, in the middle ages, with the clover and the cabbage-leaf. Nevertheless, they ought to avail themselves sparingly of these imitations from local nature, and when they do so, employ them with taste. It seems to me that cigars offer too good a use for the tobacco-leaf to rob them of what properly belongs to them.

I found neither in the House of Representatives nor the Senate that carelessness in their dress nor vulgarity in their manners, of which I had heard so much said; but many of the speakers used great violence in their gesticulation, and broke out into immoderate fits of laughter, followed by an intonation much too low—on the whole there was not enough simplicity. The audience generally preserved great calmness, and the assembly did not seem to partake much of the warmth of the speakers. These were ordinarily very quiet, only, during a discussion about Kosuth, there was a little agitation amongst the Representatives. The members applauded. I heard some one say, who was standing near me, *we have a French House to-day*. This was intended to imply a certain agitation in the assembly and amongst the members, but the French Chambers, which have seen many disorders and tumults, have witnessed nothing like some of the scenes which have been enacted in the Capitol at Washington. It was not, thanks be to heaven, the habitual tone of the proceedings in Congress, and, for my part, I saw nothing of the kind. We must remember that the United States contains parts of the country which are very little civilized. A man who arrives from the extremities of the West, is a little in this country like a Frenchman who would come to Paris from the mountains of Corsica. Should we conclude, from the violent habits of this man, that the *vendetta* is one of the customs of the French? An abuse of more ordinary occurrence was the length of the speeches. There were some extraordinary anecdotes on this subject. Now, in imitation of some of the republics of antiquity, and the first Puritan preachers, it has been ordered,

that the duration of the speeches shall not exceed one hour. It is not the same in the Senate, where oratorical displays are confined to no particular limit, and where are found at the present day the most eminent orators of the Union.

The time when the most important controversies took place has passed away, when Mr. Calhoun with his manly front, ardent gesture, and pressing though sometimes factious dialectic, contended against the full and sonorous voice, the proud attitude and majestic bearing of Mr. Webster; when Mr. Clay, the Aristides of this Republic, came to oppose the energy of his language and the integrity of his politics and his life against the violence of parties. Mr. Clay is now dying at Washington. Mr. Calhoun is no more; and Mr. Webster is Minister, and as such is not allowed to be a member of Congress; but in default of these great heroes of the past, I heard some men whose names begin to be mentioned as candidates for the future Presidency, amongst others, Messrs. Houston and Douglas, both of the Democratic party.

Mr. Houston comes from Tennessee. In his youth, he left this State to go and spend some years amongst the Indians, and, afterwards, became the principal agent in the establishment of Texas. Whilst he was waging war against the Mexicans, General Houston had the good fortune to conquer Santa Anna and make him prisoner. He is a man who is celebrated, from the audacity of his character. Some fear to find in him a second Jackson, and a supporter of the war-party; others assure me that the hardy chieftain, the semi-barbarian of other days, will now make a very good President. All that I can say, is, that I witnessed in the Senate the great control that Mr. Houston could exercise over himself. In one of his speeches, he had excited Mr. Foote's anger, the Governor of Mississippi, whom I heard several times, always with much violence. The latter, in his reply, used an extreme bitterness of language, accusing Mr. Houston of the wish to divide, and by that means destroy, the democratic party, and thus further his personal views, by making an alliance with the *free soilers*, in order to reach the Presidency. The attack could not have been more vehement or more direct. Mr. Houston replied with much calmness, with that placidity, a little disdainful in an old soldier, who did not wish to pick a quarrel on that day at least. He complained of accusations being thrown out against him, and then disavowed, saying, that when he attacked

any one he did it openly, and in a good-humored way; he finished by narrating, and he did it very well, the story of a parson, who was a troublesome guest. "They went to find him in heaven, he was not there, then in purgatory, the guardian of the place received the visitors very politely and replied: 'Him, whom you are looking for, you will not find, he threw all purgatory into disorder, but he broke his chains, and I have heard nothing further of him.'" The little merit of this tale was relieved by the pleasing raillery with which it was spoken by the formidable Texian Chief, who had been provoked a great deal, and replied so calmly and sarcastically to a wounded adversary. The latter, taking the anecdote in earnest, in reference to the chain with which the madman was confined in purgatory, exclaimed, "Mr. Houston will not enchain me." In the debate, the latter, speaking of the *oligarchy* of South Carolina, a State in which the Legislature, and not the majority of the people, elect the President of the Union and the Governor, elicited a reply from a member from that section, who rose in an excited manner and exclaimed, "that no one had the right to censure the particular Constitution of a State, that it was like religion, and who would take upon himself to censure Louisiana or Maryland for being Catholic? after religion, then comes law." The whole of this discourse was a vigorous protestation of the warmest sentiment, the most irritable of all the political feelings of the people in this country, viz., the independence, the individuality of separate States. After a few bitter remarks against Texas and its representative, the excited orator sat down and refused the advances which Mr. Houston made to him. Evidently, the latter was very glad to show, for the sake of his Presidential canvass, that he was not a passionate man, as the first part of his career might have indicated, and perhaps his adversaries would have been delighted to elicit from him some expression of anger, that might have reflected on his character; but he did not give them this satisfaction, and the Achilles of Texas manifested the calmness of Ulysses, moderating his anger and saying, "Even support that, oh! my heart," whilst the insults of pretenders were strewed thick and fast around him.

On the first of January, I went to pay a visit to the President. Free access is afforded to all who go there. There is quite a large crowd, and persons push against each other, as they do at an extraordinary meeting of the Institute, not more so. Although no

particular dress is prescribed, I saw no one who was not well clad. I read in some travels in the United States, that this reception was a frightful mixture, and amongst other instances of the disorder that was said to prevail, the author mentioned that a father had placed two of his daughters on an elevation near the chimney place, so that they might have a better view of the scene. Nothing of this kind struck me. Once escaped from the crowd outside, and under the vestibule, we are introduced into the first saloon, from whence we enter the apartment, where we find the President standing. We shake him by the hand, salute the President's lady, and pass into a third saloon, which is very large, and where we walk about for some time. I remained there an hour, and observed nothing which was not marked by the strictest decorum. It was no one's fault but altogether my own, if in the crowd outside some one took my purse out of my pocket. I mention this trifling incident only to notify strangers, to take every precaution who go to court, happening to be in Washington on the first of January.

Kossuth has arrived. He reached his hotel without any display. There is nothing further said about the enthusiastic reception he met with in New York, about the crowd who remained a whole day and a part of the night under his windows. I have just passed before his hotel and saw no one there. Kossuth's popularity has considerably diminished. The Americans see more and more that it would be ridiculous to depart from that neutral policy which has distinguished their government since the days of Washington, to mix themselves up with the affairs of Europe in relation to Hungary. I perceive that one of the chief elements of that enthusiasm that prevailed in New York, was the want of excitement, of striking manifestations, which are the only agreeable amusements of the people in a country where amusements are not of frequent occurrence. This noise was without affect and without danger. As a clever person said to me, it was limited to letting out the steam, which, as we know, causes no explosion of the boilers, but prevents it. Even at New York, the authorities told Kossuth, a few days ago, that they would cease to pay his bill and that of his suite at the hotel.

In Congress, where the debate is about him, there is some agitation, and the members applaud some of the speakers who hurl defiance at Europe; but there are cries of *order! order!* and everything is soon quiet.

An orator began to speak, and said, "Because we shew hospitality to an illustrious stranger, it does not follow that we participate in his sentiments, or espouse his opinions. Thus, in this House, we are very courteous one towards the other, without being for that of the same opinion. This courtesy does not prove, for instance, that we partake of the abominable sentiments of the abolitionists. This gentleman, who sits next to me, lives on very good terms with his neighbours, and nevertheless they do not think as he does."

After having pronounced this speech, so moderate if we search the bottom of the question, but incidentally so aggressive on a point, which excited so much the real passions of the assembly, the speaker advanced towards me. For the purpose of hearing the debate, I thrust myself into the space allotted to the members of Congress, and I thought he approached me to direct me to leave, but instead of this, he obligingly offered me his place. He came back several times to vote, and, when he had done so, he retired. I was really confused with so much condescension, and was very grateful. I therefore figured during the remainder of that day's session amongst the legislators, fearing only that when they raised their hands to vote, in not raising mine I might be reckoned amongst the majority or minority. It was even the more important that it should not be so, for by, probably, preconceived tactics, the number of votes on a proposition concerning Kossuth was equal to the number against the motion.

It is evident there is some understanding in order to avoid too much discussion about Kossuth, always preserving for him that respect which his misfortunes and his talents command, with a due regard to the popularity he still maintains in the Union, and his position, which Congress is bound to respect, as the guest of the United States.\*

\* Since my departure, I have heard of the reception the Senate gave him. This caused them some embarrassment. M. de La Fayette, who was received in a similar manner, had been complimented officially, and had replied, which was perfectly satisfactory to all parties. It was feared that Kossuth wished to speak also, and that his discourse might compromise the Senate. On the other hand, a want of consideration towards the nation's guest would have caused almost universal displeasure. To get over the difficulty, the following plan was conceived. He had hardly taken his seat in the Assembly on the invitation of the Speaker, when a Senator rose and said, that a great number of his colleagues desired to become personally acquainted with the illustrious

I was told that this day's session of the Senate would be interesting; it was so in fact, but less on account of what was said, than of the motive which made the speakers take the floor. Most of the speeches I heard were professions of faith in favor of the *compromise*, that is to say, the Legislative enactment which tends to conciliate the north and the south. Messrs. Foote and Houston, the antagonists in the parliamentary combat of the other day, spoke in this sense: To-day, General Cass followed their example—Mr. Douglas, a Senator from Illinois made a similar protestation and explained to the Senate that he had not voted for the *Fugitive Slave Law*. He entered into details altogether personal on this matter—called away by business to New York, he thought he would have returned in time to vote—contrary to his expectation and notwithstanding he made every endeavor, he arrived too late—he then went to Chicago, where, with some danger to himself, he braved the excited state of public opinion there against the *Compromise*, and made the Town Council of Chicago alter their resolutions. Why did Mr. Douglas insist so much in explaining all these details as to the course he had adopted on this occasion? It is because he aspires to the Presidency, and that all the candidates for this high office think it incumbent on them to establish that they are for the *compromise*. This general desire to adopt this conciliatory programme shows how much this opinion is that of the majority of the electors; to render their chances possible, each approaches and approves of it; and it is only by placing themselves on this *platform*, to use American parliamentary language, that he can hope to be President the following year.

Mr. Douglas is one of those men in Congress, whose discourse and appearance struck me the most. Small, black, thick-set, his words are full of vigor, his action simple and manly. He had to speak about himself, and did it with warmth and courtesy. A few words at the conclusion of his speech appeared to me to be inspired by a true political sentiment. Respecting this *compromise*, which every person extols, he said with reason, it seems to me, "Yes, let us remain faithful to it, but if we really wish to serve the cause of conciliation, let us not speak about it too much or too lightly—wait until it is attacked, it will then be time to rise and defend it. Until then, let us be afraid of in-

champion of liberty, the Hungarian hero, &c., he moved that the house rise.

juring it, in desiring to serve it too much." This was at once clever and sincere, able and true. Mr. Douglas, who is called the *Little Giant* of Illinois, on account of his figure and his talent, appeared to me to be one of those, who had most to expect from the future. He may attain power, when the West, which has not yet been represented, wishes to have a President in its turn. Mr. Douglas' mind appears to me, like his words, vigorous and ardent, which renders him a very faithful representative of the energetic population, which is growing up between the forests and the prairies, and which already, rich and powerful, combine amongst themselves the adaptability for labor of the settler, and the bravery of the pioneer.\*

Here, perhaps, may be the place to say something of what divides the two great political parties of the United States—the Whigs and the Democrats. In the first place, it must be acknowledged that these two parties represent, in some respects, the universal antagonism between the conservatives and innovators of every country. Yet I do not believe it is this which constitutes the parties. Thus, the Democrats, who are progressive as regards their economical doctrines, since they are advocates for free trade, are conservatives, and even procrastinators, respecting slavery, to which the greatest number amongst them is less opposed than the majority of Whigs. On the other hand, we cannot say that one party is more favorable to liberty than the other; which is a very different question from the first. In fact, there is everywhere in European society a controversy between intelligence and the interests of the past, and intelligence and the interests of the present. This quarrel, which is sometimes confounded with that between liberty and despotism, is, nevertheless, essentially distinct; for it often happens in Europe that the intelligence or spirit of the past favors local and individual liberty, and that of the present tends to depress it. Tradition, represented by the Church, Royalty, and the

Aristocracy, has, on several occasions, defended the independence of associations or individuals; and innovation, under the form of an assembly or a despot, has oppressed this independence. With much more reason in the United States, the controversy need never be between the past and the present: for tradition is there the mother of liberty, and the spirit of innovation is not opposed to it. Moreover, England, having communicated to its colonies, something of the genius of its hierarchy—the Whigs, to whom these habits have descended, draw towards them those who have some affinity with them, whilst the Democrats seem to exercise more empire over those who are drawn towards them by a spirit of equality; but, according to my view, this is nothing but an accessory. The principal line of demarcation between the Whigs and the Democrats of the United States is that—which separates two tendencies inherent to all society—the tendency to make the authority of government prevail over the different fractions of the social body, or of individuals, and the contrary tendency.

These two directions, which American politics took, were very closely defined between the two parties which opposed each other during the period which followed the establishment of independence—the *Federalists*\* and the *Republicans*. These two parties have been succeeded by two others, which, at the bottom, have inherited—one, the *Whigs*, the spirit of the *Federalists*, and the other, the *Democrats*, the spirit of the *Republicans*; the first in general being in favor of giving the government of the Union more authority over the citizens of different States, and the others to restrain that authority. Even in the bosom of the particular States, everything that tends to fortify authority and the law is supported by the Whigs, and everything that renders authority less stable, and the law less strong, meets with favor amongst the Democrats.

The politics of the two parties proceeds from these two principles. Thus the Democrats are in general warmer than the Whigs in defending the right, which the slave States maintain not to permit any interference in their internal organization, for it relates to a

\* In running over some Acts of Congress, I fell upon one which related to M. Vattemare, a name which ought to be pronounced with gratitude by every Frenchman and American. It was he who, by his perseverance, succeeded in establishing between France and the United States an interchange of books, by which means we possess at Paris a more complete collection of works on this country than they have themselves. At nearly every step I took in America, I met with testimonials of the gratitude of Americans for M. Vattemare. I wish to place here the expression of my own.

\* We must not be deceived by the terms. The American Federalists were those who tried to make the unity of government prevail in a certain measure, and the *Federalist* was written to combat the excess of that which we are accustomed to call in France *federalism*. The Federalists of America were thus named because their adversaries were in favor of a confederation, even less strongly bound together and governed.

question of individual independence. The Democrats are opposed to protection, of which the Whigs are partizans, because it is repugnant to them to acknowledge the right of Congress to legislate on commercial matters, which might have the effect of being favorable or opposed to the particular interests of the States. For the same reason, the Democrats have constantly endeavored to restrain the power of Congress relating to the modes of communication to be established in different parts of the Union. It is always the principle opposed to that of centralization, often pushed to excess in a country as little centralized as that of the United States. The same distrust of authority, whatever it may be, will always make the Democrats lean in each State towards all those measures which will limit power. Thus the ascendancy of the democratic party has nearly everywhere transferred the election of Judges from the hands of the Governor into those of the Legislature; then from the hands of the legislature into those of the electors. It tends to render all public offices elective, and to restrict their duration. It tends to establish everywhere a system of rotation, which by unceasingly renewing the administration, prevents, at the price of stability, the danger that might occur from the abuse of power or its duration. This is the way the Whigs and the Democrats of the present day attach themselves by principle to the two opposite tendencies, whereof the *federalists* and the *republicans* were the energetic representatives. But we must add, that, in fact, these differences are much less felt than they were then, that the two present parties have more of instinct than of opposite doctrines, and that personal ambition enters very much in their controversies. The greatest number of offices becoming vacant every time either of the two parties carries the day, it is endeavored to make the chiefs of the party succeed so that they may obtain office with them. There is nothing between the Whigs and the Democrats that resembles the hatred which exists in Europe between the conservatives and the revolutionists; for in the United States there is, more or less, but one question. No one wishes to destroy the Constitution, every one wishes to act up to it; no one desires to go beyond it; no one is in favor of either monarchy or anarchy. It is this which, I believe, constitutes the difference between the parties in America and in Europe—the latter are nearly always the secret partizans of the past, which their adversaries detest, or

of the future which they are afraid of, at least we can suspect them to be so.

In the United States, the wants and condition of the present arouse political passions; no one harbors the most distant thought of a revolution or a counter-revolution; no one attributes such a design to his adversaries. It thus happens that notwithstanding the turbulent spirit of the speeches, and the violence of journals, there is no real hatred between the parties excepting on one point, slavery, and with respect to that there is really something to preserve or destroy. This slavery question is of such importance that it makes a schism between the two great American parties, and causes alliances to be entered into between the different factions of which it is composed. Thus, at the present day, a portion of the Democrats have separated themselves from the rest, and have allied themselves with the enemies of slavery; and amongst the Whigs some wish to elect to the Presidency the same candidate as the Abolitionists of the North, whilst others prefer Mr. Webster, the candidate of the Southern States.

It is not in one day, that a certain equilibrium can establish itself between these two forces, of which one tends to make the power of Congress prevail, and the other to maintain the independence of the particular States. A few months after the Declaration of Independence, Congress established, or rather proclaimed an American Federation. The insufficiency of this first Constitution was manifest throughout the war, and it was necessary to confer a sort of temporary dictatorship, and without danger, on General Washington. At the peace, the inconveniences of the Confederation became yet more evident, for the necessity of the common defense was not enjoined on them—no solid lien existed between the States, and the central government had no means of making itself obeyed. In fact, Congress could do nothing more than *recommend* to the different States to permit it to raise taxes to pay the public debt, or to make treaties, and when the States would not lend themselves to it, it was impossible to continue a negotiation, as it happened with that which had been begun with Spain relating to the navigation of the Mississippi.

It was necessary to obviate this. A convention composed of delegates from the different States met in Philadelphia and formed the present Constitution. This Constitution was afterwards submitted to representative

conventions named in each State, which, one after the other, accepted it, after long debates; those of the Virginia convention have become celebrated. In reading the speeches which were pronounced on this occasion, we are astonished to see eminent men haunted and troubled by the chimerical idea, that from this Constitution, the most liberal the world has ever seen, there might arise a tyranny in the shape of a Congress, and even a tyrant under the name of a President; but these exaggerated fears explain themselves, when we think that the States called to deliberate had lived until then in a state of entire independence, the one from the other, and governed themselves. Yet, all finished by adopting the project of the Constitution proposed in Philadelphia, and instead of a federation without a head, and a Congress without arms, voted with closed doors by some men in a time of war, the United States had a Constitution accepted by the delegates of the whole people, that is to say, by universal suffrage in two degrees, which is the best form of universal suffrage.

With Washington, the politics of the Federalists prevailed in the midst of the greatest external difficulties, sustained by the firmness and good sense of the President, and the talent and energy of Hamilton. John Adams succeeded Washington. Then came Jefferson, who had been in opposition under Washington. A different man from the old Anglo-American race, and very much like a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, with a mind well cultivated, but less stable, he maintained, under the name of *nullification*, the right of the States to reverse the authority of Congress, and thus planted the germs of a controversy which has been since reproduced, to the great danger of the Union. To Jefferson succeeded Madison, one of the founders, in the *Federalist*, of the governmental politics, which assumed that name; but he afterwards had a tendency towards the opposite party, following Jefferson with some reserve, of whom he was the admirer and friend. He wrote the letters of *Helvidius* against Hamilton, his old co-laborer in the *Federalist*, to dispute the right of the President to declare war; he combated the *Sedition* and the *Alien* acts, conservative measures which Washington had obtained from Congress; he admitted the dangerous right of *nullification*, and afterwards became the idol of the democratic party, by declaring war against England and carrying it through successfully. Monroe, who came after Madison, had also opposed, to a certain point, the

politics of the Federalists. He belonged to the democratic party; a man belonging to this party could alone reach the Presidency, when the war with England and the success of the struggle had ensured their triumph. Monroe's second term saw the Federalist party expire, at least under its own name. It was then that those who belonged to it began to adopt the designation of Whigs. These denominations of American parties are singular. The word Federalist expressed there precisely the contrary of what it meant in France during the Revolution, and the Whigs are the Tories of America.

The Democrats and the Whigs, who had since contended unceasingly against each other, did not carry on a very violent war under the peaceful presidency of Monroe; he himself had been a Democrat in opposition, and was even still so, a short time after his election to the Presidency, when for instance he combated against the right of Congress to establish internal modes of communication and schools; he was so to the end without violence and without bitterness, for he declared, that the Constitution should be amended in this respect, and he finished by acknowledging the right of Congress to appropriate the necessary sums for objects of public utility. The epoch of his administration was a truce between the violent quarrels of the parties, whose passions were no longer aroused by the necessity of establishing a constitution, and the counter-shock of European struggles.—This period is called *the era of good feelings, halcyon days*. The Democrats in their security, and in the presence of adversaries, who appeared disarmed, concurred in measures, which they have since warmly combated—the re-establishment of a central Bank and a protective Tariff. Under Quincy Adams, the son of the second President, an old Democrat became a moderate Whig, the United States continued to develop themselves and prosper without great political agitation within, and great affairs without; but the agitation re-appeared on the advent of General Jackson.

Jackson was, as I have said, the President of the Democratic party. With the ardor of a man of the forests, the inflexibility of a man of the camp, the prestige of a victorious general, Jackson made himself against Congress, the soldier and the champion of the popular passions. Sustained by these passions, he prevented Congress from renewing the charter of the United States Bank, which the Democrats regarded as a means of tyranny in the hands of the State, a dan-



gerous privilege in the hands of the rich, but which Washington had founded and Madison had respected.

After the majestic figure of Washington, and very far beneath it, appears the rather barbarous figure, yet grand, and originally energetic of Jackson. No President has since become a personage. They have fallen into the common and the insignificant. Old General Harrison did no more than appear on the scene and died at the end of a few months from the fatigue of shaking hands, the laborious inauguration of his popular power. Tyler, a Democrat, named by a combination of Whigs against the South, made his escape from them and fell, after his first Presidency, having no person for an ally. With Van Buren the great question of slavery agitated the Union, and the Texas affair opened that route for ambitious enterprise, which is another danger for it. The Democratic party changed its nature; its principle of the independence of the States was not a principle of invasion, far from it, for the politics of war and of conquest must always fortify the central power. In rendering itself bellicose, it became unfaithful to this principle; it adopted the ordinary passions of Democratic parties in other countries, and began to be revolutionary, not from within, but without. A new order of things established itself, or rather an element of disorder introduced itself into American politics. At that moment, the most eloquent, the greatest, the wisest amongst the citizens of the United States, the most indefatigable representative of the primitive spirit of the Republic, him, in whom there seemed to pass something of the soul of Washington, Mr. Clay, was on the point of being elected President, but, sad sign of the times, instead of Mr. Clay, they named Mr. Polk, an obscure and mediocre pretender. Thanks to the vagaries of destiny, it was under this chance President, that the United States' territory was considerably increased, by its extension to the North-West with Oregon, and to the South by the conquest of Mexico, of which the results were immense, not only because it put two more states into the Union, of which, one was California, but because it powerfully seconded two sentiments, which began to develop themselves—the taste for war, and the ambition for conquest, new elements from which, if they do not take care, the ruin of the United States might follow.

The first effect of the new impulse given to American politics, was the election of a

President, who owed his nomination to the part he had taken in the expedition to Mexico, General Taylor. His death, which occurred during his Presidency, placed power in the hands of Mr. Fillmore, who has shown himself very worthy of the unexpected station. Modest, prudent and honest, Mr. Fillmore will perhaps be the best candidate for the approaching election; but it is generally believed, that neither he nor Mr. Webster, the elegant orator and Whig, like Mr. Fillmore, will be named, and that the Democrats, who have nearly all carried the day in the particular elections of the States, will succeed also in the Presidential election. The current of public opinion is bearing them onwards. We have just seen, that, since the days of Jefferson, they have nearly always held the reins of government. It ought to be so, for they represent more than their adversaries the sentiments and the defects of the majority. The Whigs moderate them, the Democrats push them forward. The Government of the United States is like a locomotive, starting on a rail-road—it began its course with commendatory slowness, they soon heated the furnace, and the movement was accelerated—they now apply all their steam and make rapid headway; but it often happens in this country, that the boiler explodes, and the locomotive is blown into the air. Let the Americans beware.

For a certain number of years, two difficulties will predominate over all others; one is the preservation of the Union between the Northern and Southern States, different in character, opposed by their interests particularly in what concerns the Tariff question, because the South is agricultural and the North industrial, and separated in fine by the terrible question of slavery. The other difficulty is to avoid the dangers, which might arise from the extension of territory, towards which the new spirit and the temptation of their superiority are hurrying the United States.

The first of these difficulties, that which concerns the preservation of the Union, seems adjourned; good sense prevails over passion and the majority rallies itself around conciliatory measures, which are called the *Compromise*.

The second is the most menacing, particularly in what concerns Havana and Mexico, for the internal situation of these two countries favors more the ambitious desires, which they excite. The inconveniences of too extended an empire are evident. The form of government of the United States certainly

offers some security against these dangers, each state governing itself, and hence the agglomeration of a large number of populations within the limits of the Union being less difficult to maintain, than if these populations were governed by the central power. It is said also with reason, that the rapidity of communication abridges distances, draws near and confounds, thus to say, the most distant points, and that it matters little, whether countries are geographically separated, when their inhabitants can visit each other in a few days, and write to each other in a few minutes. In fine, it is added, that the most different populations are rapidly absorbed by that incredible power and fusion and assimilation, which American institutions possess, and which they owe to the principle of liberty. Nevertheless, these securities are not sufficient to convince many enlightened minds of the dangers which might arise from a rapid and disproportionate increase. The central government, whatever may be its limits, must exercise a very great authority in certain circumstances. But can it make itself felt beyond the Rocky Mountains and across the Gulf of Mexico? Notwithstanding railroads, steam-boats and the electric telegraph, it will always be rather far from Washington to Tehuantepec. The European races, which furnish the most to emigration, become incorporated, it is true, in the nationality of the United States; but would it be the same with the Southern populations of mixed blood, indolent habits, and enervated and depraved by detestable governments? The difficulties, which Congress experiences from the Mormons at the present day, may make them anticipate others, and their disdainful repulsion of all those that do not belong to them, shows, that the power of absorption should have its limits. When certain persons foresee in the future a possible division of the United States into three confederations, one at the North, another at the South, and a third at the West, is it not to increase much the chances of dissolution, by immeasurably extending the territory of the Union? In fine, what is much more serious, this invading policy, does it not favor instincts disastrous to the preservation of liberty? Does it not tend to transport the insatiable love of gain from the private ranks of society, where unfortunately it has already too much empire, into the public morals, the general life of the country? The United States constituted themselves under the discipline of severe virtues; may they fear to perish by the relaxation of principles, which

prepared their independent existence, gave them strength in the controversy, and founded their Constitution after victory. Their power has been in the sentiment of right; they will be lost on the day in which they shall fail to remember their origin.

These forewarnings from a friendly voice will have more authority from more celebrated lips; and I am going to allow an Apostolic man to speak, one whose venerated name is held in respect by all,—the eloquent Unitarian writer, Channing,\* who deserved to be called the Fenelon of America. Channing said in 1837, on the occasion of the expedition against Texas, and the projects against Mexico—

“Did this country know itself, or were it disposed to profit by self-knowledge, it would feel the necessity of laying an immediate curb on its passion for extended territory. It would not trust itself to new acquisitions. It would shrink from the temptation to conquest. We are a restless people, prone to encroachment, impatient of the ordinary laws of progress. . . . We boast of our rapid growth, forgetting that, throughout nature, noble growths are slow. . . . Perhaps there is no people on earth, on whom the ties of local attachment sit so loosely. Even the wandering tribes are bound to one spot, the graves of their fathers; but the homes and graves of our fathers detain us feebly. The known and familiar is often abandoned for the distant and untrodden; and sometimes the untrodden is not the less eagerly desired because belonging to others. . . . It is sometimes said that, nations are swayed by laws as unfailing as those which govern matter, that they have their destinies; that, by a like necessity, the Indians have melted before the white man, and the mixed, degraded race of Mexico must melt before the Anglo-Saxon. Away with this sophistry! There is no necessity for crime. There is no fate to justify rapacious nations any more than to justify gamblers and robbers in plunder. We boast of the progress of society, and this progress consists in the substitution of reason and moral principle for the sway of brute force. It is true, that more civilized, must always exert a great power over less civilized communities, in their neighborhood. But it may, and should be, a power to enlighten and improve, not to crush and destroy. We talk of accomplishing our destiny. So did the late conqueror of Europe, and destiny consigned him to a lonely rock in the ocean, the prey of an ambition which destroyed no peace but his own.”

Channing then shows the inconveniences of a large empire for the safety and prosperity of the United States.

“It will almost of necessity involve us in hos-

\* A Letter on the Annexation of Texas to the United States, by William Channing.

tility with European powers. . . . Vulnerable at so many points, we shall need a vast military force. Great armies will require great revenues, and raise up great chieftains. Are we tired of freedom, that we are prepared to place it under such guardians? Is the republic bent on dying by its own hands? Does not every man feel, that, with war for our habit, our institutions cannot be preserved? . . . I am not inclined to draw a dark picture of our moral condition. . . . I am far, very far, from despair. Among dark omens, I see favorable influences, remedial processes, counteracting agencies. I well know that the vicious part of our system makes more noise and show than the sound. I know that the prophets of our ruin to our institutions are to be found most frequently in the party out of power, and that many dark auguries must be set down to the account of disappointment and irritation. I am sure, too, that imminent peril would wake up the spirit of our fathers, in many who slumber in these days of ease and security. I think, that, with all our defects, there is a wider diffusion of intelligence, moral restraint, and self-respect among us, than through any other community. Still, I am compelled to acknowledge an extent of corruption among us which menaces freedom and our dearest interests; and a policy which will give new and enduring impulse to corruption, which will multiply indefinitely public and private crime, ought to be reprobated as the sorest calamity we can incur. Freedom is fighting her battles in the world with sufficient odds against her. Let us not give new chances to her foes."

Let us turn away from this alarming prospect to throw a *coup d'œil* on several scientific establishments of real interest; the Smithsonian Institute, the Patent Office, where are to be found models of all the machines invented in the United States, and an Ethnographical Museum; in fine, the Observatory, and the establishment where the marine and terrestrial charts of the sea-shore of the United States are engraved.

The Smithsonian Institute, which bears the name of the person by whose munificence it was founded, is an establishment on an extensive scale. It has already rendered service, and will hereafter greatly contribute to the cause, of science in the United States. Its funds are applied to several distinct objects; there is a Library and a course of Lectures. The principal end of the Institution is to publish its scientific labors, embodying new facts and doctrines. In the two first volumes of the collections that have been published by the Institute, appeared Messrs. Davies and Squiers researches on the curious antiquities, of which I have spoken, and Mr. Hitchcock's labors on fossil remains, which have permitted him, from the vestiges preserved through centuries, to classify rather a large number of the lost

species. The Institute does not confine itself to publishing the results of its scientific researches, it provokes new ones—it has organized a system of meteorological observations throughout nearly the whole extent of the United States. Already, from a hundred and fifty different points, monthly reports are transmitted to it.

Mr. Hare, a distinguished physician, has given the Institute a very excellent collection of physical instruments. In a report which I have at hand, I find the following: "It would not be conformable to the organization which this establishment has received, to restrict the use of the instruments to those persons who are members of it. We permit their use to all those who know how to avail themselves of them. It might happen that the instruments would be lost or broken, but the diffusion and progress of science which will result from this course being followed, will amply compensate for the expense which might ensue." This was liberally conceived, and reminds me of Sir Joseph Banks's remark, who also opened his physical cabinet to those who wished to make use of it. One day the keeper came to him in a very angry mood to apprise him that one of the most costly instruments had been broken by a young man. Sir Joseph smiled, and replied as follows: "It is necessary that young men should break machines to know how to use them."

The collection of Natural History was increased in one year to ten thousand specimens, chiefly of fishes and reptiles. Amongst the latter, appeared that curious species called *Salamandroides*, which partake of the nature of two classes of animals, having feet like reptiles and scales like fish. I was told the collection contained upwards of a hundred specimens, indigenous to America, and which have not yet been described. It is to be regretted, that such an excellent institution should be located in such a singular edifice. It is a new example of that singular architecture which is so prolific of towers and spires out of all taste; and the use of them is more to be regretted, as they cost high, and the interest of nearly the whole sum, which was bequeathed, was employed for the building, whereas this sum would have been much better expended, if a more simple building had been erected, and a larger number of works been published. They acted in the same manner as they did with respect to the *Girard College*, and they have not raised a monument equal to the palace of Philadelphia.

I have already had occasion to speak of the *melange* of styles in use amongst the Americans for their architecture. I found here a work on the subject with reference to the Smithsonian Institute, in which the system is exposed. Mr. Owen, the author, having constituted this *eclecticism* as the law of American architecture, he inquires what ought to be the other conditions of this architecture? Arguing from the nature of the country and the people, he arrives, by an ingenious mode of reasoning, at singular results. In the first place, the author establishes the principle that architecture is an *utilitarian* art, that there is no abstract excellence in it, because there is no necessity for absolute uniformity. We ought not to be surprised at this positive theory in an esthetic discourse written in the United States. "What should we do," says he, "in our utilitarian age, with religious buildings constructed on such a vast scale, that these might be built, as at Luxor, a village above them with its inhabitants."\*

Thus, observe there, the vast religious monuments suppressed; it is sufficient, if there be place enough in each church for the seats of the congregation. The author adds in altogether a practical sense; "The treasures which the Egyptians expended in the burial of their dead, we like to appropriate, which is certainly more reasonable, to the comfort of the living." The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, argued thus, life being fleeting, we need build but fragile houses, and as death is forever, it requires eternal tombs. The Americans do not think so. The Egyptians were the people of death, they are the people of life. Mr. Owen again says, "the architecture of the United States, which has arisen at once in distant and different climates, must adopt no uniform type, but make itself remarkable by its variety." I do not think it ought to be thus. The Americans reproduce everywhere on the contrary, the same type of construction; they have something like a stereotyped tower, which they carry with them as they would a tent, and which they put up in the East and the West, in the North and the South. In fine, from the liberty which prevails in the United States, the author concludes that their monuments should have no forced inexorable correspond-

ence of parts, but that there should be a certain independence in style, corresponding, no doubt, with the principles of *self-government*.

I do not believe in this architecture of liberty; and whatever may be the tendency of the States not to become subordinate the one to the other, I believe there will always be subordinate parts in architecture, and I wish that the absence of centralization should not be traduced in art by an incoherence which would lose it.

I was happy to meet Mr. Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, a gentleman who has followed up the science of electro-magnetism in America with much success. The theory of electro-magnetism created by my father, inspires me with a very natural interest in all those who follow in his footsteps. I had much pleasure in finding at Washington a judicial deposition made by Mr. Henry, on the occasion of a trial respecting Mr. Morse's discovery of the electric telegraph, in which he rendered homage to the memory of my father. In this deposition, Mr. Henry traced the history of electro-magnetic discoveries, without which, as we know, the electric telegraph would be impossible; but what is not very generally known, is, that my father predicted the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of telegraphic signs, long before any person had undertaken to realize this admirable discovery, and which belongs as much to him as the idea of steam navigation belongs to Papin. Mr. Henry never knew my father personally, and did not expect to see his son in Washington. Judicially summoned in Mr. Morse's affair, after having mentioned the experience of Ørsted, Arago, and Davy, and the discovery, on which my father based his theory of dynamic electricity, a theory, at the present day, universally adopted, Mr. Henry added, "Ampere deduced this theory from results, which experience has since confirmed; he proposed a plan to the Academy of Sciences at Paris for the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of news to great distances. Thus the discovery of the electric telegraph was made by Ampere, as soon as it was possible."

Here, in fact, is what we read in my father's first memoir on the action of the electric current on the magnetic needle. "As many needles as letters, which would be moved by conductors, which would be made to communicate successively with metallic disks, with the assistance of a kind of finger-

\* It is not at Luxor that a village has been constructed, or the platform of an Egyptian temple. It is on the opposite side of the Nile, at Medinet-Abou.

board, which would be lowered at will, might give rise to a telegraphic correspondence, which would be communicated to distances, and be as prompt as writing or speech, in transmitting thought." The telegraphic system has been altered and improved, but it is impossible, not to acknowledge, that the discovery of the electric telegraph is to be found there.

It was on a question of practice, that the trial in which Mr. Morse was engaged, turned. In the history of scientific labors, of which Mr. Morse's proceeding was but the application, Mr. Henry had to speak of himself; he did it appropriately, and in perfect sincerity; but he had the right to refer to the fact, that as in America it was thought, that the force of electro-magnetism diminished rapidly in proportion with the distances, it was he who showed, that they might remedy this inconvenience, long before the application of Mr. Morse's attempts, which, without these improvements, would not have been practicable.

The establishment, known under the name of the Patent Office, consists of two parts. The models of all those machines which have obtained patents are placed in one of them, with a description in writing of the machines, accompanied by drawings. These are at the disposition of all those who wish to study them. In the other part of the establishment is a collection of arms, clothing, and instruments, &c., belonging to the savages of America and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, and also certain things which ought not to be in the Museum, which I shall soon mention.

They are very liberal in granting patents. The American government grants them at rates much below what the principal European governments do; but, after having begun by refusing foreigners the right of obtaining patents, they now grant them at rates higher than those paid by natives, which does not appear to me to be very reasonable, for it is the interest of a country that foreigners should bring them the profit of their inventions. Moreover, even in America, they protest against this abuse, and ascribe it to the evil tendency of what is there called *nationalism*.

The Americans have already given to the world a certain number of important inventions, and of all kinds. To industry they have given the machine to separate cotton, discovered by Whitney, and of which the results have been immense; to agriculture, the reaping machine; to war, the revolvers—

those pistols and guns, by means of which you can load and fire twelve times without interruption; and to medicine, chloroform. They were the first to establish, on an extensive scale, steam navigation, and the electric telegraph for the communications of commerce and of thought. Agriculture, as well industry, has promoted the inventive spirit of the Americans. In one year, they granted patents to two thousand and forty-three inventors of agricultural instruments.

The models of machines in the Patent Office, ought to be better exposed, as they are, for instance, in the Conservatory of Arts and Professions in Paris. At Washington they are thrown into cupboards, from which they are taken if any one wishes to study them; but they have no general effect, and one might be curious enough to look at the machines, without having the desire to give them a particular study. If I could judge from the only one of the models which I had the opportunity of comparing with what it professed to represent—the model of the *Reaping Machine*—I should say they are too small, and do not convey an accurate idea of what the original is.

The collection in the Patent Office contains a large number of interesting objects, but disposed without much order. We see there a promiscuous collection of fossil bones, minerals, stuffed animals, and fishes placed in the cupboards, where they are almost as invisible as if they were in the bottom of the sea. Jackson's coat figures amongst these various curiosities. I admit that I have little taste for the cast-off garments of celebrated persons. It has been said, that to a *valet de chambre* no person is a great man, but in presence of an old coat, pompously exposed to public attention the spectator finds himself treated somewhat like a *valet de chambre*, and half disposed to enthusiasm. Let Nelson's uniform pass, which he wore when he received his death-wound, and which is shewn at Greenwich, and the generous blood with which it is, I shall not say, soiled, but adorned, casts aside every vulgar idea. There must be blood, to make a relic of a coat.

What I could not understand was, that amongst the specimens of which the Museum was composed, there were some articles that ought not to have found a place there. Amongst others, one, which represented a woman who was confined, with her hair dishevelled and falling to her feet, whilst a little monster, representing, as I thought, the *couchemar*, was seated on her breast. Every one might have seen such articles at the

hair-dressers' doors in Paris, which serve for no other purpose, than as an advertisement of a merchant of pomatum to shew how far his excels that of others in producing for the ladies, an abundant head of hair. I saw, with much surprise, a similar object of art in the Ethnographical Museum at Washington.

The Observatory at Washington has, like that of Cambridge, been the theatre of some astronomical observations of a certain importance. In 1846, after the discovery of the Neptune planet, Mr. Walker, an attaché of this establishment, found out, that this planet had been seen in 1795, by Lalande, who took it for a star; which furnished observations dating fifty years back, and gave Mr. Walker an occasion to determine the elements of its orbit. The same year, Mr. Maury, the Director of the Observatory, discovered, the first, this singular fact, that the Comet of Biela was divided into two parts. Heaven has its revolutions like the earth, and the stars break like empires.

In this Observatory, may be seen Dr. Locke's electric clock, an ingenious application of electro-magnetism to astronomical observations, which, combined with the electric telegraph, allows of an astronomer, according to Mr. Maury's expression, observing in Washington, to make the noise of his electric clock heard at St. Louis, and to divide (thanks to the instrument) minutes into hundredth parts, with the greatest exactitude. The fine hydrographical works of Mr. Maury are known throughout Europe,—M. de Humboldt, the patriarch of science, has rendered them brilliant justice. "I beg of you," he writes to a correspondent, "to express to Mr. Maury, the author of the fine *Charts on the Winds and Currents of Air*, my heartfelt acknowledgments and esteem. It is a great undertaking, as important for the practical navigator, as for the progress of meteorology in general. It has been considered here, as well as in Germany, by all persons who interest themselves in physical geography." The marine Charts executed under the directions of Mr. Maury, which he calls *Charts of winds and currents of air*, are certainly one of the finest and most useful results of nautical science.

Convinced that according to the old mode, navigators pursued routes which were not the best, Mr. Maury asked the Captains of American vessels in 1842, to note all the circumstances on their log-books which might influence navigation, and to let him know the result of their observations. At first, but a few complied with his suggestions, but

some comparisons between some old log-books deposited in the Marine Office having enabled Mr. Maury to abridge the voyage from Baltimore to Rio Janeiro twenty-seven days, several mariners acceded to his request, and there are now nearly a thousand vessels, on which the necessary observations are taken both night and day. Mr. Maury has also succeeded in reducing the average time of a voyage to California, from a hundred and eighty-seven days to a hundred and fourteen, that is to say, to abridge it nearly one third.

Besides this practical application, Mr. Maury's studies have directed him towards the consideration of the nature of winds and rains, currents, and the regions inhabited by the different species of whales, on all of which subjects he has thrown new light. So he has also discovered, that the trade-winds of the South East blow with more force than those of the Western Hemisphere, and he attributes this difference to the influence of the Great Deserts of Africa, which retard these winds, by raising up great masses of the atmosphere to fill the void produced by the ardor of their sun. According to his theory, these burning plains act like a furnace, in absorbing the winds of the sea, to replace the air, which raises itself up in a column above this over-heated soil; "so that," adds Mr. Maury, developing the general results of this influence of Africa and Southern America on the winds, "if the foot of man had never penetrated these two Continents, it might be affirmed, that the climate of the one was damp, and that its vallies were, in a great part, covered with an abundant vegetation, which protects its surface against the rays of the Sun, whilst the plains of the other, were arid and naked."

"These researches appear to be already sufficient to justify the assertion, that without the great Desert of Sahara, and the other arid plains of Africa, the southern coasts of this Continent, in the region of the trade-winds, would be, in whole or in part, a district deprived of rains, sterile and uninhabited. Such considerations warmly captivate the mind. They teach us to regard the Great Deserts, the basin of the Mediterranean, and arid plains, as compensations in the grand system of atmospheric circulations, like—continues Mr. Maury, in employing a comparison, which betokens the astronomer, "the counter-weight of the Telescope, which appears to us to be an inconvenience, but which is necessary, to give the machine an equable and regular motion."

Other labors, which have reference to ma-

rine hydrography, and which do the United States the greatest honor, by the manner in which they are executed, are those which have for their object a more perfect knowledge of the sea shore and coasts of the United States. At the head of these works, as we have said in the statement before the Academy of Sciences, is placed Mr. Bache, "to the great advantage of science in general, and of geography in particular."

I passed a day in going over the establishment which Mr. Bache directs, whose indefatigable complaisance left me nothing to desire to satisfy my curiosity, which was warmly excited by every thing I saw. A large house which he inhabits, contains every thing that relates to the making of the charts, which he has executed, and over which he exercises the minutest supervision, after having taken a personal part in this *coast survey*, of which he is the soul, and to which his name will always be attached. In running over the different parts of this fine establishment, where every thing is conducted with perfect regularity and activity, we watch the successive steps, by which the charts are prepared, and see them in progress, from the making of the paper to their final completion. They are engraved by means of the electro-type. The brass, deposited by the galvanic current, forms projections, which serve to produce hollow spaces. If they wish to alter anything in the engraving, they erase these projections; there is then a blank space left on the chart, which is filled up at pleasure.

Every thing is executed with the greatest precision, and the most minute care. Thus, in the ordinary charts, and even those French Marine Charts, which Mr. Bache proclaims to be admirable, it happens, sometimes, that the movement of the press alters the lines and defaces the drawing. Mr. Sexton, a workman, of whom Herschel said, "He was the first working mechanic in the world," wished to remedy this inconvenience by means of an hydraulic press, which would rest with a certain degree of uniformity on the paper. I saw a slight attempt at it, which succeeded. With respect to the electro-type, which is used for the engravings, another American, M. Mathiot, has been able by heating the battery, to augment the quantity of brass deposited in the proportion of one to three, and he expects to increase it to six times the quantity. The brass, thus deposited, has a good deal of tenacity, and does not crystallize, the crystallization rendering it fragile. These improvements are the fruits of in-

dividual efforts provoked by the ardent desire and the confidence of doing better, a desire and confidence, which manifest themselves energetically in all the scientific labors of the Americans.

On the marine Charts, the swiftness of the current is indicated by the breadth of the lines, its direction by arrows, which point in the line of the currents, and the rapidity of descent, by a darker tint to the shadows; thus the eye seizes at one glance, all that it is necessary for the mariner to know. The execution of these charts was an immense task. It was necessary to combine the great labor of terrestrial triangulation with a labor even still greater, that of knowing everything that determined the course of the currents of the sea. The first is executed by Civil Engineers and land officers, and the second, by the United States Marine service.

Ninety Charts have already been engaged, and it is necessary to have two hundred and fifty more. In fifteen years, the work for the Eastern coasts will be terminated.—It is impossible to calculate at what period the whole will be achieved, for we do not know, what, in a few years, will be the extent of the sea coasts of the United States. Congress, which is impatient to see the end of this vast work, asked Mr. Bache, how many years it would take to achieve his labors? The latter replied—for how many states? and he was right, for, during this dialogue, a vote of Congress added Texas to the Union, and it has since become necessary to think about Oregon and California.

To these hydrographic and geodesic labors, may be added other studies. They mark out all the spots, on which it is necessary to erect light-houses; they show what obstacles must be made to disappear, as that rock in the harbor of New York, which M. Maillefert, a Frenchman, is at this moment engaged in blowing up. Magnetic observations are also connected with the operations of the *Coast survey*, and particular Charts indicate the temperature of the seas in different seasons. In fine, it is a vast enterprise, remarkably well conducted, and the utility of which, for navigation, is considerable. "There is hardly any portion of our shores, which has not added important discoveries to our observation," said Mr. Bache, in a Report of 1850. I shall cite but one example, which I heard from him. The bar, which obstructed the entry of the Port of Mobile, was displaced by the currents. They did not know it, and they always avoided this bar, which exists no longer. They

now know, that this obstacle is no more to be dreaded. If, on the contrary, a new bar should form itself, they would know it by the soundings, the results of which, are carefully preserved, as a useful collection in a double point of view, for hydrography and geology.

The Smithsonian Institute, the Patent Office, the works at the Observatory, and Mr. Maury's and Mr. Bache's labors constitute, as we have seen at Washington, points of attraction amongst scientific men, which are not without their importance, and even grandeur. We must do justice to them in the impartial appreciation of the civilization of the United States.

I had the honor to be invited to dine at the President's with Kossuth, the speakers of the two legislative Assemblies, Mr. Webster and other Ministers, and many of the Pretenders to the approaching Presidency. I witnessed there a new scene in that drama of Kossuth's arrival in America, of which, I had seen in New York, a few weeks ago, such a brilliant exposition, and apparently, so full of promise. Public sentiment, as it progressed, has become much colder; it languishes, and almost presages, rather a flat *dénouement*. They have not yet reached that point. Besides, the President, and the political men, whom he invited on that day, honored Kossuth as an illustrious exile, whose delivery was brought about through them, who chose the hospitality of their country, and they respect themselves too much to be wanting in regard towards him. He was placed on the right hand side of Mrs. Fillmore, and Mrs. Kossuth to the right of the President; but besides this, neither before, during, nor after dinner, was the slightest allusion made to the cause of Hungary. I noticed nothing but politeness towards the man, but no loud expression of sympathy for his cause, although certainly this sympathy was in every heart, nothing, in short, which might encourage him to hope for the political intervention of the United States in the affairs of Europe. Kossuth, who has the bad taste to love fantastic costumes, wore a cloak of black velvet, and appeared to me much less imposing in this dress, than when resting on his sword, he harangued the public in the Hall of the Castle Garden, at New York. Perhaps, I myself, was under the impression of the general coldness, which prevailed around me. It is one thing for a man to be received as a hero, by an enraptured crowd, when he has not already told them, what he asks for, and when he appears only

as a martyr of liberty, and another, when that man shows himself to be chimerical in his pretensions, indexterous in his speeches, notwithstanding his eloquence, and when the good sense of the people, who received him with transports, detaches from his forehead that bright crown, which their enthusiasm had invested him with. Kossuth, closely observed in this saloon, where he was not sought after, and in which all discussion on politics was avoided, when he was obliged, to say something, to discuss the study of history and of languages. Kossuth, discontented, uneasy and fallen, appeared to me, I admit, very different from Kossuth radiant and triumphant.

If we can be divided in some respects about the Magyar tribune, it is impossible for us all not to be interested in *Madame* Kossuth, the courageous and faithful companion of the exile, and on whose account we could desire, that the success of her husband in America, might last longer. She addressed a charming reply to a lady, who advocated in New York the emancipation of woman.—“My life has been so agitated, said *Madame* Kossuth, that I have not had time to study the question, of which you speak to me; but having the happiness to be the wife of a man, who inspires so much of the admiration amongst others, which I, myself, feel for him, you will find it natural, that I never thought of disputing his authority with him.”—In short, the dinner was very agreeable. The Whig and Democratic candidates for the Presidency, amongst whom were Mr. Fillmore himself, Mr. Webster, General Cass, and General Scott, seemed to live on very good terms with each other. The abolitionist, Seward, chatted gaily with the partizans of the Compromise. The dinner was not quite as good as those given by *M. de Sartiges*, but it was not too republican, and every thing wore the seal of simplicity in the manners of Mr. Fillmore, which was worthy of one, who might be considered the type of what an American President should be.

Now that I have seen Canada, the north and west of the United States, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, the schools, the prisons, the hospitals, the elections, popular *fêtes*, Congress and the President, I wish to see other things. The cold weather, which surprized me, and which it was not at all my intention to experience, warns me to go and look for a milder climate, first, in the Southern part of the Union, at Charleston and New Orleans, and afterwards in H-



vana, and perhaps in Mexico. It is a country, which it is not so easy to reach, and to travel in, as the United States; but it is said to be curious from its antiquities, admirable, for the natural beauties which it presents, and unique, for the diversity of the climate within its borders. I find a further temptation in the acquaintance I made here with M. Calderon, who was Minister of Spain in Mexico, before he fulfilled that capacity in Washington, and with his clever wife, who bears his name, and has written a very interesting work, entitled "Life in Mexico."

M. Calderon's obliging disposition has induced him to furnish me with letters of recommendation, which will ensure me a favorable reception, from the honorable name he left behind him in that country; but Mexico is rather far from Paris, whither I am obliged to return in four months, to re-open my academical course. All this is very tempting, and very difficult—we shall see. In the interval, I leave to-morrow for the South, a section which is the termination of a voyage, that allures me, and draws me irresistibly towards it.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE SELF-CONVICTED.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

### I.

It was a wild, boisterous evening at the commencement of winter. The wind, howling in fearful gusts, swept the earth as with a whirlwind, booming and rushing with a force seldom met with in an inland county. The rain descended in torrents, pattering against the window-panes, especially against those of a solitary farm-house, situated several miles from the city of Worcester. In fact, it seemed a battle between the wind and the rain which should treat the house most roughly; but the wind was the worst. It roared in the chimneys, it shook the old gables on the roof, burst open the chamber casements, and fairly unseated the weather-cock from its perch on the barn. The appearance of the dwelling would seem to denote that it belonged to one of the middle class of agriculturists. There was no finery about it, inside or out, but plenty of substance. A large room, partaking partly of the parlor, partly of the hall, and somewhat

of the kitchen, was the general sitting-room; and in this apartment, on this same turbulent Friday evening, sat, knitting by fire-light, a middle-aged lady, homely, but very neat, in her dress.

"Eugh!" she shuddered, as the wind roared and the rain dashed against the windows, which were only protected by inside shutters, "what a night it is! I wish to goodness Robert would come home."

Laying down her knitting, she pushed the logs together on the hearth, and was resuming her employment, when a quiet, sensible-looking girl, apparently about one or two-and-twenty, entered. Her features were not beautiful, but there was an air of truth and good-nature pervading them extremely pleasing.

"Well, Jane," said the elder lady, looking up, "how does she seem now?"

"Her ankle is in less pain, mother," was the reply, "but it appears to me that she is getting feverish. I gave her the draught."

"A most unfortunate thing!" ejaculated Mrs. Armstrong. "Benjamin at home ill, and now Susan must get doing some of his work, that she has no business to attempt, and falls down the loft, poor girl, and sprains her ankle. Why could she not have trusted

\* The occurrences about to be related in this tale of the "Self-Convicted," took place many years ago in Worcestershire. An author's license has been taken with the details, and the names are changed; but the chief facts are perfectly authentic.

to Wilson? I do believe," broke off Mrs. Armstrong, abruptly, and suspending her knitting to listen, "that your father is coming. The wind howls so one can scarcely hear, but it sounds to me like a horse's hoofs."

"I do not think it is a horse," returned Jane; "it is like some one walking round to the house-door."

"Well, child, your ears are younger than mine; it may be as you say."

"I hope it is not Darnley!" cried Jane, involuntarily.

"Jane," rebuked her mother, "you are very obstinate to persist in this dislike of a neighbor. A wealthy young man, with a long lease of one of the best farms in the county over his head, is not to be sneezed at. What is there to dislike in James Darnley?"

"I—I don't know that there is anything particular to dislike in him," hesitated Jane, "but I cannot see what there is to like."

"Don't talk foolishly, but go and open the door," interposed Mrs. Armstrong; "you hear the knocking."

Jane made her way to the house-door, and, withdrawing the chain and bolt, a rush of wind, a shower of rain, and a fine-looking young man, sprang in together. The latter clasped Jane round the waist, and—if the truth must be told—brought his lips into contact with hers.

"Hush, hush, Ronald," she whispered; "my mother is in the hall alone—what if she should hear!"

"I will fasten the door," was all the answer she got; and Jane disengaged herself, and walked towards the hall.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Armstrong, as her daughter reappeared. "Mr. Darnley?"

"It is Ronald Payne," answered Jane, in a timid voice.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Armstrong, in a very short tone. "Get those shirts of your father's, Jane, and look to the buttons; there they lie, on the sideboard. And light the candles; you cannot see to work by fire-light."

"How are you, Mrs. Armstrong?" inquired the young man, in a cheerful tone, as he entered and seated himself on the opposite side of the large fireplace. "What an awful night! I am not deficient in strength, but it was as much as I could do to keep my feet coming across the land."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Armstrong, plying her knitting-needles with great energy, "you would have been better at home."

"Home is dull for me now," was the an-

swering remark of Ronald Payne. "Last winter my poor mother was alive to bear me company, but this, I have no one to care for."

"Go up-stairs, Jane, and see if Susan has dropped asleep," interrupted Mrs. Armstrong, who did not seem to be in the most pleasant humor; "and as you will have the beds to turn down to-night, you can do that."

Jane rose, and departed on her errand.

"And lonely my home is likely to be," continued Ronald, "until I follow good examples and marry."

"It would be the very thing for you, Mr. Payne," replied the lady; "why don't you set about it?"

"I wish I dare. But I fear it will take time and trouble to win the wife I should like to have."

"There's a deal of trouble in getting a wife—a good one; as for the bad ones, they are as plentiful as blackberries. There have been two or three young blades lately wanting to be after Jane," continued the shrewd Mrs. Armstrong, "but I put a stop to them at once, for she is promised already."

"Promised!" echoed Ronald.

"Of course, she is. Her father has promised her to Mr. Darnley; and a good match it will be."

"A wretched sacrifice," exclaimed Payne, indignantly. "Jane hates him."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mrs. Armstrong, sharply.

"I hate him too," continued the excited Ronald. "I wish he was a thousand miles away."

And the conversation continued in this strain until Jane returned, when another loud knocking at the house-door was heard above the wind.

"Allow me to open it," cried Mr. Payne, starting up; and a second stranger entered the sitting-room.

"How are you, Mr. Darnley? I am very glad to see you," was the cordial salutation of Mrs. Armstrong. "Come to the fire; and, Jane, go and draw a tankard of ale. Susan has managed to sprain her ankle to-night, and cannot stir a step," she explained. "An unlucky time for it to happen, for our in-door man went home ill three days ago, and is not back yet. Did you ever know such weather?"

"Scarcely," returned the new comer. "As I rode home from the fair, I thought the wind could not be higher, but it gets worse every hour."

"You have been to the fair, then?"

"Yes. I had a heavy lot of stock to sell. I saw Mr. Armstrong there; he was buying, I think."

"I wish he would make haste home," was Mrs. Armstrong's answer. "It is not a desirable night to be out in."

"A pretty prospect for going to Worcester market to-morrow!" observed Darnley.

"But need you go?"

"I shall go, if it rains cats and dogs," was the gentleman's reply. "My business to-day was to sell stock—to-morrow, it will be to buy."

Jane entered with the silver tankard, its contents foaming above its brim like a mountain of snow, and placed it on a small, round table between the two young men. They sat there, sipping the ale occasionally, now one, now the other, but angry words passed continually between them. Darnley was fuming at the evident preference Jane accorded to his rival, and Payne fretted and chafed at Darnley's suit being favored by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. They did not quite come to a quarrel, but it was little short of it, and, when they left the house together, it was in anything but a cordial humor.

"Jane, what can have become of your father?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, as the door closed upon the two young men; "it is hard upon ten o'clock. How late it will be for him to go to Wilson's: he will have, as it is, to call him up, for the man must have been in bed an hour ago."

Now it is universally known that farmers in general, even the most steady, have an irresistible propensity to yield to one temptation—that of taking a little drop too much on a fair or market night. Mr. Armstrong was not wholly exempt from this failing, though it was rare indeed that he fell into the snare. For a twelvemonth, at the least, had his family not seen him the worse for liquor, yet, as ill-luck would have it, he came in on this night stumbling and staggering, his legs reeling one way, and his head flying the other. How he got home was a mystery to Mrs. Armstrong, and to himself also when he came to his senses. As to making him comprehend that an accident had befallen Susan, and that, in consequence, he was wanted to go and tell one of the out-door men to be at the house early in the morning, it was not to be thought of. All that could be done with him was to get him up-stairs—a feat that was at length accomplished.

"This is a pretty business, Jane!" cried the indignant Mrs. Armstrong. "You will be obliged to milk the cows in the morning now."

"Milk the cows!" returned Jane, aghast at the suggestion.

"What else can be done? Neither you nor I can go to tell Wilson at this time of night, and in such a storm: and the cows must be milked. You *can* milk, I suppose?"

"Oh, mother!" was Jane's remonstrance.

"I ask if you can milk?" repeated Mrs. Armstrong, impatiently—she was by far too much put out to speak otherwise.

"I have never tried since I was a child," was Jane's reply. "I sometimes used to do it then, for pastime."

"Then, my dear, you must do it once for use. It would be a mercy," continued the excited lady, "if all the public-houses and their drinkables were at the bottom of the sea."

Jane Armstrong was a girl of sound sense and right feeling. Unpalatable as the employment was, she nevertheless saw that it was her duty, under the present circumstances, to perform it; so she quietly made up her mind to the task, and requested her mother to call her at the necessary hour in the morning.

They were highly respectable and respected people, Robert Armstrong and his wife, though not moving in the sphere exclusive to gentlefolks. Jane had been brought up *well*. Perfectly conversant with all household duties, her education in other respects would scarcely have disgraced the first lady in the county—for it must be remembered that education then was not what it is now—and her parents could afford to spend money upon their only child. Amply she repaid them, by her duty and affection. One little matter only did they disagree upon, and that not openly. Very indignant was Mrs. Armstrong at Ronald Payne's presuming to look up to her, and exceedingly sore did she feel with Jane for not checking this presumption. But she could urge nothing against Ronald, excepting that he was a poor, rather than a rich, man, and that the farm he rented was regarded as an unproductive one. His pretensions created a very ill-feeling towards him in Mrs. Armstrong's mind, for she believed that, but for him, her daughter would consent to marry the wealthy James Darnley, and so become mistress of his splendid farm.

Before it was light the next morning, Jane left the house with her milk-pail: only the faintest glimmering of light was appearing in the east. There was no rain, and the wind had dropped to a calm; but it was a cold, raw morning. Jane wrapped her woollen

shawl closely round her, and made good speed.

The field in which the cow-sheds were situated was bounded on the left by a lonely lane, leading from the main road. It branched off in various directions, passing some of the farm-houses. Jane had reached the field, and was putting down her milk-pail, when a strange noise on the other side of the hedge caused her to start, and listen.

A violent struggle, as for life or death, was taking place. A voice that was certainly familiar to her twice called out "Murder!" with a shriek of agony; but heavy blows, seemingly from a club or other formidable weapon, soon silenced it, and some one fell to the earth amidst moans and groans of anguish.

"Lie there, and be still!" burst forth another voice, rising powerfully over the cries. "What! you are not finished yet! I have laid in wait for ye to a pretty purpose, if ye be to escape me now. One! two! three!" and Jane shuddered and turned sick as she listened, for each sentence was followed by a blow upon the prostrate form. The voice was totally strange to Jane—one that she had never heard in her life—and shocking blasphemy was mingled with the words.

Ere silence supervened, Jane, half stupefied with horror and fear, silently tore her thick shoes off her feet, leaving them where they were, in her agitation, and stole away on the damp path, gathering her clothes about her, so that not a sound should betray her presence to those on the other side. As she widened the distance between herself and that fearful scene, her speed increased; she flew, rather than ran, and entered her father and mother's bedroom to fall senseless on the floor.

Later in the morning, when broad daylight had come, a crowd stood around the murdered man. The face was bruised and bloody, and the head had been battered to death; but there was no difficulty in recognizing the features of James Darnley. His pockets were turned inside out; they had been rifled of their contents, and a thick, knotted stick, covered with brains and hair, lay by his side. It was supposed he had a heavy sum about him in his pockets, but all had been abstracted.

And now came a question, first whispered amongst the multitude, but indignant voices repeated it louder and louder—

"Who is the murderer?"

"Ronald Payne," was the answer, deliberately uttered by a bystander. "I have just

heard it from Mrs. Armstrong's own lips. They were at her house last night quarrelling and contending, and she *knows* he is the murderer."

"Ronald Payne!" echoed the crowd, with one universal accent of surprise and incredulity.

"As God is my Judge," cried the unhappy young man, for he was also present, "I am innocent of this deed!"

"You have long been upon ill terms," retorted the before-mentioned bystander—and it may be remarked that he was an acquaintance of Payne's; had never borne anything but kind feeling towards him; yet now, so gratifying is it to the vain display and pride of human nature to be mixed up with one of these public tales of horror, he suddenly became his vehement accuser. "Mrs. Armstrong says that you left her house bickering with each other, and she heard you assert, before he was present, that you hated him, and you wished he was a thousand miles away."

"That is all true," answered Ronald, turning his clear eye to the crowd, who now began to regard him with doubt. "We were bickering one with the other at Mrs. Armstrong's last night; not quarrelling, but talking at each other; but no ill words passed between us after we left the house. We walked peaceably together, and I left him at his own door. I never saw him afterwards till I saw him here with you, lying dead."

Words of doubt, hints of suspicion, ran through the multitude, headed by the contumacious bystander, and Ronald Payne's cheeks, as he listened, burned like fire.

"How can you think I would have a hand in such an awful deed!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Can you look in my face, and believe me one capable of committing murder?"

"Faces don't go for nothing, sir," interposed the constable, Samuel Dodd, who had come bustling up, and heard the accusation made; "we don't take 'em into account in these matters. I am afeared, sir, it is my duty to put the ancuuffs on you."

"Handcuffs on me!" exclaimed Ronald, passionately.

"You may be wanted, at the crowner's quest, and perhaps at another tribune after that. It is more than my office is worth to let you be at large."

"Do you fear I should attempt to run away?" retorted Ronald.

"Such steps have been heered on, sir,"

answered the constable; "and my office is give me, you see, to pervent such."

The idea of resistance rose irresistibly to the mind of Ronald Payne, but his better judgment came to his aid, and he yielded to the constable, who was calling on those around to help to secure him in the king's name—good old George III.

"I resign myself to circumstances," was his remark to the officer, "and will not oppose your performing what is your apparent duty. Yet, oh! believe me," he added, earnestly, "I am entirely innocent of this foul deed—as innocent as you can be. I repeat, that I never saw James Darnley after I left him at his own house last night; and, far from quarrelling during our walk home, we were amicably talking over farming matters."

When the constable had secured his prisoner in the place known as the "lock-up," he made his way to Mr. Armstrong's, intensely delighted at all the excitement and stir, and anxious to gather every possible gossip about it, true or untrue. Such an event had never happened in the place, since he was sworn in constable. In Farmer Armstrong's hall were gathered several people, Sir John Seabury, the landlord of that and the neighboring farms, standing in the midst.

Sir John was an affable man, and, as times went, a liberal landlord. It happened that he was then just appointed high sheriff of Worcestershire for the ensuing year, his name having been the one pricked by the king.

When the constable entered, all faces were turned towards him. Several voices spoke, but Sir John's rose above the rest.

"Well, constable, what news?"

"He's in the lock-up, sir," was Mr. Sam Dodd's reply; "and there he'll be, safe and sound, till the crowner holds his quest."

"Who is in the lock-up?" asked Sir John, for the parties now present were not those who had been at the taking of Payne: *they* had flocked, one and all, to the "lock-up," crowd-like, at the heels of the constable and his prisoner. And Sir John Seabury, having but just entered, had not heard of Mrs. Armstrong's suspicion.

"Him what did the murder, sir," was the constable's explanatory answer, who had reasoned himself to the conclusion, as rural constables were apt to do in those days, that, because some slight suspicions attached to Payne, he must inevitably have committed it. "And he never said a word," exulted

Mr. Dodds, "but he held out his hands for the ancuffs as if he knowed they'd fit: he only declared he warn't guilty, and walked along with his head up, like a lord, and not a bit o' shame about him, saying that the truth would come out sooner or later. It's a sight to see, gentlemen, the brass them murderers has, and many on 'em keeps it up till they's a-ridin' to the drop."

"How was it brought home to him?—who is it?" reiterated the baronet.

"It's young Mr. Payne," answered the officer, wiping his face, and then throwing the handkerchief into his hat, which stood on the floor beside him.

"Mr. Payne!" repeated Sir John Seabury in astonishment, whilst Jane, never for a moment believing the words, but startled into anger, stood forward, and spoke with trembling lips:

"What are you talking about, constable? what do you mean?"

"Mean miss! Why it were young Mr. Payne what did the murder, and I have took him into custody."

"The constable says right," added Mrs. Armstrong. "There is not a doubt about it. He and Darnley were disputing here all last evening, and they left with ill-feeling between them: who else can have done it?"

But she was interrupted by Miss Armstrong; and it should be explained that Jane, having just risen from the bed where they had placed her in the morning, had not, until this moment, known of the accusation against Payne. She turned to Sir John Seabury, she appealed to her father, she essayed to remonstrate with her mother, her anger and distress at length finding vent in hysterical words.

"Father! Sir John! there is some terrible mistake; mother! how can you stand by and listen? I told you the murderer was a stranger—I *told* you so: what do they mean by accusing Ronald Payne?"

Jane might have held her tongue, for instilled suspicion is a serpent that gains quick and sure ground; and perhaps there was scarcely one around her who did not think it probable that Payne was the guilty man. They listened to Jane's reiterated account of the morning's scene she had been an ear-witness to—to her assertion that it was impossible Ronald Payne could have been the murderer; but they hinted how unlikely it was that, in her terror, she was capable of recognizing, or not recognizing voices; and she saw she was not fully believed.

She found herself, subsequently, she hardly

knew how, in their best parlor—a handsome room, and handsomely furnished—alone with Sir John Seabury. She had an indefinite idea afterwards, that, in passing the door, she had drawn him in. He stood there with his eyes fixed on Jane, waiting for her to speak.

"Oh, Sir John! Sir John!" she replied, clinging to his arm in the agitation of the moment as she might cling to that of a brother, "I see I am not believed: yet, indeed I have told the truth. It was a stranger who murdered Mr. Darnley."

"Certainly the voice of one we are intimate with is not readily mistaken, even in moments of terror," was Sir John Seabury's reply.

"It was an ill voice, a wicked voice; a voice that, independently of any accessory circumstances, one could only suppose belonged to a wicked man. But the language it used was awful; such that I had never imagined could be uttered."

"And it was a voice you did not recognize?"

"It was a voice I could not recognize," returned Jane, "for I had never until then heard it."

Sir John looked keenly at her. "Is this rumour correct that they have been now hinting at," he whispered—"you heard it as well as I—that there was an attachment between you and Ronald Payne? and that there was ill-feeling between him and Darnley in consequence?"

"I see, even you, do not believe me," cried Jane, bursting into tears. "There is an attachment between us: but do you think I would avow such an attachment for a murderer? The man whom I heard commit the deed was a stranger," she continued earnestly, "and Ronald Payne was not near the spot at the hour."

"There is truth in your face, Miss Armstrong," observed Sir John, gazing at her.

"And truth at my heart," she added.

And before he could prevent her, she had slipped towards the ground, and was kneeling on the carpet at the feet of Sir John.

"As truly as that I must one day answer before the bar of God," she said, clasping her hands together, "so have I spoken now: and according to my truth in this, may God deal then with me! Sir John Seabury, do you believe me?"

"I do believe you, my dear young lady," he answered, the conviction of her honest truth forcing itself upon his mind. "And however this unfortunate business may turn out for Ronald Payne, in my mind he will

be from henceforth an innocent and a wronged man."

"Can your influence not release him?" inquired Jane: "you are powerful."

"Impossible. I could do no more than yourself. He is in the hands of the law."

"But, you can speak to his character, at the coroner's inquest?" she rejoined. "You know how good it has always been."

Sir John kindly explained to her that all testimonials to character must be offered at the trial, should it be Payne's fate to be committed for one.

When further inquiries came to be instituted, it was found that Darnley had been roused from his slumbers, and called out of his house, about half an hour, perhaps less, before the murder was committed. The only person deposing to this fact was this housekeeper—a most respectable woman, who slept in the room over her master. She declared that she had been unable to sleep in the early part of the night, feeling nervous at the violence of the wind; that, towards morning she dropped asleep, and was awakened by a noise, and by some one shouting out her master's name. That she then heard her master open his window, and speak with the person outside, whoever it was; and that he almost immediately afterwards went down stairs, and out at the house door.

"Who was it?" asked all the curious listeners, "and what did he want with Darnley?"

The housekeeper did not know. She thought the voice was that of a stranger—at any rate, it was one she did not recognize. And she could not say what he wanted, for she had not heard the words that passed: in fact, she was but half awake at the time, and had thought it was one of the farm servants.

The coroner's inquest was held, and the several facts already related were deposed to. Mrs. Armstrong's evidence told against Jane's for, the prisoner. No article belonging to the unfortunate James Darnley had been found, save a handkerchief, and that was found in the pocket of Ronald Payne. He accounted for it in this way. He left his own pocket-handkerchief, he said, a red silk one, by accident that night on the table at Mrs. Armstrong's—and this was proved to be correct; that when he and Darnley got out, the wind was so boisterous they could not keep their hats on. Darnley tied his handkerchief over his; Payne would have done the same, but could not find it, so he had to hold his hat on with his hand. That

when Darnley entered his house, he threw the handkerchief to his companion, to use it for the like purpose the remainder of his way, he having further to go than Darnley. And, finally, Payne asserted that he had put the handkerchief in his pocket upon getting up that morning, intending to return it to Darnley as soon as he saw him.

The handkerchief was produced in court. It was a white lawn, large, and of fine texture, marked in full "James Darnley."

"He was always a bit of a dandy, poor fellow," whispered the country rustics, scanning the white handkerchief, "especially when he went a-courting."

Ronald Payne, as one proof of his innocence, stated that he was in bed at the time the murder was committed. A man servant of his, who slept on the same floor as himself, also deposed to this; and said that a laborer came to the house with the news, that a man had been found killed, before his master came down stairs. But upon being asked whether his master could not have left his bed-room and the house in the night, and have subsequently returned to it, without his knowledge, he admitted such might have been the case, though it was next to a "moral impossibility"—such were his words—for it to have been done without his hearing.

But what was the verdict?—"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown;" for the jury and the coroner did not find the evidence sufficiently strong to commit Payne for trial. So he left the court a discharged man; but *not*, as the frequent saying runs, without a stain upon his character. Although the verdict, contrary to general expectation, was in his favor, the whole neighborhood believed him guilty. And from that moment, so violent is popular opinion, whether for good or for ill, he was exposed to nearly all the penalties of a guilty man. A dog could scarcely have been treated worse than he was; and, so far as talking against him went, Mrs. Armstrong headed the malcontents.

## II.

So matters went on till the month of February. In the quiet dusk of one of its evenings, Jane Armstrong crept away from her house, and, taking a direction opposite to that where the murder was committed, walked quickly along till her father's orchard was in view. Crossing the stile of this, she turned to the right, and there stood Ronald Payne.

"This is kind of you, Jane," he said, as he seated her upon the stump of a felled tree,

and placed himself beside her. "God bless you for this!"

"It is but a little matter, Ronald, to be thanked for," she replied. "Perhaps it is not exactly what I ought to do, coming secretly to meet you here, but——"

"It is a great matter, Jane," he interrupted, bitterly. "I am now a proscribed man; a thing for boys to hoot at. It requires some courage, Jane, to meet a murderer."

"I *know* your innocence, Ronald," she answered, as, in all confiding affection, she leaned upon his bosom, while her tears fell fast. "Had you been tried—condemned—executed, I would still have testified unceasingly to your innocence."

"I sent for you here, Jane," he resumed, "to tell you my plans. I am about to leave this country for America; perhaps, I may there walk about without the brand upon my brow."

"Oh, Ronald!" she ejaculated, "is this your fortitude! Did you not promise me to bear this affliction with patience, and to hope for better days?"

"Jane, I did so promise you," replied the unhappy young man; "and, if it weren't for that promise, I should have gone long ago: but things get worse every day, and I can no longer bear it. I believe if I remained here I should go mad. See what a life mine is! I am buffeted—trampled down—spit upon—shunned—jeered—deserted by my fellow-creatures; not by one, but by all: save you, Jane, there is not a human being who will speak with me. I would not so goad another, were he even a known murderer, whilst I am but a suspected one. I have not deserved this treatment, God knows I have not!" and, suddenly breaking off, he bent down his head, and, giving way to the misery that oppressed him, for some moments sobbed aloud like a child.

"Ronald, dearest Ronald," she entreated, "think better of this for my sake. Trust in——"

"It is useless, Jane, to urge me," he interrupted. "I cannot remain in England."

Again she tried to combat his resolution: it seemed useless: but, unwilling to give up the point, she wrung a promise from him that he would well reconsider the matter during the following night and day; and, agreeing to meet him on the same spot the next evening, she parted from him with his kisses warm upon her lips.

"Where can Jane be?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, calling out, and looking up and

down the house in search of her. "Robert, do you know?"

Mr. Armstrong knew nothing about it.

The lady went into the kitchen, where the two in-door servants were seated at their tea.

"Susan—Benjamin, do you know anything of Miss Jane?"

"She is up there in the orchard with young Mr. Payne, ma'am," interposed Ned, the carter's boy, who stood by.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Armstrong, wrathfully.

"Because I brought her a message from him to go there. So I just trudged up a short while ago, and there I see 'em. He was a-kissin' of her, or something o' that."

"My daughter with *him*!" cried Mrs. Armstrong, her face in a flame, whilst Susan overbalanced her chair in her haste to administer a little wholesome correction to the bold-speaking boy—"my daughter with a murderer!"

"That's why I went up," chimed in the lad, dodging out of Susan's way. "I feared he might be for killin' Miss Jane as he killed t'other, so I thought I'd watch 'em a bit."

Away flew Mrs. Armstrong to her husband, representing the grievance with all the exaggeration of an angry woman. Loud, stinging denunciations from both greeted Jane upon her entrance, and she, miserable and heartbroken, could offer no resistance to the anger of her incensed parents. It was very seldom Mr. Armstrong gave way to passion, never with Jane, but he did that night; and she, terrified and sick at heart, promised compliance with his commands never to see Ronald Payne again.

Here was another blow for the ill-fated young man. Whether he had wavered or not, after his previous interview with Jane, must remain unknown, but he now determined to leave England, and without loss of time. He went to Sir John Seabury, and gave up the lease of his farm. It was said that Sir John urged him to stop and battle out the storm; but in vain. He disposed privately of his stock and furniture, and by the first week in March he was on his way to Liverpool.

It was on the following Saturday that Jane Armstrong accompanied her father and mother to Worcester. She seemed as much like a person dead as alive, and Susan said, in confidence to a gossip, that young Mr. Payne's untoward fate was breaking her heart. The city, in the afternoon, wore an aspect of gaiety and bustle far beyond that of the customary market-day, for the judges

were expected in from Oxford to hold the assizes: a grand holiday then, and still a grand show for the Worcester people. Jane and the mother spent the day with some friends, whose residence was situated on the London-road, as it is called, the way by which the judges entered the city. It has been mentioned, that the high sheriff for that year was Sir John Seabury; and, about three o'clock, he went out with his procession to meet the judges, halting at the little village of Whittington until they should arrive.

It may have been an hour or more after its departure from the city that the sweet, melodious bells of the cathedral struck out upon the air, giving notice that the cavalcade had turned and was advancing; and, in due time, a flourish of trumpets announced its approach. The heralds rode first, at a slow and stately pace, with their trumpets, preceding a double line of javelin men, in the sumptuous liveries of the Seabury family, their javelins in rest, and their horses, handsomely caparisoned, pawing the ground. A chaise, thrown open, followed, containing the governor of the county jail, his white wand raised in the air; and then came the sheriff's carriage, an equipage of surprising elegance, the Seabury arms shining forth on the panels, and its four stately steeds prancing and chafing at the deliberate pace to which they were restrained.

It contained only one of the judges, all-imposing in his flowing wig and scarlet robes. The Oxford assizes not having terminated when he left, he had hastened on to open court at Worcester, leaving his learned brother to follow. Opposite to him sat Sir John Seabury, with his chaplain in his gown and bands: and as Jane stood with her mother and their friends at the open window, the eye of their affable young landlord caught hers, and he leaned forward and bowed: but the smile on his face was checked, for he too surely read the worn and breaking spirit betrayed by Jane's. Some personal friends of the sheriff followed the carriage on horseback; and, closing the procession, rode a crowd of Sir John's well-mounted tenants, the portly person of Mr. Armstrong conspicuous in the midst. But when Mrs. Armstrong turned towards her daughter with an admiring remark on the pageantry, Jane was sobbing bitterly.

Mrs. and Miss Armstrong left their friends' house when tea was over, on their way to the inn used by Mr. Armstrong at the opposite end of the town. They were in High-street, passing the Guildhall, Jane walking



dreamily forwards, and her mother gazing at the unusual groups scattered about it, though all signs of the recent cavalcade had faded away, when Master Sam Dodd, the constable, met them. He stood still, and addressed Jane.

"I think we have got the right man at last, Miss Armstrong. I suppose it will turn out, after all, that you were right about young Mr. Payne."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have took a man, Miss, on strong suspicions that he is the one what cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scent this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you'll be wanted on the trial, and, it will come on, on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summonses on Monday morning."

"Good heart alive, constable!" cried the startled Mrs. Armstrong, "you don't mean to say that Ronald Payne is innocent!"

"Why, ma'am, that have got to be proved. For my part, I think matters would be best left as they is, and not rake 'em up again: he have been treated so very shameful, if it should turn out that he warn't guilty."

It was even as the constable said. A man had been arrested and thrown into the county jail at Worcester, charged with the wilful murder of James Darnley.

### III.

LATE on Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with their daughter, drove into Worcester, to be in readiness for the next day's trial. It was a dull, rainy evening, and Jane leaned back in the carriage, almost careless as to what the following day would bring forth, since Ronald Payne had gone away for ever.

At about five minutes past nine in the morning, the presiding judge took his seat on the bench. The crowded, noisy court was hushed to silence, the prisoner was brought in, and the trial began.

The chief fact against the accused was, that the pocket-book, with its contents, known to have been in Darnley's possession on the ill-fated morning, had been traced to the prisoner. The bank-notes he had changed away, and a silver pencil-case that was in it he had pledged. All this he did not deny; but he asserted that he had found the pocket book hid in the hedge, close to the spot, when he had been prowling about there a few hours subsequent to the murder. It

might be as he said, and the counsel chattered wisely to each other, saying there was no evidence to convict him.

The last witness called was Jane Armstrong; and her sensible, modest, and lady-like appearance prepossessed every one in her favor. She gave her testimony clearly and distinctly. The deadly struggle she had heard; the groans of the victim, and his shrieks of murder; the words uttered by the assailant; the blows which had been dealt, and the fall of the murdered man—all was separately deposed to. Still, the crime was not brought home to the prisoner. Jane thought her testimony was over, and was waiting for her dismissal from the witness-box; when the counsel for the prosecution addressed her.

"Look around you, young lady; can you point out any one present as the murderer?"

She looked attentively round the court, but as she had not *seen* the murderer on that dark morning, the effort was vain; but, though she felt it was fruitless, she once more gazed minutely and carefully at the sea of faces around her—at the prisoner's amongst the rest; and turning again to the judge, she shook her head.

At this moment a voice was heard, rising harshly above all the murmur of the court. Jane's back was towards the speaker, and she did not know from whom it came, but the tones thrilled upon her ear with horror, for she recognized them instantaneously. They were addressed to the judge.

"My lord, she's going to swear away my life."

"THAT'S THE MAN!" uttered Jane, with the startling earnestness of truth—"I know him by his voice."

The prisoner—for he had been the speaker—quailed as he heard her, and an ashy paleness overspread his face. The judge gazed sternly, but somewhat mournfully, at him, and spoke words that are remembered in Worcester unto this day.

"Prisoner, *yon have hung yourself.*"

The trial proceeded to its close. A verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against the prisoner, and the judge, placing on his head the dread black cap, pronounced upon him the extreme sentence of the law.

Before he suffered, he confessed his guilt, with the full particulars attending it. It may be remembered, that on the stormy evening when the chief actors in this history were introduced to the reader, the unfortunate James Darnley spoke of having just returned from a neighboring public fair. At

this fair, it seemed, he had entered a public-house, and finding there some farmers of his acquaintance, he sat down with them to drink a glass of ale. In the course of conversation he spoke of the stock, cattle, &c., he had just sold, and the sum he had received for it, the money being then—he himself gratuitously added—in his breeches-pocket. He mentioned also his intended journey to Worcester market the following day, and that there his business would be to buy.

The wretched man, afterwards his murderer, was present amongst various other strangers, which a fair is apt to collect together, and he formed the diabolical project of robbing him that night; but by some means or other the intention was frustrated. How, was never clearly ascertained, but it was supposed, through Darnley's leaving for home at an unusually early hour, that he might be in time to pay a visit to the house of Miss Armstrong. The villain, however, was not to be so baulked. Rightly judging that Darnley would not remove his money from his breeches-pocket, as he would require it at Worcester market the following day, he made his way to his victim's house in the early dark of the ensuing winter morning, and called him up. A strange proceeding, the reader will say, for one with the intentions he held. Yes. There stood James Darnley shivering at his chamber window, suddenly roused out of his bed, from a sound sleep, by the knocking; and there, underneath, stood one in the dark, whose form he was unable to distinguish; but it seemed a friendly voice that spoke to him, and it told a plausible tale—that Darnley's cows had broken from their enclosure and were strolling away, trespassing, and that he would do well to rise and hasten to them.

With a few cordial thanks to the unknown warner, and a pithy anathema on his cows, Darnley thrust on his knee-breeches—the breeches, as his destroyer had foreseen—and his farm-jacket, went down stairs, and departed hastily on his errand. The reader need be told no more.

This was the substance of his confession; and on the appointed day he was placed on a cart to be drawn to execution. At that period, the gallows consecrated to Worcester criminals were erected on Red-hill, a part of the London-road, situated about midway between Worcester and Whittington, and here he was executed. An exhibition of the sort generally attracts its spectators, but such an immense assemblage has rarely been collected in Worcester, whether before or

since, as was gathered together to witness the show on the day of execution.

In proportion as the tide had turned against Ronald Payne, so did it now set in for him. The neighborhood, one and all, took shame to themselves for their conduct to an innocent man, and it was astonishing to observe how quick they were in declaring that they must have been fools to suspect a kind-hearted, honorable man could be guilty of murder. Mrs. Armstrong's self-reproaches were keen: she was a just woman, and she knew that she had treated him with bitter harshness. Sir John Seabury, however, did not waste words in condolence and reproaches, as the others did: he despatched a trusty messenger to Liverpool, in the hope of catching Payne before he embarked for a foreign land, and, as vessels in those times did not start every day as steamers do in these, he was successful.

#### IV.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of March: the villagers were decked out as for a holiday; garlands and festoons denoted that there was some unusual cause for rejoicing, and the higher class of farmers and their wives were grouped together, conversing cheerfully. Jane Armstrong stood by her mother, a happy flush upon her pleasing countenance. It was the hour of the expected return of Ronald Payne, and a rustic band of music had gone forth to meet the stage-coach.

Everybody was talking, nobody listening, the buzz of expectation rose louder and louder, and soon the band was heard returning, half of it blowing away at "See the Conquering Hero comes," the other half (not having been able to agree amongst themselves) drumming and whistling "God save the King." Before the audience had time to comment on the novel effect of this new music, horses' heads were seen in the distance, and not the heavy coach, as had been expected, but the open barouche of Sir John Seabury came in sight, containing himself and Ronald Payne.

Ronald was nearly hugged to death. Words of apology and congratulation, of excuse and good-will, of repentance and joy, were poured into his ear by all, save Jane; and she stood away, the uncontrollable tears coursing down her face. It was plain, in a moment, that he bore no malice to any of them: his brow was as frank as ever, his eye as merry, his hands as open to clasp

theirs—he was the same old Ronald Payne of months ago.

"Ronald Payne!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, standing a little before the rest, "I was the first to accuse you, I was the foremost to rail at and shun you; let me be the most eager to express my painful regret, and so far—which is all I can do—make reparation. For the future, you shall not have a more sincere friend than myself."

"And allow me, Mr. Payne, to be the second to speak," added Sir John, "although I have no apology to make, for I never believed you guilty, as you know; but all these good people did, and it is of no use, you are aware, to run against a stream. As some recompense for what you have suffered, I hereby offer you a lease of the farm and lands rented by the unfortunate James Darnley. It is the best vacant farm on my estate. And—a word yet: should you not have sufficient ready money to stock it, I will be your banker."

Ronald Payne grasped in silence the offered hand of his landlord. His heart was too full to speak, but a hum of gratification from those around told that the generosity was appreciated.

"But, Mrs. Armstrong," continued Sir John, a merry smile upon his countenance, "is there no other recompense you can offer him?"

Jane was now standing amongst them, by Ronald's side, though not a word had yet

passed between them. His eyes fondly sought hers at the last words, but her glowing countenance was alike turned from him and from Sir John Seabury.

"Ay, by all that's right and just, there is, Sir John!" burst forth good Farmer Armstrong. "He deserves her, and he shall have her; and if my wife still says no, why I don't think she is any wife of mine."

Sir John glanced at Mrs. Armstrong, waiting no doubt for her lips to form themselves into the negative; but they formed themselves into nothing save an approving smile cast towards Ronald Payne.

"And with many thanks, grateful thanks—which I am sure *he* feels—for your generous offer of being his banker, Sir John," continued Mr. Armstrong, "you must give me leave to say that it will not now be needed. My daughter does not go to her husband portionless."

"You must let me have notice of the time, Miss Armstrong," whispered Sir John, as he leaned forward and took her hand, "for I have made up my mind to dance at your wedding."

But the secret was not confined to Sir John Seabury. The crowd had comprehended it now; and suddenly, as with one universal voice, the air was rent with shouts, "Long live Ronald Payne and his fair wife when he shall win her! Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Payne!"

DE QUINCEY, the English opium-eater, is a Manchester man, though from Manchester and all that pertains to it, materially and intellectually, multifarious influences have long separated him. His home (and Christopher North's) is now in fair Lasswade, by the flowing Esk, where, the victim of 'nervous distraction which renders all labor exacting any energy of attention inexpressibly painful,' he has managed to see through the press, and even to preface, a first volume, just appearing, of *Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished*, and containing his autobiography to the threshold of its great era, the discovery of opium. 'During the fourteen last years,' writes the old man eloquent, 'I have received from many

quarters in England, in Ireland, in the British colonies, and in the United States, a series of letters expressing a far profounder interest in papers written by myself than any which I could ever think myself entitled to look for;—hence a republication was always determined on, which would never have been made in England, however, had not the preliminary trouble of collecting from far and wide the scattered papers been taken by the Boston (U. S.) firm of Ticknor & Co. who deserve honorable mention for having, De Quincey says, 'made me a sharer in the profits of the publication, called upon to do so by no law whatever, and assuredly by no expectation of that sort upon my part.'—*Critic*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.\*

THE book which stands at the head of our list, entitled "Von Babylon nach Jerusalem," appeared in Germany soon after the conversion of Countess Hahn-Hahn to the Romish Church, if conversion that can be called which is not the substitution of one faith for another, but the first comprehension of religion under any form. That the authoress had hitherto never felt the power and beauty of Christianity would be made clearly evident by this, her last work, if the readers of her former books could ever have doubted it. To those acquainted with the mind and character of Countess Hahn, it was no surprise that Catholicism had charmed her into its magic circle. The stern, unbending Lutheranism of Germany had no attractions for her imaginative spirit, her enthusiastic nature was repulsed by the prosaic form in which religion was put before her. With this feeling we can have much sympathy. Protestantism in Germany exists in the original form in which Luther moulded it, in that age when the errors of the Church of Rome drove him first to question her infallibility, and then to overturn her authority, while in its place he erected his own dogmas as the standard of belief. Herein, it seems to us, lies the root of a deep-seated evil, which casts its shadow over the whole of Protestant Germany. Luther fought the good fight. Who shall venture to deny him the merit due to the leader in the glorious Reformation? He was, however, but *the leader*; like Moses, he was destined to free the children of God from the bondage of superstition and idolatry, and bring them within sight of the land of promise, but not to conduct them through it. Since his time the Germans have been content, for the most

part, to accept religion as he taught it, without recognizing the truth, that reform, to be effective, must be progressive—advancing with the mind of man, and keeping pace with the requirements of a higher state of civilization. To stand still is impossible; and while Catholic Germany has tacitly acknowledged this, and admitted some modifications of ceremonies, and permitted certain relaxations in her severest doctrines to suit the temper of the times, Lutheranism inflexibly adheres to its ancient rigid creeds and forms. It is true, that a new Church has sprung up, calling itself the "Reformed;" but while introducing some differences in point of belief, it does not strike at the fundamental evil of the Lutheran Church, since it fails to recognise the vital principle of the Reformation—viz., the right of private judgment as opposed to the authority of any Church. The spirit of reform has been checked; the soul of man, progressing in all else, has been fettered to old doctrines and formulas, and thus religion has become a cold, empty form—its life-giving power has gradually died out, and the German mind, alive to all other heart-stirring and intellectual influences, has either turned from Christianity into the byways of indifferentism, rationalism, and infidelity, or striking into the opposite extreme, has yielded itself a voluntary slave to the most rigid pietism. Roman Catholicism, meanwhile, with her wide comprehension of the wants of human nature, and her power of meeting them, has kept the flame of devotion burning bright and clear upon her altars, and weak or ardent souls, repulsed by Protestant coldness, have been allured to worship there, from the solace and repose they found within the nurturing bosom of the "Mother Church."

It had already been predicted that Countess Hahn-Hahn would end her days as a Roman Catholic devotee, if not a nun; nor are we bigoted enough to grudge her the consolation she has found by thus surrendering herself to the guidance of what she

\* 1. "Von Babylon nach Jerusalem." Von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.

2. "Babylon und Jerusalem." Ein Sendschreiben mit einer nachschrift, an Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.

3. "Wo ist Babel." Sendschreiben an Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Von Dr. Aug. Ebrard, Prof. der ref. Theologie zu Erlangen.

deems an infallible Church; if her choice of a religion be sincere (and we are not prepared to doubt it), we have nought to say against it; this question she alone has to settle with God and her own conscience. We believe that pure and noble spirits are trained for immortality in the Roman Catholic, as in all other Churches, although truth comes to us in another form. With her faith, therefore, we have nothing to do; but with her book, much.

It is, perhaps, the natural tendency of the human mind to disparage that creed which it has abandoned; none are more furiously bigoted than converts; but it has ever seemed to us that, natural as such feelings may be, they are inconsistent with the true humility which Christianity inculcates; and, certainly, of this humility not a trace exists in the books now under our notice. It will not be deemed a want of charity in us to accept Countess Hahn's own account of her former irreligious state as the correct one. We believe, with herself, that religion never influenced her character until the present time; that receiving her impressions of it from the Church to which she professed to belong, her soul lay dead to the beauty of Christianity; that the simple, holy teachings of our Saviour—that the touching history of his life, his death, and his resurrection—his example, his spirit of self-sacrifice, were all unable to touch or purify her heart. We believe that, far from being a Protestant, she was a believer in nothing, and that revelation was a sealed book to her—she was of the world, worldly. Her earlier works rise up in judgment against her, and condemn her as an egotist, a seeker after the shadows of things, while the realities of life and glory of heaven were alike veiled from her.

She begins her book with the words "I believe!" and the "I" which thus stands foremost on the page, pervades every line of the work. As, in her former writings, we feel its presence, so does it follow us still; nor does it shrink from entering the very presence of the living God. But the "I" of this book, she tells us, is not the "I" of olden times; and in order to exalt her present, she vilifies her former self, in words which, though little inclined to rank ourselves amongst her admirers, we should not have ventured to employ. We have ever regarded such ostentatious self-depreciation with suspicion, believing it to be one of the most dangerous and subtle forms of human vanity; while the old "I" is reviled like a demon, it is hoped that the new "I" may shine forth as an

angel—the darker the back-ground the more brilliantly do the colors of the portrait strike on the eye. True humility thinks and speaks but little of itself—loves the quiet sacrifices of daily life better than notice and praise of man—dwells but little, if ever, on its achievements—but steadily pursues its course, going direct to the aim it has set before it, be it the welfare of its fellow-creatures, the glory of God, the annihilation of evil passions, or the conquest of self. Such is not Countess Hahn's humility.

She speaks with horror of her former aims; says that she sacrificed to three idols—love, truth, and fame—and in turn reviles each as base and unworthy to influence a human being. Perhaps, regarding them as Countess Hahn alone knew them, we should be little disposed to deny her proposition; we can, perhaps, even less than herself give our allegiance to her false deities; and we agree with her that they were idols of clay, nor do we wonder that her portion in them was "dust and ashes." Love, as she knew it, was but a passion—of the earth, earthy. Hear her own words, and judge if this be love as it exists in pure and noble hearts:—

"For the beloved object we are ready to endure, to suffer, to mourn, to sacrifice all things, to resign all to make him happy; and from this longing and striving arises so sweet, refined, and perfume-breathing an egotism that, like the aroma of the lily or the luscious blossoms of the orange-flower, it stupifies and intoxicates; and when the illusion remains unbroken, enervation and exhaustion are engendered, until the heart, heavy and weary, finally sinks into a state of melancholy."

That the fruits of such unholy passion should be "dust and ashes" cannot surprise us; but true love bears another and a better harvest—a harvest unto eternal life. In it we recognize a spark of divinity—an influence that raises and purifies the human soul, rendering it a temple worthy of God himself.

Of truth (her second idol) her ideas are so vague, that we seek in vain amongst her wordy sentences for one single clear idea; nor can we wonder that truth fled the steps of one seeking it in the spirit she did. Her text is, *that since truth exists alone in the (Roman) Catholic Church*, all who seek it elsewhere do but squander their time, abuse their talents, and injure their character—becoming arrogant, self-satisfied, proud of their own intellects, while they remain for ever wanderers in darkness and ignorance. This is such a flagrant begging of the question,

that we are little disposed to discuss the matter further. The truth, as it is in Jesus, is accessible to all. In it the soul of man finds liberty of thought, and soars untrammelled to the God and Father of us all!

Equally erroneous appear to us Countess Hahn-Hahn's ideas of fame; her opinions on this, as on all subjects, betray a bitterness of mind which ever accompanies the real egoist. She judges from her own experience as an author, and declares that the desire of fame is base and unworthy. The desire for an immortality of fame in high and noble natures is a natural and legitimate feeling of the human heart; with such it is a lofty sentiment, standing apart from self; a holy, heaven-inspired wish to benefit mankind; to erect in the hearts of men a monument which may endure while the world lasts; a desire to live in the memory of the wise and good of our own and succeeding ages. This is no base or selfish aim, but one to which true genius will ever aspire. Milton knew that he wrote for future times; Newton's soul must have seen and rejoiced in the glory with which coming generations would delight to surround his name; but to an immortality of fame like this the authoress of "Countess Faustina," "Die Beiden Frauen," "Der Rechte," &c., &c., could scarcely hope to aspire! She is right in saying, "I worked with perishable means, and with earthly tools;" she might have added, for worldly ends and earthly fame.

The author of the pamphlet which stands second on our list ("Babylon and Jerusalem") has in it addressed an admirable appeal to Countess Hahn-Hahn. We quote from it willingly, since its tone is vigorous and keen, while at the same time it never oversteps the boundaries of Christian charity. It is the ablest amongst many answers which "Von Babylon nach Jerusalem" has called forth. It appeared in the form of a letter to the Countess, and is written in a truthful, earnest, benevolent, and *gentlemanly* spirit; we give the last attribute, because in "Wo ist Babel," another letter, addressed by a professor of theology, to Countess Hahn-Hahn, she is attacked in a manner so coarse and *ungentlemanly*, that however much we may concur in his opinions, we shrink from allying ourselves to anything so vulgar. Wrong as Countess Hahn has been, open as her life is to reproach, and paltry as this last production of her pen seems to us, she is still a woman, and as such, has a claim upon the respect and consideration of all who call themselves gentlemen. It is sad that beneath

the gown of the churchman we do not always find the feelings and heart of a Christian! But to our theme:—

"The greater part of your book, however, lady, is occupied with proving how great and noble even your errors are; how all the while that you were wandering in darkness, you were yet so near the truth, so near the Church; how nothing common or little, nothing imperfect, could have power over you, as over the herd of vulgar minds; how you had ever been one of the elect. So that, though now aspersing your former life, though acknowledging your enormous errors, yet you contemplate them with a certain self-elation and pride. This spirit of arrogance and self-occupation [the German word, *selbst-bespiegelung*, self-mirroring, is more expressive] pervades, alas! your whole book, making itself felt in every page; and in this lies the sad and painful impression which it leaves upon the mind. Not your strange and ignorant attacks on Protestantism and the Reformation, unworthy as these too often are of your better self, since they are but the repetition of the commonest arguments; not your exalting a Church to which I myself do not belong; but this never-ceasing idolatry of yourself; this it is which grieves me in your book."

The writer further remarks:

"The extract which you give, honored Countess, from your journal (August 26th 1846), affords us a deep insight into your inner self. You say, 'my heart is an altar, upon which an eternal flame burns in honor of the godlike, but to the glory of God. Can it be that I shall live to find that I have kindled this eternal lamp before false gods? Will the true God displace these false deities? or must my life be spent in the worship of idols?' Your ladyship acknowledged the worthlessness of your deities; you knew that the altar was raised to 'the unknown god,' and you yet persevered in sacrificing upon it to your idols. Even so it is, and this is truly human! We have, perhaps, done likewise; but you do not allude to this passage in the spirit of humble repentance, of deep and bitter grief; on the contrary, you quote it with evident satisfaction, with self-elation, with pride, that you had even then attained to such a height; the first and most important thought this remembrance awakens in your mind, is not the feeling of guilt that you had worshiped false gods, but a self-gratulation that even then the altar of your heart was dedicated 'to the godlike.'"

Of the Bible she thus speaks:—

"Old and New Testament, Prophets, Psalms, Epistles, I read again and again, finding them all beautiful and soul-inspiring. I was too warm-hearted and imaginative to fall back into the desert waste of rationalism; yet was there as yet no trace of Christian faith in me. The Holy Scriptures are a noble fragment which Protestantism bore away from the Church from which it seceded.

Regarding them as such, the eager soul in quest of knowledge can never deem itself in possession of the whole truth, with the Bible alone, since the objective confirmation of the truth is wanting; and this we need for the security of our faith. It may not be clear to the soul that it has but a fragment upon which to feed, still less clear may it be where to seek materials for its completion, yet it pines for the whole, and eagerly sets to work to seek it. . . . My Lord! and my God! Thou knowest *how* I have sought it! I have wandered from the cataracts of the Nile to the grotto of Staffa; from Cintra's heights to the garden of Damascus; over the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and Lebanon; over sea and across the Arabian desert, from the banks of the Shannon in green Erin to the shores of holy Jordan; I have housed beneath the Bedouin's tent and in the palaces of the *haute volée* of Europe! I have learned all that was to be gained from every position and relation of life amongst differing peoples and nations. I have moved amidst the most striking contrasts! In London, for example, I went from Rag Fair to be presented to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. I strove to study mankind in all its phases; to explore the heights and depths of civilization; the various degrees of culture attained by different nations; the connexion of education with religion, national character, art, and morals. I desired to pass in review before my mind the whole history of man, and face to face study its features. I longed to understand—what? 'Mankind,' I said to myself. Perhaps I desired to know myself, but that was impossible, since I possessed no positive law strong enough to serve as rule and standard by which impartially to judge phantasms and emotions both within and around me. I lived at the mercy of my own caprices, feeding on fragments, and was, in this respect, a genuine product of Lutheranism!"

Lutheranism would with scorn disclaim the "product" thus falsely attributed to her! Had Countess Hahn, indeed, sought with earnest heart and steady head, that she professes to have desired, it would have been revealed to her without these restless wanderings and strivings, which betoken merely the spirit discontented with itself, ever craving new excitement, and indulging itself in the search after novel emotions and strange adventures. Had she but listened to "the still small voice" within, and in meek humility prostrated herself before God, beseeching for help and guidance, her heart would have been spared many a pang, and her soul would long ago have cast its burthen of doubts and fears upon Him who calls to all the weary and heavy laden, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." But to this voice she stopt not to listen; pursued her headlong course, pressed to her heart the "idols" which crumble in her hand; and sate down at length, a broken and despairing

creature, amidst their "dust and ashes." The worst feature in the book, to our mind, is, that while the author so frankly confesses her errors, and with such mock-humility delights in vilifying herself, she artfully turns all the blame from herself, and seeks, by accusing the religion she deserts of all her vices and short-comings, to exculpate herself. Protestantism, in her eyes, is alone chargeable with all her errors! Does the voice of conscience never whisper to her soul, that she, and she alone, is responsible for her faults, and that it is as false as it is mean to cast her burthen upon a religion which she declares was never influential in forming her character? if not in forming, then surely not, in destroying!

Gently would we desire to touch her private history; but what she herself reveals to us becomes public property, and without some knowledge of the facts of her private life, her book is unintelligible. Married young to one she could not love, she recoiled from and spurned the chains which bound her to a being she despised; she sued for a divorce (so easily, alas! obtained in Germany), and the unhappy tie was broken. She revelled in her freedom, was courted, admired, flattered; her time was divided between writing novels and travelling. She speaks thus of herself in that time:—

"Pride was the groundwork of my character, and through pride the angels fell with Lucifer. This pride gave me a boundless desire for independence of all external influences of men and things; I would be slave to none, to the prejudices, opinions, views of no one; I would neither play the hypocrite, nor flatter to gain praise or avoid reproach; I sought to free myself from the trammels of custom, effeminacy, and factitious wants. . . . To stand on my own foundation was my delight. When a storm came, I bowed, and let it pass over me; but I rose again and often repeated to myself 'God is for me; I can do, and endure all.'"

Thus she lived, until at length she met, in a Russian nobleman, the man to whom she surrendered her freedom. She loved with all the fire and abandonment of her passionate nature; she was bound by the settlement of divorce to forfeit her fortune if she married again. She resigned neither her wealth nor her lover. And now began her days of happiness, if sin and happiness can go hand in hand. Her struggling heart had found a resting-place, and death alone disturbed her seeming peace. Her heart had wasted all its treasures on this idol, and broke when it was snatched from her. During a long and

painful illness she nursed her lover, with a tenderness and devotion, which could not be surpassed—he died, and the world lay in ruins around her.

"Until this moment," she says, "I had conquered all sorrows, while I sheltered myself behind the shield and helmet of my pride and self-confidence; now these were useless; the shaft had reached my heart, had penetrated to the inmost depths of my soul; for great as had been my pride, my love had been greater . . . What then passed in my soul, what preparation for future progress was then taking place, cannot be accurately described in words; a black torrent of grief overwhelmed me with the force of a cataract; my powers were all stunned and paralyzed."

She speaks in accents of despair of her loss. Prostrate in the dust, but not humbled, she sinks beneath the stroke, and when feeling resumed her sway, and she looked out into the world again, she found all barren and empty; her altars vacant, her idols crumbled beneath her feet. Then in bitterness of soul did she feel that God was *not for her*. He whom she had never sought in the days of her vainglory and pride, was now a stranger to her, and she was indeed alone in the cold world she had loved so well. In such a state of mind it is no wonder that she turned more and more from the Church to which she still professed to belong. A deep want had made itself felt in her soul, which nothing she had yet found could supply; a voice was crying from within for help in her utmost need, and from the Protestant Church came no response, for her heart was steeled against its influences. She knew religion as yet only under its cold Lutheran form, and her book reveals to us how gradually Romanism began to interest her; its power, the grandeur of its spiritual machinery, the mighty influence obtained by it over the human mind; the antiquity of the Church, the very existence of a Church as a standard of authority in matters of faith, the unity of belief amongst its disciples, all had their share in attracting Countess Hahn-Hahn to the Romish faith. Art, employed as it is by the Catholic Church in the service of religion, the heavenly works of those artists, who, ere they took the pencil in their hand, offered up their souls in prayer; whose very works were prayers, imbued with the holiest feelings of devotion; these too had their influence. Before the divine creations of Fra Angelico and the oldest masters of the Italian schools, she stood enraptured. She says:—

"There were times when their paintings seemed

to be more beautiful than those of Raphael himself, the deep piety, purity, and holiness which beamed from them, the intensity of belief and devotion which hovered like a glory round their heads, spoke to my soul, and I felt that they were the offspring of a mighty religious element."

The imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church had little power over her mind; on the contrary, when seen in all their pomp at Rome, during the Easter week, they left a painful impression upon her. She says—"I found that holy things were touched unholy." Her interest in Catholicism was aroused by far different causes, as we have seen, and others still remain to be noticed. She mentions the effect produced upon her mind by a sojourn in the Roman Catholic countries of the Rhine, where Catholicism assumed a new form to her; there it was the religion of the people, not of courts and grandees. Oppressed with sorrow, her heart was keenly alive to the external influences of religion, and here they met her at every step:—

"A crucifix by the way-side; a chapel overshadowed by fine old trees; a shrine upon the heights, the constant resort of pilgrim feet; noble cathedrals in the towns, convents or their ruins amidst a lovely country, and the frequent sounds of church bells, all this soothed while it roused me, because I felt for the first time that religion was a reality, which could speak to the heart of man."

Allowed by the ever-open doors of churches and road-side chapels (oh, why are our Protestant places of worship closed during six days, as if religion belonged alone to the seventh!) she often entered to pray, and found that her heart rose to its Creator with a fervor it had never known before. Still she was no Catholic; the heaven was at work, but the full time was not yet come.

Amidst the ruins of Kom-Ombos, in Upper Egypt she muses on the rise and fall of empires and religions, and asks her soul if Christianity, too, will pass away like other religions:—

"Will it be with Christianity as it is with Kom-Ombos and its temples,—its foundations be undermined by the majestic, irresistible stream of time; its pillars and its halls shaken by the waving sand which covers all from which life has departed? No; that thought is horrible—never! never! I fled for refuge to the holy Apostle Peter, and exclaimed with him, 'Lord whither shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' Such a longing seized my soul to found the perishable things of this world on the basis of eternity, that



I perceived not how senseless it was to use the words of Peter without accepting his belief; that belief in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, to whom we can only come through the revelation which that Church teaches, which is built upon St. Peter, which has the fullness of truth, and therefore alone possesses the power of making blessed."

Such logical deductions need no refutation; "*Guarda e passa.*"

We would gladly give her account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Naples, A. D. 1848, as a specimen of Countess Hahn's graphic powers of description, but our space forbids such digressions.

We must notice as another actuating influence in the change effected in her mind and heart, the views she takes of conventual life. In the Catholic Church, she found claims made upon man to sacrifice worldly gains and present ease to religion: this fell in with the requirements of her nature and peculiar circumstances. Hers was not a spirit to seek contentment in the secret places of the earth; her heart, wearied with the vanity and emptiness of the world, and crushed by the last heavy blow which had fallen upon it, longed for some new sphere of exertion and excitement. The existence in the Catholic Church of those asylums for such shipwrecked human souls attracted her; her exaggerated feelings caused her to invest convents and monasteries with a halo which we fear seldom belongs to them. The Capuchins and Mendicant orders of friars had as great influence over her feelings as the Jesuits possessed over her mind; in the one case she was attracted by the semblance of humility and self-sacrifice, in the other allured by the high intellectual and concentrated power of the order of Jesus. A few words quoted from her books will show her feelings on this subject:—

"Oh! ye poor priests, ye poor monks! Ye think that, right or wrong, the Saviour meant what he said, 'follow me.' Poor like him, who had not where to lay his head, self-denying as He who turned from the pleasures of the world; obedient like Him who obeyed even unto death on the cross; ye have through your love to him comprehended his spirit of self-sacrifice, and have made it your own. In one single day of your lives we find more depth, more love, more faith, more beauty, more value, than in the united lives of all the Reformers taken together."

A pretty arrogant assertion that! Strip off the poetical garment in which our idealising Countess delights to invest these classes of men, and the truth would be presented in

a melancholy and humiliating contrast. Let but the walls of monasteries and convents reveal the tales of sin and self-indulgence they too often witness, and the sympathies even of the Countess Hahn would turn from these profligate and idle cumberers of the ground!

In the monastery on Mount Carmel, her gradually-increasing inclinations towards Catholicism first took a definite form. We find her expatiating on the beauty of the East—luxuriating in the free, unfettered, unconventional life in her tents; and, amidst many poetical imaginings, such as the following, we find a longing after the repose and simplicity of a cloister life:—

"... Enough! I found in the whole character of the East, something so ennobling that, beside it all European civilization seemed mean and insignificant. . . . There (on Mount Carmel), I first experienced a grief not to belong to the Catholic Church; there, in the pilgrim-house, where I was received with such hospitality, I saw what was the life of these humble-minded men, who had come from Spain and Italy—had studied Oriental languages, in order to teach little children, and shelter pilgrims. Now that I saw the Catholic Church in all her glory—that is to say in love and poverty—now did I begin indeed to love her. A wonderful holiness hovers around this spot—a peace wholly ideal, such as in no other place I had yet found. . . I knew the Church as yet neither in her foundation, which is the Redeemer, nor in her dogmas, which he taught; nor in her ideas, in which time and eternity are blended; I knew but her external surface, yet it did my heart good, for she spoke to that ideal of heavenly love which I have ever borne about within my soul, like a veiled and holy picture; and so I began to love her."

Returning from the East, A.D. 1844, where she had spent her days amidst the ruins of cities and empires, floating along the Nile in dreamy indolence, or travelling across the calm and silent desert, she found the activity and luxury of European life press heavily upon her. The heavings of the nations, in their efforts to obtain freedom, were beginning to be felt, and, aristocrat to the heart's core, Countess Hahn-Hahn recoiled from all idea of progress. She looked upon the struggle taking place with a burning heart, shut her eyes upon the political and social evils they were intended to redress, shrank terrified from the threatened convulsions, seeing in them hopelessly-destructive anarchy alone. To find the clue to such mighty movements was beyond her power, and her spirit sinking beneath the pressure, she fell into despair.

Hear now what roused her from this lethargy :

"From this torpor I was saved by a circumstance which caused a wonderful sensation in Northern Germany—the exhibition of the holy coat at Treves! People comprehend it not. 'What did it mean?'—what portend? How astonishing and incomprehensible, that thousands and tens of thousands wandered up the Rhine and down the Rhine, as pilgrims to the shrine; and these, not from the lower classes alone, but from the higher and enlightened! . . . I was amazed like the rest at this religious excitement, to which Protestants had not the faintest clue; but instead of ridiculing it as they did, it refreshed my spirit. Whether it were indeed the holy coat, I knew not; but as I wrote at the time, 'it is the same faith which in former days cast the sick woman at the feet of Christ, that by touching the hem of his garment, she might be healed.' My instinct was ever right, and my reasoning false."

False, indeed, poor weak-minded woman! When such things had power to sway your opinions, we can but pity and be silent.

Two years later, we find her still restlessly seeking peace in outward things, traveling to England, Scotland, and Ireland; and while political influences were now at work, in conjunction with others, to lead her to her final goal, she speaks of the state of England, where, she says, the death-worm is diligently at work; and in proof of this her profound wisdom cites the "corn bill," which had just passed the two houses of Parliament. "The corn bill," she says, "is a work of the death-worm; it will change entirely the ancient centre of gravity by which this land has become strong within, and mighty without." We are the last people who desire to exclude women from a share in political, as in all other discussions; we would only require that *ignorance* should know how becoming silence is.

In the English Church Countess Hahn finds only "noble cathedrals standing empty," "married bishops," and her "ideal vanishes." She examines the outside merely, but is compelled, perhaps unwittingly, to acknowledge that "the English have need of faith, and a veneration for religion as God's law." She visits Scotland, the puritanical strictness and simplicity of whose Church found little favor in her eyes, and passes thence to Ireland—

"Here did I once again behold the Church in beauty, in poverty, oppression, and martyrdom, and in her priests I found holy and temperate men, filled with apostolic charity and love."

Again, she looks to the surface alone. In all her blame of England's misgovernment of this unhappy country we join her unhesitatingly, but there break we off, and leave her to her own exaggerated ideas as to the merits of the priests and people of Ireland; poetical fancies all, and false as poetical.

After this journey, the Countess returned to Germany, more hopelessly unhappy than ever. "I was like one swimming in the wide ocean, dreaming of a harbor of refuge, and ever exclaiming, 'It is not here, it is not here! these waves can never bear me thither!'" She visits Italy again, and speaks of her journey as a melancholy one. Weary and dispirited, she returned: the revolutionary spirit had for an hour conquered; princes trembled on their thrones, and nobles stood helpless and confounded around; Austria had been beaten on the plains of Italy, and monarchy tottered in the high places of the earth. The proud nature of the Countess, too weak to grapple with the times, writhed in tortures beneath them:—

"I lived like the salamander, in the fire of an inextinguishable hatred of democracy and its leaders." (A truly Christian sentiment!) "Spring came (1849); over that May death spread a mourning veil so thick and black that for a long time I neither felt nor saw anything, neither in heaven above, nor on the earth beneath, neither within me, nor around me. Every Sunday, I went to Dresden to mass, and then I wept as if I were melting away in tears; it was as though a spring breeze were dissolving the ice in my breast, as if a warm hand laid itself upon my benumbed heart. Whither was this leading me? I knew not then, now I see it all clearly. 'With eternal love do I love thee; therefore, am I merciful unto thee, and draw thee to myself.'"

She opened the Bible, as was often her habit, to see on what passage her eyes would first alight. They fell upon these words in the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah—"Arise! shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." This accident so forcibly impressed her mind, that she sat unconscious of time, her head buried in her hands, gazing upon the open book. "A ray of morning light glided into the black, iron night of my soul; faint, and pale, and deep, below the horizon it began to dawn." After this she writes thus:—

"I can no longer make illusions to my soul, saying, Try this—prove that! perhaps now the world may yet have something hidden for thee! The cry of experience is sounding within me. No—no! it has nothing! Then what remains? God?"

Her feelings had led her now within the portals of the Catholic Church; the strongest fortress of her nature had yielded, and it needed little more to complete the victory. Her weak reason, ever the slave of her imagination and heart, was easily convinced of the truth of what she already loved. She sent for three books, which were to determine her future faith:—Luther's greater and lesser "Catechism," "Böckel's Confession of the Evangelical Reformed Church," and the "Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent." Thus she imagined to place herself at the fountain-head of the three different religions, and that she should speedily find from which flowed the water of life. She began with the Catholic book, and exclaims:

"Yes! this was what I sought; here I found at last all that my soul had pined for so long—here was the perfection of repose, united with eternal excitement."

Her part was taken; nor was it to be expected that she would listen with calm impartiality to the arguments of creeds, which since her youth she had neglected. She thus writes to a Roman Catholic friend:—

"I am like the swallow which deserts the falling house; I quit for ever the tottering building (of Protestantism); I need a house for eternity; I now know where to find it. . . . And now I am returned—from Babylon to Jerusalem, from a foreign land to my home, from loneliness to communion, from division to unity, from disquietude to peace, from lies to the truth, from the world to God!"

And here we take leave of Countess Hahn-Hahn. That her book has had the smallest influence over sensible minds it is difficult to conceive, and yet we hear that converts have been added to the Romish Church by its perusal. That Roman Catholicism must and will gain ready listeners in Germany, is, we fear, a sad truth. To the soul thirsting for religion, for a living, active faith, this Church offers a ready asylum from the chilling coldness of Lutheranism: and unless greater reforms are quickly introduced, and a more vital spirit breathed into the dull mass, we may look for many followers in the way which has led Countess Hahn-Hahn "from Babylon to Jerusalem."

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From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## AN EVENING WITH JASMIN.

I HAD heard of Jasmin, the barber-poet of Agen, years ago; and had read his works too, which is more than every one can say. I had also had always a great curiosity to see him, and was therefore very glad to receive an invitation to a "soirée chez Madame la Marquise de B—," where "Jasmin s'y trouvera" (will be there) were the magnetic words which were to attract the great world. He was to read some of his published poems—his *Papillotes*, or Curl-papers, with their literal translation in French; for Jasmin writes in the Gascon dialect, the old Langue d'Oc of the troubadours—which is a kind of mixture of French and Italian, only that it is more sonorous, rich, and masculine than either: as noble and stately as the Spanish, with more grace and more tenderness. Ac-

cordingly, at a little past nine I presented myself at the hotel of Madame la Marquise, whose *salons* even at this early hour I found filled to overflowing with many of the old nobility of France. As she herself expressed it: "It was a St. Germain's night." High-sounding names were there—pages of history every one of them—and intellect and beauty; all assembled to do honor to the hairdresser of a small provincial town on the Garonne, who wrote in patois, and wore no gloves: a practical illustration of the honor paid in France to intellect, and of the affectionate kind of social democracy which is so beautiful there. Indeed, among very many virtues in French society, none is so delightful, none so cheering, none so mutually improving, and none more *Christian*, than the

kindly intercourse, almost equality, of all ranks of society, and the comparatively little importance attached to the wealth or condition where there is intellect and power.

At half-past nine precisely, a short, stout, dark-haired man, with large bright eyes, and a mobile animated face—his button-hole decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and an enormous ring on the forefinger of a not very clean hand—made his way through the rich attire and starry wealth of jewels, to a small table placed in one corner of the large saloon, whereon were books—his own Curl-papers—a carafe of fresh water, two candles and a vase of flowers. The ladies ranged themselves in a series of brilliant semicircles before him; the men blocked up the doorways, and peered over each other's shoulders; he waved his hands, like the leader of an orchestra indicating a subdued movement, and a general silence sealed all those fresh noisy lips, like a sudden sleep falling on a grove of perroquets. One haughty little brunette, not long from her convent, giggled audibly; but Jasmin's eye transfixed her, and the poor child sat rebuked and dumb. Satisfied now, the hero of the evening again waved his hands, gave a preliminary cough, tossed back his hair, suddenly "struck an attitude," and began his poem. The lion roared and roared in real earnest.

He read first a piece which contained nothing very particular, excepting an appeal for help towards the building of a church. The church had been built and endowed years ago, but by the manner in which Jasmin read his poem, you might have believed it a case of the most urgent present distress. He clasped his hands, he looked up to heaven, he half knelt in the fervor of his beseeching application, tears started into his eyes, and his voice shook with emotion, and then he laughed joyously like a child, looking round for applause, as he repeated lines or phrases that pleased him, crying: "How charming!—how graceful!—how beautiful!—magnificent!—what a phrase!" at every moment. Though I recognised the poem as one published just ten years ago, yet I fancied that he must have transferred its application; and that, in all probability, a church was now waiting to be built, for which he adapted his former appeal—he was so urgent, so passionate, so earnest in his manner. But I was mistaken, and so were many others, whose hands I saw in their pockets—silver, and in one instance, a piece of gold, and in another two sous shining between their fin-

gers. It was simply the warmth of his imagination that affected him. He now read the Gascon version; and, to my amazement and amusement, at every word where he had clasped his hands together in the French, he clasped his hands together in the Gascon; where he had looked up to heaven before, he looked up to heaven again; where he had concentrated all his fingers in one point on his forehead, he concentrated just in the same point again; where he had thrust his hand into his waistcoat before, he did so once more; the tears gushed where they were gushed before, and smiles irradiated his face at the same words where smiles had irradiated his face. Excepting for the sound of the syllables, Gascon and French were the same in the stereotyped emotions they called up. And this not only to-night, but every night wherein he gives his readings, without the slightest variation in a single particular. Those in the salon had seen him before, assured me that not a glance, a smile, a gesture, was changed. Once hear Jasmin read a certain poem, and ten years afterwards you have precisely the same "effects." A strange kind of enthusiasm, to say the least of it, which can survive the duplicate repetition of years, and come out as fresh as if new born.

I was, however, unwilling to judge the poet either hastily or by hearsay—in both cases necessarily unjust—and therefore I waited for his second display.

"Ladies, prepare your pocket-handkerchiefs," he cried after a moment's pause. "I am going to make you all weep. You have not pocket-handkerchiefs enough with you—they are too thin. See, I have brought two *foulards*."

A young bride suggested that Madame la Marquise should send round a salver with a supply of this necessary article. Jasmin looked enchanted, and exclaimed: "Très bien! très bien! charmant!" many times. But the hint was not adopted.

It must be distinctly understood, that all Jasmin said and did was with the most perfect good faith and unbroken gravity.

He began his poem without the supplemental handkerchiefs. It was *La Semaine d'un Fils*—The Week of a Son—which a foot-note tells us is "historical, the circumstance having recently occurred in our part of the country." The poem is divided into three parts. In the first, a young boy and girl, Abel and Jeanne, kneeling in the moonlight before a cross by the wayside, pray to the Sainte Vierge to cure their father.

"Mother of God, Virgin compassionate,

send down thine angel, and cure our sick father. Our mother will become happy again; and we, *virgette Mere*—Little Virgin Mother—we will love thee yet more if we can."

The Virgin hears the prayer, for a woman, still young, opening the door of a dark house, cries joyously: "Poor little ones, death has left us. The poison of the fever is counteracted; your father's life is saved. Come, little lambs, pray to God with me!"

Then they all three pray by the side of an old four-post bedstead—literally, "*entre quatre colonnes d'un vieux lit en serge*"—where sleeps the good father Hilaire, formerly a brave soldier, but now a mason's servant. This ends the first part.

The second part opens with a brief description of morning, where the sun shines through the glass of the casement "mended with paper." Abel glides into his father's room, who commands him to go to the house of his preceptor to-day, to learn to read and write; for Abel, "more pretty than strong," is to be *homme de lettres*, as his little arms would fail him if he were to handle the rough stones of his father's trade. And here Jasmin caressed his own arm, and made as if it were a baby's smiling and speaking in a *mignon* voice, wagging his head roguishly. Father and son embraced each other four times, and for four days all goes "*à Halle-luia*." But on the fourth, Sunday, a brutal command that "the father returns to his work to-morrow, else his place shall be given to another," casts dismay and consternation among them all. Hilaire declares that he is cured, rises from his bed, and falls prostrate through weakness. It will take a week yet to re-establish him. A flash of lightning darts through the soul of Abel. He dries his tears, assumes the air of a man, strength is in his little arms, a blush is on his face, "behold him as he goes out, and behold him as he enters the house of the brutal master of the masons." When he returns he is no longer sorrowful; "honey was in his mouth, and his eyes were smiling."

"My father, repose; gain strength and courage; thou hast the whole week. Then thou mayst labor. Some one who loves thee well will do thy work for thee, and thou shalt still keep thy place!"

The third part.—"Behold our Abel, who works no longer at the desk, but in the workshop." In the evening, become again a *petit monsieur*, he, the better to deceive his father, speaks of papers and writings, "and with a wink replies to the winks of his mother"

("Et d'un clin d'œil répond aux clins d'yeux de sa mère!") Three days pass thus; the fourth, Friday, the sick man cured leaves his house at mid-day. "But, fatal Friday, God has made thee for sorrow!"

The father goes to the work-place. Though the hour for luncheon has not yet arrived, yet no one is seen up above; and, O good God! what a crowd of people at the foot of the building! Masters, workmen, neighbours, all are there, assembled in haste and tumult. A workman has fallen. Hilaire presses forward, to see Abel lie bleeding on the ground. The poor child dies, murmuring: "Master, I have not not been able to finish the work, but in the name of my poor mother, for one day wanting, do not replace my father!" The place was preserved for Hilaire; his wages even were doubled—too late. One morning trouble closed his eyelids; and the good father, stiff in death, went to take another place—in the tomb by the side of his son.

The incident is in itself so touching, and part of the poem is so beautifully written, that we cannot find it in our heart to say how Jasmin wept and sobbed, both in French and Gascon; how he buried his face in his hands, and took a peculiar intonation at exactly the same place in each rendering; how the same smile and the same agony became wonderful rather than inspiring, when repeated so faithfully; and how much more like the most elaborate acting than like nature it appeared. There were some men who wept, and many women who cried: "Charmant! tout-à-fait charmant!" but without weeping; and the lady of the house was very grateful, and the ecclesiastics smooth and patronising. And Jasmin sat like an enthroned demigod, and quaffed his nectar and sniffed his ambrosia, smiling benignly.

It was all very amusing to a proud, stiff, reserved "Britisher" like myself; for how greyheaded men with stars and ribbons could cry at Jasmin's reading, and how Jasmin, himself a *man*, could sob and wipe his eyes and weep so violently, and display such excessive emotion, surpassed my understanding, probably clouded by the chill atmosphere of the fogs in which every Frenchman believes we live. They were like a number of children set free from school playing at human life. But I saw they all thought me as cold as stone and as hard as iron: they looked it. For I did not cry like the rest; and though I was more attentive to the poet than many of them were, yet I knew it was a critical rather than a responsive attention, and, as

such, would naturally be expressed in my countenance.

The third poem which the *coiffeur*, now calmed and smiling, read, was *Ma Bigno*—My Vine. This is an exceedingly graceful poem, perhaps as graceful and perfect as anything Jasmin has done. Lacking true simplicity, while to all appearance the very soul of it—in reality totally destitute of such simplicity as is expressed by unconsciousness, but fresh and hearty, and with a certain youthfulness of feeling that gives it a great charm—a charm lost when Jasmin reads; for then the strained smile, the exceeding self-satisfaction, the consciousness of *naïveté* and simplicity, spoil the whole thing, and give it the same false air as paint and tinsel of a theatre give to a young child—one feels a want of harmony somewhere, and one chafes at the nature which parades itself boastingly, and calls to all the world: "See how charming I am!"

The subject of My Vine is very simple. It is an epistle to Madame Louis Veill at Paris, setting forth the pleasures of a small piece of ground which Jasmin has bought at Agen; a piece of ground long desired, and now bought with the money gained by his poems, and christened a *Papillote*! His description of his fruit-trees, his birds, his flowers, his vines, all warm with sun, sparkling, bright, and luscious, is about the best specimen of this kind of writing we have seen anywhere. It is a living picture; you see the fruit glowing in the sun, the fruit which Madame Louis Veill is "to pluck from the branch," after "taking off her shining glove," and "plant in it her white teeth." "Like us you will almost drink it (the peach) without taking off its fine skin, for from the skin to the almond it melts in the mouth—it is honey!"

The poem ends with a confession on the part of the poet of sundry robberies committed in this same place when a lad, of apple-trees broken, hedges forced, and vine-ladders scaled, winding up with these words: "Madame, you see I turn towards the past without a blush; will you? What I have robbed I return, and return it with usury. I have no door for my vine, two thorns bar its threshold: when by a hole I see the nose of marauders, instead of arming myself with a cane, I turn away and go, so that they may return. He who robbed when he was young, in his old age allows himself to be robbed." An amiable sentiment, sure to be popular among the rising generation of Agen!

This was the last thing the poet read, and then his social ovation began. Ladies surrounded him, and men admired him; a ring was presented, and a pretty speech spoken by a pretty mouth, accompanied the presentation; and the man of the people was flattered out of all proportion by the brave haughty old *noblesse*. To do Jasmin justice, although naturally enough spoiled by the absurd amount of adulation he has met with, he has not been made cold-hearted or worldly. He is vain, vain as a petted child, but true and loyal to his caste. He is still the man of the people, content to be so, and not seeking to disguise or belie his profession. In fact, he always dwells on his past more or less, and never misses an opportunity to remind his audience that he is but a plebeian after all. He wears a white apron, and frizzes hair to this day when at Agen; and, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, member of academies and institutes without number, feted, praised, flattered beyond anything we can imagine in England, crowned by the king, and the then heir of the throne, with gilt and silver crowns, decked with flowers and oak-leaves, and all conceivable species of coronets, he does not ape the gentleman, but clips, curls, and chatters as simply as heretofore, and as professionally. He is the dandy *coiffeur* if you will, but still the *coiffeur*. And there is no little merit in this steady attachment to his native place, no little good sense in this adherence to his old profession. In the last, I acknowledge a great deal of that public consciousness which is in all he says and does; but pompous as his steadfastness may be, and conscious and displayed and egotistical, it is so far manlier and nobler than that weak form of vanity shewn in a slavish imitation of the great and a cowardly shame of one's native state.

So that, on the whole, though not going the extreme lengths of his admirers, without speaking of him as "more than an artist—more than a poet," with Justin Dapuy, or as beyond the great men of antiquity, and equal to the inspired prophets, with Charles Nodier and others, yet we honor in him a true poet and a true man, brave, affectionate, mobile, loving, whose very faults are all amiable, and whose vanity takes the form of nature. And if we, of the cold north can scarcely comprehend the childish passionateness and emotional unreserve of the more sensitive south, at least we can profoundly respect the good common to us all—the good which lies underneath that many-colored robe of manners which changes with eve

hamlet; the good which speaks from heart to heart, and quickens the pulses of the blood, whether shewn in old Rome or Greece, or in our own time, and land; the good which binds us all as brothers, and makes but one family of universal man; and this good we

gladly and lovingly recognise in Jasmin, and while rallying him for his foibles, respectfully love him for his virtues, and tender him a hand of sympathy and admiration as a fine poet, a good citizen, and a true-hearted man.

## HISTORY OF A CONTRIBUTOR.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a popular magazine rejoiced in a Contributor whose name was destined to acquire a wider currency than the work he adorned by his pen. His literary manner was almost a novelty at that time. Light, gossiping, vain, egotistical, yet fresh and clever, his papers on arts and artists seemed the very *beau-ideal* of magazine writing. His vanity, however, sometimes mastered his good-nature, for he did not always like the clever productions of other people. Still, he was in the main a good sort of fellow; and his brother contributor, Charles Lamb, describes him under his *nom de guerre* as "kind, light-hearted, Janus Weathercock." Janus had besides mystery to recommend him—and not the mystery that attaches to anonymity, initials, or *noms de guerre*, for he appeared in *propria persona*, and was as well known as Mr. Brown, or Mr. Smith, or any of the rest of us. His haunts, too, were public enough; for he was a Park-lounger, a frequenter of semi-fashionable parties, a devotee of the Opera, a fastidious critic of the ballet, and a constant attender of the private views of the Exhibitions. He was attracted, in short, by everything that was elegant and refined; and his handsome person, good-natured confidence of manner, and half-military braided frock, were themselves objects of attraction wherever he went. What was mysterious about him was, that nobody knew anything about his antecedents. There he was—"Our Contributor"—a fine, dashing, foppish, affected, clever fellow, an easy graceful writer, and an accomplished artist. But who was he? What had he been? Where had he resided? No one could answer these questions; and Janus treated any expression of curiosity that was ventured with a good-natured half-sarcastic superiority, which increased the interest that surrounded him.

About the year 1825, he ceased to contribute to the magazine; and from that time he may be said to have pursued a public career, in which thousands of eyes were upon him—not one of which however, was able to penetrate the cloud of mystery in which he continued to live, move, and have his being. "From this period," says an author, the leading points of whose narrative we give, "the man whose writings were replete with an intense luxurious enjoyment—whose organization was so exquisite that his love of the beautiful became a passion, and whose mind was a significant union of the ideal with the voluptuous—was dogged in his footsteps by death. It was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him! Well might his associates join in that portion of the Litany which prays to be delivered from battle, from murder, and from sudden death, for sudden death was ever by his side."\* Surely there is mystery enough here for a Radcliffian romance or a Coburg melo-drama! What connection had he with that spectral Death which was ever in his company? Was he an actor or a looker-on at the successive tragedies? Does the author allude to crimes or coincidences? Or is his object merely to produce a peroration?

The contributor, however, proceeded in 1829, with his wife—for he was married to a young and attractive woman—to visit his uncle. What then? Why, then his uncle died, and he inherited his fortune. This was nothing extraordinary, for uncles always die at one time or other; and in the present

\* *Annales, Anecdotes, and Legends: a Chronicle of Life-assurance.* By John Francis. Longman: 1855. This is a slight, anecdotal history of life-assurance, and is a very readable and unpretending volume.

case the heir succeeded only to what he had a good right to expect, the uncle having been his life-long friend, to whose kindness he owed even his education. But a fortune was a mere temporary convenience to Janus. He had already, as report said, inherited and spent several; and this one soon followed the others. Next year the small domestic circle was enlivened by two young ladies, step-sisters to his wife, who came on a visit. One of them, who was destined to make some noise in the world, was called Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, and is described as being at the time "a buxom girl of one-and twenty." This young lady, in company with her step-sister, began all on a sudden to haunt the insurance offices. She seemed to be seized with a mania for insuring her life; and the two attractive visitors were seen constantly flitting from the Hope to the Provident, from the Eagle to the Imperial, from the Alliance to the Pelican, to the great surprise and rejoicing of the clerks. Sometimes the Contributor appeared, but rarely: his taste was probably too refined for business. Miss Abercrombie, however, found no difficulty in getting herself insured at the Palladium for £3000. The singularity of the affair was, that this buxom girl insured her young life for only three years; but her further proceedings in this way were quite unaccountable—for the next insurance she effected, for the same sum, was for only two years. The Provident, the Pelican, the Hope, and the Imperial, came in for their share on the same terms; and in the course of six months the goodly sum of £18,000 depended upon her surviving for this inconsiderable space.

But the mania was not appeased. £2000 was proposed to the Eagle; £5000 to the Globe; and £5000 to the Alliance, which would have made the whole sum £30,000. The offices, however, were by this time alarmed. At the Globe some searching questions were asked; but the young lady could not tell why she insured, and she was even so foolish to declare that she had not applied at any other office. This was so extravagant a falsehood—for her proceedings had by this time become matter of notoriety—that her proposal was at once rejected. At the Alliance, the secretary was still more pressing as to her reasons; and when this had the effect only of irritating the applicant, he sketched, for her consideration, the case of a young lady who had been murdered for the sake of the insurance money. The hint was treated by Miss Abercrombie with dis-

dain; but her applications being now without result, the visits which had fallen like sunshine on the dull routine of official life, were discontinued, and the poetry of the insurance-desk was at an end.

The Contributor, in the meantime, being in the lull between one fortune and another, appeared to be settling down in the trough of the sea. He was in desperation for money; and the literary exquisite, who had described as a proceeding of consequence his exchanging his "smart, tight-waisted, stiff-collared coat, for an easy chintz gown with pink ribbons," and alluded with gusto to his "complacent consideration of his rather elegant figure as seen in a large glass placed opposite the chimney-mirror," had recourse to his pen in that dangerous walk of composition termed plagiarism in literature, but in business—forgery. He executed a power of attorney in the name of certain trustees of stock in the Bank of England, the interest only of which was receivable by himself and his wife; and he thus obtained possession of a part of the principal. The thing was easy; and he tried it again—again—again—and yet again, till the whole fund was exhausted. This new fortune was no more lasting than the others. Down he sunk in the trough again, till his very furniture was in pledge, and he removed to ready-furnished apartments in Conduit Street, with his wife and her two step-sisters.

Miss Abercrombie now stated to her acquaintances that she was going abroad. Preparatory to this step, it was proper to make her will; and accordingly, she left everything to her unmarried sister, appointing Janus her sole executor, who would thus, after her death, have the entire control of her property. The insurance in the Palladium for £3000 she assigned to him personally; and having thus solemnly arranged her affairs, she went out with her sister and brother-in-law to the theatre. The evening proved wet; but they walked home together, and supped on lobsters and porter. That night she became unwell, and in a day or two was attended by a physician, who treated the complaint lightly. "On the 14th December," says our author, "she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. On that day she had partaken of a powder which Dr. Locock did not remember prescribing; and when her sister and brother-in-law—who had left her with the intention of taking a long walk—returned, they found that she was dead. The body was examined; but there was no rea-



on to attribute the death to any other cause than pressure on the brain."

The impoverished Contributor had now the disposal of £18,000; but it was necessary, in the first place, to get the money into his possession. The claims he made upon the various offices were resisted; and, on being called upon to prove an insurable interest, he suddenly left the country. In 1835, however, he commenced an action against the Imperial, and the trial of the question came on. The plea of the office was deception on the part of the assured; but the counsel did not confine himself to the record. His allegations—made in a civil court—petrified the jury, and the judge shrank aghast at the character drawn of the man. The jury, however, being unable to agree on the verdict, were discharged; although in the following December the company gained a verdict. The affairs of Janus had likewise come to a crisis in another way: the forgeries on the Bank of England had been discovered; and he found it convenient to remain in France, where he chanced to be at the time.

A cloud of mystery once more rests for some time upon the elegant and effeminate Contributor, till we find him at Boulogne, where he resided with an English officer. This gentleman he introduced to the benefits of insurance. He insured his host's life in the Pelican for £5,000; and in a few months the man died. These shocking coincidences appear to have terrified even Janus himself; at any rate, he now left Boulogne, and traveled through France under a feigned name. This informality was discovered; he was apprehended by the French police; and a quantity of strichnia being found in his possession, he was imprisoned for six months in Paris. Strichnia is a vegetable poison, which is obtained by chemical distillation in the form of minute white crystals; and so powerful is it, that half a grain blown into the throat of a rabbit has been known to cause death in a few minutes.

The adventurer returned to London after his release, probably on some pressing business, as it was not his intention to trust himself there longer than forty-eight hours. He succeeded in getting, unrecognized, into an hotel in the neighborhood of Covent Garden; and closing the blind, sat down to breathe, or ruminate. Whatever his reflections may have been, they were disturbed by a noise in the street; and, with the unaccountable fatality which usually besets criminals, even when hunted for their lives, and

when their whole soul might be supposed to be occupied with the necessity for concealment, he drew back the blind. It was only for a moment; but that moment was enough. A passer-by caught a glimpse of the handsome face at the window, and immediately gave notice to Forrester the officer, and the Forger was apprehended.

This was a curious point in the man's history, and one that will, no doubt, be taken advantage of some time or other by the novelist. It was for forgery he was tried—for nothing more. The Home Secretary was well aware of the circumstances connected with the fate of Helen Abercrombie; consultations were held by the parties interested; the opinions of the law-officers of the crown were taken; and Janus was tried for forgery. Of this crime he was found guilty, and condemned to transportation for life.

In Newgate, his personal vanity became the vanity of position. He piqued himself on the magnitude of his crime, and on the respect it excited among the petty larceny rogues who surrounded him. "They think I am here for £10,000," said he, "and they respect me." He gloried in being exempted from the task imposed upon all the other convicts—of sweeping the yard. Drawing down his wristbands, as if still admiring in the glass his chintz gown and pink ribbons, he exclaimed to a friend: "I am a convict like themselves, but no one dares offer me the broom!" A friend? Yes: Janus was only a forger—in everything else he was the victim of a series of extraordinary coincidences. He claimed for himself—for so the Contributor wrote from Newgate—"a soul whose nutriment was love, and its offspring art, divine song, and still holier philosophy." But, nevertheless, he was now guilty of an imprudence which damaged a good deal the prestige that still accompanied him. The claim of Helen Abercrombie's sister was urged upon the insurance offices; and it occurred to him, that if he took the part of the latter, by giving such information as would vitiate the rights of the heir, they might have interest enough with government to obtain some mitigation of his punishment. The communication he made to them with this view was so far effectual, that it saved the insurance offices from the necessity of paying the policies; but with regard to Janus himself, the result was somewhat different from his anticipations. On the document being forwarded to the Secretary of State, an order was immediately sent to put the forger in irons, and forward him instantly

to the convict-ship. This was hard upon the elegant Contributor; for there is no distinction among men in irons. "They think me a desperado!" said he; "me! the companion of poets and philosophers, artists and musicians! You will smile at this—no; I think you will feel for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins!"

The Contributor had now found a level from which it was impossible to rise. His vanity lost its buoyancy, his mind its elasticity. He rose no more from the trough of the sea. "Pale, abject, cowering, all the bravery rent from his garb, all the gay insolence vanished from his brow, can that hollow-eyed, haggard wretch be the same man whose senses opened upon every joy, whose nerves mocked at every peril?" So writes the author of *Lucretia* of our adventurer, whom he describes under the name of Ga-

briel Varney. Of the history of the man himself, we have only further to relate, that in due time he reached the antipodes, and that he died miserably in an hospital at Sydney.

Not many years have elapsed since the actual time of these events, but still a sufficient number to blot them from the memory of all but a few; and perhaps, without further explanation, some of our readers might suppose that in the preceding columns we have treated them to a romance—and a very improbable one. Janus Weathercock, however, is an extraordinary fact. His real name was Thomas Griffith Wainwright; and he belonged to the staff of the *London Magazine*, with Charles Lamb, Barry Cornwall, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, and others, more or less distinguished, for his fellow contributors.

**THE CHILDREN OF GREAT POETS.**—It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child, a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks, the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children, one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverly are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "Faerie Queene"

lost a child when very young, by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried; Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Aken-side, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them. Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive, to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.—*Athenæum*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

BORN at Vienna, in the year 1756, a daughter worthy of that empress who made the faithful Hungarians cry out, "We will die for our king, Marie Therese!" Marie Antoinette commenced in a storm that royal life which was to end amid a volcanic eruption. When she espoused Louis XVI., then Dauphin of France, she was already the most beautiful princess in the world. This beauty increased up to the period in which Lamartine has painted these admirable traits. "She was tall, slender, and graceful—a true daughter of the Tyrol."

It was known with what enthusiasm Marie Antoinette was welcomed in France. Public flattery exhausted itself in ingenious emblems of adoration. She was pronounced more beautiful than the ancient Venus, more graceful than the Atalanta of Marly; all poets sung her praises; all painters placed her portrait amid blooming roses. The entire nation was on its knees before her. When she appeared in the balcony of the Tuileries, the crowd uttered a unanimous exclamation of intoxication and delight, and the old Marshal de Brissac cried out with truth, "You see, madam, these are so many lovers." The wife smiled at this word, which was one day to be spoken in her dishonor; the dauphiness loved this multitude, which was to howl beneath the scaffold of the queen. Catastrophes were mingled in the marriage festivities, as if to announce the fatal *dénouement*. The concourse of people was such, that some amphitheatres giving way, women and children were crushed to death on the squares. The young couple seized the opportunity to lavish their benefits. The casket of the dauphiness, her jewels, her heart, flew to the relief of the wounded, the widows, and orphans. Who would have thought that her misery was to surpass all these miseries, and not one of those whom she consoled would come to her aid?

The virtue of Marie Antoinette shone

through the scandals of the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. like a spotless star above a stagnant marsh. Then the dauphiness became queen; she purified the court; and the fêtes, more innocent, were but the more joyous. This period was all happiness for Marie Antoinette. Her husband was beloved and herself adored.

It was on the 5th of October, 1789, that Marie Antoinette for the first time met the revolted people face to face. The court and the assembly of the state were still at Versailles, and famished Paris was demanding the king. He committed, as well as the queen, a great fault, in being present at an orgie of the *guards du corps*, in which the new national cockade was insulted and trampled upon.

At this fatal intelligence, the faubourgs, which had already taken the Bastille, rose as one man to seize the person of royalty. The idea of bringing Louis XVI. back to Paris originated with the women, who loved him still, and called him *le bon papa*, but who, dying with hunger without him, thought his presence would give them bread. "We have no bread in Paris," said they in their coarse language, "let us seek the baker at Versailles!" A little girl beat the *generals* on a huge drum, the whole army of market-women followed, augmenting from street to street. On the way they pillaged the Hotel de Ville, attacked the cavalry with stones, and, continually crying for bread, amid a pelting rain, travelled five leagues on foot to Versailles.

Louis XVI. received them with his ordinary kindness, and gave them an order for provisions; but he postponed the signature of the declaration, and made preparations for resistance. The people, divining the influence of the queen, broke out into furious threats against her, and surrounded her in her château with her husband. The rain was still falling—they were struggling in the

mire. It was a horrible scene! Louis XVI. trembling for the life of his wife, at last, at ten o'clock in the evening, signed the decree.

The nation was still amiable, it still respected virtue, beauty, infancy; on the 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d of September, it had become a nation of madmen and cannibals.

One evening in June, 1791, the door of the Tuileries, already guarded like a prison, opened to a young and handsome Swede, whom a chivalric adoration attached to Marie Antoinette. It was the Comte de Fersen, formerly a frequenter of fetes at Trainon, and now confiding in a desperate plan. The king and queen urged to extremity, announced to him that they were about to leave France, and placed their escape under the guidance of his devotion and skill. Fersen joined with himself three sure friends, MM. de Valory, de Moustier, and de Maldan. They were to disguise themselves as valets, mount the box of the carriages, and risk their heads to save the heads of royalty. All was thus arranged for the journey to the German frontier.

On the night of the 21st, the king and queen retired to rest as usual; but when the unquiet city was half asleep, both rose and dressed in simple travelling costumes. Madame Elizabeth, that angel of devotion, joined them with the dauphin and Madame Royale (afterwards the Duchess of Angoulême). They left the palace by stealth; they traversed the Carrousel; the queen perceived there in the shade M. de Lafayette the too confident guardian of royalty; the king came out at last, accompanied by the Comte de Fersen. They met on the Quai des Theatins. Louis XVI. and his son delayed half an hour; it seemed half a century! They arrived at last. The party entered two coaches and pursued on a gallop the road to Chalons.

The passport was thus worded: "By the king's order, pass Madame La Baronne de Korf, on her way to Frankfort with two children, a maid, valet-de-chambre, and three domestics: signed, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Montmorin."

The Baroness de Korf was Marie Antoinette; the two children were the dauphin and Madame Royale; the woman and valet-de-chambre, were Madame Elizabeth and Louis XVI.

They reached Chalons. They pursued their journey, and the fugitives exclaimed, "We are saved!" A man recognized them. It was the young Drouet, whose name will

be eternally tarnished with the blood of four victims. He had never seen Louis XVI. but he noticed his resemblance to the effigy on coin. He divined all. He immediately gave the alarm, mounted his horse, and galloped to Varennes.

At half-past eleven in the evening, the royal family entered Varennes. Drouet had already been there a long time. The hussars had not yet arrived, having been delayed an hour by a misunderstanding. Now, one hour was life or death, safety or the scaffold. The three disguised gentlemen sought the officers from house to house. The king and queen, alarmed, themselves alighted and wandered through the streets. They interrogated the passers-by, like unfortunate wanderers in quest of a lodging. Useless trouble and vain humiliation! They regained their carriages, and by bribes and entreaties induced the postillions to remount their horses. They resumed their journey, traversed the city, and became reassured. Everything slumbered in obscurity except Drouet and his friends. They were laying in wait for the monarchy under the shade of an old feudal tower. It approached. They dashed forward, stopped the horses, and ordered the travellers to descend. The gentlemen seized their arms, and consulted the king with a look. The king prohibited their using them. He preferred to risk the lives of his own family, rather than shed one drop of the blood of his people. The man, who yesterday commanded 30,000,000 of subjects, obeyed the voice of an unknown, and followed Drouet to the house of a grocer, named Sausse. The tocsin sounded, the city was aroused, the magistrates summoned. Royalty was imprisoned in a grocer's shop. Louis XVI. at first denied his name: but seeing himself recognised by all, he took the hands of M. Sausse, and said to him, "Yes, I am your king: I confide to you my fate, and that of my wife, my sister, my children. Allow us to depart; I will not quit France; I will but seek liberty in some loyal city. Save with me France and Europe! As a father, I entreat you; as a king, I command you." The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the dauphin threw themselves on their knees, and united their tears to the supplications of the monarch. At sight of so much greatness humbled before their insignificance, the mayor and grocer were troubled, and hesitated. Their hearts might have yielded, but their selfishness trembled at the account they would have to render. "All is then lost!" cried the queen; and rising indignantly, she

retired to a room, with her children, to weep. Meanwhile Louis XVI. was still agitated, and still hoped. M. de Bouillé, who was waiting at Sterni with his troops, might perhaps be warned in time, and come to wrest him from his jailers, who dare not lay hands on him. Hours rolled away and no assistance appeared. The queen and her children were reposing on beds without having undressed. Horrible night, which prepared Marie Antoinette for the vigil before the scaffold! When she rose the next morning her beautiful blonde hair had become white!

At half-past seven an aide-de-camp of Lafayette arrived from Paris, bearing an order of arrest from the Constituent Assembly, and the royal family, surrounded by 3,000 guards, set out for Paris.

The royal family re-entered Paris on the 25th of June, at seven in the evening.

Placed henceforth under the surveillance of the people, Marie Antoinette saw her slightest gesture watched, and even the bed-chamber open by night to the National Guards.

On the 20th June, 1792, the whole population of the faubourgs, women and children, bearing the declaration of the rights of man; mechanics in their shirt sleeves, armed with pikes and canes, displaying torn *culottes* for standards, invaded the Tuileries, forced the door of the cabinet of Louis XVI. and said to him, "Monsieur, you are a traitor! you must die or sign these decrees," (they were the decrees against the priests and in favor of the federalists;) then they placed on his head a red cap, a glass of wine at his mouth, and sought the *Austrian* everywhere to kill her. At last the tocsin of the 10th of August sounded the last hour of expiring royalty. At midnight, Danton gave the signal of assault at the clubs and at the faubourgs. Louis XVI. entrenched himself in the Tuileries with his last defenders. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the children and women, passed the night in mortal terrors, rising every moment to listen to the sinister bells and the approaches of the popular ocean. Already masters, in fact, of the Hotel de Ville, the insurgents attacked the Tuileries to the songs of the *Ca ira* and the *Marseillaise*. Louis XVI. had no longer any safety but in the Constituent Assembly; thither he repaired with his family and his ministers. At the steps of the terrace of the Feuillants, a group of the insurgents perceived the *cortege* and barred the way. "No, no!" cried they, brandishing their pikes, "they shall no longer deceive the nation. Abdi-

cation or death." They obtained a passage by declaring that the deputies were waiting for the king. A sapper raised the young dauphin in his arms, carried him thus before the queen, and opened the way to the Assembly collected at the Manège.

Louis sat down with his family beside the president, Vergniaud: "Gentlemen," said he, "I am come hither to prevent a great crime. I have thought that I could no longer be in safety but in your midst." And he took a place with his family in the box of the logograph. He was present, as a spectator, at his own trial. The secretaries took their notes near him. The dauphin was seated on a straw chair. Marie Antoinette concealed herself in the shade of a corner. This martyrdom lasted fourteen hours.

Louis XVI. and the queen then saw the spoils of the monarchy brought into the saloon, vestments and ornaments, silver and jewels. Then they heard the Assembly proclaim this last decree: *Royalty is suspended in France. The royal family will remain under the guardianship of the legislative corps.*

The dethroned and captive princes were conducted to a dilapidated lodging in the old monastery of Les Feuillants. An officer bore thither, in his arms, the sleeping dauphin. The king retired without undressing; the queen threw herself beside her children; Madame Elizabeth passed the night in prayer at their door.

On the night of the 19th of August, some municipal officers entered the chamber of the queen, and tore from her the last friends of her captivity. They were replaced by a brutal jailer and his wife named Tison, by the saddler Rocher, as ferocious in heart as in countenance, and by Simon the shoemaker, the infamous executioner of Louis XVII. Clery, alone, the valet-de-chambre of the king, obtained leave to remain near his master, and to immortalize his devotion.

The captivity in the Temple lasted nearly two months. It was frightful, without doubt, for Marie Antoinette and for the king; but they were resigned to it, since they suffered together. This last consolation was taken from them towards the end of September. They had just supped in the chamber of Louis XVI. when six municipal officers entered. They read to the prisoners a decree of the Commune, which ordered their immediate separation, and the removal of the king into the great tower.

On the 11th of December, 1792, the gloomy silence of the Temple was disturbed by a great tumult of men, of horses, and of

fring. The Convention were coming to lead Louis XVI. to his trial. Who can describe the anguish of the wife during her husband's trial? The speech of Desere reached Marie Antoinette; then she learned the death-warrant and the order of execution in twenty-four hours.

There remained but one doubt and one hope: would the king be allowed to embrace her and bless her before his execution? And when it was announced to her that she would see her husband, she felt that agony itself has its joys, and the beatings of her heart counted the seconds until the morrow.

On the 20th of January, at seven o'clock, Louis XVI., calm as a philosopher, prepared for the reception of his family. He requested that his jailers might not be within hearing, but watch through a glazed door.

The queen descended, supporting her son and daughter, and leaning herself on Madame Elizabeth. The king opened his arms, and pressed them all at once to his heart. He seated his wife on his right hand, his sister on his left, Madame Royale at his feet, the dauphin on his knees. Thus grouped and mingled in one embrace, they formed but one body as well as one soul.

The fatal moment arrived: Louis XVI. rose, pressed his family once more to his breast, and promised to see them again the next day—before the eternal separation. He resolved not to keep this promise, left as a last gleam in this night of despair. He led or rather bore to the stairs the queen hanging on his neck, Madame Royale in his arms, the dauphin clinging to his knees, Madame Elizabeth entwined with them all. He bade them adieu thrice, loosed their clasping hands and re-entered, while the mother and aunt supported the fainting princess.

The next morning at nine o'clock, Marie Antoinette heard the roll of sixty drums, the echoing of artillery, the tread of a whole army, announce the departure of her husband for execution. The gratings of her windows did not allow of her receiving the last look which the king cast upon the tower, where he left his family more unfortunate than himself. The fatal night had been divided between faintings, sobs, and prayers. Marie Antoinette calculated the time and the distance, in such a manner as to divine the exact moment in which the head of Louis XVI. would fall.

The removal of Marie Antoinette to the Conciergerie took place on the 2nd of August, 1793.

Fouquier Tinville came, on the 13th of October, to signify to Marie Antoinette her act of accusation. "Her crime was to have been a queen, the wife and mother of a king, and to have abhorred the revolution that wrested from her her crown, her husband, her children, and her life." She replied not a word, and repaired, amid a battalion of gendarmes, to the tribunal of her judges.

She defended with courage and even with self-sacrifice the memory of her husband; but the decree had been already pronounced. Hermann coldly resumed the accusation and declared Marie Antoinette condemned by the people. Chauveau Legarde and Tronçon Ducondray addressed, to deaf judges, a defence which has been heard by posterity. Then the jury pretended to deliberate, and pronounced the penalty of death, amid the cruel plaudits of the multitude. The queen returned to listen to her sentence, without suffering a word or gesture to escape her. "Have you any observation to make?" asked Hermann. She shook her head, and rose of herself to walk to execution, triumphing in her supreme majesty over the ignoble applause which followed her to the very depths of her cell.

It was four o'clock in the morning. The first rays of dawn were shedding a livid light in the dungeons of the Conciergerie. Conducted to the funeral cell where the condemned await execution, the queen obtained from the *conciierge* a pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to her sister-in-law.

Marie Antoinette slept, like Louis XVI., some hours of her last night. The 13th of October, at daybreak, the daughter of Madame Bault came to dress her and to arrange her hair. She laid aside the color of mourning for that of innocence, putting on a white dress, a white handkerchief, and wearing no sign of widowhood but a black ribbon bound around her temples. How many times during the preparation of this toilet for the scaffold, must she have thought of those in which formerly twenty of her women adorned her for the fêtes of Versailles and of Trianon!

An immense throng awaited the passage of the victim, ranged in two tumultuous lines, stationed at the windows, on the roofs, in the trees, from the door of the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. The women especially, to their eternal disgrace, wished to see the *Austrian* die, and had invaded even the court of the prisons.

At eleven o'clock, the gendarmes and the executioner came to seek their prey. The queen embraced Mademoiselle Bault, cut off

herself a part of her abundant hair, gave her hands to be bound by the executioners, and began her walk with a majestic step, without hesitation, agitation, or paleness. No human power could prevent her dying as she had lived, Queen of France. Only a gesture of horror escaped her, when she was ordered to ascend the cart of the condemned. She had expected to be spared, like Louis XVI. this horrible vehicle of assassins. She resigned herself to it promptly, cast down her eyes, and ascended this last throne. The sworn priest took his place behind her, though she repulsed his assistance. The crowd shouted: "*Vive la République! Down with tyranny! Death to the Austrian! Room for the widow Capet!*"

The cart set out surrounded with naked sabres and bayonets. A martyrdom greater for the queen than the clamor of the people was, that she could not, having her hands tied, save herself from the jolting of the vehicle, and maintain the dignity of her demeanor. "Ah! ah!" cried the women, with infamous sneers, "you have no longer your fine cushions of the Trianon!" Another trial yet for the woman; the wind, which pierced the autumnal mist, disarrayed her humble toilet, bore her hair from her bonnet, and blew it against her eyes, reddened by the cold. She sometimes bit her lip, as if to suppress a cry of suffering.

At the entrance to the Place de la Revolution, she saw, on one side, the Tuileries, where her brow had received the diadem, and, on the other, the red scaffold, where her head was soon to fall. Two tears rolled from her eyes over her captive hands.

On arriving at the foot of the platform, she ascended with a firm step: "Pardon me, sir," said she gently to the executioner, whose foot she had accidentally touched. She knelt and prayed a few moments. Then she rose and looked towards the towers of the temple. "Adieu again, my dear children," murmured she, "I go to rejoin your father." These were her last words. She threw herself on the block, as if impatient to die. The executioner hesitated to cut short such a life. His hand trembled as he detached the axe. It fell at last, and the head of the queen bounded far from her body. The assistant of the executioner seized it by the hair, and holding it high in the air, made the tour of the scaffold, sprinkling it with blood. A cry of *Vive la République!* echoed from one end of the place to the other.

The next day might have been read, and may still be read, on the register of interments of La Madeleine:—"For the bier of the widow Capet, seven francs!"

**MILTON'S RIB-BONE.**—Mention is made of Cromwell's skull; so it may not be out of place to tell you that I have handled one of Milton's ribs. Cowper speaks indignantly, of the desecration of our divine poet's grave, on which shameful occurrence, some of the bones were clandestinely distributed. One fell to the lot of an old and esteemed friend, and between forty-five and fifty years ago, at his house, not many miles from London, I have often examined the said rib-bone. That friend is long since dead; but his son,

now in the vale of years, lives, and I doubt not, from the reverence felt for the author of *Paradise Lost*, that he has religiously preserved the precious relic. It might not be agreeable to him to have his name published; but from his tastes, he—being a person of some distinction in literary pursuits—is likely to be a reader of *Notes and Queries*, and if this should catch his eye, he may be induced to send you some particulars. I know he is able to place the matter beyond a doubt.—*Notes and Queries*.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE issue of the British press during the last month, have not been very important. The following list comprises most of those in which American readers will have an interest:—

History of the Byzantine Empire from 716 to 1507, by George Finlay. This is highly spoken of. The *Literary Gazette* says:—"Mr. FINLAY has undertaken to write the history of a period, the attractive interest of which is far inferior to its actual importance. With patient assiduity and laborious research Mr. Finlay has compiled the annals of this unpromising epoch, and has filled up the masterly outline sketched by the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. In copious detail, he describes the revolutions of the throne, the successions of families, the personal characters of the Greek princes, the mode of their life and death, the maxims and influence of their domestic government, and the tendency of their reign to accelerate or suspend the downfall of the Eastern Empire. Certainly more is made to appear in Byzantine history than Gibbon would lead us to expect, and then Voltaire describes when he speaks of it as "a worthless repertory of declamations and miracles disgraceful to the human mind."

Two translations of Prof. De Felice's History of Protestantism in France have been issued. The *Literary Gazette* speaks of it as a work of ability and learning, written in a style of moderation and candor.

An edition of Dr. Vinet's Homiletics, or Theory of Preaching has been published. It has been pronounced the most complete and systematic work that has yet appeared on the subject, all points of pulpit eloquence being discussed, from the substance and spirit of the matter of discourse, down to the details of style and of elocution. Vinet was a divine who had the highest ideas of the dignity and responsibility of the ministerial office, and he directed the efforts of his powerful and accomplished mind with intelligent zeal to the training of students for the sacred office of the Christian pastorate. The illustrations of his lectures are taken from the stores of classical learning, as well as from the literature of theology and the records of ecclesiastical history. A more important and practical manual of study could not be placed in the hands of those who have to fill the office of the Christian ministry."

The second volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is completed, bringing the alphabetical dictionary down to the article Anatomy. Many of the papers are the same as in former editions of the work; but on subjects the knowledge of which is progressive, pains have been taken to bring the information up to the period of publication. Thus, the articles on Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry contain a summary of the modern improvements and researches which have

been conspicuous in this department. The first volume contains the Preliminary Dissertations by Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Sir J. Leslie, Sir James Macintosh, and Archbishop Whately.

Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By David Urquhart. The *Critic* says:—"This author, with his accustomed freshness, vigor, and originality, has wrought out a drama of modern history, full of dark plots and stirring incidents, and tragical catastrophes—the materials collected in the course of personal communication with the chief actors in many of the events related the living testimony of the present explains the past, since Russia became in Europe a plague-spot and a power. No diversity of opinion can arise with regard to the value of this record, although, to quote a memorable sentence, 'Unless a man knows what ought to be done he can never know what has been done: information can be of service only to those who can class it, be it science, be it conduct.'"

Hebrew Politics in the Times of Sargon and Sennacherib: an Inquiry into the Historical Meaning and purpose of the Prophecies of Isaiah, with some Notice of their Bearing on the Social and Political Life of England. By Edward Strachey.—The object of this work is principally to show "what the prophets were to the Jews, and what they are to us, by a methodical examination of what the greatest of them said and did, during a chief crisis of his country's history. The meaning of facts came to light in the collision of the Assyrian Empire with the Hebrew Commonwealth, as they did when Xerxes invaded Greece, or Napoleon, overran Europe; and if we will take the book of Isaiah, and follow its guidance, we may expect to see its facts in their own proper light." In carrying out this examination of the book of Isaiah, the author avails himself as frequently as possible of the recent discoveries at Nimrod and Khorsabad.

The British Cabinet in 1853. The object of this volume is stated by the *Athenæum*, to be "to give an account of the characters and careers of 'Her Majesty's Ministers.' A very interesting book might be written on such a subject; but the execution of this one falls below the expectations raised by its title. It is a mere compilation, neither exhibiting wide research nor dealing in graphic writing."

Dr. Chalmers's Correspondence, which has been recently published by Dr. Hanna, and republished by the *Hazards*, is highly spoken of. But the *Critic* thinks the volume "a mistake, so far as regards the increase of Dr. Chalmers's reputation; and it will, we fear, be viewed as a mistake by the purchaser. Considering the many public individuals with whom Chalmers was brought into contact when at the zenith of his fame—the questions of ecclesiastical and political moment to whi



doctrine which pervades the volumes is simply attention was directed—and especially his championship of the 'Free Kirk' movement—we are astonished at the ordinary and commonplace materials of which the volume is made up. A portion is composed of merely brief notes; another section, of letters of religious counsel and advice, excellent in themselves, but containing nothing of a very novel or striking nature. A small modicum only can be specified as interesting to the general reader, and of that we shall proceed to furnish some specimens."

Life in Sweden, by Selina Bunbury, 2 vols. The *Athenæum* reckons Miss Bunbury in the category of "odd female travellers." "She is not so much wanting in good nature as wanting in taste. She possesses the power of observation in larger proportion than the faculty of selection. A sledge accident which confined her to the house, made her the object of affectionate ministration on the part of Miss Bremer—to whose thoughtful and delicate benevolence every one who has written concerning the Swedish novelist bears concurrent testimony."

Albert Smith's spirited work, the *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, neatly reprinted by Mr. PUTNAM, is thus spoken of by the *Literary Gazette*: "Mont Blanc is certainly Mr. Albert Smith's grand hit; the earlier efforts of his fancy were not by many degrees so happy. The *Ballet-girl* was untrue to nature (the young ladies themselves said so); who ever heard of oysters and porter in the *coulisses* of H. M. T. The popularity of the *Book of Snobs* among the very class satirised was the very best evidence that it was considered a very flattering portrait than otherwise: *Jack Johnson* was too fast and too immoral, while *Mr. Ledbury* was too slow. The sad truth became evident, and Mr. Albert Smith was the first to recognize it—Dickens is *inimitable*; none but he, with that strong yet delicate hand, and that calm, piercing, love-laden eye, can shoot with unerring aim the shafts of a hit that goes straight home to the popular heart; unvenomous shafts, but rather honey-tipped, barbs not wounding as the steel that kills, but as the healing lancet that lets the ill-humor out and lets the pure health in. Mr. Albert Smith resolved upon hitting out something new for himself—he did so; he discovered *Mount Blanc*."

A new edition of Pope's works has been commenced, under the editorship of Robert Carruthers. Mr. C.'s qualities as an editor are thus spoken of by the *Examiner*:—"No part of the poetry is yet before us in this edition, but Mr. Carruthers shows us, by the judicious tone and manner of his biographical sketch, that he is likely to prove a very good editor. He gives an outline of the facts, neither carping like Bowles nor panegyrising like Roscoe, but criticising the statements of both biographers with much discreetness, contributing even a new illustration now and then, and making excellent occasional use of the poet's letters. Such of the latter as are thus extracted we have read with renewed pleasure, and we must repeat, what more than once we have said in this journal, that Pope's letters, notwithstanding an artificiality of tone in some of them, and a too great elaboration and nicety of expression, are for the most part thoroughly true in feeling as well as masterly in wit and style."

Miss Norris's *Life of Madame De Staël*, which has received rough usage from the press, obtains from a recent reviewal in the *Literary Gazette*, a more lenient treatment:—"Various faults appear in the work, but on these we are disposed to look leniently, as the authoress disarms criticism by her own frank apologies. Few writers have succeeded so well in a first youthful effort, and the principles and talents displayed in the work deserve approval and encouragement. Of the life and times of Madame de Staël, Miss Norris has written a concise and interesting narrative."

The *Lamp and the Lantern*. By the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, which has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs CARTER and BROTHERS, New York, is thus lauded by the *Literary Gazette*: "Dr. Hamilton is one of the most remarkable sermon-writers of the present day. His discourses have little of the technicality of style, or formality of construction, which we usually associate with this species of composition. He deals little in argument and much in illustration. This is too often a mark of superficial preaching, but in Dr. Hamilton's sermons the profuse ornament covers a substantial body of doctrinal and practical truth. From history and literature, from science and art, this accomplished divine draws illustrations and enforces applications of sacred truth. When we say that the diction is often over-ornate, and the allusions sometimes ludicrously homely, we describe the chief faults of the writer's style. The work is likely to prove as popular as other volumes by the same author. An imagination so fertile and information so varied need not fear exhaustion, and we should be glad to find Dr. Hamilton more frequently publishing books which are at once pleasant in their style and profitable in their matter."

The *Fall of the Roman Republic*. A short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth. By Charles Merivale, B.D. The *Literary Gazette* says, "In this volume Mr. Merivale has given a sketch of the most stirring and interesting century of Roman history. As a book for educational use it is superior to anything that has yet been written on that period of Roman history. Those who wish more fully to study the history, and especially the political philosophy, of the last days of the Roman Commonwealth, we recommend to pass from the short sketches of Merivale to the copious disquisitions of Ferguson."

Private Trials and Public Calamities; or the Early Life of Alexander des Escheralles. This is characterized by the *Spectator*, as "a natural and interesting, if not striking account of the family and social distress inflicted by the French Revolution."

Mount Lebanon; a ten Years' residence from 1842 to 1852, describing the Manners, Customs and Religion of its inhabitants, with a full account of the Druse Religion and historical records of the Mountain Tribes by Col. Churchill, Staff Officer on the British expedition to Syria. 3 Vols. The *Athenæum* pronounces these volumes "very curious and interesting. All the essential matter which they contain might have been presented in a more condensed form, and might have been far better arranged; but for the faults of the work in these respects there is some excuse in the abundance of the details, many of them personally collected, which the author had to communicate respecting a country so little known as the Lebanon. The political

this:—that Turkey is fast breaking up from internal causes, even if let alone; that Syria is a most important part of the Turkish dominions, that at present the Russians and the French are the two European powers that have the strongest hold of this part of the East—Russia as the protector of the Greek, and France of the Latin Christians; but that it would be well for the East if Great Britain, America, and Protestantism were to step in more ostensibly and act a more direct and vehement part."

The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State Connection. By R. R. Madden. 2 vols. The *Athenæum* thinks that "Savonarola has undoubtedly been ill used. He was persecuted by the Medici, and burnt by the Pope. He has been largely admired by fanatics, and as largely abused by men of letters. Bayle has touched him with his merciless scalpel.—Roece has urged against him every scrap of scandal and every suggestion of a fault treasured up by his ancient enemies of Florence. A host of other writers have spurted their ink upon his name, and as if all this were not enough for the poor monk to bear—Mr. Madden has undertaken his defence. The book will be a welcome one to many English readers, as containing a full account of a remarkable person whose name is perhaps better known in this country than that of any other Romish martyr. But it is in no sense a good "Life." The materials collected are rich and interesting: they are wanting, however, in art and orderly disposition."

Life in the Clearings versus the Bush. By Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing in the Bush." The papers are getting tired of Mrs. Moodie. The *Athenæum* find the "made-up tone and style of the magazine, the annual, and the picnic volume in Mrs. Moodie's new effort to turn Canada into a pocket *Eldorado*. We go on through scraps of verse, sketches of character, a trifle altered and improved for exhibition, cuttings from the local papers concerning famous criminals and their infamous deeds—glibly and spiritedly it is true, but with a sense of unreality—a pervading assurance that we are dealing with a professional authoress—such as prevents our giving to this work a reception as cordial as that which we gave to its predecessor—and such as warrants our hoping that Mrs. Moodie will not further bring the "sweepings" of her experience to market now that the real, valuable truths in her wallet have been all purchased, paid for, and sent home."

Mr. Prime's "Old House by the River," by the author of "The Owl Creek Letters," originally published by the HARPERs, is noticed by the *Athenæum*. "The Old House by the River," is a series of small sentimental tales, in which the writer would seem to have taken Professor Wilson for his model, and treats us to a series of pathetic death-scenes, &c., the like of which we do not recollect, save in Christopher North's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." This character will suffice for the guidance of those who desire to rank this volume aright among the fictions of America. Though the style of such pathos be not the purest quality, or of the most powerful order, the sentiment cannot be complained of as wholly insincere, to judge by the impression produced on ourselves."

Mr. Brace's Home Life in Germany, originally published by Mr. SOMMERs, has been republished

in London. A long reviewal in the *Literary Gazette* closes by "cordially recommending both this and the previous volume by Mr. Brace, on Hungary, as books of descriptive travel by an intelligent observer, and a right-minded and genial-hearted writer."

Mr. Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales, published by TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, of Boston, have been republished in London. The *Critic* says of the work, "this is really a pleasant little book—a book for the sea-side, the river, and the rail—a book for old boys as well as young boys, when the old boy gets weary of his newspaper and the last Quarterly."

For students of Greek literature a useful manual is prepared of the Homeric Dialect, its leading Forms and Peculiarities, by James Skerrett Baird, T.C.D. The variations of the epic language which distinguish the Homeric poems are pointed out in a clear and systematic manner, and useful tales and paradigms are included in the work from the best German writers on the dialects. Mr. Baird intends to publish similar treatises on the other dialects, to facilitate the study of the Greek classics.

The Vices; or, Lectures to Young Men, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, is thought by the *Literary Gazette* to contain "warnings and counsels by a man who knows much of the world, and who is actuated by sincere and earnest anxiety for the welfare of the young. Some of the statements are especially addressed to American readers, but most of the principles and practical hints are applicable to young men under all circumstances."

Stray Leaves from Shady Places. By Mrs. Newton Croeland (late Camilla Toulmin). "Mrs. Croeland has collected in this delightful volume, the tales which she has had contributed to the various magazines and annuals. They well deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of periodicals. They are all wholesome in their teachings; the texts are taken from real life; they have a definite end and aim, in the improvement of men and of society."

THE death of one of the most distinguished of the British soldiers, Lieutenant General Sir Charles J. Napier, occurred on the 20th ult., in the seventy-first year of his age. From the year 1794 to the year 1849, he had been almost constantly engaged in military service. In 1798 he was engaged in the suppression of the Irish rebellion, and again in putting down the insurrection of 1803. In the Peninsula he commanded the 50th throughout the campaign, terminating with the battle of Corunna, and was made prisoner after receiving no fewer than five wounds, viz: leg broken by a musket shot, a sabre cut on the head, a wound in the back with a bayonet, ribs broken by a cannon shot, and several severe contusions from the butt-end of a musket. In the latter end of 1809 he returned to the Peninsula, where he remained till 1811, and was present at the action of the Coa, where he had two horses shot under him; at Busaco, where he was shot through the face, and had his jaw broken and eye injured; at the battle of Fuentes d'Onor; at the second siege of Badajoz, and a great number of skirmishes. In 1813 he served in a floating expedition on the coast of the United States of America, and landed a great number of times at Craney Island and other places. He served also in the campaign of 1815, and was present at the storming of Cambray. He commanded the force employ-

ed in Scinde, and, on the 17th of February, 1843, with only 2,800 British troops, attacked and defeated, after a desperate action of three hours duration, 22,000 of the enemy strongly posted at Meeanee. On the 21st of February, Hyderabad surrendered to him; and on the 24th of March, with 5,000 men, he attacked and signally defeated, 20,000 of the enemy posted in a very strong and difficult position at Dubba, near Hyderabad, thus completing the entire subjugation of Scinde. Early in 1845, with a force consisting of about 5,000 men of all arms, he took the field against the mountain and desert tribes situated on the right bank of the Indus to the north of Shikarpore, and, after an arduous campaign, effected the total destruction of these robber tribes. In 1849 Sir Charles was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in India, but this position he did not long retain.

The Earl of Carlisle is about to make an excursion to Egypt, via Constantinople; not, it is understood, in any political capacity, but in order to make himself personally acquainted with these interesting countries.—Mrs. Howard, it is said, never was in the United States, but was the daughter of a baker and pastry-cook, in Drury Lane, London. Some years since, Miss Howard married an attorney's clerk, named Gurley, from whom she separated in a few months. Louis Napoleon saw her on the stage, and became enamored of her; hence the connection between them.

The *Leicester Mercury* has an account of a general tea-gathering of the working-classes of that town held to celebrate the name of Eliza Cook, by recitations, &c., from her works. A full-sized portrait of the favorite authoress was placed over the chair, encircled with a wreath of roses, intertwined in a very tasteful manner with various other flowers. In the course of the evening between thirty and forty recitations and *sings*, all from Miss Cook's works, were given by about a dozen working men.

Thackeray's new serial, to be entitled *The Newcomes*, is on the verge of publication.

Mr. Lookhart, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, author of *Valerius*, and translator of the Ancient Spanish Ballads, one of the cleverest men there were in Britain has been compelled to depart for Italy for health. In noticing his absence the *Critic* says, "They say that his departure from England is coincident with his departure from the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. If so, 'tis pity: pity 'tis, 'tis true. Our last man of high talent then has departed from the Quarterlies. The *Edinburgh* has now for editor Mr. Cornwall Lewis; the *North British*, Professor Fraser; the *British Quarterly*, Dr. Vaughan; the *Westminster*, the *tres juncti* in uno of Chapman, in the Strand, Bray of Coventry (what an appropriate name! what an appropriate locale!) and "Miss Evans," translators of Strauss's *Life of Christ*. These are thy trimestrial Gods, O Israel."

Dr. Waagen's work on the *Treasures of Art in England*, will form one of the early publications of the ensuing season.

A new work by M. Proudhon, entitled *Philosophy of Progress, or the Program*, is announced to appear.

Chevalier Bunsen's *Hippolytus* figures in the last

batch of works denounced as "damnable and dangerous" by the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

A new Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds is announced, and a carefully compiled Catalogue of his works, from the pen of Mr. Cotton, of Plympton, in Devonshire.

The *Parlamento* of Turin of the 4th announced that two manuscripts of great importance have been found among Gioberti's papers: one being a complete work on Ontology, and the other a work on Catholic Reform, a subject which had engrossed Gioberti's attention during the latter days of his life, and which he used to discuss with his intimate friends, the Archbishop of Paria, Montanelli, and Lamennais.

The new Duke of Saxe Weimar has ordered the castle of Wartburg, in which Luther was sequestered after being placed under the ban of the empire, and in which he worked at his translation of the Bible, to be decorated with appropriate mural paintings.

Professor Encke, the Astronomer, has been appointed Rector of the University of Berlin.

Mr. Leone Levi has had the honor to receive from the King of Prussia the Gold Medal for Science, in appreciation of his work on the *Commercial Law of the World*.

German journals announce that Professor Gerwinus has been deprived of his title of Professor by a ministerial decision:—he has also been interdicted from giving lectures.

A new English expedition for the exploration of the Niger is contemplated. It will be directed to the promotion of civilization in Africa, and the opening up of new sources of commerce.

A deputation, headed by the Earl of Rosse, President of the Royal Society, had an interview with the Earl of Aberdeen, at his official residence in Downing street, to recommend the establishment of a telescope of great optical power in the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of increasing our knowledge of the nebulae of that region of the heavens.

The tomb of the Tradescants in Lambeth churchyard has been restored. These eminent naturalists and antiquarians, who resided in South Lambeth, and whose quaint old mansion is still preserved, on the left side of the road from London that leads to Stockwell, died in the period 1638-1652. The tomb in St. Mary's churchyard was originally erected in 1662.

Alexander von Humboldt speaks highly of the projected oceanic canal between the Pacific and the Atlantic. "It will render the whole globe more easy to be travelled over; this little globe, of which Christopher Columbus, in one of his letters to the Queen of Spain, said, 'El mundo es poco.'"

M. Arago, whose health has so far improved that he is able to peruse the correspondence of the Academy of Sciences, has just announced that a new and very fine comet was discovered in the evening of the 19th simultaneously by several observers.

The Industrial Exhibition at Moscow had been closed after attaining great success; 568 exhibitors had contributed, and the Exhibition itself had been visited by 85,000 persons altogether. The arrangements of the whole had been made by a German architect of the name of Richter.





Portrait of the artist

*Wm. H. Russell*

Wm. H. Russell, 1850

Wm. H. Russell, 1850



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE EARL OF ESSEX.\*

Captain Devereux has done good service in the cause of historical truth, by seeking out those hidden treasures of unpublished MSS. which enable the lover of history to judge of facts and interpret the feelings of historical personages by their own writings rather than by the speculations of modern historians; and certainly the majority of the letters of Elizabeth and of Lord Essex, now for the first time offered to the public, place the character and conduct of both in a most unfavorable point of view.

There is a natural tendency in every biographer, no less to palliate the faults and magnify the virtues of his hero, than to exaggerate the errors and vices of those who were opposed to him; and from this species of hero-worship Captain Devereux is certainly not exempt, either in his estimate of the second Lord Essex's qualities, or in his view of the conduct and motives of his enemies.

\* *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex in the Reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. 1540—1646.* By the Honorable WALTER BOURCHIER DEVEREUX, R. N. 2 vols., 8 vo. London: 1853.

There is a degree of dignity attached to the name of certain failings, and under such names the more repugnant qualities may be often so disguised as to become scarcely less attractive than merits; thus Lord Essex is described as having been haughty, proud, impetuous, imprudent, lavish; but on the other hand to have been generous, brave, and sincere; and for such characters there is never any lack of sympathy and admiration; but, in truth, his conduct throughout life affords but little ground for extenuation and still less for praise. Devoid of all the more ennobling qualities that spring from genuine loyalty, he was mean or violent as best suited his purpose or temper; he could fawn and flatter, but would neither serve nor obey; arrogant without independence; rapacious and extravagant, impetuous but insincere; impatient of control, and petulant if opposed; he was rather insubordinate than high-spirited, and greedy of favors, without gratitude for gifts; he was at once a courtier and a rebel. Even the wild spirit of adventure which gave a romantic coloring to his daring exploits by sea and land, resembled rather that of the pirate

and the buccaneer than such as should animate a loyal subject in the service of his country; and though his great personal courage and the splendor of his position as favorite of the Queen, may have dazzled the multitude and influenced the court, and thus account for the popularity he enjoyed during his life; it is difficult to understand the interest attached to his name even in later times, but from the circumstance that his execution did not receive the sanction of public feeling. Like Mary Queen of Scots, his guilt was undoubted, yet both have been treated as victims of the cruel despotism of Elizabeth; the guilt of high treason has been forgotten in one case in sympathy for the exiled and imprisoned Queen; and in the other, in disgust, that where the hand had pampered and spoiled, it should have implacably enforced the right to punish.

Robert, Earl of Essex, was about nine years of age when he succeeded to the title and much impaired estates of his father. In 1577 he was entered at Trinity College, and the Christmas vacation of that year was passed at the Court. In 1581 he took his degree (M.A.), and the following year, at the age of fifteen, he wrote to his guardian, Lord Burleigh, to ask forgiveness for having passed the bounds of frugality. (P. 171.) Three years later (1585), he accompanied his stepfather, the Earl of Leicester, to the Low Countries; when not satisfied with the command of General of the Horse to which he was appointed, he wished to equip a band of his own; and in a strong letter of remonstrance from his grandfather, Sir Francis Knollys, "against this causeless and needless expense," he is also reminded of the impoverished state of his inheritance, his father not having left him "sufficient lands to maintain the poorest Earl in England." (Vol. 1. p. 178.) So early in life had the love of display and the habits of extravagance begun to appear in the future favorite.

In December 1587, Lord Essex became Master of the Horse (p. 194), and was in the full sunshine of royal favor and bounty; but his prodigality outrant the Queen's liberality, and her kindness was repaid by contempt of her authority. In April 1589, an expedition was fitted out under the command of Sir John Norreys and Sir Francis Drake to assist the King of Portugal to regain possession of his throne; Essex desired to join it—the Queen refused her consent, and to that refusal Essex was bound to have submitted both as a royal subject and as the paid officer of the court; but in defiance of the Queen's

prohibition, he secretly fled, leaving behind him not less than forty letters addressed to the Council and others, in which he expressed his resolution not to be stayed by any commandment excepting death. (Vol. 1. p. 196.) He proceeded to Plymouth with extraordinary haste, and unknown to Sir J. Norreys and Sir Francis Drake, went on board one of the Queen's ships (the *Swiftsure*), which, without authority, he placed at his own disposal and proceeded to Falmouth. From that port he set sail about the same time as Norreys and Drake from Plymouth, and in about a month after fell in with their fleet. These commanders in vain endeavoured to induce Essex to obey the commands of the Queen and Council; he persisted in refusing to return to England, the winds rather favored his resolution to remain, and as soon as the troops were landed in Portugal, he succeeded in taking a leading part in the expedition. We naturally look for some motive to account for such acts of subordination, and that motive is explained by himself in a letter to his grandfather (p. 206.), wherein he states that his debts amount to 22,000*l.* or 23,000*l.*; that her Majesty's goodness to him had been so great, that he could ask no more of her, that he had already offended her with solicitations, and that his object is to repair himself by this adventure; that if he sped well, he will "adventure to be rich, if not, he will never live to see the end of his poverty."

That Essex showed courage and activity when engaged in the object he had thus in view, is a merit which has distinguished the lawless leader of many a lawless band; but it is difficult in the teeth of his own letter to acquiesce in the chivalrous turn which Captain Devereux has given to this daring attempt to repair the dissipated fortunes of a rapacious courtier by calling it "a romantic spirit of knight-errantry" (p. 194); and a desire to succor a distressed prince, and to annoy Spain, which exactly suited his temper (p. 195.). Elizabeth formed a just estimate of his misconduct towards herself in the reproof contained in her letter of recall, when she addressed him in the following words:—"Essex, your sudden and undutiful departure from our presence and your place of attendance, you may easily conceive how offensive it is and ought to be to us. Our great favors bestowed on you without deserts, hath drawn you thus to neglect and forget your duty." (P. 205.) Had Essex shown equal independence of the wishes and authority of Elizabeth on the subject of his marriage he

might have been better entitled to those chivalrous attributes lavished on him by his biographer; but the "generous," "proud," "high-spirited," and "romantic" Essex did not scruple to keep his marriage with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney secret till her reputation demanded its avowal, and then, "for her Majesty's better satisfaction was pleased that his wife should live very retired in her mother's house." (P. 212.) Lady Essex is described as "an accomplished person, of a refined taste in literature, and one whose society must, during his long period of confinement and anxiety, have afforded the greatest consolation to her husband;" and yet it is said that "the names of at least four ladies of the Court were coupled with his" (p. 475.); and that his faithless conduct so seriously affected the happiness of Lady Essex that it not only on one occasion blighted her maternal hopes, but drew from Lady Bacon a friendly exhortation, not again to risk a similar misfortune, but "to make great account of God's blessing to them both, and not to make her heart sorrowful to the hindrance of her young fruit." (P. 407.) Nor was Lady Essex the only sufferer from her husband's infidelity; for the objects of his attention were sure to provoke the suspicions of Elizabeth, and they were made to feel in acts of petty spite the power of a jealous Queen.

"On the 11th of February we hear that 'it is spied out by some that my lord of Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B.; it cannot choose but come to her Majesty's ears, and then he is undone.' Lady Essex, who was with child at this time, was observed to be much disquieted, having either been informed of or suspecting it. The lady in question was Mrs. Brydges, a maid of honor and celebrated beauty, who had been in some disgrace the preceding April on this account. The Queen had treated her and Mrs. Russell with words and blows of anger; they were put out of the Coffer Chamber, and took refuge in Lady Stafford's house for three nights, when, promising to avoid the like offence in future, they were restored to their wonted waiting. One reason assigned for the royal displeasure is sufficiently ludicrous, that the ladies had taken physic—without leave I presume; the other was that they had gone one day privately through the privy galleries to see the playing of ballon, or foot-ball. [It appears that for some days subsequent to the visit of his lady-love to the ballon-playing, Essex was confined 'with a great heat in his mouth,' caused by over-excitement in playing this game.] . . . Lady Mary Howard neglected to 'bear Her Highness's mantle, and other furniture,' at the hour that the Queen walked in the garden; she was absent from meals and prayers; and, on one occasion, was not ready to carry the cup of grace during

dinner into the Privy chamber, and, when rebuked, gave such unseemly answer as bred great choler in the Queen, whose mind was at that time very much occupied with Irish affairs, so that she seldom talked of familiar matters to her women, and chided them severely for small neglects. But the cause of Lady Mary's offence was likely to increase her Mistress's anger, for it appeared that she had 'much favor and marks of love' from the young Earl, which she encouraged, notwithstanding that the Queen exhorted all 'her women to remain in virgin state as much as may be.' Lady Mary was advised to shun the Earl, and not entertain his company nor be careful in altering her person to win his love, which she seemed more careful about than the Queen's goodwill. Elizabeth herself took the following method of correcting the latter fault in Lady Mary, all that could be said 'of youth and enticing love' in mitigation of her offence having rather a contrary effect. Lady Mary had a velvet dress with a rich border, powdered with gold and pearl, which moved many to envy, and among the rest the Queen herself, who thought it surpassed her own in beauty and richness. So one day she sent privately for Lady Mary's dress, put it on, and came out among the ladies; the Queen being a great deal taller than Lady Mary, the dress was ridiculous on her; she asked all the ladies how they liked her new fancied suit; at length she came to the poor girl herself, and asked her if she did not think it too short and unbecoming, to which Lady Mary was forced to agree. 'Why then,' said the Queen, 'if it become not me as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine, so it fitteth neither well.' The dress was accordingly put by, and never worn till after the Queen's death, when he, to gratify whose eyes it had been perhaps originally made, was no longer there to admire its fair wearer." (Vol. i. p. 476.)

That Essex ill repaid his wife's constancy and affection was not only shown by his attentions to others, but in the want of tenderness he appears to have evinced at the close of his life towards both her and his children. After his condemnation, we find Lady Essex the humble and earnest supplicant to Cecil, "for the hindering of that fatal warrant for execution, which if it be once signed, she would never wish to breathe one hour after." (Vol. ii. p. 175.) But "Lord Essex never saw his wife and son, nor took a last farewell of them or any of his friends, nor had expressed a wish to see them." (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

Whatever may have been the nature of the feelings with which Elizabeth regarded Essex, it is obvious by the letters contained in these volumes that whilst he addressed her in terms of adulation, neither his personal devotion nor his loyalty were sincere. As



passing two hours on his knees to obtain the command of an auxiliary force in Normandy, he writes to the Queen on the second day only after his departure "a lamentation on the misery of absence." (Vol. i. p. 219.)

His object in life appears to have been to obtain from the Crown all that his vanity, his ambition, and his extravagance demanded; and whilst he querulously resented the smallest check to his success, the Queen was constantly chafed by the sense of his insolence and rapacity; and it is to be presumed that no tender regret for his death could obliterate the recollection of these offences, when we find that in 1602, she talked to M. de Beaumont of Essex, "with sighs and almost tears, but added, qu'il se contentât de prendre plaisir de lui déplaire à toutes occasions, et de mépriser sa personne insolemment, comme il faisoit, et qu'il se gardât bien de toucher à son sceptre." (Vol. ii. p. 204.) So constant indeed were the quarrels, and so bitter the mutual reproaches that passed between the Queen and her favorite, that the difficulty is rather to understand how he came to be so often reinstated in her good graces, than that his days should have ended on the scaffold.

The following extracts are but a sample of the tone of those letters which form a considerable portion of his correspondence contained in these volumes:—

*Essex to Sir R. Cecyll.*

"SIR ROBERT,—You will bear with me for my short writing the last time. I was punished with a fever, and my heart broken with the Queen's unkindness. Since the writing of my last I lost my brother in an unfortunate skirmish before Rouen. I call it unfortunate that robbed me of him who was dearer to me than ever I was to myself. We killed divers of them, and lost but two, whereof he was one. When I went I was so weak I was carried in a litter. This cursed mishap took me at great disadvantage, when I had neither strength of body nor mind to overcome my grief. Upon my return to Argues, with a fit of ague on my back, I received the Queen's letter of the 3d of this month, together with my L. your father's packet. When I read them I thought I should never see the end of my affliction. I want words to express my just grief. I was blamed as negligent, undutiful, rash in going, slow in returning, indiscreet in dividing the horse from the foot, faulty in all things, because I was not fortunate to please. Whereas, if I did not send as often as it was possible to have passage,—if I did not refuse to march until I knew the ratification was signed (for so I was commanded),—if I had not the assent of my K. ambassador, Mr. Killigrew, and all the chief officers of the army, besides the King's sending with such earnestness, as he said it imported both the States,—if I did

not return with as much speed as might be, saving that at Gisors I left the ordinary way, because I knew I was laid for by all the forces both at Normandy and Picardy,—if I left not the foot in safety where they had no use of horse,—have me condemned in all; but if this be all true, as upon my soul it is true, judge uprightly between the Queen and me, whether she be not an unkind lady, and I an unfortunate servant. I wish to be out of my prison, which I account my life; but while I must needs live, I will seek to have my service graciously accepted by Her Majesty, and my poor reputation not overthrown."—(Vol. i. p. 233.)

*Essex to the Queen.*

"Your Majesty's unkindness accompanied the loss of my brother, and your heavy indignation I see follows your unkindness; and now I find that Your Majesty's indignation threatens the ruin and disgrace of him that hath lost his dearest and only brother, spent a great part of his substance, ventured his own life and many of his friends, in seeking to do Your Majesty's service. But I have offended and must suffer." (Vol. i. p. 241.)

At other times he addressed her in terms of such adulation and submission, as the following letters:—

*Essex to the Queen.*

"Receive, I humbly beseech Your Majesty, the unfeigned submission of the saddest soul on earth. I have offended in presumption, for which my humble soul doth sigh, sorrow, languish, and wish to die. I have offended a Sovereign whose displeasure is a heavier weight upon me than if all the earth besides did overwhelm me. To redeem this offence, and recover Your Majesty's gracious favor, I would do, I protest, whatsoever is possible for flesh and blood; and for proof of my true sorrow, if Your Majesty do not speedily receive me, I hope you shall see the strong effects of your disfavor in the death and destiny of Your Majesty's humblest vassal, Essex."\*

*Essex to the Queen.*

"Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to know there lives a man,—though dead to the world, and in himself exercised with continued torments of mind and body,—that doth more true honor to your thrice blessed day than all those that appear in your sight. For no soul had ever such an impression of your perfections, no alteration showed such an effect of your power, nor no heart ever felt such a joy of your triumph. For they that feel the comfortable influence of Your Majesty's favor, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice, partly for Your Majesty's, chiefly for their own happiness.

"Only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is

\* Vol. ii. p. 83.

yet alive, and importunate on death, if your sentence be irrevocable, he joys only for Your Majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy seventeenth day many and many times renewed with glory to Your Majesty, and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accursed but Your Majesty's humblest vassal, *ESSEX.*"\*

But his letters were at once fulsome and false, and not all the gifts and honors lavished upon him could preserve his allegiance intact, or prevent his carrying on intrigues with the King of Scotland, and making his house the rendezvous of Puritan preachers and malcontents of various descriptions, who held doctrines subversive of the Queen's authority (vol. ii. p. 135.); his professions of submission, loyalty, and affection, when a suitor for favors, did not withhold him from acting in defiance of the Queen's commands, nor could all the expressions of regret and despair at having incurred her displeasure, deter him from planning acts of violence to reinstate himself in power. The Earl of Southampton being in disgrace with the Queen, was notwithstanding appointed by him General of the Horse in Ireland (Vol. ii. p. 42.); when ordered to be circumspect in the use of his power of making knights in Ireland, he created no less than eighty-one, and notwithstanding that he had received an order not to come over to England without license, he suddenly abandoned his command, and forced himself into the Queen's presence. (Vol. ii. p. 123.) The arbitrary spirit of Elizabeth was not likely to make her very tolerant of such acts of resistance and disrespect, nor did her partiality blind her to the objects of self-interest which dictated some of his most repentant and devoted letters. She told Bacon, that "he had written her some very dutiful letters, and that she had been moved by them; but when she took it to be the abundance of his heart, she found it to be but a preparation to a suit for the renewing of his farm of sweet wines." (Vol. ii. p. 125.) Essex professed to kiss her fair hands and the rod with which she corrected him,—that he would retire into a country solitude, and say with Nebuchadnezzar, "Let my dwelling be with the beasts of the field, let me eat grass as an ox, and be wet with the dew of heaven, till it shall please her Majesty to restore me to my understanding." To which the Queen, on receiving his application for this favor, replied, with more truth

than delicacy or tenderness, "that the more one feeds corrupt and diseased bodies the more one hurts them; and that the ungovernable beast must be stinted of his provender."

Captain Devereux has laid much stress on the enmity and intrigues of those who were opposed to Essex; but in tracing his "Life and Correspondence," it is easy to perceive the fact that he was, throughout his short and chequered career, his own worst enemy. It is much to be regretted that Captain Devereux was not permitted, as he states in his Preface, to have access to the MSS. at Hatfield, which would probably have better explained the relations subsisting at different times between Essex and Robert Cecil; but we must also remark that the evidence of that powerful and effective hostility of the Cecils to Essex, so often alluded to, is hardly substantiated in the facts adduced in these volumes. Lord Burleigh appears to have been the friend of his father, and to have shown a kindly interest in his welfare, and so far from wishing to estrange him from the favor of the Queen, he even incurred her bitter displeasure for pleading in his favor; and on one of those occasions, when Essex had absented himself from Court, he wrote to him to urge him to return and make his peace.

To state that enmities and cabals, quarrels and reconciliations, were constantly occurring between all who were rivals for power, is saying no more than that the Court of Elizabeth was composed of men moved by the passions common to human nature, and who were seeking, in the personal favor of the sovereign, the means of gratifying their own ambition.

Essex and Raleigh were constantly opposed to each other, and though Captain Devereux often alludes to the influence exercised by the latter to the prejudice of Essex, it is clear that Essex was equally unfriendly to Raleigh, and addressed the Queen in terms of great bitterness and hostility towards him. (Vol. i. p. 186.)

Captain Devereux has endeavored to prove, in spite of the authority of Camden and of Lord Bacon, that the appointment of Lord Essex to Ireland was not only unsolicited by Essex, but that "he had from the first a strong aversion to the service, and accepted the office of Deputy most unwillingly." (Vol. ii. p. 2.) Essex's own letter to the Queen (Vol. i. p. 496,) tends to confirm Camden's view, for by that it appears that after absenting himself from Court, and refusing to take

\* Vol. ii. p. 128.

his place at the Council, he was aroused to post up and offer to attend when the unhappy news from Ireland arrived, and that he apprehended how much Her Majesty would be grieved to hear of her armies beaten and her kingdoms conquered by the son of a smith."

The choice of a Lord Deputy of Ireland was a question of great importance: Camden states, that the Queen and most of the Council were in favor of Charles Blount, Earl of Montjoy; but Essex strenuously opposed his appointment, and at the same time pointed to the necessity of such qualities for the duties of that office as to be "a broad sign that he thought none so proper as himself" for their fulfilment, and he had an objection ready against any person whom the Queen might name. Captain Devereux, strangely enough, assigns as a possible reason for his opposition to Lord Montjoy's appointment, the unwillingness of his sister, Lady Rich, to part with her lover; but without attributing any great strictness of morality to Essex, he was hardly likely to have treated the susceptibility of Lady Rich on the point of separation from her lover with more tenderness than he evinced towards his other sister, whose husband, the Earl of Southampton, he appointed to be General of the Horse in Ireland. The Essex's enemies wished to be rid of him was both of natural and true, and perhaps without any great gifts of prophecy, they might foresee that his fame was likely to be diminished rather than increased by the undertaking in question; but if their clear-sightedness but them upon this track, the blindness of Essex soon furnished them with a powerful coadjutor in himself. Camden's account of the opposite motives and feelings by which he and his adversaries were drawn to act in unison on this occasion, is very clear and consonant both with probability and facts. "They were," says he, speaking of his enemies, "in the meantime using all arts to undermine him, as knowing well that the vehemency of his spirit would conspire with their endeavours to ruin and undo him, and that there was not any likelier method to trip up the heels of an aspiring man than to push him upon an office he was altogether unfit for; to be short, as quick and penetrating a person as he was, he either did not, or would not, perceive the bottom of their aims, as long as he thought no employment too big for his grasp, and his friends or flatterers supported him in that opinion."\*

Whatever hesitation was shown by Essex

either in accepting this office, or in proceeding to the execution of its duties, was occasioned by his repeated demands for further supplies, or greater powers; and in one of Elizabeth's many letters of severe reproof to him when in Ireland, the expressions she uses tend to prove, that she regarded the task he had undertaken was one for which he considered himself better fitted than others, and was in accordance with his own wishes. "How often," says she, "have you told us, that others that preceded you had no judgment to end the war." "You had your asking, you had your choice of times, you had power and authority more ample than ever any had or ever shall have." (Vol. ii. p. 63.)

Amongst the most interesting historical questions to which the "Life of Lord Essex" must again give rise, is the degree of blame to be attached to Lord Bacon on the score of ingratitude to his early patron. The knowledge of the course which Bacon finally adopted towards Lord Essex has tinged Captain Devereux's view of his motives, and he has certainly antedated with insufficient proof the period at which Bacon seemed to forget the kindness he had received from his friend. He ventures too freely on surmises of the feelings by which Bacon was actuated, and thus attributes a decay of his intimate friendship with the Earl of Essex from the summer of 1597 to the ineffectual attempts made by Essex to further his interests in his suit to the rich widow, Lady Hatton; adding, "that he had probably contemplated, and was prepared to execute, when occasion should offer, that base desertion of his generous and unsuspecting friend, which has cast a shade of infamy on his memory that not all the reverence felt for his splendid intellect, nor all his great services to mankind have been able to remove." (Vol. ii. p. 21.)

Bacon ascribes the cessation of intimate relations between himself and Essex to the effects of his constant efforts to repress the soaring ambition of the favorite; he urged him to stand upon two feet, and fly not upon two wings; and their differences of opinion upon points so material, "bred," says he, "in process of time, a discontinuance of privateness (as it is the manner of men seldom to communicate where they think their courses not approved) between his lordship and myself, so as I was not called nor advised with for some year and a half before his lordship going into Ireland as in former time."

A difficult, not to say impossible, task remains to the enthusiastic admirers of Bacon

Camden, "Life of Elizabeth," p. 614.

to justify or even to excuse the conduct he pursued when called upon to decide between his feelings of gratitude for past obligations to Essex, and what he might consider his duty to the Queen, which was, in fact, identical with his own interest. Mr. Basil Montagu labored hard to prove that Bacon sacrificed himself and his friend in order that the community at large might reap the benefit of his professional advancement; an explanation of his conduct ably and humorously exposed some years ago, by Mr. Macaulay, in his "Essay on Lord Bacon."

Mr. Basil Montagu, however, afforded a sufficient commentary on his own theory by saying, "that Bacon saw, if he did not plead against Essex, all his hopes of advancement might, without any benefit to his friend, be destroyed;" and doubtless it was a sincere regard for his own advancement, but very little checked by the consideration of what might benefit his friend, that ultimately determined the part he took. Still Bacon's conduct was rather mean than perfidious; he was grateful, but he was not magnanimous—he unceasingly acknowledged his obligations to Essex, and for long repaid those obligations by attachment and advice—he risked the Queen's displeasure for his sake, and even endured her coldness and reproaches for his attempts to serve him,—but to be absolutely ruined for the doubtful benefit of one whom neither counsel nor experience could guide or amend, was beyond the stretch of his grateful and self-sacrificing friendship.

Captain Devereux has quoted two letters from Bacon to Lord Essex,—one written during the absence of Sir Robert Cecil in France, and the other after Essex's nomination to the Government of Ireland,—in order to prove that Bacon was amongst the number of those who encouraged an undertaking which was most unwillingly accepted by Essex, and which would obviously lead to his ruin. There is no date affixed to the first of these letters; but as Cecil returned from his mission in May, 1598, it must have been written at the least ten months before the time when Essex's commission as Lord Lieutenant was signed. There can be no doubt but that Bacon in that letter appeared anxious to draw Essex's attention to Irish matters, "as one of the aptest particulars that can come upon the stage for his Lordship to purchase honor upon;" but even then he concluded his epistle with this useful caution: "I know your Lordship will carry it (the business,) with that modesty and respect towards aged dignity, and that good corres-

pondence towards my dear ally and your good friend now abroad, as no inconvenience may grow that way."

Ample time had elapsed after the writing of this letter and the time of Essex's appointment, for Bacon to have changed his opinion as to Ireland being the fittest stage for his Lordship to purchase honor upon, and by no means therefore disproves the truth of his own account of the matter in his "Apology," when he says, "I did not only dissuade but protest against his going, telling him with as much vehemency and asseveration as I could, that absence in that kind would exulcerate the Queen's mind, whereby it would not be possible for him to carry himself—so as to give her sufficient contentment, nor for her to carry herself so as to give him sufficient countenance; which would be ill for her, ill for him, and ill for the State. And because I would omit no argument, I remember I stood also upon the difficulty of the action; many other reasons I used, so as I am sure I never in any thing in my lifetime dealt with him in like earnestness by speech, by writing, and by all the means I could devise. For I did as plainly see his overthrow chained, as it were by destiny, to that journey, as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents. But, my lord, howsoever his ear was open, yet his heart and resolution were shut against that advice, whereby his ruin might have been prevented."

Bacon, writing in defence of his own conduct, may of course be suspected of taking an advocate's liberty in favor of his client; but it can hardly be supposed that he went the length of asserting so broad a falsehood, as that he not only dissuaded but protested against his going, had he, as Captain Devereux supposes, used all his influence "to induce the unwilling Essex to take a more favorable view of it." The second letter of Bacon, quoted by Captain Devereux in support of this opinion, was written after Lord Essex's appointment was settled; there was no longer, therefore, question of advice as to the acceptance of so perilous an undertaking, and the letter is one of compliment, congratulation, and encouragement; still the warnings and advice contained in that letter correspond with the warnings he describes himself as having used to dissuade him from accepting the post, and show that, whilst encouraging him to hope for success, and pointing out the best means to secure it, he continued fully alive to the dangers to

which Essex would be exposed from his rash and insubordinate nature.

"Now, although it be true," says he on this occasion, "that these things which I have writ (being but representation unto your Lordship of the honor and appearance of success in the enterprise) be not much to the purpose of my direction, yet it is that which is best to me, being no man of war, and ignorant in the particulars of State; for a man may, by the eye, set up the white right in the midst of the butt, though he be no archer. Therefore I will only add this wish, according to the English phrase, which termeth a well-wishing advice a wish, that your Lordship, in this whole action, looking forward, set down this position, that merit is worthier than fame; and looking back hither, would remember this text, that "obedience is better than sacrifice. For designing to fame and glory may make your Lordship, in the adventure of your person, to be valiant as a private soldier, rather than as a general; it may make you in your commandments rather to be gracious than disciplinary; it may make you press action, in the respect of the great expectation conceived, rather hastily than seasonably and safely; it may make you seek rather to achieve the war by force, than by mixture of practice; it may make you (if God shall send you prosperous beginnings) rather seek the fruition of the honor, than the perfection of the work in hand. And for your proceeding like a good protestant (upon warrant, and not upon good intention), your Lordship knoweth, in your wisdom, that as it is most fit for you to desire convenient liberty of instruction, so it is no less fit for you to observe the due limits of them, remembering that the exceeding of them may not only procure (in case of adverse accident) a dangerous disavow, but also (in case of prosperous success), be subject to interpretation, as if all was not referred to the right end."\*

It might have happened that Bacon, blinded by partiality, might have sincerely thought it well, for the fame of his early patron, to undertake the difficult task of reducing Ireland to a state of loyalty and obedience, and that he might, therefore, have advised his acceptance without the sinister motive attributed by Camden to the enemies of Essex, of wishing "to trip up his heels," by pushing him upon an office he was altogether "unfit for;" but Bacon was too clear-sighted to mistake where lay the real interest of his friend. He "vehemently dissuaded him from

seeking greatness by a military dependence, or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation.\* And, when listening to the queen's complaints of Essex's proceedings in Ireland, which she spoke of as "unfortunate, without judgment," contemptuous, and not without some private end of his own, he endeavored to persuade her to place him where he was best fitted to shine without risk of offence to Her Majesty, or of danger to the State. "If you had my Lord of Essex here," said he, "with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, and continued him still about you for society to yourself, and for an honor and ornament to your attendance and Court in the eyes of your people, and in the eyes of foreign ambassadors, then were he in his right element; for to discontent him as you do, and yet to put arms and power into his hands, may be a kind of temptation to make him prove cumbersome and unruly."†

On Essex's abrupt return without leave from Ireland, he lighted at once at the Court gate, "and though so full of dirt and mire that his very face was full of it," he rushed into the Queen's bedchamber, where he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face: he kneeled unto her, kissed her hands, and had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment."‡

Whether the Queen, surprised for the moment by the unexpected pleasure of seeing him again at her feet, really gave him cause for this contentment, or that his vanity misconstrued her reception, or that he deemed it only politic to affect, as he said, to have found a sweet calm at home after he had suffered much trouble and storm abroad, it is certain that, before the day was over, he had little reason to congratulate himself on the effect of his daring intrusion. Not many hours elapsed before the Queen's recollection of what was due to her own dignity, or the sense of Essex's defalcation of duty, or the representation of her Ministers as to his conduct, aroused her displeasure; it appears that, after dinner, he found her much changed—she treated him with coldness—the Lords were appointed to hear him in council that afternoon, and between eleven and twelve o'clock that night he was ordered by the Queen to keep his chamber. Bacon was still the friend of Essex; and, according to his own statement,

\* Bacon's "Apology," vol. vi. p. 245.

† Bacon's Works, vol. vi. p. 50.

‡ Account given by Rowland White in "Sidney Memoir."

\* Bacon's Works, vol. xii. pp. 22, 23.

offered him such advice on the course he should pursue as would have been best calculated to reinstate him in favor with the Queen; first, not to treat the peace with Tyrone as a matter of glory, but of unfortunate necessity; next, not to force upon the Queen the necessity of sending him back to Ireland, but to leave it to her decision; and, above all, to seek access, importune, opportune, seriously, sportingly, every way; but though Essex listened willingly, "he spake," says Bacon, "very few words, and shook his head sometimes as if he thought I was in the wrong; but sure I am he did just contrary on every one of these three points."\* It was determined, after much doubt as to the course of proceeding, that Essex's conduct should be investigated, not by public accusation but by a declaration in the Star Chamber. Captain Devereux admits that, during the time of Essex's confinement, the Queen had frequently consulted Bacon respecting his case, "and that he had made many efforts to persuade Elizabeth to relax the severity of her treatment. He endeavored, by such arguments as were best calculated to make an impression on her mind, to dissuade her from the declaration in the Star Chamber in November, telling her that the Earl possessed the pity of the people, and that such a course would lead them to say that my Lord was wounded in the back, and that justice had her balance taken from her, which consisted ever in an accusation and defence; but his arguments were for the time unheeded by his irritated mistress." This assembly of Privy Councillors, Judges and Statesmen, was held on the 30th of November, when they declared, without Essex being heard in his own defence, the nature of his misconduct. Bacon would not attend, and afterwards excused himself to the Queen on the plea of indisposition.

Bacon continued to warn the Queen of the danger of bringing the cause of so eloquent and well-spoken a man into any public question, and advised her "to restore the Earl to his former attendance, with some addition of honor to take away discontent;" but she rejected his advice. After Easter, she confessed to Bacon that she found his words were true respecting the proceedings in the Star Chamber—that instead of doing good they had only kindled factious fruits; and that she was therefore determined now to proceed against the Earl in the Star Chamber by an information *ore tenus*, to have him

brought to an answer, although what she did should not be *ad destructionem* but only *ad castigationem*—not to render him unable to serve her after. Bacon and others of the learned Counsel were hereupon sent for by some of the principal Councillors, to notify Her Majesty's pleasure to them, when he was "openly told by one of them that Her Majesty had not yet resolved whether she would have him forborne in the business or no." Bacon then addressed a letter to the Queen, praying "that she would be pleased to spare him in Lord Essex's cause, out of the consideration she took of his obligations to that Lord, and that he should reckon it one of her greatest favors;" at the same time assuring her that "no particular obligation whatsoever to any subject could supplant or weaken the entireness of duty that he did owe and bear to her and her service." But Elizabeth was not one to admit the claims of friendship and gratitude to interpose or interfere with the execution of her will; and Bacon states that the next news he heard was, that "Her Majesty's pleasure was, we all should have parts in the business." Bacon remonstrated with the Lords on the part allotted to him; but the Queen's plea was imperative, and Bacon, as he himself acknowledges, "little satisfied in his own mind," submitted. Whether his mode of conducting the part thus forced upon him was, as both he and his eulogist Mr. Basil Montagu pretend, ingeniously friendly to Lord Essex, or was unnecessarily hostile, as Captain Devereux implies (vol. ii. p. 11.), may remain matter of discussion and dispute between those who, on one side, see nothing in Bacon's conduct but that of the kind and constant friend, and those who, on the other side, view Essex as the object of his heartless ingratitude. The result of this trial, which took place on the 5th of June, 1600, was "that the Earl of Essex should be suspended from his offices, and continue a prisoner in his own house till it pleased Her Majesty to release him." According to Bacon, he immediately used his utmost endeavours with the Queen to bring Lord Essex back again into Court and into favor, and tried to satisfy her that the course she had now taken was successful, and therefore should be no further pursued. Elizabeth, satisfied with herself, reiterated her saying that the proceedings should be *ad reparationem* and not *ad ruinam*, and there was every appearance of her intending to relent, when she was again offended by the indiscreet zeal of some of Essex's partisans in

\* Bacon's "Apology," vol. vi. p. 254.

endeavouring to justify his conduct. Bacon again interposed in his behalf; and in the beginning of July, Essex was ordered to be liberated from his keeper, but not to quit London.

On the 9th of July\* Bacon addressed a letter to Essex, assuring him of his affection and good offices; and though Captain Devereux comments upon Essex's reply to this letter was one "which merits particular attention, so dignified, so gentle, so free from reproach, or rather, in its very gentleness, so full of reproach," we cannot but think that the more simple solution of the absence of reproach is to be found in the fact that none was intended, Essex having been secretly well informed of Bacon's constant advocacy in his behalf with the Queen. The style of the correspondence may be formal, and from some of the expressions it appears to bear out Mr. Basil Montagu's supposition that it was intended to be seen by the Queen, but there is no reason to suppose that Essex intended or Bacon understood any deep hidden reproach in a letter which Bacon describes as "a courteous and loving acceptance of his good will and endeavors."<sup>†</sup>

Bacon's tender of good offices was made and accepted in good faith, and was speedily called into action. He not only watched his opportunities of working on the Queen in Lord Essex's favor, and then apprising him of what had passed, and advising the best course for him to take, but he gave him the further assistance of his pen, in writing at his desire and for his benefit, a supposed correspondence between his own brother Anthony Bacon and Essex, which was to be shown to the Queen, and also a letter from Essex direct to the Queen, all of which letters were thought calculated to plead best for his restoration to favor. At the end of August, Essex was liberated, but not allowed to return to Court, and he retired into the country, hoping soon to obtain the further grace of a renewal of his patent of monopoly of sweet wines, which was nearly expired. To the renewal of this patent he looked as the critical event which was to determine whether he should be reinstated in his former credit at Court. He sought it with the most abject professions of devotion and humility; but he overshot the mark, and the Queen was offended at the ill-adjusted veil which could not conceal the intended object for which it

was assumed. The patent was refused, and the humble, contrite Essex indulged at once in a tone of petulant and insulting complaint. The man who had addressed letters of adulation and penitence to his "most dear and admired Sovereign;" who spoke of himself on the occasion of the anniversary of the Queen's accession as "the miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death if her sentence be irrevocable" (vol. ii. p. 128.); the man who wrote to Her Majesty, saying, "I look up to you on earth as my only physician, yet look for no physic till you, in your deepest wisdom and precious favor, shall think the crisis past and the time fit for a cure" (vol. ii. p. 115.); now that he was denied the favor he expected, scrupled not to declare, that "he could not serve with base obsequiousness, that he was thrust down into private life and wrongfully committed to custody, and this by an old woman no less crooked in mind than in body."\* The breach that Bacon had so sedulously endeavored to heal between the Queen and her turbulent favorite became wider and wider; her indignation was roused by Essex's ingratitude, and whilst she resolved to humble him more effectually by prolonging his banishment from Court, Essex House became the resort of every malcontent, and he had actually gone so far as to hold out the threat of entering the royal presence by force. "I sometimes think of running," says he, in one of his letters to the Queen, "and then remember what it will be to come in armor triumphing into that presence out of which both by your own voice I was commanded, and by your own hands thrust out." (Vol. ii. p. 129.) The Queen now visited her anger on the friend who had so constantly endeavored to persuade her to restore the refractory Essex to her grace and presence; and, to use Bacon's own words, "for the space of three months, which was between Michaelmas and New Year tide following, the Queen would not so much as look on me, but turned away from me with express and purposed dislike whenever she saw me; and at such time as I desired to speak with her about law business, ever sent me forth very slight refusals."<sup>†</sup>

At the end of the three months Bacon

\* Life of Bacon, vol. xvi. Bacon's Works. Note 4 D. In Captain Devereux's work the date of the letter, is July 19.

† Life of Bacon, vol. xvi. p. 81.

\* Quoted in "Life of Bacon," Bacon's Works, vol. xvi. p. 85.

† Bacon's "Apology," Bacon's Works, vol. vi. p. 271.

asked an audience of the Queen, and after an explanation and many gracious expressions on her part towards him, he departed, "resting," as he says, "determined to meddle no more in the matter, as I saw that it would overthrow me, and not be able to do him any good." It is from the moment of this determination that the conduct of Bacon towards Lord Essex becomes matter of fair discussion, as to whether the sense of those obligations he had so often acknowledged should have carried him on to act the part of his friend, at whatever risk to himself; or, if not, how far the instinct of self-interest justified his being passive to serve or active to ruin his former patron. Bacon had committed himself over and over again to the Queen by confident assurances of Essex's attachment and repentance; and Essex must have deceived him by insincere professions of loyalty, or the cautious Bacon would never have ventured to be the constant advocate for his re-establishment in her favor. His conduct, after the refusal of the patent, must have convinced him that he had been surety for one who was not to be trusted; his omission to make any further efforts to serve the interests of a man who marred the effect of every friendly exertion, is hardly worthy of the severe censure with which it has been the habit of some writers to load the memory of Bacon, and to treat him as if he had been one of those summer friends who had basked in the sunshine of the favorite's fortune till night came on, and then, without cause or provocation, turned upon him and hastened his destruction. Thus far Bacon's course in "meddling no more in the matter" was purely defensive, but unhappily it did not rest there. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the last well-known fatal act of rebellious violence which led to Essex being again placed on his trial. In the plan, and in the execution of his conspiracy, no less than during his trial, he showed throughout the same selfish ambition, the same impatience of authority and irresolution of purpose, the same faithlessness, and also the same personal courage, that had so often marked the conduct of the rebel courtier throughout his career.

Bacon says he never saw the Queen from the day on which he resolved to meddle no more in the business, till the 8th of February, which he terms the day of my Lord of Essex's misfortune; and for that which he afterwards performed at the bar in his public service, he was bound, says he, by the rules of duty to do it honestly and without pre-

varication—but that for putting himself into it, he protested before God he never moved either the Queen or any person living concerning his being in the service either of evidence or examination, but that it was laid upon him with the rest of his fellows.\* It may be perfectly true that Bacon only undertook to perform the task laid upon him, and it is more than probable, even if we had not his word for it, that he did not seek the service on which he was employed; but did he then, as before, request to be spared in my Lord Essex's cause on account of his obligation towards him? He had promised to meddle no more in his favor; might he not, therefore, have the more reasonably asked of the Queen the favor to be excused from taking part, even professionally, against one to whom he owned former obligations? The Queen might have refused; but it is clear, by Bacon's own statement, that he made no attempt to preserve his neutrality; when once engaged in the service, he was certainly bound by the rules of duty to do it honestly and without prevarication, and for that very reason he should have risked even the Queen's displeasure sooner than be placed in a position, where it might, and indeed must, become his duty to share in being the legal instrument of death to a former friend. There was no excuse to be urged of danger to the Queen or to the State. Essex's guilt was too clear to require the exercise of any great legal skill to ensure conviction. Bacon's services could not have been necessary to the public safety. Essex had fairly forfeited the confidence and tired out the good will and affection of his best friends—but he had not canceled the claims which former obligations had given him on the gratitude of Bacon, and that tongue should never have been employed to point and fix his guilt, that pen should never have been used to perpetuate the remembrance of it. Essex's miserable defence in extenuation of his treason, that his enemies were seeking his life, and that he fled into the city for favor and defence, was rebutted by Bacon, who very aptly compared him to the self-wounded Pisistratus, "who ran crying into Athens, that his life was sought and like to have been taken away, thinking to move the people to have pity on him by such counterfeit danger and harm, whereas his aim was to take the government of the city into his hands."†

Essex, with singular baseness, retorted upon

\* "Apology," vol. vi. p. 272.

† Harl. MS. No. 6854. fol. 188.



Bacon by the most palpable breach of confidence: he at once betrayed the assistance he had received from him in the composition of those letters written at his own desire, and by which he had profited during his recent disgrace with the Queen. He thought that Bacon was in his power, and in defiance of every feeling of honor, he used that power not even to benefit himself, but to endanger one who had been his friend for a service which he had desired and accepted. Bacon was probably well justified in asserting in return, that he had spent more hours in vain in studying how to make him a good servant to her Majesty than he had done in anything else, and that for the letters they would not blush for anything contained in them; but his further retort was most ungenerous: he compared his conduct to that of Henry Duke of Guise, and his attempt in the city to the day of the barricades,—allusions which were peculiarly calculated to aggravate the Queen's displeasure, and to withhold the exercise of her clemency, by which alone it was possible for his life to be spared. Nor is there any proof afforded even by himself that Bacon made any real effort after Essex's condemnation to move the Queen to spare his life. It would seem but natural to suppose, that after satisfying the Queen how far his loyalty had outstripped his friendship and gratitude to his early patron, he might have safely pleaded for mitigation of the fatal sentence; but whilst in his "Apology" he takes credit to himself for the efforts he made for others concerned in the plot, he acknowledges, that during his interview with the Queen, "he durst not deal directly for my lord as things then stood." Bacon's views of Essex's character had evidently undergone considerable change; he had regarded him as rash, impetuous, and turbulent, but trusted to his being undesigning, fickle, and yielding; he found him intriguing, false, and fierce; he saw he was incorrigible, he felt he was dangerous, and with the instinct of fear he became cruel. He saw in Essex a friend who would betray and a foe who would destroy: self-preservation predominated over every other feeling, and Bacon hardened his heart from cowardice at the moment when it should have been softened by pity. Essex had nothing to allege that could disprove an act of open rebellion, but he indulged in the malignant pleasure of making accusations that might injure those whom he regarded as his enemies. Not contented with this ungenerous breach of confidence towards Bacon, which exposed him to danger for services

rendered to himself, he also accused Cecil of having said that the Infanta of Spain was the rightful heir to the Crown of England. Cecil indignantly refuted the charge. "For wit, wherewith you certainly abound," said he, addressing the Earl of Essex, "I am your inferior; I am inferior to you in nobility, yet noble I am; a military man I am not, and herein you go before me: yet doth my innocence protect me; and in this court I stand an upright man, and you a delinquent:" he demanded the authority for this accusation, and Essex unhesitatingly compromised his brother-in-law, Lord Southampton, by saying that he had heard it as well as himself. Cecil then called upon Southampton to name his authority, and was told it was Mr. Comptroller. Cecil desired Sir William Knollys might be sent for, when "it appeared that a book treating of the succession of the Infanta had been read in his presence, and some remarks made on it, but that Sir Robert Cecil had never used such an expression to the Comptroller" (vol. ii. p. 156). Essex might possibly have believed that Cecil had used such expressions, but it was clear he had been at no pains to ascertain the truth of the matter, and yet put forth without scruple an idle tale that in no way bore upon his own vindication, but which might have proved the ruin of the man whom he had regarded sometimes as a friend, sometimes as an enemy, and always as a rival when in power. It was fortunate for Cecil that he was able to disprove at once an aspersion so well calculated to rouse the Queen's jealous alarms. Essex was condemned, and received his sentence with the firmness that marked every occasion in his life when personal courage was required to support him. He desired to have the same preacher that he had with him since his troubles began (vol. ii. p. 163.), and accordingly he was visited in prison by his chaplain, Mr. Ashton. Mr. Ashton reproved him severely for his crimes, and expressed his doubts as "to any person having been either his adviser, persuader, or approver" (vol. ii. p. 167.). Irritated by this reproach, Essex at once confessed his plan, and ended at his own desire by betraying, in presence of the Lord Keeper, the Lord Treasurer, Lord Admiral, and Secretary, the names of all whom he had induced to follow him, or who from love of him had joined in his daring conspiracy (vol. ii. p. 169.). Captain Devereux dilates much on the cruel and Jesuitical conduct of Mr. Ashton towards Lord Essex; but there is no reason to think he forfeited his confidence; as it appears

that by Lord Essex's own desire, he was still in attendance on him the very morning of his execution, and even to the scaffold.

However unfavorable may be the impression left on the mind of the reader, after perusing the life of this unfortunate victim of over indulgence and of unsparing justice, he must close the book with equal dissatisfaction at all that it reveals respecting the disposition of the Queen. Ingratitude and treason cannot be excused by the personal faults of a benefactor or a sovereign; but it must be confessed that Elizabeth's character and conduct may be pleaded in extenuation of the errors if not of the crimes of Essex. Arbitrary, capricious, and vain, she tolerated and encouraged adulation she must have known was insincere; her approbation and rewards were bestowed rather by favor than accorded to merit, whilst a sense of justice seldom checked her ebullitions of temper or guided the exercise of her power. That Essex served her ill was to the shame of one who so often and so largely reaped the benefits of her partiality; but who can say that she personally deserved the devoted service which she expected from all, and which was so conscientiously rendered by many? Is it to be wondered at that the Queen, who could receive with reproachful coldness the officers who had done honor to her arms in foreign lands, and who could degrade herself by indulging in violent and coarse abuse of her tried and faithful servants,—who could treat Burleigh with indignity and reject him as a coward and a miscreant when opposed to her schemes of avarice (vol. i. p. 389),—is it to be wondered at, that she should have failed to fix the fickle affections and light allegiance of a youth dazzled by the splendor of his position and corrupted by the unearned distinctions he enjoyed?

The story of the ring said to have been sent by Lord Essex to the Queen through the Countess of Nottingham, is discussed at some length in this work. Captain Devereux inclines to accept it as an historical fact; but notwithstanding this, and the popular belief in its truth, and the existence of the various rings which have been so carefully preserved as the identical ring, it is impossible to assent to its authenticity without better proof than has adduced in its support. The anecdote is mentioned by Clarendon in a work entitled "Disparity between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham," written by him, as he states, in his younger days, and in which he mentions it only to

discredit it as "a loose report which hath crept in." At a later period this same story figures in Mr. Francis Osborn's "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," published in 1658; and in M. Aubrey de Maurier's "Memoirs," published in 1688, as having been told to Prince Maurice by Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador in Holland under James I.; and again, some years later, Lady Elizabeth Spelman related the same to the Earl of Cork; to him she also gave the MS. memoirs of her great grandfather, Sir Robert Carey (Earl of Monmouth); and by him they were published in 1759. There is a slight variation in the story, as told by Aubrey de Maurier and by Lady Elizabeth Spelman. M. de Maurier states that "Le Comte dans la première extrémité, eut recours à la femme de l'Amiral Howard sa parente, et la fit supplier par une personne confidente de ballier cette bague à la reine en main propre; mais son mari, l'un des ennemis capitaux du Comte, à qui elle le dit imprudemment, l'ayant empêchée de s'acquitter de sa commission, elle consentit à sa mort."

Lady Elizabeth states that the Earl of Essex, unwilling to trust any who were about him, "called a boy whom he saw passing beneath his window, and whose appearance pleased him, and engaged him to carry the ring, which he threw down to him, to the Lady Scrope, a sister of Lady Nottingham, and a friend of the Earl, who was also in attendance on the Queen, and to beg her to present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, took it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, in order to take his advice. The Earl forbade her to carry it to the Queen, or return any answer to the message, but desired her to retain the ring." The variation between the two stories is not very material; the principal facts are the same in each,—that the queen had given a ring to Essex, which was to serve him in time of need; that he employed the Countess of Nottingham to transmit it to the Queen; that she consulted her husband, who forbade her to do so; and that on her death-bed she made a full confession to the Queen of all the facts, alleging her husband's prohibition as her excuse. The whole of the evidence in support of the facts, therefore, is the mention of it by Osborn fifty-five years after the death of Elizabeth; the subsequent narration of it in M. de Maurier's Memoirs; Lord Clarendon's authority to confirm the fact that "such a loose report had crept into discourse;" and the narrative of Lady Eliza-

beth Spelman, the great-granddaughter of the Earl of Monmouth, and the great-great niece of the Countess of Nottingham.

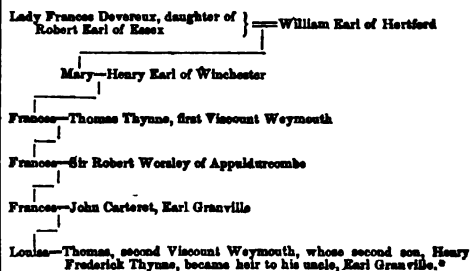
On the other hand, there is no cotemporary account of the fact. A most detailed account of the Queen's last illness,—of her sighs, depression of spirits, and of her death-bed,—were recorded by the cotemporary pen of Camden, in the letters of M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, and in the *Memoirs* of the Earl of Monmouth, both the latter having been eye-witnesses to what they related.

Camden alludes to the Queen's melancholy, and says that Essex's friends were inclined to attribute the change in her spirits to his loss, and also gives other reasons as equally supposed to have produced this effect. M. de Beaumont mentions the Queen having excused herself from granting him an audience on account of the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shown an uncommon concern.\*

The Earl of Monmouth describes her melancholy humor, and his fruitless endeavors to cheer her, but no allusions to the cause being in any way connected with Essex or Lady Nottingham; but the following passage shows, that so far from anything having occurred to disturb her friendly relations with Lord Nottingham, he was actually sent for, as the only person whose influence would be sufficiently powerful to induce her to obey her physicians:—"The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from Court); what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed."†

Now, whatever might be the supposed indignation of Elizabeth against her dying cousin, Lady Nottingham, it is clear that, as the real offender was Lord Nottingham, he would naturally have more than shared in her displeasure; and it is very improbable that a fortnight after the Queen had shaken the helpless wife on her death-bed, the husband, by whose authority the offence was committed, should have continued in undiminished favor. The relationship between Lady Elizabeth Spelman and the Countess of Nottingham might give some weight to her as an authority for this story, had there

been any reason to suppose that it had been handed down as a family tradition; but this does not appear to have been the case, for it was evidently unknown to her great-grandfather, the Earl of Monmouth, the brother of Lady Nottingham and of Lady Scrope. The existence of the ring would do but little to establish the truth of the story, even if but one had been preserved and cherished as the identical ring; but as there are two, if not three, which lay claim to that distinction, they invalidate each others claims. One is preserved at Hawnes, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Bev. Lord John Thynne; another is the property of C. W. Warren, Esq.; and we believe a third is deposited for safety at Messrs. Drummond's Bank. The ring at Hawnes is said to have descended in unbroken succession from Lady Frances Devereux (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) to the present owner:—



The stone in this ring is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief a head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. (Vol. ii. p. 183.) That the ring has descended from Lady Frances Devereux affords the strongest presumptive evidence that it was not *the* ring. According to the tradition, it had passed from her father into Lady Nottingham's hands. According to Lady Elizabeth Spelman, Lord Nottingham insisted upon her keeping it. In her interview with the Queen, the Countess might be supposed to have presented to her the token she had so fatally withheld; or it might have remained in her family, or have been destroyed; but the most improbable circumstance would have been its restoration to the widow or daughter of the much injured Essex by the offending Earl of Nottingham. The Duchess of Somerset left a "long, curious, and minute will, and in it there is no mention of any such ring." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) If there is good evidence for believing that the curious ring at Hawnes was ever in the possession of

\* Birch's *Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 506.

† *Memoirs of Earl of Monmouth*, p. 140.

\* Vol. ii. p. 183.

the Earl of Essex, one might be tempted to suppose that it was the likeness of the Queen to which he alludes in his letters as his "fair angel."

It was when setting out on his expedition to Spain (1597) that he thus expresses his passionate gratitude to the Queen for the gift of her likeness:—"Most dear Lady,—For Your Majesty's high and precious favors . . . but above all other, for Your Majesty bestowing on me that fair angel which you sent to guard me; for those, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe. Sandwich, June 25th." (Vol. i. p. 414.) And again: "If I could express my soul's humble, infinite, and perfect thankfulness for so high favors as Your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and, above all, the angel which you sent to guard me, for Your Majesty's sweet letters indited by the spirit of spirits; if for this, I say, I could express my thankfulness, I would strain my wits to perform it. Portland Road, 6th July." (Vol. i. p. 419.)

At the time of Essex's disgrace, after the proceedings in the Star Chamber, and when still under restraint at Essex House, he

again alludes to this precious gift from the Queen:—

"To mediate for me to Your Majesty, I neither have nor would have any; but to encourage me to be an unfortunate petitioner for myself, I have a lady, a nymph, or an angel, who, when all the world frowns upon me, cannot look with other than gracious eyes, and who, as she resembles Your Majesty most of all creatures, so I know not by what warrant she doth promise more grace from Your Majesty than I without your own warrant dare promise to myself."

"April 4, 1600."

Had Essex possessed at this time any ring or token which, by presenting, could have entitled him to a restoration to favor, it seems most improbable that he should have kept it back, and yet alluded to this likeness of the Queen, whose gracious eyes encouraged him to be a petitioner for himself. The whole tone of this letter is, in fact, almost conclusive against the possibility of his having in his possession any gift of hers endowed with such rights as that of the ring which the Countess of Nottingham is supposed to have withheld.

\* Vol. ii. p. 96.

From the North British Review.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE OF SYRIA.\*

Dr. Arnold has somewhere remarked that histories, instead of being too much prolonged, are too brief and superficial. The remark expresses, we are sure, the intense feel-

ing of many in these times, to whom the study of the past is a deep moral necessity, and who long for a history which shall be more than a mere syllabus of names, and dates, and external events,—which shall connect these with the human hearts and intellects whence they have received life. As regards a history of the Church, the matter seems to stand thus. We have something more than its grand outlines in the well-known works of Mosheim, Gieseler, and Neander: yet even the amplest and richest of these books leaves behind it a feeling of dissatisfaction, if it be intelligently and earnestly read. Our conceptions are painfully dim, when we are eager to obtain a close and familiar knowledge of the every-day movements of the

\* 1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus. Translated from the Original Syriac, with an Introduction and Historical and Philological Notes.* By the Rev. HENRY BURGESE, Ph. D. of Göttingen, a Presbyter of the Church of England, Translator of the Festal Letters of Athanasius, from an Ancient Syriac Version. London, 1853.

2. *Bardesanes Gnosticus, Syrorum primus Hymnologus, Commentatio Historica Theologica quam scripsit AUGUSTUS HAHN.* Lipsiæ, 1819.

3. *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, Jun. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.

Christian community. Our reading has also awakened a keen craving for information more minute and life-like. We thus are grateful for supplemental books,—like Neander's Tertullian, and Julian and Chrysostom, or, indeed, for any contributions which may, in some measure, help us to imagine the actual Christianity of the past and the distant—fitted, as the picture often is, to expand the sympathies, and abate prejudices.

One marked characteristic of recent research into other forms of Christian life, is the special attention now given to the venerable but sadly decrepit Christian communities of the East, whose formularies exist in languages cognate with the ancient Hebrew. For ages these have been considered, it may be, as objects of curiosity and mournful retrospect, but also as remote from the hopes and living interests of modern Christian civilization. Happily, this indifference is beginning to disappear. The works of Curzon, Layard, Badger, Fletcher, and many others, have made Englishmen in some measure familiar with the interesting communities on the mountains and in the valleys of Syria and Egypt. The generation which has disclosed the long buried monuments of Nineveh, and in which the eyes of the politicians of the world are keenly directed to the East, has brought into high relief the present forms and feeble vitality of the Christian institutions of Ethiopia and Syria.

Among the Oriental Churches, those of Syria should always hold a first place in the affections of Christendom. The New Testament, it is true, in wise adaptation to the wants of coming ages, was given to the world in Greek. But we remember that our Lord and his disciples spoke in the dialect of Syria;\* that although the Sacred penman wrote in Greek, it was in Syriac that they heard their Masters' utterances, and first preached the coming of the "Kingdom of Heaven." In Syria, too, Christianity obtained its earliest triumphs, and the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The works placed at the head of this art-

\* From various causes, especially their captivity in Babylon, the Hebrews lost their dialect, and adopted the Aramaean or Syriac, thus becoming, in the decline of national greatness, more assimilated with the surrounding peoples. It was the language of Syria therefore, and not a corruption of Hebrew, as is sometimes supposed, that was vernacular to our Lord and his apostles. The Hebrew was still the sacred tongue; but the language of ordinary life was, provincialisms excepted, that used at Damascus, Antioch, and Edessa.

icle offer an occasion for presenting some information—new and curious even to the student—concerning the life and literature of this section of ancient Christendom. Syriac Literature, in its existing monuments, embraces the whole period from the date of the invaluable Syriac version of the Scriptures, known as the Peshito, until the present age. It bursts upon us at the earlier epoch in all the effulgence of a sanctified intellect, and then gradually declines to the misty and scarcely animated productions of modern ecclesiastics.\* Then the language was spoken by nations of great political influence and refinement, and was made to express every shade of thought and passion; but now it has ceased to be an organ of a people, and only lives in Church formularies, and occasional controversial or diplomatic productions. A *patois*, in which fragments of Syriac are discoverable among the overlaying Arabic, may still be found in retired religious communities; but with these rare exceptions, the language has long been a dead one.† The era of its triumph and glory may be said to have declined soon after the death of EPHRAEM, in the year 372; but it continued to exert an important influence, especially in translations, down to the time of Bar Hebraeus, or Abulpharag, in the thirteenth century.

We might devote an article to the Syriac version of the Old and New Testaments alone, of which the excellences, though generally acknowledged, are far too little understood. The fact that Syriac is so closely allied to Hebrew, would *prima facie*, confer importance on a version of the Old Testament into the cognate tongue, apart from the acknowledged fidelity of the Peshito translation. How much more does the fact that our Lord and His apostles spoke in Syriac, confer value on the translation of the New Testament, made at a time when the language was vernacular to

\* Joseph, a Syrian patriarch, who died in 1714, wrote a treatise on the Nestorian Controversy, respecting the person of Christ.

† Since writing the previous sentences, we have received from a gentleman, lately returned from Persia, a Number of a Magazine, printed and published by the American missionaries in Oroomiah, in that country. We have been agreeably surprised to find, that although there is a great admixture of words of Persian and Arabic origin, the Syriac is sufficiently prominent to give to the language its character. The work is in quarto, and is entitled, "Rays of Light." It consists of missionary and miscellaneous articles on religious subjects. We rejoice in this happy symptom.

those who executed it? It is not improbable that, in this Syriac version, we have, in many cases, *the exact words employed in their public ministrations by our Lord and His apostles*. And yet this precious monument of ancient piety and learning was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Ignatius, the patriarch of Antioch, sent Moses of Merdin to obtain the aid of the Roman Pontiff in printing it. Compared with the Greek original and the Latin Vulgate its criticism is but recent, and therefore scanty and imperfect.\*

In order to convey to our readers some idea of the remains of the past, to which so high a value is justly attached, we may describe briefly a Syriac manuscript, which we had lately an opportunity of inspecting in the British Museum. After glancing at other objects in that grand national repository, we made our way to the manuscript department, where the written lore of past ages, which once slumbered in darkness and was the prey of worms, shakes itself from the dust, and puts on the garb of Russia binding, under the supervision of Sir Frederick Madden. The resurrection of these faded parchments has, in many cases, raised human thought from the charnel-house, and given immortality to what was long considered dead. This is the temple of their fame, in whose niches that which remains of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, or the divine, is now enshrined. This is the palace of the former great ones of the world of mind, where, in silent state, each shall sit, probably until the day of doom, disturbed only by the curious student or desultory visitor. But let us spend a short time with these spectres of other years.

We begin with the venerable relics which have more than their antiquity to recommend them—the manuscripts which God has made the depositories of the documents

\* No want is more pressing in relation to Biblical learning than a good critical edition of the Syriac Scriptures, formed by the aid of the numerous ancient MSS. which are now known to exist. We believe such a task is contemplated by the Rev. W. Cureton, and earnestly hope he may be able to complete it. To say nothing of the stores of the Vatican, there are materials in our own Museum of the Highest value in relation to such a recension. Manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures have been brought from Egypt at the expense of our Government, and are waiting for some practised hand to unlock their treasures. Criticism, on the Greek side, has pretty nearly exhausted its stores, and it may therefore be hoped that attention will now be turned to this rich, but scarcely cultivated field.

on which our faith as Christians is built. This is a Syriac manuscript from the collection of Rich, named after that successful explorer of Oriental treasures. To preserve it from injury, it is enclosed in a case, which, when opened, presents a compact volume of the size which we moderns call *royal octavo*, and about two inches and a half in thickness. It is bound in Russia, its contents being lettered on the back. This is a copy of the version of the New Testament in Syriac, which we have already mentioned; it is described in the catalogue as exceedingly old, the inscription of its transcriber fixing its completion in the year of the Greeks 1079, or A.D. 768, making its present age nearly eleven centuries. A man may well feel awed when opening a production written by hands so long since shrouded in the tomb, in regions far away, and relating to topics so sublime. The material is the finest vellum, more or less discolored by age; indeed, much more so than some of the Nitrian manuscripts a century or two earlier. The writing is in double columns, and like most ancient documents, is exceedingly correct, clerical errors being comparatively rare. The ink is very thick in consistence, more like a pigment, making the letters stand out somewhat in relief; and, except where damp has injured it, the writing is quite intelligible, as though written but yesterday. The titles of the separate books, and the headings of the ecclesiastical divisions, are written in red and green ink, of so good a color that they give the page a gay appearance. The beginning of the volume, as far as the third chapter of Matthew, is lost; but the deficiency has been supplied, in a larger character, by a more modern writer. A note informs us that the work was finished more than a thousand years ago by a certain Sabar Jesu, in the monastery of Beth Cocensi.

O Sabar Jesu! we mentally exclaimed, on whose handiwork we are now looking, who wert thou? what was thy history? what drove thee from the world to the company of monks, and what was the extent of thy literary labors? This age knows nothing of thee but thy name, thus inscribed by thyself in red letters at the close of thy great undertaking. Thy course was silent and contemplative; for a work like this could only be wrought in the solitary cell, and with concentrated attention. We will not say, *On thy soul may God have mercy*, as thy fellow-scribes so often write at the close of their tasks; but we will hope that, while giving to after ages this monument of

Christian truth, thou didst feed upon it in thine own spirit! Sabar Jesu, thou wast different in thy language, thy dress, and thy habits, from the men of this generation, but thou wast a Christian, and didst, we hope, drink of the same living waters as supply our wants, and we therefore gladly call thee brother. We trust thou art now at rest, and wilt stand in thy lot at the end of the days!

Edessa appears to have been renowned for its literature very early in the Christian era. Tradition ascribes its conversion to Thomas the Apostle. There are reasons for thinking that these translations of the Bible were made there; but it is certain that the place was celebrated for its schools of learning. Asseman states,\* that "in the city of Edessa there was a school of the Persian nation, established by some one unknown, in which Christian youths were taught sacred literature." Indubitable proofs are furnished by Dr. Burgess, of a very early literary vitality in this celebrated city. Here Bardesanes flourished in the second century, and here Ephraem preached and wrote in the fourth. Much curious information respecting Bardesanes, especially in relation to the Syriac Hymnology, is found in the scarce tract named at the head of this paper. He was a Gnostic Christian, who, by the charms of oratory, and by musical adaptations to hymns and other metrical compositions, bewitched the people with his heresies. His works have perished, except some fragments found in the writings of Ephraem; but, from the testimony borne by ancient writers, he must have been a man of rare genius, able greatly to influence the public mind.

It was in opposition to the influence exerted by the memory and the writings of Bardesanes, that Ephraem, the Deacon of Edessa, as the "champion of Christ, put on his arms, and proclaimed war against the forces of his enemies." Thus originated a noble monument of Christian literature, in the form of a set of polemical homilies, which have come down to us in the original Syriac. They are entitled, in the Roman edition, *Sermones Polemici adversus Haeresees*. They contain an account of the heresies which disturbed the Eastern Church in the first four centuries, more copious, perhaps, than is extant in any other record.

It thus appears that from the time of the formation of the Peshito versions to Ephraem, the Syriac language was employed as an important instrument for affecting the

public mind. We have no doubt that many works of genius appeared in the long interval, as well as those of Bardesanes. But we must look to EPHRAEM as the great master of Syriac literature, for in his time the language was in its complete manhood. How much he wrote it is impossible to say; but his surviving compositions are voluminous, and have yet for the most part, to be introduced to the public. It is doubted by some whether he understood Greek: it is certain that he did not write in it; and, consequently, his works extant in that language are only translations. Yet it is by these versions that he is generally estimated as an author, his genuine Syriac writings having been neglected, in the too prevalent ignorance of that language. Great facility is given for the study of them by the magnificent edition published at Rome by the Asseman in the early part and about the middle of the last century. In six large folios, nearly all the confessed works of this celebrated Father of the Church have been collected, and edited with a critical sagacity and elaborate care which must ever confer honor on the editors. Three volumes contain the Greek translations, and three the Syriac originals—the latter being in nearly all cases productions different from the former. Of these three volumes, about one and a-half are occupied with a Commentary on the Old Testament, which deserves more attention than it has yet received. The other volume and a-half contain hymns and homilies on every variety of topic concerning Christian life and doctrine.\*

The Syriac writers after Ephraem are very numerous, but none possess his genius. They are all referred to, with notices of their lives and characteristic catalogues of their known writings, in that marvellous production of learned industry, the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of J. S. Asseman. This work, like the edition of Ephraem just referred to, we owe to the patronage of the Popes, and the treasures of the Vatican—would that two such potent instruments were always as usefully employed!—both turned to account by the master minds of the Asseman and their coadjutors. It may be confidently said that this work contains literary wealth not likely to be soon exhausted; and that Syriac Literature is more indebted to it than to any work besides, the editions of the Holy Scrip-

\* It is from this portion of Ephraem's writings that Dr. Burgess has selected the pieces translated in his volume. He has accompanied the translations with some valuable notes.

\* *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, tom. iv. p. 69.

tures excepted. As a catalogue, it indicates where materials for illustrating the Syrian Church, its language and literature, are to be found; but it does far more than this. It gives lengthened extracts from the writers enumerated; to such an extent, indeed, that Syriac lexicography would be marvellously enriched if these stores alone were properly examined and applied. There is only one deduction to make from the praises we are able to bestow on both these works—the edition of Ephraem and the *Bibliotheca*—they are necessarily very expensive, and consequently not always available to those who might make good use of them.

We have said enough to show that Syriac Literature is very extensive in its existing monuments, and that it supplies abundant materials for a laborious scholarship yet to work upon. But we must now turn to an aspect of it singularly interesting and remarkable, as exhibited to us in the volume of Dr. Burgess. We quote his words:—

“When the student comes in contact with the Syrian Church Literature, either in manuscript or printed books, he is attracted by the singular fact, that much of it is in a metrical form. We lay stress on the word *student*, because a superficial investigation will leave the phenomenon unnoticed, as has indeed happened to men of learning. Both in manuscripts and printed books the metrical verses of this literature are generally written as prose, only a point indicating the close of a rhythm, and that not always; so that such works may be consulted occasionally, as books of reference, without their artificial construction being perceived. But apart from all marks of distinction, as soon as these compositions are read and studied in their individual completeness, their rhythmical character becomes evident, sometimes from the poetical style of what is thus circumscribed by these prosodical measures, but always from the moulding and fashioning which the language has to undergo before it will yield up its freedom to the fetters of verse. This then is the sphere of our present undertaking, and it will be our duty to trace up this metrical literature to its origin as far as historical light will guide us: to say something on the laws by which its composition appears to be regulated; to glance at its existing monuments; and then, more especially, to treat of the works of Ephraem, the great master of this literature, a few of whose compositions are now brought before the English public.”—Pp. xxii., xxiii.

Now, when it is known that all the extant writings of Ephraem in Syriac, with the exception of his Commentary on the Old Testament, are composed in this *metrical* form,

and that in the Roman edition they occupy a folio volume and a half, it may excite surprise that this extraordinary feature should not have had more attention, and engaged scholars in the diligent study of it.\* If this vast amount of composition had consisted merely of hymns, its neglect would have been less surprising; but it includes every description of subject, from discourses of great length to the short hymn properly so designated. We have here polemical treatises on doctrine, religious poems, meditations, and prayers.

It would be considered an extraordinary circumstance in the case of any Greek or Latin author, whose works are printed, that the *metrical* form of his writings should not be recognized; and yet this is what has happened to Ephraem. It is a fact which speaks loudly of the little attention given to Syriac learning. Nor is this a matter of mere literary curiosity. It concerns the whole Christian and ministerial life of these communities of Syria and their pastors, and reveals views of early Christianity most interesting and curious. As far as we can judge from existing documents, *all Ephraem's pulpit efforts were metrical*, and his hearers were instructed from time to time with compositions of rare felicity of invention and strength of argument, clothed in a form highly poetic.

The metrical writings of Ephraem have, for the most part, far more than the external and adventitious form of poetical composition; they are essentially poetic in their conception and execution. We cannot now present proof of this; but our readers may judge for themselves, by the few pieces which Dr. Burgess has translated. We cannot compare him with any of his predecessors, from the want of any of their remains, but he is favorably contrasted with those who come after him. For the greater part, the latter are circumscribed by the few topics especially related to them as Churchmen, and can lay no claim to general literary knowledge and genius. But Ephraem, while confining himself very much to Biblical thoughts, is copious in his fancy, and has a considerable creative imagination.

The external form of Ephraem's versification is varied, but in all cases the rhythm is reckoned by syllables—not by feet, as is

\* The editors of the Syriac works of Ephraem are not to blame for this, for they have in their prefaces pointed out all the metrical pieces, and expatiated on their usual various merits.



generally the case in the Greek and Roman verse. The Syriac metres are six in number, consisting respectively of four, five, six, seven, eight, and twelve, syllables. Each of these is found in strophes or stanzas of various lengths, from three or four to twenty or thirty verses. Many pieces are composed of different verses. Ephraem appears to have exercised much ingenuity, in giving the charm of variety to his compositions in accommodation to the popular taste of Edessa. Sometimes his pieces have rhymes, but these are of rare occurrence; sometimes they have similar endings in the lines. It is a singular fact that while the great number of forms and metres in our modern hymn-books is a ground of objection with some persons on the score of taste, the hymns of the Syrians of the fourth century, go far beyond them in their capricious and fanciful arrangements. If, as is to be presumed, these were all accommodations to musical times, we have presented to us a Christian service, endeavouring by every possible variety to keep up the attention and life of the worshipers.

But there is another notable feature of these compositions, which is thus referred to by Dr. Burgess:—

"Historical evidence is quite conclusive as to the popularity of the practice of *alternate singing* in the early Syrian Church, and as to the important use made of it both by Bardesanes and Ephraem, as an instrument for moulding and fashioning the public mind. And its influence is founded in nature, exciting as it does an interest in a public service, and keeping alive an enthusiasm in more private musical performances. . . . There are at least two distinct forms of this practice manifest in the works of Ephraem. The first has the character of the dialogue, or rather of the *amœbæic* poems of Theocritus and Virgil; when two persons, or more, carry on a conversation on a topic forming the subject of the composition. . . . But the second form of the responsive chant is more common; it consists of a chorus at the end of each strophe, formed either by a repetition of a portion of the poem, by a prayer, or by a doxology."—P. liv.

When we ask the very natural question,—Who invented these metres, or first introduced metrical compositions into Christian worship? we get no reply, the whole matter being involved in obscurity, in the first and second centuries. Tradition assigns the invention to Bardesanes. Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, is said to have been educated in Greece, and afterwards to have improved upon his father's discovery, by

the introduction of Greek metres. We incline to think that the Syrians very early introduced into their language the metrical forms of the Greek and Latin literature; but whether the Church originated the practice of metrical writing, or adopted it and improved upon it, is probably still an open question.

In the liturgies and service books of the Syrian Christians many hymns are interspersed, and it is from these shorter pieces that the current opinion respecting the character of the metrical writings has been formed. Certainly, if Ephraem had only written these shorter pieces, they would have been worthy of attention; but the value of the metrical literature is greatly enhanced by its being the vehicle of *discourses on controversies, and doctrines, as well as matters of Christian practice*. A set of homilies, thirteen in number, on the Nativity, occupy forty folio columns of Syriac, and may be properly considered as a continuous work, although thus divided for convenience.

Our readers may perhaps expect a specimen of the Literature we have been describing, and we select the first hymn from the volume before us. It is in Tetrasyllabic metre in the Syriac, and consequently terse and compressed in its composition.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Oh my Son, tenderly beloved!  
Whom grace fashioned  
In his mother's womb,  
And divine goodness completely formed.  
He appeared in the world  
Suffering like a flower;  
And Death put forth a heat  
More fierce than the sun,  
And scattered its leaves  
And withered it, that it ceased to be.  
I fear to weep for thee,  
Because I am instructed  
That the Son of the King hath removed thee  
To His bright habitation.

"Nature in its fondness  
Disposes me to tears,  
Because, my son, of thy departure.  
But when I remember the bright abode  
To which they have led thee,  
I fear lest I should defile  
The dwelling-place of the King  
By weeping, which is adverse to it;  
And lest I should be blamed  
For coming to the region of bliss  
With tears which belong to sadness;  
I will therefore rejoice,  
Approaching with my unmixed offering.

"The sound of thy sweet notes  
Once moved me and caught mine ear,  
And caused me much to wonder ;  
Again my memory listens to it,  
And is effected by the tones  
And harmonies of thy tenderness.  
But when my spirit groans aloud  
On account of these things,  
My judgment recalls me,  
And listens with admiration  
To the voices of those who live on high ;  
To the song of the spiritual ones  
Who cry aloud, Hosannah !  
At thy marriage festival."

To appreciate the genius of this Syrian divine it is necessary to compare his hymns with those of the early Latin and Greek Churches. This may be conveniently done, as far as the latter are concerned, by consulting Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*.\* A great difference will, with a few exceptions, be at once perceptible in the freedom and general literary expansiveness of Ephraem, contrasted with the narrow and mere doctrinal productions of the Greek and Latin hymn writers. The Greek and Latin hymns are mostly only adapted for ecclesiastical use, while a great number of Ephraem's pieces have an interest as extensive as human nature. This characteristic is doubtless attributable in part to his freedom from the fetters of religious conventionalism and theological polemic. It is true the controversies respecting heresies had distracted the Church before this time, but they had not resulted in the hard stereotyping of the mind in the prescribed formulas which soon afterwards took the place of a free exposition of Scripture, and obstructed the development of religious life.

This remark suggests some examination of the relation of the early religious life and literature of Syria to the forms of Christianity which now prevail in that country. If our readers wish to pursue the sad comparison at greater length than our space will now permit, we refer them to the volume of Dr. Burgess and the Bardesanes of Hahn for the former period ; and for the modern Churches, to the other works placed at the head of this article. By these aids very different are the pictures we get of the working of Christianity in nearly the same places—but at eras separated by fifteen centuries. How, comes it that in the one epoch there is little ardent, impassioned, and practical ; in the other, only a slight movement in the debil-

itated members, and a hectic flush upon the brow ?

In ancient times, there were doubtless fixed ritual arrangements by which the Syriac Churches were governed, but, whatever they were, they were not so cumbrous or stringent as to destroy the freedom and paralyze the action of the religious life. The ecclesiastical system then existing allowed a latitude in the conception of new methods of Christian operation and in carrying these into action. While moving within the orbit of a Church system, Ephraem was not rigidly confined to any linear course in it, but could move right and left as his conscience might guide him, or as the profit of the people might seem to demand. The public service of that age seems to have admitted a variety of form ; its boundary lines were sufficiently elastic to allow of novelties in the external accompaniments of worship. For example, on the occasion of a death, Ephraem was wont to compose a piece appropriate to each special instance, and which, as the case might demand, lamented the premature decay of the flower of infancy and youth, the mysterious removal of the head of a household, or the descent into the tomb of ripe old age, each instance suggesting fitting Biblical topics and consolations. The great variety of this class of his writings shows us that every opportunity was embraced of turning the sorrows of the bereaved to the best account—his Syriac pieces on death, as far as published, amounting to eighty-five. Great public events were in a similar way suggestive of materials for public worship. Several homilies exist, written in the times of pestilence, from which Syria suffered so much. And this freedom to adopt new modes of teaching was not confined to occasional services, it evidently pervaded the ordinary performance of divine worship. Putting all these signs and motives of vigorous life together, we are at no less for a reason why, in the fourth century ; the Church at Edessa flourished.

But, as time rolled on, system and mechanical routine gradually took the place of spontaneous movement ; age by age custom became stronger in its influence, and at length assumed the office of a supreme arbiter in the Church. Some centuries after Ephraem, his successors were satisfied with *his* thoughts, and ceased to put forth *their own*. Imperceptibly, yet surely, like the gathering frosts of winter, conventionalisms and church laws bound all free aspirations

\* In three volumes. Halle & Leipzig, 1841-1846.

in their icy chains, until the Syrian Churches became what they now are. The times changed, but men did not change their modes of action with them. The language of Ephraem ceased to be a living one, and yet continued to be the vehicle of the hymns and liturgies of the church. No active spirit appeared, to accomodate the utterances of Divine truth, to new and different circumstances; and even if genius had conceived the design, it was immediately repressed by the doctrine, that what was new could not be sanctioned because it was irregular. When we read the works written by modern travellers who have visited these Churches, we learn that they now pride themselves on their orthodoxy and zeal for ecclesiastical forms and traditions, or maintain the direct succession of their ministers from the apostles. A sorry substitute for the want of apostolic life and doctrine?

It seems that no restoration of earnest Christianity can be expected among these ancient Syriac Churches, until the barrier of conventionalism is thrown down, and their religious teachers labor among them as Ephraem did at Edessa, *adapting their teachings and operations to existing wants and circumstances*. Various efforts have been made by the Episcopal Churches of the West to vivify their brethren in the East, but it is plain that too much attention has been given to their antiquities, and too little to their practical religious wants. If it is true that a *superstitious attachment to that which is old*, has led to the low state of these communities, it must be desirable to correct rather than cherish that feeling, and to move stagnant thought by opening up new channels. In this way the American missionaries among the Nestorians in Persia, referred to by Mr Badger, have acted, and apparently with signal success. The Bible is translated into their modern tongue; modern religious books are distributed; schools established, and the gospel preached in the living language of the people. Mr. Badger's work, we may add, is deeply inte-

resting throughout; but he is, in our opinion, much too hard on the American missionaries, and disposed too little to value their labors, because they are not Episcopalians. We presume the lively volume of Mr. Curzon has been seen by most of our readers. It contains valuable information concerning the Eastern forms of christianity, and humorously, yet affectingly, describes the living death of the Syrian and other monasteries in these regions.

We conclude with an expression of hope, that the field to which we have introduced our readers, may soon be occupied by diligent laborers. Dr. Burgess, in particular has devoted himself, apparently amid many difficulties, to a department of literature in which he has few companions. He is an enthusiastic Syriac scholar. His book is a real contribution to our knowledge of the christian life and literature of the East in the fourth century; presented too in a manner well fitted even for popular reading. In these hymns and metrical homilies of the Edessan teacher—many of them fit utterances of the tenderest and liveliest emotions of a christian,—we see vividly how Christianity, after its three centuries of tremendous struggle, had conquered its way to the world's heart, and became the moving principle of their life to thousands in the regions of Syria. We are grieved to think, with Dr. Burgess, that there are some good people among us who look with suspicion, at least, on literary labors like his,—fitted as these labors are to remove exclusiveness by an incursion among past and distant forms of religious thought and worship. Surely those who tremble at the resuscitation of an Ephraem or a Chrysostom, cannot be easy among the more daring foes of these irreverent days. In truth, every historic light struck out between the time we live in and the time of the humiliation of the Son of God, throws some part of its radiance on the great objects presented in the New Testament, and may help us to grasp these more firmly as historic facts.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

To win golden opinions (we speak not of fees) from all sorts of men, in and out of Westminster Hall, as Mr Serjeant and Mr. Justice, is good. To win renown in literature—such renown as comes not of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal—is—well, out with it!—better. To win the loving esteem of all one's associates, as a man with heart large enough for them all, is best. This good, better, best, hath Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. His it is to enjoy at once the three degrees of comparison—the positive forensic, the comparative literary, and the superlative humane. A case in Rule of Three with a splendid quotient. To “take a rule” of that sort, is not allowed to many. But Sir Thomas has it all his own way—“rule absolute.” And probably, were his good wishes for his brethren as efficacious as they are cordial and general, there would be hardly an instance of “rule refused.” But there is no surplusage of instances of combined literary and forensic success. To him who would be at once a great lawyer and a great poet, and would bind up together in his book of life the studies of Blackstone and the dreams of Coleridge,—to him Experience, harsh monitor, whispers, or if need be screams, Divide and conquer. Eminence in both departments is of the rarest. Scott retained his clerkship at the Court of Session, but who ever heard of the Wizard of the North as a law authority? Jeffrey is one of the select inner circle to which Talfourd belongs. Wilson and Lockhart—“oh no, we never mention them” in wig and gown. Sir Archibald Alison and Professor Aytoun, Mr. Procter and Serjeant Kinglake, Lords Brougham and Campbell, Mr. Ten Thousand-a-Year Warren and a few others, are not all unexceptionable exceptions to prove the rule. And yet there has ever been, more or less, a bankering after the Muses and the Magazines on the part of Messieurs of the long robe.\* Very natural, too, if only by a law

of reaction; but very hazardous, notwithstanding; and alarmingly symptomatic of a fall between two stools. One thing at a time the ambiguously ambitious *avocat* may do triumphantly; but to drive Pegasus up and down an act of parliament, whatever may be done with a coach-and-six, is no every-day sight, no anybody's feat. Lord Eldon, when plain Jack Scott, keeping his terms at Oxford, obtained the prize of English composition, “On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel,” and it has been remarked, we believe by Mr. Justice Talfourd himself,\* that since the subject of this essay was far removed from John's Newcastle experience, and alien from his studies, and must therefore have owed its success either to the ingenuity of its suggestions, or to the graces of its style; and that as, in after-life the prize essayist was never distinguished for felicity of expression or fertility of illustration, and acquired a style not only destitute of ornament, but unwieldy and ponderous; this youthful success suggests the question, “Whether in devoting all his powers to the study of the law, he crushed the faculty of graceful composition with so violent an effort, that Nature, in revenge, made his ear dull to the music of language, and involved, though she did not darken, his wisest words?” Happily no such *quare* affects the career of the author of “Ion.” He, indeed, is not Lord High Chancellor; which makes a difference. But neither did the great Eldon write a triumphant tragedy; and *that* again makes a difference in the Puisne Judge's favor. Fancy Lord Eldon editing the *Reliques of Elia*, or measuring Macready for blank verse; and if that is not extravagant enough, then fancy your-

relating his *début* as *avocat* at the *barreau de Paris* proceeds to say; “Et en même temps, pour occuper ses loisirs, il se livra à la poésie à la composition littéraire, caractère qui distingué sa génération d'avocats, et Pasquier entre les autres.”

\* For example (though one swallow proves not summer,) the French lawyers of the sixteenth century. A biographer of Etienne Pasquier, after

\* Unless we err in attributing to his pen the very pleasant notice of the Lives of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1844.

self reading the one, or squeezing into the pit to see the other.

Sir Thomas was not far gone in his teens when he woo'd and won publicity, it is said, by a "poem" on the liberation of Sir Francis Burdett from durance vile. While still a schoolboy at Reading, he published a volume of "poems," including a sacred drama on the "Offering of Isaac" (inspired by that admiration of Mistress Hannah More, of which lingering traces survive, in the preface to "Ion,") "An Indian Tale," and some verses about the Education of the Poor, suggested by a visit to Reading of Joseph Lancaster. School-days over, he came to London, and fagged under the famous Chitty, in whose Criminal Law he aided and abetted. Then we find him fertile in the production of pamphlets, on toleration, on penal institutions, &c., and taking a gallant stand on the side of Wordsworth, at a time (1815) when to do so was to be in a scouted and flouted minority. Anon he is on the list of contributors to the periodical literature of the day—to the *Retrospective Review*, the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and the *London Magazine*. This kind of work he engaged in for love and money. Himself is our authority for making lucre a part of his motive: for when old Godwin toddled into the young advocate's chambers, the very morning after an introduction at Charles Lamb's, and then and there "carelessly observed that he had a little bill for 150*l.* falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks,"—the flattered and regretful Talfourd "was obliged, with much confusion," he tells us, "to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world."\* The articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia* are the most notable of his labors at this period, and well deserved their recent republication in a compact, collected form.† Foremost among these is his history of Greek Literature. Here he contrives to press a large amount of information into very narrow limits—as they seem, at least, when compared with those defined for himself, on the same classical ground, by Colonel Mure. We are told all that is known, and of course a trifle more,

about such early birds as Linus—be he singular, dual, or *plural*—and Orpheus, who brought Wisdom into Greece, and married her to immortal verse, and by his music subdued *l'Inferno* itself, "creating a soul under the ribs of death"—and Musæus, priest of the mysteries of Orpheus, and perhaps his son. Homer is amply discussed—large place being given to what Hartley Coleridge calls the Wolfish and Heinous point of view, and due stress laid on the good old conservative creed, which believes in the strict individuality of the bard. To divide, the stanchly orthodox feel, is to destroy:—"that fame which has so long resisted time, change, and mortal accident, would crumble into ruins—an immense blank would be left to the imagination, an aching void in the heart—the greatest light, save one, shining from the depth of time, would be extinguished, and a glory pass away from the earth." Homer, therefore, is assumed to be, not a class, but a man; not an abstract, impersonal Un-Self and Co., but our familiar childhood honored Homer's own Self; the man we came to know in connexion with Donnegan's obsolete lexicon, and Pope's sonorous verse; the well-known blind old man of Scio's rocky isle—who was born in *one* of the seven states hexametrically immortalised.

Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,

and not in all seven at once, not in seventy times seven, as the German theory would imply.—Hesiod is designated the most unequal of poets; sometimes daringly and ardently imaginative, at other times insufferably low, creeping, tame, and prosaic; in his didactic poetry, rising occasionally into a high and philosophical strain of thought, but commonly giving mere trite maxims of prudence, and the most common-place worldly cunning; without any of Homer's refined gallantry, and, indeed, something very like a misogynist and a croaker.—The three great tragic poets of Greece are ably portrayed, though without, perhaps, any very original criticism or subtle discrimination: the "intrepid and fiery" Æschylus, on whose soul mighty imaginations trooped so fast, that, in the heat of his inspiration, he stopped not to accurately define or clearly develop them—like his own Prometheus, stealing fire from heaven to inspire and vivify his characters—however mighty his theme, always bringing to it a kindred emotion, but never losing his stateliness in his passion, never denuding his terrors of an unearthly grandeur and awe.

\* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.

† In the series of reprints by Messrs. Griffin, in crown octavo, commenced in 1849.

Sophocles: always perfect master of himself and his subject; conscious of the precise measure of his own capacities; maintaining undisturbed, his majestic course, in calm and beautiful progression; in everything lucid and clear, never forgetting the harmony and proportion of the whole, in the variety and complexity of the parts—his philosophy musical as is Apollo's lute—his wisdom made visible in the form of beauty. Euripides: appealing less to the imagination than to the sensibilities and the understanding—loving to triumph by involving us in metaphysical subtleties, or by dissolving us in tears, and scarcely ever laboring to attain the great object of the other tragedians, a representation of serene beauty;—a mind more penetrating and refined than exalted; holding up to nature a mirror rather microscopic than ennobling; intent on depicting situations the most cheerless and externally desolate, so that "Electra appears tottering not only beneath the weight of affliction, but of a hugh pitcher of water; and Menelaus mourns at once the mangled honor of his wife and the tattered condition of his garments." To the same *Encyclopædia*, Sir Thomas contributed the notices of the Lyric Poets of Greece, of Thucydides, sections of the history of Greece and of Rome, the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, &c.

He stood well, too, on the once brilliant staff of the *London Magazine*, that bright-starred, thickly-starred, ill-starred rival of Old Ebony. Remembering how noble an army of coadjutors it once maintained, we may well concur in Hood's saying, that perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophised with the Irish funeral question, "Arrah, honey, why did you die?" "Had you not," he continues (and as poor John Scott's successor he speaks feelingly), "an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broth's of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists,—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley, Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides? Hadn't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Hadn't you an Opium-eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Arrah, why did you die?"\* To that longer-lived

Magazine which the reader now holds in his hand, was Mr. Talfourd also a steady contributor; and he has amusingly recorded his sense of the utter unfitness of the then Editor (Campbell) for his office—alleging that he regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment and the propriety of every jest were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; that he stopped the press for a week at a comma, balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in his despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst article, "unwhipp'd of justice," to the impatient printer. Both the great Quarterlies, we believe, may also claim the name of Talfourd on their respective lists of critical allies.

But though periodical literature had provided his labors with a "local habitation," a "name" of prominent import and illuminated letters was first secured to him by the production of "Ion." The play was privately printed in 1834, and reviewed in the *Quarterly*; its performance at Covent Garden in 1836 was one of the *memorabilia* of the modern stage. Miss Mitford has told us of one brilliant gathering congregated to watch the fortunes of the tragedy on its opening night; and Mr. Leigh Hunt has pictured the dazzling *coup d'ail* of the theatre, where, "ever and aye, hands, stung with tear-thrilled eyes, snapping the silence,\* burst in crashing thunders"—and where the

we read in a letter of Lamb's to Wordsworth (1822): "Our chief reputed assistants have forsaken us. The Opium-eater crossed us once with a dazzling path, and hath as suddenly left us darkling:—and again, to Bernard Barton (1823): The *London*, I fear, falls off. I linger among its creaking rafters, like the last rat; it will topple down if they don't get some buttresses. They have pulled down three; Hazlitt, Procter, and their best stay, kind, light hearted Wainwright, their Janus." (Of the last-mentioned [Janus Weathercock], Justice Talfourd disclosed a lamentable history in the *Final Memorials*.) Thomas Hood thus sketches the catastrophe of the declining Magazine: "Worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon the circulation of the Miscellany, like that of poor Le Fevre, got slower, slower, slower,—and slower still,—and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country; one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrook. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza; and Thomas Benyon gave up literature."

\* All this, by the way, is rather difficult to construe, Mr. Hunt.

\* Hood's *Own* (1846). The pathetic *Why* in this inquest touching the "dear deceased" seems to find its answer in the mismanagement of new proprietors, and the falling off of old contributors. Thus

proud, glad-hearted dramatist might, amid thick-clustered intellectual bevvies,

— see his high compeers,  
Wordsworth and Landor—see the piled array,  
The many-visaged heart, looking one way,  
Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Of "Ion" we may say, as its author has said of the "Ion" of Euripides, that the simplicity and reverence inherent in the mind of its hero are no less distinct and lovely than the picture of the scenery with which he is surrounded. His feelings of humble gratitude to the power which has protected him—his virtue unspotted from the world—and his cleaving to the sacred seclusion which has enwrapped him from childhood, are beautifully drawn. The picture seems sky-tinctured, of an etherial purity of coloring.\*

— life hath flowed  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirror'd.

Love is the germ of his mild nature, and hitherto the love of others hath made his life one cloudless holiday. But a curse smites the city—pestilence stalks there by noonday, and its arrows fly by night, and there is not a house in which there's not one dead—

ἔν γ' ὁ πύρρονος θεός  
Σκηΐας ἐλαυνεῖ, λοιμὸς ἐχθίστος, πόλιν.†

And with this crisis in the history of Argos opens a crisis in the nature of *Ion*—his soul responding mysteriously to the public affliction, and conscious of strange connexion with it: his bearing becomes altered; his smile, gracious as ever, wears unwonted sorrow in its sweetness; "his form appears dilated; in those eyes where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells; stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now knew not the passing wrinkle of a care." All this is touchingly and tenderly brought out; and indeed the whole tragedy is touching and tender. Beautiful passages, feelingly thoughtful, and in a dulcet strain of rhythmical expression, enrich its scenes. But that it has massive power, as some allege, or that it is an outburst of ardent genius, or that it is true, first and last, to the spirit of the ancient Greek drama, and is indeed the one solitary and peerless specimen in modern times of

that wondrous composition—when we hear this sort of thing dogmatically reiterated, we are stolidly infidel. The very atmosphere of Attica, is it?—we cannot "swallow" it, then. Byron tells us how John Keats

— without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.

The author of "Ion," with Greek, has made his Argives talk as the real "old folks" may be supposed *not* to have talked. *Medon* and *Agenor*, *Ion* and *Irus*, are a whit too good to be true, and a little too metrical, smooth, and polished, to be vigorously effective. We will not go so far as to assert with a recent writer (famous in the Anti-Church and State circuit, and not unknown on the "floor of The House") that ancient civilization not only exhibits little benevolence, and wants tenderness, but also shows *none* of the healthier moral sensibilities—that "it is not humane—nor can it be pretended that the most intimate converse with it through the medium of its literature tends to elicit or to cultivate our more generous sympathies;"\* but we may pretty safely ignore in the venerable Argive heathens the benevolence, tenderness, healthy moral sensibilities, humanities, and generous sympathies, which their histrionic doubles on the boards of Covent Garden displayed so winsomely. Evidently they have had the schoolmaster abroad and the missionary among them. They have been handsomely evangelized, and gone through the curriculum of a polite education. *Ion* especially is good and wise enough to deserve benefit of clergy, whatever parricidal or suicidal freak he may indulge in. He has plainly read the Bible and the Elizabethan dramatists, and moulds his manners and eloquence accordingly. But, after all, it goes against the grain to affect levity in speaking of one so finely and delicately wrought as this royal orphan of the temple, some of whose words so penetrate the soul. Witness his logic on the immortality of man:

Cle. O unkind!  
And shall we never see each other?  
Ion (after a pause). Yes!  
I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills  
That look eternal; of the flowing streams  
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,  
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit  
Hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now

\* Tragic Poets of Greece.  
† *Œdip. Tyr.* 27-8.

\* *Bases of Belief.* By Edward Miall, M.P. P. 41-2.

While I thus gaze upon thy living face,  
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty  
Can never wholly perish; we *shall* meet  
Again, Clemanthe!

Witness, too, his description of love triumphing over death in the plague-blighted homes of Argos, and his appeal from *Adrastus* the ruthless tyrant to *Adrastus* the sportive child, and his compact with his old playmate *Phocion*, when the latter would ante-date the coming sacrifice. The framework of the tragedy is not, perhaps, very artfully constructed, nor the exigencies of stage effect carefully studied, nor the subordinate actors individualized in any memorable degree: but, on the whole, "Ion" is surely a fine play, and a moving—a thing of beauty, and therefore a joy forever. Or if "for ever" will not stand as a logical sequent to such an æsthetic and Keatsian antecedent—if literary immortality be too infinite a conclusion to deduce from such a premise—let us at least give the will, which is *pene nos*, for the deed, which is *not*; and take up our *parabole*, and say, in easternly devoutness, O Ion, live for ever! and may thy shadow never be less!

"The Athenian Captive" is thought by some, in the face of that stubborn thing, fact, to be a better play than "Ion." It is generally allowed to be inferior in poetry and style. Passages and lines there are, however, of strength and beauty—more than most barristers could find brains and time to insert in the product of a Christmas vacation. The description of *Ismene's* death recalls that of *Lady Randolph* in Home's now unacted drama; the lines that tell how the frenzied queen, at the cave's mouth,

Toss'd her arms  
Wildly abroad; then drew them to her breast,  
As if she clasped a vision'd infant there—

add reflex energy and pathos to her own fine utterance,

"Listen! I was pluck'd  
From the small pressure of an only babe.—

and her destiny is wrought out with highly impressive art, "as fits a matron of heroic line"—her majestic form lost finally in clouds and mystery, departed like *Œdipus*, where none may follow or inquire. *Thous* declaims with glowing rhetoric, and plays the high-soul'd warrior almost grandly—cleaving in captivity to "the loveliness, the might, the hope of Athens"—one that is "foe to Corinth—not a traitor, nor one to

league with treason"—whose bearing and speech under the pressure of thraldom are shaped, "with a difference," after those of the Miltonic *Agonistes*. "Glencoe" is more peremptorily repudiated, as a Highland tragedy, by North Britishers, than the "Athenian Captive" and "Ion," as Greek tragedies, by Hellenizing Southrons. Lord Jeffrey permitted it to be inscribed to him, but his countrymen protest against the stage massacre, as "murder most foul and most unnatural," committed on their unapproachable territory; so perilous is it to meddle with the national property of a people characterized, according to Elia, by such "Imperfect Sympathies" with the rationale of homage *ab extra*. Thus, one Edinburgh critic—Professor Aytoun, was it not?—was spokesman for a phalanx of others, all armed to the teeth, when he declared that a more lamentable failure than this attempt to found a tragedy on the woful massacre of Glencoe—"a grosser jumble of nonsense about ancestry and chieftainship"—was never perpetrated. As though even in Glencoe's ashes lived their wonted fires,—*nemo me impune lacesset* being practically synonymous with *noli me tangere*—for "off at a tangent" of the tenderest quality flies the *genus irritabile*, and "take that, you pock-pudding!" (illustrated by the administration of a "conker") is the reward of any such "ordeal by touch." We fear that had this particular tragedy been a stage triumph, it would have been "damned" with something else than "faint praise," across the Tweed. But even sturdy Cis-Tweedites are constrained to own that "Glencoe" is flat and feeble, and that no mountain breeze freshens it, no mountain cataract chants a wild obligato to the stern theme, no swelling pibroch utters its wail, no heather-legged son of somebody shows us where we are, to the oblivion of an accomplished Londener in his study, inspired by Macready as model of Celtic heroism, and content with the stage of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, as a tolerable approximation to the romantic fastness of the Macdonalds.

Thus, by public judgment, both from the closet and from the playhouse, Sir Thomas Talfourd's second dramatic venture was pronounced a decline from the first, and still more decidedly the third from the second. He is said to have now "on the stocks" another tragedy, which we hope to greet as an emphatic reaction from this scale of descents. May it take precedence as unquestioned of the existing trilogy, as Mr. Justice



on the bench does of Mr. Serjeant at the bar.

In his "Vacation Rambles" we find the hearty glee of a fagged counsel at escaping from work, not indeed to take his ease at his inn, but to bustle about guiltless of horse-hair coronal and defiant of common law—steaming from Havre to Rouen, whizzing along the St. Germain Railway, playing the gourmand at Meurice's, and the critic at the Parisian theatres and the galleries of the Louvre, pilgrimizing to Geneva and the Alps—Mont Blanc reminding him, as *he* saw it, of "nothing so much in nature or art as a gigantic twelfth-cake, which a scapegrace of Titan's 'enormous brood,' or 'younger Saturn,' had cut out and slashed with wild irregularity." His frank expression of so unsentimental a thought, is one characteristic of this book of rambles; another is, the zest with which he so frequently records his appreciation of creature comforts—such as the "we sat down to an excellent breakfast," on "a large cold roast fowl, broiled ham, eggs, excellent coffee, and a bottle of good Rhenish," followed "about two o'clock" by an "admirably dressed little dinner," made up of "a thin beefsteak, thoroughly broiled (or fried, as the case might be), with a sauce of parsley and butter, and a cold cream-chicken-salad, &c., &c.," "accompanied by

a bottle of Asmanshauser wine." Even in the family bivouac at the Grands Mulets, we are conducted through the details of the dinner, joyously protracted "till it merged in supper"—though the Head of the Family feelingly says, "I regret to confess that I could not eat much myself; but I looked with a pleasure akin to that with which the French king watched the breakfast of Quentin Durward, on the activity of my younger friends"—who with Homeric intensity tore asunder the devoted chickens, and left the bones there, to be matter of speculation to aspiring geologists and scientific associations in future ages.

The "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb," and the "Final Memorials," are household treasures. Exception may be taken to occasional passages—but the net result is delightful, as every memorial of Elia must be—that "cordial old man," whose lot it was to

—leave behind him, freed from griefs and years,  
Far worthier things than tears.\*  
The love of friends without a single foe:  
Unequalled lot below!

\* Addressed by Mr. Landor to "The Sister of Elia"—whom, mourning, he would fain comfort with the reminder—"yet awhile! again shall Elia's smile refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.

## NEO-PLATONISM—HYPATIA.\*

From the British Quarterly Review.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. KINGSLEY.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE compares heresies to the river Arethusa, which loses its current, and passes under ground in one place, to reappear in another. He talks, in his quaint fashion, of a certain metempsychosis of ideas, according to which the soul of one man appears to pass into another, and opinions find, after sundry revolutions, "men and minds like those that first begat them." No philosopher has yet arisen fully to follow out the hint of

that fanciful old physician to whose egotistic yet genial soliloquizing we still hearken in the pages of the *Religio Medici*. A synic might perhaps, regard Adelung's *History of Human Folly* as already occupying nearly all the ground embraced by such a study. Has not Shakspeare said—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born gaude,  
Though they be framed and fashioned of things  
past?

True,—as Shakspeare always is—yet what

\* Hypatia; or, New Foes with an old face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jun. 2 vols. J. W. Parker, and Son.

a fascinating theme does the very rebuke disclose. Such an inquiry into the processes by which antiquity has been thus attired in the show of novelty,—into the history of that mysterious interpenetration of old and new,—into the laws, if laws there be, according to which dead thoughts are periodically raised to life, and the past is summoned to play its part under the freshly-painted mask of the present, might well task the largest powers, would be replete with interest and instruction. It is interesting, in the fairy land of fiction, to watch the transit of the classic into the romantic fable,—to see Jason and Medea reappear as venturesome knight and sage princess,—to find the Fates transformed into duennas keeping watch over Proserpine, and to recognize Cerberus in that hideous giant horrible and high, who guards the melancholy castle of King Pluto. It is yet more so, in the high provinces of thought, to trace the transmigration of error or of truth into forms familiar to a later age, and to observe the resumption, as in a new element, of conflicts apparently decided long since. What tradition long reported concerning that terrible engagement between the utmost strength of the Roman and the Hun, philosophy exhibits as true respecting the more subtle struggles of human opinion. It was said that, on the night after the battle,—above the vast plains of Châlons, stretching with their heaps of dead miles away into the darkness on either hand—the ghosts of the slain warriors arose, and, marshalled, in the upper air, renewed, with unearthly arms and hate, the strife which death had interrupted. Thus has the antagonism of rival modes of thought perpetuated its contest, while the early champions or propounders of either principle are sleeping the sleep of death below. "*Non enim hominum interitu sententiæ quoque occidunt.*"

A comparative survey of the modifications of opinion such as we propose, would furnish many a valuable lesson. It would illustrate, in its course, that substantial identity of human nature which makes one kindred of all times and countries. It would point out those common wants and common hopes which, under every superficial difference, are the foundations of man's nature, somewhat as science finds the inorganic crust of the earth unaltered by varieties of clime, and trap and basalt, porphyry and granite, everywhere the same, whether crested by the branching palm, or mantled shaggily by stunted firs. It would separate between the original and the stolen property of mo-

dern speculation, and bring about such a general gaol-delivery of plagiarisms as might well remind us of those grotesque mediæval pictures of the last judgment, in which the fishes appear bearing in their mouths the heads, arms, and legs of the drowned men they have devoured. It would show how often the prophetic words of the confessors and the martyrs of reform in religion or in science—which seemed to be shed like an untimely product on the earth—to be scattered by winds, and trodden into mire by the hoof of beasts, have been in reality conserved, and made to utter their voice in another form to another generation, even as the withered leaves in the fabled island of the Hebrides were said to be changed into singing-birds as soon as they had fallen to the ground. Such an inquiry would occupy a space in the kingdom of mind as comprehensive as that of physical geography in the kingdom of nature. It would be the metaphysical "Cosmos" of the mysterious microcosm—man. As the botanist can trace the course of certain races of the human family by the presence of particular plants, which are only found where they have trodden, so would our investigator pursue the history of a certain order of mind by those modifications of mental product, and those practical and moral fruits which uniformly spring up in its train. As the zoologist has always derived, from the examination of monstrous and aberrant forms, material to extend his knowledge of the regularly-developed organism, so the mis-shapen creations of mental extravagance or disease would throw light for the philosopher on the sources of man's danger, on the true power and province of man's mind. As the votary of science learns to distinguish between the physiological and the morphological import of the organs of a plant, when he finds the same vital function which belongs to the leaf in one species, carried on by the stem in another,—so would it be with our inquirer, if possessed of a sagacity equal to his undertaking. He would find the intellectual life of successive periods fostered, now by one class of men, and now by another,—that no order or institution can be declared the necessary organ by which society shall breathe or feed,—and that he must often look for the vitality of an age, not in the professed centre of its culture, but in some portion of its growth which, to a superficial eye, would appear only an unsightly excrescence, or an unimportant appendage. He would learn, too, to anticipate, from the revival of old errors, the revival of old re-

actions appropriately modified, and would contemplate with wonder that beneficent provision by which the most baneful opinions appear, almost invariably, accompanied by their antidotes—the excess of the evil provoking a healthful antagonism, so that the poison and the medicine grow side by side, as the healing trumpet-tree is said always to raise its purple blossoms in the neighborhood of the deadly manchineel.

From the somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. Kingsley's tale, we had looked for a contribution, which we felt sure would be of value, in the direction now indicated. It appeared to be his purpose to indicate the substantial identity of the past and the present strife waged between that wisdom of this world accounted foolishness by God, and that preaching of the cross so often accounted foolishness by man. The past conflict he has depicted fully, and with admirable skill. But its parallel with the present antagonism of similar parties is but generally hinted at in a summary remark or two on his last page.

This reticence may have proceeded from æsthetic or from prudential considerations. Cyril of Alexandria, with his bitter worldly heart and oily sanctimonious phrase, with his capacity for business and for hatred, alike enormous, is a shadow among shadows. But the bishop of Exeter, into whose body the soul of Cyril has unquestionably transmigrated, is a living reality in lawn. It might not be pleasant to approach too nearly that ecclesiastical mud volcano, which, always growling and simmering, may explode in an instant with such terrific force its beapattering baptism of abuse. Again, Mr. Newman, like Porphyry, aspires to be a religious man without being a Christian, and in behalf of an ambitious and unintelligible religious sentiment assails the Old Testament and misconceives the New. Like Iamblichus, too, many of our sceptical spiritualists are credulous votaries of the theurgic pretensions of our time. They find the gospels incredible, but they have surrendered to the Pough Keepse Seer. Their reason rises in disdain against the claims of an apostle, but falls prostrate before an American rapping. Their faith resembles that of Dr. Johnson, who refused to credit the report of the earthquake at Lisbon, but could believe in the Cock-lane ghost. These spiritual manifestations of our own day are the counterpart of those pretended marvels which deluded the Alexandrian adepts who were too wise to receive the faith of the Nazarene. If Mr. Kingsley had pursued his parallel, therefore, he would have had work

enough upon his hands. The two foes he had so faithfully portrayed would have united against him. The bigots would have assailed him on the one side, and the infidels on the other. In the hands of adversaries so embittered, his reputation could scarcely have escaped the fate of his heroine Hypatia.

But no one acquainted with the spirit of Mr. Kingsley's writings will readily believe that he has in any undue measure the fear of man before his eyes. He is more likely to have paused where he has done, from deference to what he deemed the dictate of taste, than from any cautious heed to the presentiments of timidity. He considers, probably, the history he has revived as a parable, which, like all parables good for anything, carries its main lesson on the surface. He would urge, with some truth, in his justification, that the moral of a story should be suggested rather than obtruded,—that a romance is not the place for a homily,—that the painter is only indirectly the preacher,—that those who have ears to hear will hear with advantage, and those who have not will never be prosed into wisdom. Still we think that some farther application of the results brought out by this study of the past should have been attempted. A concluding chapter, embracing some such thoughtful and suggestive summary, and indicating the real analogies and distinctions between the old conflict and the new, would greatly have enhanced the value of the book.

In point of style, Mr. Kingsley differs widely from Mr. Maurice and Mr. Trench, with whom, in matters of opinion, he appears to possess much in common. Mr. Maurice is easy and natural; his flowing language carries the reader with him right pleasantly, and there is a pellucid simplicity about the sentences severally which is not a little charming. But the effect of the whole is marred by a want of definiteness. Much is suggested, little is established. An ingenious succession of side-lights are thrown upon the subject, but in some way they perplex each other. We miss that vigorous and telling summary of results, without which we may be dazzled or amused, but are left uninstructed after all as to the contemplated conclusion of the whole.

Mr. Trench, again, is less defective in this respect, though accustomed sometimes to invest his theme with an unnecessary abstraction, and apt to handle it in a large aerial manner, imposing enough, but unsatisfactory to such as desire to see eloquent, philosophical generalizations always well supported by the evidence and detail of facts. The style of

Mr. Trench, where his subject allows him full scope, is stately, rich, and full—a kind of ecclesiastical antique,—now breathing out some pensive imagination—

“To the Dorian mood  
Of flutes, and soft recorder,”

and now again rising into grandeur, colored by the many slanting hues of his cathedral window—Fancy. It is characterized more by beauty than by power, yet it possesses so much of the former as never to be wholly destitute of the latter. Its appeal is that of taste and learning to a circle comparatively limited.

Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, addresses a larger auditory in another tone. His vehement and daring nature has marked out a course for itself. He is thought to have been even too oblivious, at times, of the smooth-shaven proprieties—of the starched and white-neckclothed nicety of ecclesiastical conventionalism. In fact, he would seem, at one time, to have taken the Carlyle fever, and to have had it very badly indeed. But the sickness did not with him as with poor Sterling, develop into a life-long disorder. Mr. Kingsley got over his Carlyle-period as other strong minds have survived their Werter and Byron periods—their era of affectation and sentimentality—that time of life wherein, as of old,—

“Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantoness.”—

So Mr. Kingsley recovered, and now exhibits a mental constitution whose vitals the disease has left untouched. In all he has written, the freshness and vigor of an independent and powerful mind are apparent. Even where we think him wrong we cannot but respect his motive, and honor his conscientiousness and courage. The excellences of his style are his own, its faults those of the school in which he appears first to have studied. There is observable in many parts of his writings a strain and violence hardly compatible with the highest order of power—a certain self-conscious and spasmodic effort which cannot dare to be calm and natural, which fears repose as though it were dullness and death inevitable. He loves abrupt transitions, dashes, intervening chains of dots, and has used, but too freely, stage property of this sort, for the purpose of effect. But his sins in this respect are venial compared with those of Mr. Carlyle. Already he is outgrowing such faults; and Hypatia, while thoroughly characteristic of the author of *Yeast*, and *Alton Locke*, manifests a patient, thoughtful comprehensiveness, to which

neither of those very clever books can lay claim. The vices to which, under such influence, Mr. Kingsley was most exposed—those of exaggeration and one-sidedness, he appears now to have almost completely escaped. It may not be flattering to Mr. Carlyle, but we believe it to be true, that by far the larger proportion of the best minds, whose early youth his writings have powerfully influenced, will look back on the period of such subjection as the most miserably morbid season of their life. On awaking from such delirium to the sane and healthful realities of manful toil, they will discover the hollowness of that sneering, scowling, wailing, declamatory, egotistical, and bombastic misanthropy, which, in the eye of their unripe judgment, wore the air of a philosophy so profound.

It is but justice to Mr. Kingsley to bear in mind what, so circumstanced, he refrains from doing, as well as what he does. He does not imagine that, to speak to the universal heart, he has only to “thou” the reader, to apostrophize him as “brother,” or loudly to cry, “O, man!” He does not believe that a short-winded Emersonian sentence is great of necessity with oracular majesty. He does not regard it as indicative of vast superiority, to call his fellow-laborers in the historic field or his fellow-men, anywhere, dry-as-dust, pudding-heads, imbecile, choughs, beetles, apes, and ostriches. He does not reckon a certain vituperative volubility among the supernatural privileges of the inspired priesthood of letters. He does not believe that either originality or depth can be secured by the virtue inherent in capital letters. He does not serve up pages liberally besprinkled with Silencies, Eternities, and Apysses, as a condiment attractive to the jaded appetite, which loathes everything natural. He does not fill with the commonest verity some monstrous and unwieldy sentence, till it seems a discovery of appalling import, while the whole may be compared to a giant in a midsummer pageant, “marching,” as saith an old writer, “as though it were alive, and ‘armed at all points,’ but within stuffed full of browne paper and ‘tow,’ which the shrewd boyes, under peeping, do guilefully, discover, and turne to a greate derision.”

The strength so conspicuous in Mr. Kingsley's writings is power of that kind which results from the consecration of great gifts to a great purpose. His convictions are strong, his aim is worthy. He is not one of the many clever men of our time whose acuteness and whose talents are rendered almost futile by a lack of earnest conviction. Now Mr. Kingsley does believe strongly; as Austin

Caxton would say—he never forgets “the saffron-bag.” What he believes, he must speak, and what he says he must make men hear. He is not to be precluded by his profession from the use of any legitimate means which shall secure attention to his message. If men will not hear his truth in essays, sermons, big books, they shall receive it in the drama, the tale, the historical romance. In addition to this intensity and concentrativeness, this faculty of gathering up in a present purpose all the energy he possesses, Mr. Kingsley is endowed, in no small measure, with that gift of language which communicates to other minds the creations and the feelings that people his own. There are only certain words which will do this. The faculty which detects and rightly places them makes a man a painter with the pen. Such terms and epithets are the *vincula* between the unseen world of an author’s mind and the actual world constituted by his public. They are the magic formulæ, the ruins and spell-words by which marvels are wrought in the poet’s “heaven of invention.” In his slightest touches Mr. Kingsley displays the artist. He discerns at a glance those features of an object which must be brought out to realize the whole to the eye.

This power of selection as to what shall be described, and this choice of what is perhaps the one only epithet in the language which could vividly and accurately indicate it, is the secret of that life and force which distinguish his delineations. Thus there is so much chilly verisimilitude about his description of the hunting-field on a foggy morning, with which “Yeast” opens, as to make a susceptible reader quite damp and uncomfortable. It is like Constable’s picture of rain, which made Fuseli open his umbrella. In like manner, to read of those Goths in sunny, dusty, broiling Alexandria, singing of northern snows, is verily like the refreshment of an ice in the dog-days. And so throughout, those who will give themselves up fairly to the enjoyment of Mr. Kingsley’s pages may be carried within an hour to the remotest extremes of climate, physical or moral; they may travel from Hyperborean frosts to burning Abyssinia—from mental territories of ice-bound skeptic to the dangerous heats of brain-sick fanaticism.

But, apart from this descriptive faculty, there is another attribute to which Mr. Kingsley owes no small proportion of his deserved success; this quality is sympathy. Without this insight of the heart an acute and comprehensive mind may accomplish not a little as a philosopher, but, as an artist, must be

powerless. It is much to be able to entertain two ideas at the same time—at least, such capacity would seem to be more rare among us than could be wished, judging from the desperate haste with which we see men daily rushing from extreme to extreme, and stultifying themselves by arguing from abuse against use. But higher yet is his endowment who possesses a heart in some measure open to all mankind—who can enter into the hopes and fears, the sorrows and the temptation of minds the most opposite. We admire the calmness which can so deliberately estimate the strength and the weakness of either side in the battle between truth and error. We pay our tribute of praise to the graphic skill which realizes, with equal truth, the religious stillness of the desert, and the tumultuous horror of the amphitheatre—which exhibits, with such ease and clearness, almost as it were in passing, that strange compound, yclept Alexandrian philosophy, and can compress into a sentence the system of Lucretius, till we seem to see the forlorn world as he saw it—an aimless and everlasting gravitation of innumerable atoms. But most of all do we love that true-hearted kindness, the tenderness of the strong, which gently and reverently lifts the veil from the dark and mournful sanctuary of hearts that have found no God—that tremble bewildered between their devotion and their doubt—that seek, but seek amiss, or that are seen in one place denying the use of search, and in another discovering a deity only to be crushed with terror. It is from the heart alone that any writer could have limned those changing features of the soul that we behold working, now in aspiration, and now in despair, in the history of Hypatia, of Abën Ezra, and Pelagia. The same sympathizing spirit can detect traits of nature not wholly alien; yet from the fellow-feeling of fellow-sinners, in Cyril, in Eudæmon, in Miriam,—in the scheming prelate, in the frivolous, and selfish sciolist, in the fierce and abandoned procuress. Even in the case of Peter the Reader, cowardly, mean, and blood-thirsty as the man is, a retrospective word or two shows us that he too had his affections once, was not thus evil always, and had been open to the touch of pity. Thus the geologist may point to the watermarks on the fragment of hardened rock revealing a primæval history, and recalling the time when it was a bright and yielding sand, traversed by the silver ripples of some pool, or frith, that shone and murmured amid the solitudes of the unpeopled world.

Hypatia exhibits, as a work of art, a mani-

fest advance on the former productions of Mr. Kingsley. The same power in the delineation of character, the same passion and pathos, intermingled now with humor and now with sarcasm, which characterized his earlier writings, are equally manifest in the present story, with a result more satisfactory, a truer unity of design, more judgment, and apparently more careful thought in the management of incident and dialogue. As a whole, the work is more successful in a province confessedly more difficult.

Mr. Kingsley never gives such scope to his indignation as when speaking of that worst thing—the corruption of the best. His severest lash is reserved for the smiling malignity and the sleek villainies of Pharisees and zealots. He is at home in detecting and holding up to abhorrence the secret Atheism that lurks in the heart of all intolerance, the iniquity of that unbelief which sins in the name of holiness and attempts the work of God with the tools of the devil. He is the sworn enemy of all those pretences under which men would part off the religious from the civil world, and override the sanctions of morality for the promotion of an ecclesiastical interest. But, unlike many loud-voiced denouncers of “wind-bags,” “red-tape-isms,” and shams,” he tells us what he loves, quite as plainly as what he hates, what he believes as clearly as what he disbelieves. He does not with incessant bark assail every effort philanthropy actually makes, and after snapping at the legs of every messenger of mercy, withdraw into his tub—the cynic prophet of negation. He has something positive to announce and to commend. He does not see in the mass of mankind a flat and dreary deluge of common-place—an aggregate of transitory waves lifted up into a momentary being, raised for a transitory glance at sun and moon, and then subsiding into unfathomable night. He believes in a gospel which the poor hear gladly. Through all the gathered clouds of error, amidst the countless misbegotten phantoms of darkness that blot her glory, he beholds in history the Church of Christ—the Jerusalem which is from above, and is happy in the sight of the gleaming gold and sapphire, darting ever and anon a ray through the vapors from the mouth of the pit. While bringing out in unsparing relief the ill-omened features of that corruption which, in the fifth century, had already maimed and defiled the church, he does not fail to indicate aright the secret of her real power. One great lesson is plainly taught by his book. Christianity—in spite of its doctrinal disputes, so subtle

and so envenomed, on questions utterly insoluble,—in spite of those wrangling, persecuting factions, whose inveterate hatred embroiled East and West, Roman and Barbarian, Greek and Goth, throughout the length and breadth of the tottering empire,—in spite of the trumpery of miracle-mongering, ecstasies, and exorcisms,—of the fanaticism and the stupor, the fury and the filth, of oriental monasticism—Christianity had, in his view, nevertheless, an answer for the deepest cravings of man's heart, which philosophic culture could not in its dreams surmise, and was busy with a benevolence, and glorious with a self-devotion, that attested daily a celestial origin—a divine commission.

Hypatia is no one-sided apology for Christianity; it is a faithful representation of the thinkings and doings of men called Christians at Alexandria, in their conflict with the vanishing theories and the too substantial evils of the dying giant heathendom. The intellectual opposition they encountered was comparatively feeble; the moral, gigantic. Pagan philosophy had made, now and then, an effort to stay, with the arms of rhetoric and dialectics, the vices of the time. But the weapons belonged to one element, and the adversaries aimed at to another. The immorality which peopled the atmosphere of old Hellas mocked the efforts of the sages, and seemed to say from the high place of the powers of the air—

“the elements

Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that's in my plume.”

Then came Christianity,—winning her first purifying successes in a world noisome with the accumulated and legitimized impurity of many ages,—appealing to the heart, to sanctions, to motives, to hopes, drawn from the highest, and tending thither. But the struggle soiled ere long her garments; the spirit of the world she had overcome entered into her, and the arts of the conquered became the lesson of the conqueror.

Accordingly we find the Alexandrian church, in the fifth century, already accomplished in the questionable practices of that secularity she professed to sway and aspired to reform. The sectarianism, the ignorance, the pride, the clerical place-hunting, the bigotry, the sanctimonious pretence of fashion or of coarseness, the unholy passions baptized by Christian names,—all, in short, that which makes up in our own day the common stock objection of the irreligious to

Christianity, was as odiously apparent then as now. Not small will be the service of Mr. Kingsley's story if it awakens in some wavering minds the inquiry—"Has not Christianity now believers like Augustine, Marjorious, and Victoria, as well as its Cyrils and its Peters; and its message to the weary skeptical Raphaels of the nineteenth century even as to him of the fifth?"

The opening chapter of the tale introduces us to the dwelling-place of a colony of monks among the ancient ruins and the burning sand hills near the banks of the Nile, about three hundred miles above Alexandria. A young monk, named Philammon, seized with the desire of viewing for himself the great world without, obtains from his anxious superiors permission to depart, and on a summer's night glides down the river in his little skiff towards the famous metropolis. Once arrived there, each day amazes with a new wonder the innocence of the youthful anchorite. He views with admiration the state, the discipline, the numbers, of the Christian world at Alexandria. With all the zeal of novelty, he gives himself to his share in the benevolent labors of his monastic brethren. But he learns, to his astonishment, that Christianity is not the only power at work. The state is not Christian, though at Constantinople the emperor professes the Christian faith. Strange speculations, lofty and fascinating, maintain their place, denounced as hellish by his brother monks, but having, in the very mystery and prohibition, a potent charm for a mind longing after knowledge, and strong in an untried faith. Hypatia, a woman, young, beautiful, and wise, fills her lecture-hall day after day with the fashion, the talent, and the wealth of the city, as she expounds this lofty and time-honored philosophy. He thirsts for the opportunity of some great achievement: might not he, Philammon, hear and judge, rise up and refute, and bring the wanderer home into the fold of Christ? The attempt is made. Philammon is treated by Hypatia with forbearance; by the coarse jealousy of his brethren he is heaped with wrong and insult. He takes refuge, from a church so much worse than he had thought it, with a philosophy so much better, and becomes the pupil of Hypatia. But, in the sequel, he discovers that what is refined in heathendom, cannot be practically separated from what is brutal and licentious,—that philosophy, even in the person of its best and holiest representative, is powerless to purify and slow to pity, and the

prodigal returns repentant to his forsaken home.

Such is the mere threadwork of a story, in the course of which the author contrives to bring his readers in contact with most of the motley phases of life that made up the sum of Alexandrian existence, and to afford them the advantage Philammon enjoyed, of hearing for themselves both sides. The advancing action presents to view Orestes, the prefect—an indolent debauchee, a fair type of many a provincial ruler in those days of feebleness and expediency; Hypatia, the priestess of philosophy, mourning over the extinct "Promethean heat," for ever departed from the shrines at which she worships; the giant Goths, stalking terribly among the donkey-riding Alexandrians, drinking, lounging, singing of Asgard and the northern heroes, and ready to sell their doughty sword-strokes to any cause not compromising their rude ideas of honor—finely contrasting, in their savage dignity, with the mass of that pauper populace, so cowardly and cunning, and, at times, so turbulent and fierce, hungering after shows and largesses, after bread without work, and blood without danger; the monks, swarming everywhere, blindly rancorous, and blindly beneficent, disciplined like an army by the stern and methodical Cyril, every now and then raising a riot, hunting down a heretic, and persecuting the Jews, yet constantly employed in nursing the sick, succoring the distressed, and toiling in benign attendance on those social maladies which imperial misgovernment produced, perpetuated, and left the church to cure as best she might.

Synesius is a specimen of a remarkable class of men not unfrequently met with during the transition period of the fifth century. The opinions he represents are familiar in their outlines to every student of the times, but it is peculiarly gratifying to have presented to us so fresh and graphic a portraiture of the daily habits and mode of life of one of the most interesting individuals of the species. Synesius is a kind of Christian Orpheus—a writer of mystical hymns that read like a rhapsodical strain from Apuleius intermingled with echoes from the psalter. He accepts a Christian episcopate, but he cannot repudiate the lessons of Pappus, and of Hieron. The doctrine of the resurrection, in its literal acception, is too carnal for his ethereal Platonism. He cannot surrender the pre-existence of the soul, or admit the destruction of the world. He holds fast the

dogma of emanation, invokes the Father as Plato's primordial Unity, and the Son as the Platonic Demiurge. He aspires to heaven as the region of the ideal—the native realm of Intelligible Archetypes. He must be allowed to philosophize at home, while he announces the popular religion out of doors. The inconsistency he reconciles to his conscience by reflecting that the eye of the vulgar is weakly, that too much light might produce the effect of falsehood, that an element of fable is indispensable in the instruction of the multitude. The old aristocratic intellectualism of the heathen world reigns in him to the last; but a kind heart often gets the better of philosophic pride, and he has much more of the Christian in him than the name.

Such was the position of the historical Synesius in the controversy between philosophy and faith, and the Synesius of Mr. Kingsley's fiction is a truthful and vigorous conception of the character as exhibited in those remains which time has preserved to us.

The best surviving remnants of Roman civilization were the class of educated country gentlemen. They are found in the fifth century throughout the western empire residing on their estates, the petty lords of the neighborhood, men of large property and cultivated taste. They have fine libraries, houses beautifully furnished, often a private theatre where some rhetorician performs his comedy before the patron, himself a writer of odes and epigrams, and perhaps no indifferent composer of music. Their time is given to the chase, to elegant banquets, to literary conversaziones. Looking with disdain as philosophers on the degeneracy around them, and with indifference as men of wealth on the ordinary objects of ambition, they take little part in public affairs. Indifferent on religious matters, they make no effort to revive the old faith, or to oppose the new. Give them their books, and their hounds, their generous wines, and their little circle of dilettanti, a pleasant friend to rattle the dice with them, or a lively party at tennis, and they are happy. They will chat the morning through under the vines without touching once on a theme of moment to church or state, to gods or men. The news of battle and revolt, of lost provinces, and changing empire, they will vote a bore, and forget it presently, as, with a jest, or a yawn they return to a new drama, or the last impromptu, to a critical conjecture, or a disputed etymology.

Meanwhile the earnest business of life goes on without these trifling egotists, and power is daily passing into other hands. Men find the Christian bishop everything which such luxurious idlers are not. They detest business; he toils in a whirl of it, from morning to night. They stand aloof from the people; he lives among them, visits, preaches, catechizes, settles disputes, has an ear for every applicant, finds time for every duty. While they are given up to self-enjoyment, he is the admiration of the country round for his austerity and active self-denial. While they are occupied by fits and starts with the curious indolence of a rhetorical philosophy, he is proclaiming a living truth to the multitude. He teaches the wakeful earnest husbandry of life, while they are dreaming it away with questions which, to the working many, are not worth a straw.

It was to be expected that, in process of time, these two characters would frequently unite in the same person. The more thoughtful, active, or benevolent among the members of this imperial squirearchy would discern, ere long, that through the church alone could they take any effective part in the real work of their day. Some embracing more, and others less of the popular Christian doctrine, they entered the episcopal or priestly office, and exercised an influence they could never otherwise have acquired. While thus far identifying themselves with the new order of things, they did not, however, relinquish all their old tastes and pleasures. The man of the world and the man of wit, the devotee of pagan philosophy and the wooer of the classic muse, were still apparent beneath the robes of the bishop. Such was Synesius in Cyrene, Sidonius Apollinaris in Gaul, and many more.

But leaving these occupants of the frontier line, let us visit the camp of the enemy, and endeavor to realize the character and purpose of the last antagonist arrayed by antiquity against the youthful faith of the Cross.

First of all, as to what Neo-Platonism really was, and then as to the cause of its feebleness and utter failure when tested in conflict, even with the Christianity of the fifth century. Let us hear a part of the lecture Mr. Kingsley puts into the mouth of Hypatia. She has read aloud, from the Iliad, the well-known parting of Hector and Andromache, and then gives the following spiritualized exposition of the passage, treating it, in the style of her school, not as a tale of human passion, but as a philosophical allegory. "Such," she says, "is the myth."



"Do you fancy that in it Homer meant to hand down to the admiration of ages such earthly commonplaces as a mother's brute affection, and the terrors of an infant? Surely the deeper insight of the philosopher may be allowed, without the reproach of fancifulness, to see in it the adumbration of some deeper mystery.

"The elect soul, for instance—is not its name Astyanax, king of the city; by the fact of its ethereal parentage, the leader and lord of all around it, though it knows it not? A child as yet, it lies upon the fragrant bosom of its mother, Nature, the nurse and yet the enemy of man. Andromache, as the poet well names her, because she fights with that being, when grown to man's estate, whom as a child she nourished. Fair is she, yet unwise; pampering us, after the fashion of mothers, with weak indulgences; fearing to send us forth into the great realities of speculation, there to forget her in the pursuit of glory; she would have us while away our prime within the harem, and play for ever round her knees. And has not the elect soul a father, too, whom it knows not? Hector, he who is without—unconfined, unconditioned by Nature, yet its husband?—the all-pervading plastic soul, informing, organizing, whom men call Zeus the lawgiver, *Æther*, the fire, Osiris the life-giver; whom here the poet has set forth as the defender of the mystic city, the defender of harmony, and order, and beauty, throughout the universe? Apart sits his great father—Priam, the first of existences, father of many sons, the Absolute Reason; unseen, tremendous, immovable, in distant glory; yet himself amenable to that abysmal unity which Homer calls Fate, the source of all which is, yet in itself Nothing, without predicate, unnameable.

"From It and for It, the universal Soul thrills through the whole creation, doing the behests of that Reason from which it overflowed, unwillingly, into the storm and crowd of material appearances; warring with the brute forces of gross matter, crushing all which is foul and dissonant to itself, and clasping to its bosom the beautiful, and all wherein it discovers its own reflex; impressing on it its signature, reproducing from it its own likeness, whether star, or demon, or soul of the elect:—and yet, as the poet hints in anthropomorphic language, haunted all the while by a sadness—weighed down amid all its labors by the sense of a fate—by the thought of that First One from whom the Soul is originally descended; from whom it, and its Father, the Reason before it, parted themselves when they dared to think and act, and assert their own free will.

"And in the meanwhile, alas! Hector, the father, fights around, while his children sleep and feed; and he is away in the wars, and they know him not—know not that they, the individuals, are but parts of him, the universal. And yet at moments—oh! thrice blessed they whose celestial parentage has made such moments part of their appointed destiny—at moments flashes on the human child the intuition of the unutterable secret. In the spangled glory of the summer night—in the roar of the Nile-flood, sweeping down fertility in every wave—in the awful depths of the temple

shrine—in the wild melodies of old Orphic singers, or before the images of those gods, of whose perfect beauty the divine theosophists of Greece caught a fleeting shadow, and with the sudden might of artistic ecstasy smote it, as by an enchanter's wand, into an eternal sleep of snowy stone—in these there flashes on the inner eye, a vision beautiful and terrible, of a force, an energy, a soul, an idea, one and yet million-fold, rushing through all created things, like the wind across a lyre, thrilling the strings into celestial harmony—one life-blood through the million veins of the universe, from one great unseen heart, whose thunderous pulses the mind hears far away, beating for ever in the abysmal solitude, beyond the heavens and the galaxies, beyond the spaces and the times, themselves but veins and runnels from its all-teeming sea.

"Happy, thrice happy they who once have dared, even though breathless, blinded with tears of awful joy, struck down upon their knees in utter helplessness, as they feel themselves but dead leaves in the wind which sweeps the universe—happy they who have dared to gaze, if but for an instant, on the terror of that glorious pageant; who have not, like the young Astyanax, clung shrieking to the breast of mother nature, scared by the heaven-wide flash of Hector's arms and the glitter of his rainbow-crest! Happy, thrice happy! even though their eyeballs, blasted by excess of light, wither to ashes in their sockets! Were it not a noble end to have seen Zeus, and die like Semele, burnt up by his glory? Happy, thrice happy! though their mind reel from the divine intoxication, and the hogs of Circe call them henceforth madmen and enthusiasts. Enthusiasts they are; for Deity is in them, and they in It. For the time, this burden of individuality vanishes, and recognizing themselves as portions of the Universal Soul, they rise upward, through and beyond that Reason from whence the soul proceeds, to the fount of all—the ineffable and Supreme One—and seeing It, they become by that act, portions of Its essence. They speak no more, but It speaks in them, and their whole being, transmuted by that glorious sunlight into whose rays they have dared, like the eagle, to gaze without shrinking, becomes an harmonious vehicle for the words of Deity, and passive itself, utters the secrets of the immortal gods. What wonder if to the brute mass they seem like dreams? Be it so. . . . Smile if you will. But ask me not to teach you things unspeakable, above all sciences, which the word-battle of dialectic, the discursive struggles of reason can never reach, but which must be seen only, and when seen, confessed to be unspeakable. Hence, thou disputer of the Academy!—hence, thou sneering Cynic!—hence, thou sense-worshipping Stoic, who fanciest that the soul is to derive her knowledge from those material appearances which she herself creates! . . . hence;—and yet, no; stay and sneer, if you will. It is but a little time—a few days longer in this prison-house of our degradation, and each thing shall return to its own fountain; the blood-drop to the abysmal heart, and the water to the river, and the river to

the shining sea; and the dew drop which fell from heaven shall rise to heaven again, shaking off the dust-grains which weighed it down, thawed from the earth-frost which chained it here to herb and sward, upward and upward ever through stars and suns, through gods, and through the parents of the gods, purer and purer through successive lives, till it enters The Nothing, which is The All, and find its home at last."—Vol. i. pp. 185—189.

The foregoing extract is a fair exposition of the prominent characteristics in the teaching of the more spiritual section of the New-Platonist school. The reader will have marked its subtle pantheism, its soaring mysticism, its strained and fanciful interpretation of the worshiped creations of the past. Like Swedenborgianism, such a system furnished a certain kind of intellectual ingenuity with constant employment. This chase after hidden meanings is as illimitable as it is worthless.

The idea which presided at the foundation of Alexandria was the establishment of a great Hellenic empire which should unite opposing races. Greece and Egypt were to be renewed together at the mouth of the Nile. The wisdom of Ptolemy Soter and of Philadelphus labored to teach the pride of the Greek and the fanaticism of the Egyptian their first lesson in toleration. But it is not to the Museum of Alexandria, with all its munificent endowments, that philosophy owed those last glories which illumined, but could not avert her fall. Plotinus taught at Rome, Proclus at Athens. The apartments of the Royal Institute were tenanted, for the most part, by men like Theon,—mathematicians, critics, and literati, who spent their days in laborious trifling,—who could collect and methodize, minutely commentate, or feebly copy, but who could originate little or nothing,—who were alike indifferent and unequal to the mighty questions on which hung the issue of the conflict between Greek conservatism and the new religion. Such men chained philosophy to the past and starved it—they offered up the present as a funeral victim at the obsequies of antiquity, and science, in their hands, perished, like the camel which the ancient Arabs tied to the tomb of a dead hero and left to linger and expire on the desert sand.

For full five centuries, from the days of Philo to the days of Proclus, Alexandrian philosophy, half rationalist, half mystical, endeavored to reconcile the East and the West by one never-failing expedient—allegorical interpretation. The book of Genesis was to Philo what the Iliad was to Hypatia.

In his treatise, *De Confusione Linguarum*, Philo declares that the sky the Babel-builders sought to reach with the top of their tower, is the mind, in which dwell the "divine Powers." Their futile attempts, he says, represents the presumption of those who place sense above intelligence, and think to storm the Intelligible World by the engine of the sensuous. Waller said that the troopers of the parliament ought to be both faithful men and good riders,—the first, lest they should run away with their horses,—the second, lest their horses should run away with them. Philo fulfilled the former condition in his advocacy of what he deemed the truth. No disputatious Greek could cavil at the books of Moses without finding himself foiled at his own dialectic weapons by the learned Jew. In the latter, he fails, and the wings of his hippogryph, Allegory, bear him far away into the dimmest realms of Phantasy.

Plato pronounces Love the child of Poverty and Plenty—the Alexandrian philosophy was the offspring of Reverence and Ambition. It combined an adoring homage to the departed genius of the age of Pericles, with a passionate credulous craving after a supernatural elevation. Its literary tastes and religious wants were alike imperative and irreconcilable. In obedience to the former it disdained Christianity; impelled by the latter, it travestied Plato. But for that proud servility which fettered it to a glorious past, it might have recognized in Christianity the only satisfaction of its higher longings. Rejecting that, it could only establish a philosophic church on the foundation of Plato's school, and forsaking while it professed to expound him, embrace the hallucinations of intuition and of ecstasy, till it finally vanishes at Athens amid the incense and the hocus-pocus of theurgic incantation. Neo-Platonism begins with theosophy; that is, a philosophy, the imagined gift of special revelation, the product of the inner light. But soon, finding this too abstract and unsatisfactory, impatient of its limitations, it seeks after a sign and becomes theurgic. As it degenerates, it presses more audaciously forward through the veil of the unseen. It must see visions, dream dreams, work spells, and call down deities demi-gods, and demons, from their dwellings in the upper air. The Alexandrians were eclectics, because such reverence taught them to look back; mystics, because such ambition urged them to look up. They restore philosophy, after all its weary wanderings, to the place of its birth; and, in its second childhood, it is cradled in the arms of those old

poetic faiths of the past, from which, in the pride of its youth, it broke away,

The mental history of the founder best illustrates the origin of the school. Plotinus, in A. D. 233, commences the study of philosophy in Alexandria, at the age of twenty-eight. His mental powers are of the concentrative rather than the comprehensive order. Impatient of negation he has commenced an earnest search after some truth which, however abstract, shall yet be positive. He pores over the Dialogues of Plato and the Metaphysics of Aristotle, day and night. To promote the growth of his "soul-wings," as Plato counsels, he practices austerities his master never would have sanctioned. He attempts to live, what he learns to call, the "angelic life," the "life of the disembodied in the body." He reads with admiration the life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philostratus, which has recently appeared. He can probably credit most of the marvels recorded of that strange thaumaturgist who, two hundred years ago, had appeared—a revived Pythagoras, to dazzle nation after nation through which he passed, with prophecy and miracle—who had travelled to the Indus and the Ganges, and brought back the supernatural powers of Magi and Gymnosophists, and who was said to have displayed to the world once more the various knowledge, the majestic sanctity, and the superhuman attributes, of the sage of Crotona. This portraiture of a philosophical hierophant—a union of the philosopher and the priest in an inspired hero, fires the imagination of Plotinus. In the New-Pythagoreanism of which Apollonius was a representative, Orientalism and Platonism were alike embraced. Perhaps the thought occurs thus early to Plotinus—could I travel eastward I might drink myself at those fountain-heads of tradition, whence Pythagoras and Plato drew so much of their wisdom. Certain it is, that with this purpose he accompanied, several years subsequently, the disastrous expedition of Gordian against the Parthians, and narrowly escaped with life.

At Alexandria, Plotinus doubtless hears from Orientals there some fragments of the ancient eastern theosophy—doctrines concerning the principle of evil, the gradual development of the divine essence, and creation by intermediate agencies, none of which he finds in his Plato. He cannot be altogether a stranger to the lofty theism which Philo marred, while he attempted to refine, by the help of his "Attic Moses." He observes a tendency on the part of philosophy to fall

back upon the sanctions of religion, and on the part of the religions of the day to mingle in a Deism or a Pantheism, which might claim the sanctions of philosophy. The signs of a growing toleration or indifferentism meet him on every side. Rome has long been a Pantheon for all nations, and gods and provinces together have found in the capitol at once their Olympus and their metropolis. He cannot walk the streets of Alexandria without perceiving that the very architecture tells of an alliance between the religious art of Egypt and of Greece. All, except Jews and Christians, join in the worship of Serapis. Was not the very substance of which the statue of that God was made, an amalgam?—fit symbol of the syncretism which paid him homage. Once Serapis had guarded the shores of the Euxine, now he is the patron of Alexandria, and in him the attributes of Zeus and of Osiris, of Apis and of Plato, are adored alike by East and West. Men are learning to overlook the external differences of name and ritual, and to reduce all religions to one general sentiment of worship. For now more than fifty years, every educated man has laughed, with Lucian's satire in his hand, at the gods of the popular superstition. A century before Lucian, Plutarch had shown that some of the doctrines of the barbarians were not irreconcilable with the philosophy in which he gloried as a Greek. Plutarch had been followed by Apuleius, a practical eclectic, a learner in every school, an initiate in every temple, at once skeptical and credulous, a sophist and a devotee.

Plotinus looks around him, and inquires what philosophy is doing in the midst of influences such as these. Peripateticism exists but in slumber, under the dry scholarship of Adrastus and Alexander of Aphrodisium, the commentators of the last century. The New Academy and the Stoics attract youth still, but they are neither of them a philosophy so much as a system of ethics. Speculation has given place to morals. Philosophy is taken up as a branch of literature, as an elegant recreation, as a theme for oratorical display. Plotinus is persuaded that philosophy should be worship—speculation, a search after God—no amusement, but a prayer. Skepticism is strong in proportion to the defect or weakness of everything positive around it. The influence of *Ænesidemus* who, two centuries ago, proclaimed universal doubt, is still felt in Alexandria. But his skepticism would break up the foundations of morality. What is to be done? Plotinus sees those who are true to specula-

tion surrendering ethics, and those who hold to morality abandoning speculation.

In his perplexity, a friend takes him to hear Ammonius Saccas. He finds him a powerful, broad-shouldered man, as he might naturally be, who not long before was to be seen any day in the sultry streets of Alexandria, a porter, wiping his brow under his burden. Ammonius is speaking of the reconciliation that might be effected between Plato and Aristotle. This eclecticism it is which has given him fame. At another time it might have brought on him only derision, now there is an age ready to give the attempt an enthusiastic welcome.

Let us venture, as Mr. Kingsley has done with Hypatia, to make him speak for himself, and imagine, as nearly as may be, the probable tenor of his lecture.

"What," he cries, kindling with his theme, "did Plato leave behind him, what Aristotle, when Greece and philosophy had waned together? The first, a chattering crew of sophists: the second, the lifeless dogmatism of the sensationalist. The self-styled followers of Plato were not brave enough either to believe or to deny. The successors of the Stagyrite did little more than reiterate their denial of the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Between them morality was sinking fast. Then an effort was made for its revival. The attempt at least was good. It sprang out of a just sense of a deep defect. Without morality what is philosophy worth? But these ethics must rest on speculation for their basis. The Epicureans and the Stoics, I say, came forward to supply that moral want. Each said, we will be practical, intelligible, utilitarian. One school, with its hard lesson of fate and self-denial; the other, with its easier doctrine of pleasure, more or less refined, were rivals in their profession of ability to teach men how to live. In each there was a certain truth, but I will honor neither with the name of a philosophy. They have confined themselves to mere ethical application—they are willing, both of them, to let first principles lie unstirred. Can skepticism fail to take advantage of this? While they wrangle, both are disbelieved. But, sirs, can we abide in skepticism?—it is death. You ask me, what I recommend? I say, travel back across the past. Out of the whole of that by-gone and yet undying world of thought construct a system greater than any of the sundered parts. Repudiate these partial scholars in the name of their masters. Leave them to their disputes, pass over their

systems, already tottering for lack of a foundation, and be it yours to show how their teachers join hands far above them. In such a spirit of reverent enthusiasm you may attain a higher unity, you mount in speculation, and from that height ordain all noble actions for your lower life. So you become untrue neither to experience nor to reason, and the genius of eclecticism will combine, yea, shall I say it, will surpass while it embraces, all the ancient triumphs of philosophy!"

Such was the teaching which attracted Longinus, Herennius, and Origen (not the father). It makes an epoch in the life of Plotinus. He desires now no other instructor, and is preparing to become himself a leader in the pathway Ammonius has pointed out. He is convinced that Platonism, exalted into an enthusiastic illuminism, and gathering about itself all the scattered truth upon the field of history; Platonism, mystical and catholic, can alone preserve men from the abyss of skepticism. One of the old traditions of Finland relates how a mother once found her son torn into a thousand fragments at the bottom of the River of Death. She gathered the scattered members to her bosom, and rocking to and fro, sang a magic song, which made him whole again, and restored the departed life. Such a spell the Alexandrian philosophy sought to work—thus to recover and re-unite the relics of antique truth dispersed and drowned by time.

Plotinus occupied himself only with the most abstract questions concerning knowledge and being. Detail and method—all the stitching and clipping of eclecticism, he bequeathed as the handicraft of his successors. His fundamental principle is the old *petitio principii* of idealism. Truth, according to him, is not the agreement of our apprehension of an external object with the object itself—it is rather the agreement of the mind with itself. The objects we contemplate and that which contemplates, are identical for the philosopher. Both are thought; only like can know like; all truth is within us. By reducing the soul to its most abstract simplicity, we subtilize it so that it expands into the infinite. In such a state we transcend our finite selves, and are one with the infinite; this is the privileged condition of ecstasy. These blissful intervals, but too evanescent and too rare, were regarded as the reward of philosophic asceticism—the seasons of refreshing, which were to make amends for all the stoical austerities

of the steep ascent towards the abstraction of the primal unity.

Thus the Neo-Platonists became ascetics and enthusiasts; Plato was neither. Where Plato acknowledges the services of the earliest philosophers—the imperfect utterances of the world's first thoughts,—Neo-Platonism (in its later period, at least) undertakes to detect, not the similarity merely, but the identity between Pythagoras and Plato, and even to exhibit the Platonism of Orpheus, and of Hermes. Where Plato is hesitant or obscure, Neo-Platonism inserts a meaning of its own, and is confident that such, and no other, was the master's mind. Where Plato indulges in a fancy, or hazards a bold assertion, Neo-Platonism, ignoring the doubts Plato may himself express elsewhere, spins it out into a theory, or bows to it as an infallible revelation. Where Plato has the doctrine of Reminiscence, Neo-Platonism has the doctrine of Ecstasy. In the Reminiscence of Plato, the ideas the mind perceives are without it. Here there is no mysticism, only the mistake incidental to metaphysicians generally of giving an actual existence to mere mental abstractions. In Ecstasy, the ideas perceived are within the mind. The mystic, according to Plotinus, contemplates the divine perfections in himself; and, in the ecstatic state, individuality (which is so much imperfection), memory, time, space, phenomenal contradictions and logical distinctions all vanish. It is not until the rapture is past, and the mind, held in this strange solution, is, as it were, precipitated on reality, that memory is again employed. Plotinus would say that Reminiscence could impart only inferior knowledge, because it implies separation between the subject and the object. Ecstasy is superior—is absolute, being the realization of their identity. True to this doctrine of absorption, the pantheism of Plotinus teaches him to maintain alike, with the Oriental mystic at one extreme of time, and with the Hegelian at the other, that our individual existence is but phenomenal and transitory. Plotinus, accordingly, does not banish reason, he only subordinates it to ecstasy where the Absolute is in question. It is not till the last that he calls in supernatural aid. The wizard king builds his tower of speculation by the hands of human workmen till he reaches the top story, and then summons his genii to fashion the battlements of adamant, and crown them with starry fire.

Plotinus, wrapt in his proud abstraction, cared nothing for fame. An elect company

of disciples made for a time his world; ere long, his dungeon-body would be laid in the dust, and the divine spark within him set free, and lost in the Universal Soul. Porphyry entered his school fresh from the study of Aristotle. At first the audacious opponent of his master, he soon became the most devoted of his scholars. With a temperament more active and practical than that of Plotinus, with more various ability and far more facility in method and adaptation, with an erudition equal to his fidelity, blameless in his life, pre-eminent in the loftiness and purity of his ethics, he was well fitted to do all that could be done towards securing for the doctrines he had espoused that reputation and that wider influence to which Plotinus was so indifferent. His aim was twofold. He engaged in a conflict hand to hand with two antagonists at once, by both of whom he was eventually vanquished. He commenced an assault on Christianity without, and he endeavored to check the progress of superstitious practice within the pale of paganism. His doctrine concerning ecstasy is less extravagant than that of Plotinus. The ecstatic state does not involve with him the loss of conscious personality. He calls it a dream, in which the soul, dead to the world, rises to an activity that partakes of the divine. It is an elevation above human reason, human action, human liberty, yet no temporary annihilation, but rather an ennobling restoration or transformation of the individual nature. In his well-known letter to Anebon, he proposes a series of questions which indicate that thorough skepticism concerning the pretensions of theurgy which so much scandalized Iamblichus. The treatise of the latter, *De Mysteriis*, is an elaborate reply, under the name of Abammon, to that epistle.

Thus much concerning the doctrine of the theosophic or spiritualist section of the Neo-Platonists. Iamblichus is the leader and representative of the wonder-working and theurgic branch of the school. With this party a strange mixture of charlatanism and asceticism takes the place of those lofty but unsatisfying abstractions which absorbed Plotinus. They are, in some sort, the lineal descendants of those *ἀγύραι* of whom Plato speaks—itinerant venders of expiations and of charms—the Grecian prototypes of Chaucer's Pardoners. Yet nothing can exceed the power to which they lay claim. If you believe Iamblichus, the theurgist is the vehicle and instrument of Deity, all the subordinate potencies and dominions of the upper

world are at his beck, for it is not a man but a God who mutters the words of might, and chants the prayer which shakes celestial thrones and makes the heavens bow. When the afflatus is upon him, fiery appearances are seen, sweetest melodies tremble through the air, heavy with incense, or deep discordant sounds betray some terrible presence tamed by the master's art. There are four great orders of spiritual existence peopling the unseen world—gods, demons or heroes, demi-gods, and souls. The adept knows at once to which class the glorious shape which confronts him may belong—for they appear always with the insignia of their office, or in a form consonant with the rank they hold in the hierarchy of spiritual natures. The appearances of gods are uniform (*μενεδῶν*), those of demons various in their hue (*ποικίλα*). Often when a god reveals himself, he hides sun and moon, and appears, as he descends, too vast for earth. Each order has gifts of its own to bestow on those who summon them. The gods confer health of body, power and purity of mind: the principalities which govern the sublunary elements impart temporal advantages. At the same time there exist evil demons—anti-gods, who are hostile to the aspirant, who afflict, if they can, both body and mind, and hinder our escape from the world of appearance and of sense.

It is not a little curious to observe the process by which a more refined and intellectual mysticism gives way to a more gross, and theosophy is superseded by theurgy, in Neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and Romanism alike. At first, ecstasy is an indescribable state—any form or voice would mar and materialize it—the vague boundlessness of this exaltation, of that expanse of bliss and glory in which the soul seems to swim and lose itself, is not to be even hinted at by the highest utterance of mortal speech. But a degenerate age, or a lower order of mind, demands the detail and imagery of a more tangible marvel. The demand creates supply, and the mystic, deceiver or deceived, or both, most commonly begins to furnish out for himself and others a full itinerary of those regions of the unseen world which he has scanned or traversed in his moments of elevation. He describes the starred baldrics and meteor-swords of the ærial panoply—tells what forlorn shapes have been seen standing dark against a far depth of brightness, like stricken pines on a sunset horizon—what angelic forms, in gracious companies, alight about the haunts of men, thwarting the evil, and

opening pathways for the good—what genii tend what mortals, and under what astral influences they work weal or woe—what dwellers in the middle air cover with embattled rows the mountain side, or fill some vast amphitheatre of silent inaccessible snow—how some encamp in the valley, under the pennons of the summer lightning, and others find a tented field where the slow wind unrolls the exhalations along the marsh, or builds a canopy of vapours—all is largely told—what ethereal heraldry marshals with its blazon the thrones and dominions of the unseen realm—what giant powers and principalities among them darken with long shadow, or illumine with a winged wake of glory the forms of following myriads, their ranks and races, wars and destiny, as minutely registered as the annals of some neighbor province, as confidently recounted as though the seer had nightly slipped his bonds of flesh, and made one in their council or their battle.

Thus the metaphysical basis and the magical pretensions of Alexandrian mysticism are seen to stand in an inverse ratio to each other. Porphyry qualifies the intuitional principle of his master, and holds more soberly the theory of illumination. Iamblichus, the most superstitious of all in practice, diminishes still further the province of theosophy. He denies what both Plotinus and Porphyry maintained, that man has a faculty inaccessible to passion, and eternally active. Just in proportion as these men surrendered their lofty ideas of the innate power of the mind did they seek to indemnify themselves by recourse to supernatural assistance from without. The talisman takes the place of the contemplative reverie. Philosophic abstraction is abandoned for the incantations of the cabalist; and as speculation droops superstition gathers strength.

Such are the leading features of that philosophical religionism which attempted to rival Christianity at Alexandria, and which strove to cope, in the name of the past, with the spiritual aims and the miraculous credentials of the new faith. What were the immediate causes of its failure? The attempt to piece with new cloth the old garment was necessarily vain. Porphyry endeavored to refute the Christian, and to reform the pagan by a single stroke. But Christianity could not be repulsed, and heathendom would not be renovated. In vain did he attempt to substitute a single philosophical religion, which should be universal, for the manifold and popular polytheism of his day. Christian truth repelled his attack on the one side, and

idolatrous superstition carried his defences on the other. The Neo-Platonists, moreover, volunteered their services as the champions of a paganism which did but partially acknowledge their advocacy. The philosophers were often objects of suspicion to the emperor, always of dislike to the jealousy of the heathen priest. In those days of emperor-worship the emperor was sometimes a devouring deity, and, like the sacred crocodile of Egypt, more dangerous to his worshipers than to his foes, would now and then breakfast on a devotee. The Neo-Platonists defended paganism not as zealots, but as men of letters. They defended it because the old faith could boast of great names and great achievements in speculation, literature, and art, and because the new appeared barbarian in its origin, and humiliating in its claims. They wrote, they lectured, they disputed in favour of the temple, and against the church, not because they worshipped idols, but because they worshipped Plato. They exclaimed against vice, while they sought to conserve its incentives, so abundant in every heathen mythology, fondly dreaming that they could bring a clean thing out of an unclean. Their great doctrine was the unity and immutability of the abstraction they called God; yet they took their place as the conservators of polytheism. They saw Christianity denouncing every worship except its own; and they resolved to assert the opposite, accrediting every worship except that Christianity enjoined. They failed to observe in that benign intolerance of falsehood, which stood out as so novel a characteristic in the Christian faith, one of the credentials of its divine origin. They forgot that lip-homage paid to all religions is the virtual denial of each. They strove to combine religion and philosophy, and robbed the last of its only principle, the first of its only power. In their hands speculation lost its scientific precision, and deserted its sole consistent basis in the reason; for they compelled philosophy to receive a fantastic medley of sacerdotal inventions, and to labor, blinded and dishonored, an enfeebled Samson in the prison-house of their eclecticism, that these might be woven together into a flimsy tissue of pantheistic spiritualism. On the other hand, the religions lost in the process whatever sanctity or authoritativeness may once have been theirs. This endeavor to philosophize superstition could only issue in the paradoxical product of a philosophy without reason, and a superstition without faith. Lastly, the old aristocratic exclusiveness of Hellenist culture

could hold its own no longer against the encroaching confusions of the time—least of all against a system which preached a gospel to the poor. In vain did heathen philosophy borrow from Christian spirituality a new refinement, and receive some rays of light from the very foe she sought to foil. In every path of her ambition, she was distanced by the excellence, yea, by the very faults of her antagonist. Did Neo-Platonism take the higher ground, and seek in ecstasy union with the divine, many a Christian ascetic in the Thebaid laid claim to a union and an ecstasy more often enjoyed, more confidently asserted, more readily believed. Did she descend a step lower, to find assurance for herself or win repute with others, to the magical devotion and materialized mysticism of theurgic art, here, too, she was outdone, for the Christian Church could not only point to miracles in the past, which no one ventured to impugn, but was growing richer every day in relics and exorcisms, and in every species of saintly marvel. Every Christian martyr bequeathed a progeny of miracles to the care of succeeding generations. His bones were the dragons' teeth, which, sown in the grave, sprang up the armed men of the church militant—the supernatural auxiliaries of the faith for which he died; and his sepulchre became the corner-stone of a new church. Pagan theurgy found its wand broken, and its spells baffled, by the more potent incantations of Christian faith or Christian superstition. A barbaric art, compounded of every ancient jugglery of priestcraft, contended as vainly against the roused elements of that human nature which Christianity had stirred to its depths, as do the savage islanders of the Southern Sea against the hurricane, when, sitting in a dusky circle on the beach, they try, with wild noises, to sing down the leaping surf, and to lull the shrieking winds, that cover them with flying spray. Philosophy, which had always repelled the people, possessed no power to seclude them from the Christianity which sought them out. It is, perhaps, too much to say that it never attracted minds from the lower walks of life, but when it did so, the influence it exercised was not really ameliorating or even diffusive. Mr. Kingsley has correctly exemplified, in the character of Eudæmon, the operation of philosophy on the vulgar mind. This little man, who keeps the parasols in the porch of Hypatia's lecture-room, has picked up sundry scraps of philosophy. He is, accordingly, just as disdainful of the herd about him, as the real philosophers, whom he apes, would

necessarily be of himself. His frivolous and selfish pedantry is a perpetual satire on philosophic pretension. His philosophy, leaving his heart even as it was, imparts only a ridiculous inflation to his speech, and enables him to beat his wife with a high-sounding maxim on his lips. He resembles Andrew, the serving-man of the great scholar in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, who so delights to astound and mystify the cook with his learned phrases and marvelous relations of the scientific achievements of his master:—

"These are but scrapings of his understanding,  
Gilbert,

With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,  
He treats and deals with in so plain a fashion,  
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,  
Or Ralph, there, with his kitchen-boys and  
scalders."

Such is the style in which Eudæmon discourses to the wondering Philammon, fresh from the desert, on the wisdom and the virtues of Hypatia. This windy fare of conceit and vanity, with a certain dog-like devotion to his mistress, is all that the transcendental diet of philosophy has vouchsafed him.—Neither, in reality, were the young wits and dandies of Alexandria much more effectually nourished in virtue than this humble door-keeper at the gates of wisdom. Bitterly did Hypatia complain that her pupils remained dead to those pure aspirations which exalted her own nature. They listened, admired, and were amused; idleness had found a morning's entertainment; they talked of virtue, but they practised vice. While Hypatia, like Queen Whims, in Rabelais' *Kingdom of Quintessence*, fed only on categories, abstractions, second intentions, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendent prolepses, "and such other light food," her admirers, like Pantagruel and his friends, did more than justice to all the substantial materials of gluttony and drunkenness. In short, the very struggles made by heathendom in the effort to escape its doom, served only to disclose more fatally its weakness, and to show to all that the doom was merited. In one of the stories of the *Gesta Romanorum*, we are told of a warden at a city gate who was empowered to receive a penny from every passenger who was one-eyed, hunchbacked, or afflicted with certain diseases. A humpbacked man appeared one day, who refused to pay the toll; the warden laid hands on him; in the scuffle his cap fell off, his clothes were torn, it was discovered that he had but one eye, and, finally, that

he was a sufferer under each of the diseases amenable to the fine, so that he was mulcted, at last, in five pennies instead of one. Such has been the history of systems, political or religious, which have attempted, when their time was come, to resist the execution of the sentence. They have persisted in pretending to teach when they had nothing to impart, in arrogating an authority already disowned, or in obtruding a service which the world required no longer; and the more protracted and obstinate such endeavors, the more signal has been their overthrow, the more conspicuous the sickly feebleness of their corruption, the heavier the penalties they have been compelled at last to pay.

The career of Neo-Platonism, as we have now attempted to describe it, is faithfully traced by Mr. Kingsley in the character of Hypatia, in her aspirations, her mental struggles, her bitter disappointment. He might have exhibited the philosophical aspects of the time, as it were, side by side with the story, in the way of long speeches and occasional disquisitions. He might, on the other hand, have made Hypatia an abstraction—an impersonation of the school she represents. Either course would have been easier than the one he has chosen—would have been, in fact, the danger of an inferior workman. In the first case, the book would have lacked interest; in the second, nature. But Mr. Kingsley has contrived, with no little art, to render the incidents of the story themselves indicative of the character and fortunes of the philosophy he has to depict,—to make Hypatia human and real, and, at the same time, to exhibit in her individual history the strength, the weakness, and the inevitable issue of that philosophic and pagan element which, in the fifth century, leavened so large a section of the social system. In this respect, his tale may be read as history, and those best acquainted with the period he handles, will be the last to accuse his portraiture of untruthfulness. High, indeed, is the office of the novelist, who endeavors not merely to recall the dress and manners of a by-gone age, but to pierce into the heart of society, and show us how the various classes of mankind were looking at those great questions concerning good and evil, right and wrong, which are the same in their moment for all time. Such an instructor widens the door of knowledge, and introduces to the lessons of the past that large number who, in our hurrying, headlong days, have neither the time, the culture, nor the curiosity to seek them in the original records. Our liter-



ature is less rich in such productions than it should be, and we trust it will receive farther contributions from the same hand to which we owe Hypatia.

To turn now from heathenism—divided between a fanciful spiritualism and a grovelling superstition—between a thoughtful skepticism and a thoughtless indifference—doomed alike in its belief and in its disbelief,—to its successful rival, the Church. Christianity, in the fifth century, was disfigured by a widespread corruption, but Paganism was in no condition either to rival its excellencies or to take advantage of its faults. Only too many of the follies associated with heathen worship were conserved by incorporation in that church which made a ruin of every heathen shrine. There is an Indian valley in which it is said that gigantic trees have pierced and rent the walls of a long-deserted idol temple. That resistless vegetation, with its swelling girth and gnarled arms, has anticipated the work of time; but it has been itself distorted while it has destroyed. Large slabs and fragments of stone are encased in the wood, and the twisted bark discovers here and there, among the shadows of the leaves, groups of petty gods which its growth has partially inclosed. Thus did it happen with the mighty tree that sprang from the grain of mustard-seed, when by degrees it had received into its substance, or embraced in its development, many an adornment from those chambers of imagery which its youthful vigor had riven and overthrown. The heathen philosopher might, with some show of justice, retort on the Christians the charge of idolatry, when he saw them prostrate before an image, and confident in the miraculous virtues of a relic or a tomb. But the reproach availed him nothing, for the power of conviction lay with the adversary after all. He might accuse the Christian, as Mr. Martineau accuses Paley, of representing the Deity as a retired mechanist,—a creator withdrawn from the work of his own hands to a far-off heaven; but the evil was not amended by depriving the Divine Nature of personality, and diffusing it pantheistically throughout the universe. The dispute between the heathen and the Christian, on that question, amounted to this—Did God create the universe by willing or by being it? (*τω βούλεσθαι, or τω εἶναι.*) If the latter, (as the Church said), the mystery might be fathomless, but religion was at least possible. The Neo-Platonist might point to parallels, answering plausibly at least, to many features of the Christian doctrine, in the

old religions of mankind. But the labor was as idle then as now, for this, at any rate, the adversary of our faith could not and cannot deny, that Christianity was the first to seek out and to elevate the forgotten and degraded masses of mankind.

A survey of such parallels is of service only as indicative of the adaption of Christianity to those obscure longings of the ancient world, which are better understood by us than by themselves. The likeness observable between some of their ideas and those contained in the Christian revelation, is that of the dim and distorted morning shadow to the substance from which it is thrown. We see that their religious notions were not the nutriment their souls really needed, but substitutes for, or anticipations of, such veritable food. The pellets of earth, eaten by the Otomacs and the negroes, are no proof that clay can afford nourishment to man's system. They are the miserable resources of necessity; they deaden the irritability of the stomach, and allay the gnawings of hunger, but they can impart no sustenance. The religious philosophies of the old world could, in like manner, assuage a painful craving for a time, but they could not reinforce the life-blood, and resuscitate, as healthful food, the faint and emaciated frame. Over against all points of similarity is to be set this striking contrast—for that forlorn deep, the popular mind, Christianity had a message of love and power, while heathen wisdom had none. The masses of antiquity resemble the cairn-people of northern superstition—a race of beings, said to dwell among the tombs, playing sadly on their harps, lamenting their captivity, and awaiting wistfully the great day of restitution. They call on those who pass their haunts, and ask if there is salvation for them. If man answers yes, they play blithely all the night through; if he says, "You have no Redeemer," they dash their harps upon the stones, and crouch, silent and weeping, in the gloomy recesses of their cavern. Such a dark and ignorant sighing to be renewed, was heard from time to time, from those tarrying spirits in prison, among the untaught multitudes of ancient time. They questioned philosophy, and at her cold denial shrank away, and hid themselves again in their place of darkness. They questioned Christianity, and at her hopeful answer they began to sing.

Once more, the enemy of the Cross was reduced in that time, as in our own, to the inconsistency of extending the largest charity possible to every licentious and cruel faith that had led man's wandering farther yet

astray, while he refuses even common candor to the belief of the Christian in his Saviour. Similarly, Mr. Parker must speak with tenderness of those multifarious types of the religious sentiment which have identified homicide with worship and deity with lust; but when he comes across an evangelical—farewell calm philosophy, and welcome bitterness and bile! Mr. Parker might reply, in the nineteenth century, as Theon would have replied in the fifth—"But those Christians are so intolerant, and will have it that every thing unchristian is ungodly; they will not suffer us to place their religion among the other creations of man's devotional aspiration, and to install it in the Pantheon of our philosophic empire with the rest." Of course not, Christianity could exist on no other terms. It refused, in the days of the Cæsars, to be stabled in the Capitol among the hybrid and the bestial forms which made that centre of the world the gallery of its religious monstrosities. It declared that, as the true religion, it was the only one; that its claim was fatal to all others; and it disdained to receive, in company with a thousand falsehoods, the divided patronage of imperial policy. Just as that emperor-worship of declining Rome would fain have set the adoration of man in the place of that of God—would readily, in its catholic statecraft, have accepted the homage of Christianity as of all other creeds—substituting human sanctions for divine; so our modern sentimental Deism would herd Christianity with all other faiths in a common philosophic pasture, and make religion the worship of man rather than of God. The difference in our time is, that the human authority is not now to be centered in any Divus Cæsar, or perpetuated by the gaudy celebration of an apotheosis; it is to be divided among an elect priesthood of letters. It is asserted, not by the sword but by the pen; not by the municipal organization of an empire, but by the body corporate of publishers; and the Infinite is to speak, not through the carrier of a sceptre and wearer of the purple, but through an author in his study or a professor in his chair.

Mr. Kingsley has drawn no veil over the gross abuses which rendered the church of the fifth century so mournful a departure from the simplicity of more stormy times. He brings out to view the spiritual pride, the wasteful asceticism, the coarse fanaticism, of the church in the desert;—the intrigue and the faction, the ambition and the covetousness, of the church in the city. Yet, amidst

it all, both in the wilderness and in the capital, we are permitted to catch glimpses of a piety strong in its simple-mindedness, however narrow;—of a principle, working in the lives of numbers, so holy, so benign, as still to vindicate the promised presence of the Highest with his people. Great as the actual corruption may have been, the evils it displaced were greater yet. Many of the faults with which Christianity was chargeable were accounted such only by her own standard. They were short-comings in a virtue, hitherto, not simply unattained, but undesired. They were stains upon her garment, only visible by the light she herself had brought into the world.

It now remains for us briefly to trace the influence of the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria on the Christianity by which it was vanquished—to mark the workings of its principle within the church, and afterwards the revival of its spirit in opposition to it.

The Platonism of the Middle Ages, be it remembered, was not so much the doctrine of Plato as of Plotinus. The old Greeks were lost to the monastic world, and were known only through the Alexandrians, who corrupted the philosophy they professed to interpret. Neo-Platonism was studied through the medium of Augustine on the one side, and the Pseudo-Dionysius on the other; was transmitted principally by writers like Apuleius and Boethius. To the monkish scribes of the scriptorium, the æsthetic culture, so precious in the eyes of Plato, the natural science so elaborately investigated by the Stagyræ, were matters of indifference. The Christian writers only assimilated from antiquity what seemed to fall within the province of the church. The ecclesiastical world took Augustine's word for it, that Plotinus had enunciated the real esoteric doctrine of Plato. They believed, on the authority of the Neo-Platonists, that Aristotle and Plato were not the enemies which had been supposed. They viewed the school of Aristotle as the forecourt, leading to the mystic shadows of that grove of Hecademus, wherein Plato was supposed to discourse of heaven and obscurely to adore the Christian's God.

Realism and Asceticism were the common ground of the Christian and the Neo-Platonist. The same enthusiasm for abstractions, the same contempt for the body and the world of sense, animated the philosophy of the old world and the theology of the new. A spiritual aristocracy was substituted in Europe for the intellectual aristocracy of

Greece. The exclusive spirit of the sage, with his chosen group of esoteric followers,—of the hierophant, with his imposing ritual and his folding gates of brass, excluding the profane, passed from paganism into the Christian priesthood. The church, too, learnt to glory in a treasured potency and secret doctrine, which must be veiled from the vulgar eye,—professed to speak but in the symbolism of painting, of sculpture, of ceremony, to the grosser apprehensions of the crowd, and transformed the Eucharist into an Eleusinian mystery.

In the eastern church the Neo-Platonists had their revenge. With a fatal sway they ruled from their urns, when dead, that Christianity which had banished them while living. It was not long after the death of Proclus, about the time when the factions of Constantinople were raging most furiously—when rival ecclesiastics headed city riots with a rabble of monks, artisans, and bandit soldierly at their heels—when the religious world was rocking still with the ground-swell which followed those stormy synods in which Palestine and Alexandria, Asia and Byzantium, tried their strength against each other, that a certain nameless monk was busy in his cell fabricating sundry treatises and letters which were to find their way into the church under the all-but apostolic auspices of Dionysius the Areopagite. These writings are an admixture of the theosophy of Proclus with the doctrines of the church: writings in which the heathen bears to the Christian element the same proportion as the sack to the bread in Falstaff's account. The pantheistic emanation-doctrine of the New Platonists; the evolution of the universe, through successive orders of existence, from the primal Nothing called God; and the returning tendency of all being towards that point of origin (the *ἐξόδος* and *ἐπιστροφή*), are dogmas reproduced without any substantial alteration. The ideal hierarchy of Proclus does service, with a nominal change, as the celestial hierarchy of Dionysius. The Divine Word is removed from man by a long intervening chain of heavenly principalities and ecclesiastical functionaries,—becomes little more than an unintelligible museum of archetypes, and is rather the remote Illuminator than the present Saviour of mankind. The tendency of the whole system was to represent the clerical order as an exact antitype of the ideal or celestial kingdom of God in heaven. Its aim was obviously to centre all truth and all power in the symbolism and the offices of the Greek church. Hence the

success of the imposture. It was the triumph of sacerdotalism. Under the name of Dionysius, Proclus was studied and commented by many generations of dreaming monks. Under that name he conferred omnipotence on those Christian priests whom he had cursed in his heart, while reading lectures and performing incantations at Athens. Under that name he contributed most largely to those influences which held the religious world of the east in a state of stagnant servitude for nine hundred years.

In the West these doctrines have a very different history. It is a remarkable fact, that the ideas of the Alexandrian thinkers have operated powerfully, under various forms, both to aggravate and to oppose the corruptions of Christianity. In the ninth century John Scotus Erigena found time to translate Dionysius into Latin, while the Northmen were pillaging and burning up the Seine, gibbeting prisoners by scores under the eyes of the degenerate descendants of Charlemagne, and while monks and priests were everywhere running away with relics, or jumping for safety into sewers. But the spirits of Plotinus and of Proclus were now to become the ghostly tutors of a vigorous race of minds. The pantheistic system constructed by Erigena on the old Alexandrian basis was original and daring. The seeds he sowed gave birth to a succession of heretics who were long a thorn in the side of the corrupt hierarchy of France. Even where this was not the case, Platonism and mysticism together formed a party in the church, the sworn foes of mere scholastic quibbling, of an arid and lifeless orthodoxy, and, at last, of the more glaring abuses which had grown up with ecclesiastical pretension. The Alexandrian doctrine of emanation was abandoned, its pantheism was softened or removed, but its allegorical interpretation, its exaltation, true or false, of the spirit above the letter—all this was retained, and became the stronghold from which the ardent mystic assailed the formal schoolman, and the more enlightened advocate of the religious life exposed the hollowness of mere orthodoxy and ritualism. Thus many a thought which had its birth at Alexandria, passing through the last writers of the empire or the fathers of the church, was received, after a refining process, into hearts glowing with a love that heathendom could never know, put to higher and more beneficent uses, and made to play its part again upon the stage of time in a guise of which its author could not even dream.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Neo-Platonism was revived in Italy by a class of men possessing much more in common with its original founders. At that period not a trace of the old conflict between Paganism and Christianity was found surviving in the south of Europe. The church had become heathen, and the superstition of polytheism was everywhere visible in her religious practice. The temples were now churches; Christian legends took the place of the old mythology; saints and angels became to the mass what the ancient gods had been, and were honored by similar offerings; the carnival represented the saturnalia, and, in short, so far had the old faith and the new become united, that no ancient Roman returning from his grave, and beholding the shrines, the processions, the images, the votive tablets, the lamps, the flowers, could have failed for a moment to recognize the identity of the Eternal City. Now this world of Christianized heathendom was represented, in philosophy and letters, by men who had inherited both the doctrines and the spirit of Neo-Platonism; by men to whom the earnest religious movement of the north presented itself as the same mysterious, barbaric, formidable foe which primitive Christianity had been to the Alexandrians. Thus the old conflict between pagan and Christian—the man of taste and the man of faith—the man who lived for the past, and the man who lived for the future—was renewed, in the sixteenth century, between the Italian and the German.

The Neo-Platonist Academy of Florence was not a whit behind the Alexandrians in the worship they paid to Plato. He was extolled from the pulpit, as well as from the chair, as the stronghold of Christian evidence. He was declared replete with Messianic prophecy. Ficinus maintained that lessons from Plato should make a part of the church service, and that texts should be taken from the Parmenides and the Philebus. The last hours of Socrates, the cock offered to Æsculapius, the cup of poison, and the parting words of blessing, were made typical of the circumstances attending the Saviour's passion. Before the bust of Plato, as before the image of a saint, a lamp burned night and day in the study of Ficinus. The hymns of Orpheus were sung to the lyre once more, to lull those passions which apostolic exhortation had done so little to subdue. Gemisthus Pletho blended with the philosophy of Plato the wisdom of the East and the mythology of Greece, in the

spirit of the Alexandrian eclectics. Like them, he dreamed of a universal religion, which should harmonize, in a philosophic worship, all human creeds. Cusanus renovated the mystic numbers of Pythagoras, discovered new mysteries in the Tetractys, and illustrated spiritual truth by the acute and the obtuse angle. But Ficinus did not restore the Athenian Plato, nor Nicholas of Cusa, the Samian Pythagoras. The Plato of the first was the Plato of Plotinus; the Pythagoras of the second was the Pythagoras of Hierocles. Pico of Mirandola, the Admirable Crichton of his time, endeavored to combine scholasticism with the Cabala, to reconcile the dialectics of Aristotle and the oracles of Chaldæa; and produced, in his *Heptaplus*, an allegorical interpretation of the Mosaic account of the Creation, which would have seemed too fanciful in the eyes of Hypatia herself. Patritius sought the sources of Greek philosophy in Zoroaster and Hermes, translated and edited the works which Neo-Platonists had fabricated under their names, and wrote to Gregory XIV., praying that Aristotle might be banished the schools, and Hermes, Asclepius, and Zoroaster appointed in his place, as the best means of advancing the cause of religion, and reclaiming the heretical Germans.

Protestantism was too strong for these scholars, just as Christianity had been too strong for the Alexandrians. Their feebleness sprang from the very same cause; their whole position was strikingly similar. They were the philosophic advocates of a religion in which they had themselves lost faith. They attempted to reconcile a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion, and made both worse. Their love of literature and art was confined to a narrow circle of courtiers and literati; and while the Lutheran pamphlets, in the vernacular, set all the north in a flame, the philosophic refinements of the Florentine dilettanti were aristocratic, exclusive, and powerless. Their intellectual position was fatal to sincerity, their social condition equally so to freedom. The despotism of the Roman emperors was more easily evaded by a philosopher of ancient times than the tyranny of a Visconti or a D'Este, by a scholar at Milan or Ferrara. It was the fashion to patronise men of letters, but the natural return of subservience and flattery was rigorously exacted. The Italians of the fifteenth century had long ceased to be familiar with the worst horrors of war; and Charles VIII., with his ferocious Frenchmen, appeared to them another Attila.

Each Italian state underwent, on its petty scale, the fate of imperial Rome, and the Florentine Academy could not survive for a twelvemonth its princely master, Lorenzo de Medici. The philosophic and religious conservatism of Florence was thus as destitute of real vitality, of all self-sustaining power, as its prototype at Alexandria. The Florentine Platonists, moreover, did not exhibit that austerity of manners which gave Plotinus and Porphyry no little authority even among those to whom their speculations were utterly unintelligible. Had Romanism been unable to find defenders more thoroughly in earnest, the shock she then received must have been her death-blow; she must have perished, as Paganism perished. But, wise in her generation, she took her cause out of the hands of a religious philosophy, committed it to the ascetic and the enthusiast, and, strong in resources heathendom could never know, passed her hour of peril, and proved that her hold on the passions and terrors of mankind was still invincible. The Platonists of Alexandria and of Florence both were twilight men; but the former were men of the evening, the latter men of the morning twilight. The passion for erudition, which followed the revival of letters, might be wasted, south of the Alps, on trifles; it was consecrated to the loftiest service in the north. The lesson conveyed in the parallel we have attempted to draw, is a grave one; twice has the effort been made to render the abstractions of a philosophized religion a power among mankind—in each case without success. The attempt to refine away what is distinctive of a revelation, real or imaginary, and to subtilise the residuum into a sentimental theism, has always failed. Such a system must leave the indifferent many as they were, and superstition is unchecked. It must excite the disdain of the earnest few, as a profane and puerile trifling with the most momentous questions which can occupy the mind of man. As its inconsistencies become apparent, it will always be found to strengthen the hands of the parties it professes to oppose. It must urge the higher class of minds into a thorough and impartial, instead of a one-sided skepticism, and so reinforce the ranks of consistent and absolute unbelief. It must abandon minds of a lower order to all those religious corruptions which lull the conscience, and gratify the passions. It has done nothing to reform the world; and, never strong enough long to oppose a serious obstacle to progress, it has been suffered repeatedly to die out of itself.

Such examples in the past should much diminish the dread which many feel of that would-be religious skepticism among ourselves which essays to emasculate the truths of revelation, much as the Alexandrian and Florentine Platonists proposed to etherealize the myths of polytheism and the doctrines of Christianity into a vague sentiment of worship.

While the theosophy of the Alexandrian school enjoyed a revival in the hands of men of letters, its theurgy was destined to impart an impulse to the occult science of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not a little interesting to trace the same mental phenomena at the entrance of the European world on the middle ages, and at its exit from them. We see the same syncretism which confounded the Oriental and Hellenic conceptions together, the same endeavor to hold converse by theurgy, and by white magic with the unseen world. As Plotinus returns with Ficinus to the regions of day, so Iamblichus revives with Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa. The ancient and the modern cabbalists established their theurgy on a common basis. Plotinus and Campanella both agree on this point, that the world is, as it were, one living organism, all the parts of which are related by certain sympathies and antipathies, so that the adept in these secret affinities acquires a mastery over the elements. It was by this principle, according to Agrippa, that art made nature her slave. As Proclus required of the theurgist an ascetic purity, so Campanella makes it an essential that the cultivator of occult science be a good Christian—one possessing no mere historic, but an "intrinsic" faith, a man qualified alike to hold commerce with holy spirits, and to baffle the arts of the malign.

The spirits called by Iamblichus lords of the sublunary elements are equivalent to the astral spirits of Christian theurgy; and those powers which are said by him to preside over matter and impart material gifts, answer to the elementary spirits of the Rosicrucians. Iamblichus and Proclus were firm believers in the efficacy of certain unintelligible words of foreign origin, which were on no account to be Hellenized, lest they should lose their virtue. Cornelius Agrippa enjoins the use of similar magical terms, which he declares more potent than names which have a meaning, and of irresistible power, when reverently uttered, because of the latent divine energy they contain. The "Shem-hamphorash" of Jewish tradition, and the

"Agla" of the cabalists, are examples. The great point of distinction between the theurgy of the earlier and of the later period is sufficiently obvious. In the fourth and fifth centuries theurgy came in to eke out an unsatisfactory philosophy, and to prop a falling religion. In the sixteenth century a similar intrusion into the unseen world was the offspring of a newly recovered freedom. It received its direction and encouragement, in part from the revived remains of ancient tradition, but it was pursued with a patience, an originality, and a boldness, which showed that the impulse was spontaneous, not derived. These magical essays were the gambols of the intellect let loose from its long scholastic durance.

In modern Germany, the philosophy of Schelling rests in substance on the foundation of Plotinus—the identity of subject and object. It is generally admitted, that his intellectual intuition is a refined modification of the Neo-Platonist ecstasy. But it is in some members of the so-called romantic school that the fallacious principle of the Alexandrians is most conspicuous. Frederick Schlegel did his best to make it appear that the great want of Christian literature was a mythology like that of the Greeks. His philosophy seeks to throw over all life and history the haze of a poetic symbolism. He was symbol-mad; and, very naturally, became a Roman Catholic deist, to indulge his taste that way to the utmost. He wrote bitter diatribes against the Reformation. He depreciated Luther as the mere translator of the Bible. He extolled Jacob Behmen as the gifted seer who revealed to mortal gaze its utmost mysteries. He evolved as much Christianity as he cared to conserve from the fancies of the Indian Brahmins. Such a fantastic religio-philosophy as this, is the result for which experience bids us look wherever men attempt thus to combine a poetical theosophy with popular superstition. Frederick Schlegel was never an authority, and the little influence he once exerted is rapidly

passing away. This destructive conservatism—this superstitious skepticism—this subtilized materialism, is a contradiction too monstrous to be kept alive by any amount of mere cleverness.

The dialogue Mr. Kingsley has imagined between Orestes and Hypatia is prophetic. If ever the skeptical intuitionism of our times should have the opportunity of trying on any considerable scale, the efficacy of its principles, that prophecy would be fulfilled. It would then appear that the masters in this school are capable of pandering to the passions of the multitude as Orestes did. Their theories would be as impotent to influence the general mind as the speculations of Hypatia concerning the myths of Greece. The same proud selfishness would display itself. The mass of mankind, "without intuitions,"—the multitude who never hear the mystic voice of the "over-soul," or open the avenues of their nature to the influxes of the All, would be left of necessity to themselves. Their existence is but transitory; their vices the shadows of the great picture of the universe—a necessary foil, whereby to exhibit the super-Christian virtues of the philosophic few. They will soon be resolved into the aggregate of souls which make up the heart and motive power of all matter—so, why should they not live as heretofore? This people, that knoweth not our transcendental law, are accursed. This spiritualist pantheism would not indeed restore, under its old names, the Olympus of Greece, as the Alexandrians strove to do. But it would come to the same thing upon their leaguings, as they would be forced to do, with some form or other of that baptized paganism we call popery. These religions for the few, however, with their arrogant refinement and idle subtlety, have played the part of priest and Levite too often. That faith which has proved the Good Samaritan and true neighbor to suffering humanity can alone finally secure its homage and its love.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT LAUREATES.

THE laurel is the fig-tree of the poet. He sits under its shadow with a double assurance of fame and protection. What a book might be written on laurels! How intimately they are mixed up with the history of poetry, the romance of love, and the annals of crime. The ancients crowned their poets with bays, which, says old Selden, "are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are." Petrarch regarded the laurel as the emblem of his mistress, and is said to have been so affected by the sight of one on landing from a voyage, that he threw himself on his knees before it. From this leaf, too, which has formed the coronal of the Muses through all time, subtlest poison is distilled, and the assassinations committed by the agency of laurel-water would make a curious companion-volume to the lives of the laureates. Thus there is an adjusting element in the laurel to avenge as well as to reward, and the love which finds its glory in the bays may also extract its vengeance from them. We need not go beyond the poets themselves for illustrations of the two principles of good and evil—the life and death—typified in the laurel. Their noblest works exhibit the one; their abuse of their power, their littlenesses, their satires, envy and detraction betray the other. We have two familiar examples in Dryden and Pope. If the "Religio Laici," and the "Annus Mirabilis," the "Essay on Man," and the "Rape of the Lock" contain the living principle, may we not carry out the metaphor by saying, that "Mac-Flecknoe" and the "Dunciad" were written in laurel-water? Prussic acid could not have done its work more effectually than the ink which traced these anathemas. The laurel that confers immortality also carries death in its leaves.

This is a strange matter to explore. There is a warning in it that dulls a little of the brightness of all poetical glories. Suppose we assemble under a great spreading laurel-tree, all the poets who have worn the bays in England and drank or compounded their tierces of wine from Ben Jonson to Tenny-

son\*—let us hear what confessions they have to make, what old differences to re-open or patch up, what violated friendships to re-knit, mingled with reproaches and recriminations—

"Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves."

It will be as good as a scene at the "Mermaid," with a commentary running through to point a moral that was never thought of when the Browns and Draytons met over their sack. First of all, here is Ben Jonson telling us how he escaped having his ears cropped, and his nose slit (rather more ceremoniously than the like office was performed on Sir John Coventry) for having assisted in casting odium on the Scotch; and how by a begging petition to Charles I., he got the pension of a hundred marks, worth about thirteen shillings and four pence each, raised to so many pounds, with a tierce of wine in perpetuity added to them, for the benefit and delectation of his successors. Upon this, Dryden, taking a large pinch of snuff, observes, that his successors had little to thank him for; that nothing could exceed the meanness of Charles II., who rewarded men of letters by empty praise, instead of keeping them out of jails by a little timely munificence: that he had said as much in a famous panegyric of his upon that monarch's memory, insinuating his contempt for the shabbiness of the deceased sovereign, in a line which the stupid people about the court took for an extravagant compliment; and that, as for the tierce of Canary, it was well known that James II., who had as much sympathy for poets and poetry as one of his own Flemish coach-horses, had robbed him of it when he wore the laurel, although he changed his religion with the change of kings, and celebrated high mass in the "Hind and Panther," with a thousand times more splendour than

\* For whose histories, traced chronologically, the reader is referred to a recent volume of pleasant literary biography, called "The Lives of the Laureates," By W. S. Austin, Jun., B.A., and John Ralph, M.A.

ever it was celebrated in the private chapel at Whitehall.

It cannot be supposed that Shadwell will sit by quietly, and hear such remarks as these in silence; accordingly, no sooner has Dryden concluded (no one will venture to speak while Dryden is speaking, out of that old habit of deference with which he used to be treated at Will's Coffee-house) than Shadwell, rolling his great globular body right round to the table, and looking with rather an impatient and impudent stare at Dryden, reminds him of the obligations he owed to James II., who, if he deprived him of his tierce of Canary, increased his pension; and as there is no longer any reason for being delicate about such subjects, he adds, that the whole world believes that he changed his religion for the sake of that petty one hundred pounds a-year. At all events, that the coincidence of the conversion and the gratuity looked very much like one of those astrological conjunctions from which men like Dryden himself, drew ominous inferences; and that even Dr. Johnson, who, considering his own strong opinions on religion, was singularly generous to Dryden's memory, could not resist observing, that "that conversion will always be suspected, which, apparently, concurs with interest; and he that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth and honor, will not be thought to love Truth for herself." The theme is too tempting for Shadwell to stop here; it revives the ancient grudge in all its original bitterness, and he cannot help, for the ghost of him, closing up with a touch of his ancient dare-devil humor to the effect that, for his part, he can not say he was much surprised, when he heard of Dryden's *perversion*; that he had seen it plainly enough all along, even so far back as the trial of Shaftesbury; that, in fact, he believed all religions were the same to a man who, within the compass of a few months, had prostituted his pen to Puritanism, Protestantism, and Popery; that the true solution of the case was to be found in the charge long before brought against him, and that he was now more than ever convinced, that, from the beginning to the end, Dryden was neither more nor less than an atheist.

This does not disturb Dryden much, although it shocks the ghostly company of laureates sitting round about, some of whom belong to a more polite age, and, intimate as they are with these Billingsgate conflicts in books, are not prepared to be personally mixed up in one of them. But Dryden's calmness, and that slow confident smile of

contempt with which he surveys the rotundity of Shadwell's person, as if he were again taking its measure—

"Round as a globe, and liquored every chink!"

re-assures them. If Dryden is not hurt at being called an atheist, why should they? Every man looks to himself in this world, and human frailty still haunts the inspirations of these laureled shades. Dryden is going to say something—he takes another huge pinch, and, tapping his box with the air of a conqueror, repeats the terrible name of "Og!" two or three times, with increasing emphasis at each repetition. Concerning the term Atheist, he says, he disposed of that long ago, and flung it back with interest upon the "buffoon ape" who

"Mimicked all sects, and had his own to choose."

He was quite content to rest upon the controversy, as he left it in the great convocation of beasts he had brought together under the auspices of the British lion, and whenever such reeling asses as Shadwell should show themselves able to comprehend the mass of theological learning he had heaped up in weighty couplets for the use of disputants in all time to come, he would be ready to answer any indictment they might concoct against him. In the meanwhile, he would recommend Shadwell to control his tongue, and try to look sober, and mend his manners. Rochester had done him greater mischief by praising his wit in conversation than he had ever done him by exposing his stupidity in print; and one thing was quite certain, that whatever Shadwell might have suffered in reputation from Dryden's pen, to that same pen, charged as it was with contempt, he was solely indebted for his elevation to the laurel. Shadwell should remember that, and not be ungrateful. If he, Dryden, had not singled him out as the True Blue Protestant poet, and given him that appellation at a time when it was likely to stick, King William would never have degraded the office which he, and Ben, and Will Davenant had held, to confer it upon a fellow who, whatever his drunken companions of the tavern might think of him, was never a poet, as he had long ago told him, of God's own making.

Now, as Shadwell had always been remarkable in the flesh for intemperance of all sorts, and was as "hasty" in his temper as in his plays, of which he usually composed an act in four or five days, we may easily imagine



how he would retort upon Dryden after such a speech as this. The most vulnerable part of Dryden's character was his jealousy of other poets, and Shadwell, naturally enough, indemnifies himself for all such abuse, by ascribing it to envy. He refreshes Dryden's memory, by recalling the praises he used to lavish upon him before they quarreled. Did he not once say in a prologue, that Shadwell was the greatest of all the comedy writers, and second to only Ben himself (who, by the way, was the only man Shadwell would consent to be second to); and he would now tell him to his face, that the real spring of the malignity with which he afterwards pursued him, was his success in the theatre. He never could forgive him his success. He hated every man that succeeded. How used he to treat poor Crowne? Was it not notorious that when a play of Crowne's failed (which, he confessed, was no uncommon occurrence), Dryden would shake hands cordially with him, and tell him that his play deserved an ovation, and that the town was not worthy of such a writer; but when Crowne happened to succeed, he would hardly condescend to acknowledge him. He could not help admitting that Crowne had some genius; but then he would account for it by saying, that his father and Crowne's mother were *very well acquainted*. Who was Dryden's father? He never knew he had a father. He doubted the fact. He might have had a dozen, for all he knew, but he never heard of any one in particular.

This sort of scurrilous personality is not agreeable to Nahum Tate. He has not forgotten his share in the Psalms, and thinks that it becomes him to put a stop to a discussion which borders on licentiousness. He does not pretend to say who Dryden's father was: but he knows both Dryden and Shadwell well, and bears an allegiance to the former (who rendered him the greatest honor his miserable life could boast) that will not suffer him to hear Dryden lampooned in this fashion with impunity. If Dryden was envious of rivals, it was a failing incidental to all men; but he could tell Shadwell that his contempt was larger than his envy, as Shadwell might discover, if he would sit down quietly and dispassionately, and read the second part of "Absalom and Ahitophel," once more. He might recommend the perusal of that book with perfect propriety, because it was well known to all writers and critics that the particular passages which related to Shadwell, and his friend Elkanah Settle, were not written by *him*. Perhaps

the internal evidences would be sufficient to show that. He did not set up for a poet, although he *did* write all the rest of the poem, and made an alteration of Shakspeare's "Lear," which still keeps the stage in preference to the original itself. It must be admitted that it was quite consistent with a modest appreciation of his own merits, to plume himself a little on those incidents in a career to which posterity attached a value his grudging contemporaries denied. It *was* something, he thought, to be honestly proud of, that *his* Psalms are, to this hour, used in the Church of England, and that the name of Nahum Tate is likely to go down to the end of time, or at least as long as the English language lasts, in every parish church and playhouse in the kingdom. He might be a very bad poet. It was not for him to say anything on that point. But he should be glad to be informed what other English poet, from the earliest times to the present hour, could boast of ministering so variously and so constantly to the profit and pleasure of the English people—on the Sundays in the organ-loft; helped out by a general chorus of the congregation, and all through the week on the stage, for he supposed there was hardly a day in the week in which "King Lear," as he improved it, was not played somewhere? Yet how was he, who had left these imperishable legacies to posterity, treated by his own generation? It was true he succeeded Shadwell in the laureateship. Laureateship! Starvation! Talk, indeed, of pensions and tierces of Canary; talk of duns and bailiffs. When the Earl of Dorset died, he ought to have died too, for he had lived literally on the charity of that pious nobleman, and when he lost his patron he was left to starve. Was he not obliged to fly from his creditors and take refuge in the Mint, where, to the shame of the age, he died of want? To be sure, that is a common fate amongst the poets, and he ought not to complain of a dispensation under which so many better men had suffered; but that was the least of it. Once he was dead he might have been left to his repose. The jibe and the sarcasm, however, followed him to his grave. What had he done to Pope, who was only lisping verse when he was at the height of his fame, that he should hold him up to universal ridicule? And how had it happened that every pretender to verse or criticism, history or biography—not one in a hundred, perhaps, of whom had ever read a line of the Psalms—should with one accord fix upon his name as

the common mark for their ignominious ribaldry?

Nicholas Rowe hears these lamentations with an appearance of some uneasiness. He was always believed to have been rather of a religious turn, and there is a misapprehension abroad concerning the succession to the laureateship, which, as an honest man, he desires to correct. And so, drawing his hand somewhat solemnly over his chin, and turning his handsome face mildly towards our ruffled Nahum, he call to his recollection the time and circumstances of his death. He tells him that Dr. Johnson, who has made several mistakes of a graver kind, expresses some fears that he, Nicholas Rowe, obtained the laurel by "the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who died in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty." Nothing could be more erroneous. Upwards of a fortnight elapsed after that melancholy event before he was appointed. He hoped his friend Nahum would do him justice with posterity on that point. It really made him very uncomfortable; for, ghost as he was, he looked back with a justifiable satisfaction to a life of irreproachable integrity, and he wished it to be understood that Mr. Tate enjoyed all the honors and advantages, whatever they were, of the office of Court Poet up to the moment of his demise. He was sorry that the translator of the Psalms should have had so much occasion for putting their divine philosophy into practice. Want was a hard thing. He could not account for Mr. Tate's distresses. It was no business of his to intrude upon the private sorrows of a brother poet; but he knew that Mr. Tate had his pension, or ought to have had it, to the last hour of his chequered struggle. For his own part, he had nothing to complain of, except that the full tide of prosperity flowed in upon him rather late in life. He enjoyed three uninterrupted years, however, of high and palmy existence, which was more, he suspected, than many poets could count up through their variegated lives, and at the close he was honored with tributes which enabled him to rest satisfactorily in a fine tomb. He must say that he did not agree with his predecessor in the slur he flung upon Pope. Mr. Tate might have personal reasons for taking posthumous offence at the "Dunciad." Of course people will sometimes be carried away by their feelings; but Pope was a great poet, and a judicious critic, and had written an epitaph for a certain monument in Westminster Abbey, which he could not help es-

teeming as one of the most exquisite things in the whole range of funereal literature. In that epitaph, Pope stated that he, the author of "Jane Shore," was,

"Blessed in his genius—in his love too blest."

He always thought that line a remarkable specimen of condensed expression. It said nearly everything of him that he could have wished to be said; and had he written it himself, which he had not the presumption to suppose he could have done, there was only one slight improvement he would have desired to make. It was true to the letter; but it did not tell the whole truth. Pope forgot that he had been married a second time. The line did not bring out the full flavor of that double happiness. The merest verbal alteration would adapt it felicitously to the true state of the case; thus:—

"Blessed in his genius—in his love twice blest!"

That would have been a complete biography. At the same time, he had no doubt that Pope avoided any allusion to his first wife, from a feeling of delicacy towards the second, at whose expense the monument was built. He might have thought it scarcely decorous to record upon the marble erected by one lady the fact that the gentleman who slept below had been previously blest by another lady. Of the laureateship, as an asylum for the last suffering poet of an age, or as a reward for the most distinguished, he did not feel that it became him to say much. Mr. Tate was better qualified to speak on that subject, as he held the bays longer than anybody else, having been upwards of three-and-twenty years, or thereabouts, singing in the purlieus of the palace. What sort of songs Mr. Tate sang, he confessed he did not know. He never read any of them. They might have been very numerous, and of an excellence as unique as the Psalms. He could only speak to his own discharge of those arduous duties; and here he could conscientiously declare that he never omitted a legitimate occasion of glorifying the throne by the exercise of whatever little Pindaric skill he could devote to the service of the House of Hanover.

The eulogy on Pope could not fail to produce a sensation amongst the laureled hearers. There is hardly a man amongst them of this period who had not suffered at his hands; and none had greater reason to resent Rowe's praises than the versifier who succeeded him in office. The outside world has never heard of the Reverend Lawrence Eus-

den—yet here he sits amongst the group of laureates, looking as pert and panegyric as any of them. What manner of poet he was, may be best described by such critical terms as fustian, rhodomontade, stuff, rubbish, and the like. He seems to have been expressly intended by nature for the dignity which a friendly Lord Chamberlain imposed upon him in an access of delirium, just as an intoxicated Viceroy of Ireland once conferred knighthood on some sweltering boon-companion. He wrote hard for the office before he obtained it. All the spontaneous verses of his that have come down to us, are laureateous in character. They are coronation and birthday odes in disguise—divine right rhymes, of the true entire possibilities of pork stamp—they go the whole extremities of Court adulation—have a prophetic aroma of the Canary in them—and point him out for the office long before he could have dreamt of leaping into it. For twelve dreary years he showered down his official lyrics upon an ungrateful public. The critics hissed him, the poets shunned him, lords and ladies bore his flatteries as well as they could. They were obliged to do duty in that as in other horribly fatiguing things. It was like standing behind the Queen's chair at the Opera all night. What could be done? He was a parson and poet-laureate, a combination which courtiers could not openly resist. It does not appear whether he drank the whole tierce of Canary himself, or compromised it for a pipe of port, or a puncheon of whiskey; but probability is in favor of the last supposition, for he is known in the latter part of his life, as we are informed by his last biographers (and, we presume, they are the last he will ever have), to have given himself up to drinking and Tasso. He lived in a state of conspicuous obscurity. Poet laureate as he was for that long dismal term of a dozen years, and writing hard as he did all sorts of eulogistic extravagancies, there is nothing known whatever of his life, beyond the two least important items in it—his birth and his death.

He makes a motion as if he were about to say something, and the dreaded name of Pope is already hovering on his lips, when every one of the laureates turns his back upon him. Even Pye looks aside with the air of a high-born gentleman, for bad a poet as he is, he is Horace and Virgil, and a hundred Homers compared with Lawrence Eusden. Colley Cibber breaks in on the awkward pause, and feels it necessary to apologize for having allowed himself to be

appointed successor to the last-named individual. But he assures his friends that it was purely a political appointment. He avows frankly that poetry was not his forte. He hopes he is too good a judge to be misled by any egotism of that sort. He never was a poet, and he knows it quite as well as they can tell him. He is fully aware of his strength and his weakness. He thinks that he has substantial claims upon posterity as a dramatic writer. Changes of habits and manners operate fatally on the permanence of comedy; but he had as little reason to complain of neglect as greater writers. What had become of Etherege and Wycherley? Was Congreve or Vanbrugh ever heard of now? Why should he murmur at a fate in which they participated? One thing he had done, which would make him remembered as long as books were read. He need not say that he alluded to the Apology for his life. Perhaps they might say he had done a better thing in living the life that called for such an apology. Of course. He must have lived it, or he could not have had the materials to work upon. That *was* a book—an enduring book. It outlived the libels of Pope. It was better known, more read, and certainly contained more agreeable reading than the "Dunciad." At least, that was his opinion. He did not pretend to say that his appointment to the laureateship was altogether a proper appointment; but he could not help remarking that he considered an actor equal to a parson any day. He was not so bad an actor as Eusden was a parson; and the amount of merit a man discovered in whatever he undertook to do was the standard by which he should be relatively tested. It would be invidious to make any comparison with his predecessor on the score of poetry. He had always acted candidly in his controversies, and even when Pope hunted him with malevolent falsehoods, he answered him openly and honestly. He would take no advantage of Mr. Eusden; but as it was clearly impossible that any person who had been decently educated, or who had enough of capacity to put two lines of correct English into a couplet, could sink the office lower than it had been sunk by that gentleman, he believed there was no great vanity in taking credit to himself for not having left it in a more degraded state than he had found it.

Mr. William Whitehead, and the Reverend Thomas Warton, who were next in succession to the laurel, may be excused for exhibiting a little dissatisfaction at Mr. Cribber's observations. Whitehead, the most industrious of

all the makers of odes, and Warton, the most refined, have special reasons of their own for dissenting from most of these remarks. Whitehead thinks Mr. Cibber a little vulgar. It is easily understood why he should be rather sensitive on the matter of gentility. No men are so *genteel* as men of obscure birth—the thing they ought to be most proud of, when they have lifted themselves, as Whitehead did, by the force of their merits into high positions. But Whitehead is evidently nervous on this point. He wishes it to be seen that he is a gentleman, and would have it known that he visits lords. Let us forgive him the foible. He makes so large a demand on our forbearance in other respects that we can afford to tolerate his weakness in a trifle of this nature. If we could as easily pardon his forty-eight odes as we can overlook his ambition to be thought well of in good society, it would be more to the purpose of his fame. But Whitehead is no longer to be found among the British Poets. He is like a racer that has fallen away out of sight, and his place, in the language of the turf, is—no-where. Not so Warton. He stands, like a granite statue, on his History of Poetry. But his pedestal, solid as it was when it was first set up, is crumbling rapidly under his feet. The opening of a thousand new sources of knowledge since his time has developed to us at once the extent of his industry and the inadequacy of its results. It is no longer a history to which students can repair with safety; but it will

always be regarded with respect as a pioneer labor which has facilitated the onward progress of subsequent research. Warton might justly object to the indifferent tone in which Cibber speaks of the laureateship. He had himself adorned the office with graceful chaplets, disclosing much ingenuity, learning and taste. He does not choose to be confounded with the poetasters and parasites who brought it into scandal and disrepute. He knows how many men of rank in the republic of letters refused to be laureated, and could not be prevailed upon to drink the Canary. But *he* had accepted the crown, and tapped the tierce, and redeemed the honor of poetic royalty. He says as much to the bards around him; and says it with an impassioned voice, that calls up a similar vindication from his successor.

To him Pye—as the Epic writers have it. But what Pye said may be unhesitatingly consigned to oblivion with his own Epic, which nobody born within the last thirty years ever heard of, and the name of which shall not be disinterred by us.

For any further information concerning the Laureates—going as far back as old Drayton, whose fine head, in the only portrait that is known of him, is always encircled by a wreath—we refer the curious reader to the volume of biographies just published by Messrs. Austin and Ralph. It is a book full of biographical particulars, and critical suggestions, and will amply repay the hour consumed in its perusal.

AN AWKWARD STAGE.—There is an amusing story which I believe that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steel, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking,

and did not know what to say to his honor; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and, after a moment, the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steel!" he said, "for three months past, me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we've never seen the color of your honor's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much. Thackeray.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NOTHING had we heard of "Nile Notes" or its author, when our eye was "fixed" by a collection of mottoes imprinted on the fly-leaf. Anon we were fain to construe "Nile Notes" as signifying promissory notes, issued by a capitalist of substance, and paying something more than simple interest. The traveler who had chosen epigraphs of such a kind, was himself likely, we inferred, to indite a noticeable autograph. The bush he had hung out was so unlike the dry scrubby stump commonly in use, that, in spite of the of the adage, we drew up at his door, in the assurance of finding good wine within. Indeed, so fond is our admiration of Sir Thomas Browne, and so susceptible our ear to the musical pomp of his rhetoric, that we should probably have been won to read "Nile Notes" had its title-page glistened with none other motto than the old knight's stately, sonorous, mystically solemn sentence: "Canopus is afar off; Memnon resoundeth not to the sun; and Nilus heareth strange voices,"—a sentence, by the way, which reminds us of a lady-friend, that she has often, in reading Sir Thomas, "*felt a sense\** from the organ-like grandeur of his style, before she fully comprehended it." Then again, there are mottoes from the Arabian Nights, and from Death's Jest Book, and the Sphinx Unriddled, and Browning's Paracelsus, and Werne's White Nile, and—not unaptly, for Mr. Curtis sometimes mouths it in almost imitative parade—from Ancient Pistol himself, who

Sings of Africa and golden joys.

Nor did a perusal of "Nile Notes" break its word of promise to the hope. It made us acquainted with a writer sometimes labored and whimsical, but on the whole, rich in fancy, and lavish of his riches—master of

a style glowing with the brilliancy of the region he depicts, and attuned to Memnonian resonances and the "strange voices" of Nilus. The stars of midnight are dear to him; to his spirit there is matter in the "silence and the calm of mute insensate things;" his ear loves to lean "in many a secret place;" and albeit a humorist and a "quiz," with the sharp speech at times of a man of the world, and a dash of the cynic in his composition, he is no stranger to that vacant and pensive mood when past impressions, greater and deeper than he knew, "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Sarcasm and rhapsody are so interfused in "Nile Notes," that one division of readers admires or abhors just those particular chapters or pages which another division abhors or admires. Lydia Languish is in ecstasies with the sentimental paragraphs, "love-laden with most subtle sweetness, or "fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers," and breathing an atmosphere of "silent, voluptuous sadness." Major Pendennis reads the satirical expositions of knavish dragomen and travelling Cockaigne, and swears the How-adjì is a fellow after his own (Major P.'s) heart (*μη γενοίτο!*), and that there's no nonsense about the man, no bosh in him, sir.

Knavish dragomen and their knight-errant victims are sketched amusingly enough among these Nile Notables. So are the crew of the *Ibis*; its old grey Egyptian captain, who crouched all day long over the tiller with a pipe in his mouth, and looked like a heap of blankets, smouldering away internally, and emitting smoke at a chance orifice; brawny, one-eyed Seyd, a clumsy being in the ape stage of development—slightly sensual, and with ulterior views upon the kitching dripings—and alas, developing backwards, becoming more baboonish and less human every day; Saleh or Satan, a cross between the porcupine and the wild cat; together with a little old-maidish Bedouin, "who told wonderful stories to the crew, and prayed endlessly," and other grisly mariners, all bad workers, and lazy exceedingly—familiarity

\* As in Wordsworth's sublime dream of the Arab, in whose shell the poet

"—Heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
Which yet he understood, articulate sounds,  
A loud prophetic blast of harmony."

*Prelude. Book V.*

with whom bred decided contempt, and convinced the Howadji, in spite of his prepossessions to the contrary, that there is fallacy in the fashion which lauds the Orient, and prophesies a renewed grandeur ("as if the East could ever again be as bright as at sunrise")—and that if you would enjoy Egypt, you must be a poet, not a philosopher (the Howadji is a cross of both)—must be a pilgrim of beauty, not of morals or politics, if you would realize your dream. "The spent summer re-blooms no more," he says; "the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even "Medea's wondrous alchemy" will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore—the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. . . . Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the Pyramids, but champagne." And thus he anticipates a speedy advent of the day when, under the sway of England or of Russia (after the lion and the polar bear have "shivered the desert silence with the roar of their struggle"), Father Ishmael shall be a sheikh of honor, but of dominion no longer, and sit turbaned in the chimney corner, while his batted\* heirs rule the house—and the children cluster around him, fascinated with his beautiful traditions, and curiously comparing their little black shoes with his red slippers.

What an open eye, nevertheless, our

\* Lamentable will it be if the Hat lasts a paramount fashion until *that* time of day—and a shame it will be to the arbiters of taste, to every living "Glass of Fashion and Mould of Form," if that monstrous device of ugliness and discomfort be allowed to displace the Turban. It will seem, if Turban be rejected for Hat, that the heads of men are thickened, rather than their thoughts widened, by the process of the sun. For we hold with the lively author of "*Æsthetics of Dress*," that the Hat is one of the strangest vestimental anomalies of the nineteenth century:—"What a covering! what a termination to the capital of that pillar of the creation, Man! what an ungraceful, mis-shapen, useless and uncomfortable appendage to the seat of reason—the brain-box! Does it protect the head from either heat, cold, or wet? Does it set off any natural beauty of the human cranium? Are its lines in harmony with, or in becoming contrast to, the expressive features of the face? Is it," &c., &c. In the single article of head-gear we should have hotly sympathized with that D'Israeli youth, of whom Charles Lamb asked, in the parting scramble for hats, what he had done with his turban!

tourist has for the sublime and beautiful in Egyptian life, or life in death, may be seen in every section of his sketch-book. Witness his description of the temples at Abou Simbel, and the solemn session there of kingly colossi—figures of Rameses the Great, "breathing grandeur and godly grace"—the stillness of their beauty "steeped in a placid passion, that seems passionlessness"—the beautiful balance of serene wisdom, and the beautiful bloom of eternal youth in their faces, with no trace there of the possibility of human emotion\*—a type of beauty alone in sculpture, serene and god-like. Witness, too, his picture of the tombs of the kings at Thebes—of the Memnonium—of Karnak, "older than history, yet fresh, as if just ruined for the romantic," as though Cambyzes and his Persians had marched upon Memphis only last week—and of the Sphinx, grotesque darling of the desert, "its bland gaze serious and sweet," a voice inaudible seeming to trail from its "thinned and thinning lips," declaring its riddle still unread, while its eyes are expectantly settled towards the East, whence they dropped not "when Cambyzes or Napoleon came."

Young America is much given to Carlylish phraseology, and Mr. Curtis deals largely on his own account in this questionable line. This is one of the "conceits" which prejudice many against him. He loves to repeat, in the Latter-day Pamphleteer's fashion, certain compound epithets, indifferently felicitous at times, of his own coinage—as

\* Mr. Curtis's impression of Egyptian sculpture remind us of a passage in the English Opium-eater's writings, in reference to the Memnon's head, which, then recently brought from Egypt, struck him as "simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world he had seen." Regarding it as not a human but as a symbolic head, he read there, he tells us, "First: the peace which passeth all understanding. Secondly: the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. Thirdly: the diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession—an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips, the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh . . . The atmosphere was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence." Surely the Memnon's head must have been a sublime and oft-recurring presence in the Opium-eater's dreams—and a national set-off, we would hope, against the horrors of being kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles (see "*Confessions*"), and lost with unutterable alimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

"Bunyan Pilots," "Poet Harriet" (*scil.* Miss Martineau), "beaming elderly John Bull," "Rev. Dr. Duck," "Mutton Suet," and "Wind and Rain." This habit of "calling names" has set many a matter-of-fact reader against him. More, however, have taken exception to his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esue—a voluptuous theme on which 'tis pity that chapter after chapter should find him "still harping," with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. But it is a mistake to pronounce him all levity and quicksilver—to deny him a heart that can ache with deep feeling, or a brain that can throb with generous and elevated thought. Capricious he is, and eccentric, waywardly independent in outspoken habits—dashing reckless in his flights of fancy, and quaintly exaggerated in his parts of speech; but they must have read him very superficially, or in some translation of their own, who overhear not amid his fantasies, a still sad music of humanity, an earnestness, a sober sadness, a yearning sympathy with Richter's trinity, the Good, the Beautiful and the True.

The Howadji of the Nile Notes appeared next, and in continuation, as the "Wanderer in Syria." He tells us that, of the Eastern tours without number, of learned and poetic men, with which he is acquainted, the most either despairing of imparting the true Oriental flavor to their works (thinking perhaps, that Eastern enthusiasm must needs exhale in the record, as the Neapolitans declare that the *Lachrymæ Christi* can have the genuine flavor only in the very Vesuvian vineyard where it grows)—or hugging some forlorn hope that the reader's imagination will warm the dry bones of detail into life—do in effect write their books as bailiffs take an inventory of attached furniture:—"Item. One great pyramid, four hundred and ninety-eight feet high.—Item. One tomb in a rock, with two bushels of mummy dust.—Item. Two hundred and fifty miles over a desert.—Item. One grotto at Bethlehem, and contents,—to wit: ten golden lamps, twelve silver ditto, twenty yards of tapestry, and a marble pavement." Let no student of statistics, therefore,—let no auctioneer's catalogue-loving soul,—let no consulting actuary, addicted to tables and figures—let no political economist, no census-taking censor, no sturdy prosaist, look for a kindred spirit in this Howadji, or for *mémoires pour servir*, serviceable memorabilia, in his picturesque pages. His avowed object is, not to state a

fact, but to impart an impression. His creed is that the Arabian Nights and Hafiz are more valuable for their practical communication of the spirit and splendor of Oriental life, than all the books of Eastern travel ever written.\* And he affirms the existence of an abiding charm in those books of travel only, which are faithful records of individual experience, under the condition, always, that the individual has something characteristic and dramatic in his organization—heroic in adventure, or of graceful and accurate cultivation—with a nature *en rapport* with the nature of the land he visits.

From Cairo to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Damascus, the Wanderer meanders (not maunders) on, in his "brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic" manner. The people he discusses are, some of them, the same as those known in "Nile Notes"—though they "come out" with less power, and with fewer salient points. A new, and mark-worthy acquaintance we form in the instance of MacWhirter. And who is MacWhirter? A bailie from the Salt-market? or a bagman from a Paisley house? or a writer from Charlotte-square? or a laird from the wilds of Ross? or a red-whiskered half-pay of the Scots' Greys? Nay; MacWhirter is our Howadji's "ship of the desert," poetically speaking; or, in plain prose, his camel:—the great, scrawny, sandy, bald back of whose head, and his general rusty toughness and clumsiness, insensibly begot for him in his rider's mind this Carlylish appellative. An immense and formidable brute was MacWhirter—held in semi-contempt, semi-abhorrence by the Howadji, as indeed the camel species at large seems to be; for he regards them as "strange demoniac animals," and describes, apparently with a shudder, their amorphous and withered frame, and their level-lidded, unhuman, and repulsive eyes. The name "ship of the desert," he accepts, however, and dilates upon, as suggestively true. The strings of camels perpetually passing through the streets of Cairo, threading the murmurous city life with the desert silence, he likens to mariners in tarpaulins and pea-jackets, who roll through the streets of seaports and assert the sea. And in the desert itself, not

\* Of which books he pronounces *Rothen* certainly the best, as being brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic. Yet he complains of even *Rothen* that its author is a cockney, who never puts off the Englishman, and is suspicious of his own enthusiasm, which, therefore, sounds a little exaggerated.

only is the camel the means of navigation, but his roll is like that of a vessel, and his long, flexible neck like a pliant bowsprit.\*

The Howadji found MacWhirter's neck too long and flexible by half, when, in his first desert days, he thought to alter the direction of the beast by pulling the halter (instead of touching the side of his neck with a stick,) and found, to his consternation, that he only drew the long neck quite round, so that the "great stupid head was almost between his knees, and the hateful eyes stared mockingly at his own." The weariness and tedium of this kind of locomotion are vividly described—its continuous rock, rock—jerk, jerk—till you are sick of the thin, withered slip of a tail in front, and the gaunt, stiff movement of the shapeless, tawny legs before you—while the sluggish path trails through a defile of glaring sand, whose sides just contemptuously obstruct your view, and exasperate you because they are low and of no fine outline. Wearied and fevered in the desert of Arabia, the sun becomes Mandragora, and you sleep. And lo! the pomp of a wintry landscape dazzles your awaking: the sweeps and drifts of the sand-hills among which you are winding, have the sculpturesque grace of snow. Up rises a seeming lake, circled with low, melancholy hills, bare, like the rock-setting of mountain tarns: and over the whole broods the death of wintry silence. The Howadji's picture of Jerusalem, the "Joy of the whole Earth," is comparatively tame. The Bethlehem grotto forms a high-colored piece—"gorgeous with silver and golden lamps, with vases and heavy tapestries, with marbles and ivories—dim with the smoke of incense, and thick with its breath. In the hush of sudden splendor it is the secret cave of Ala-ed-deen, and you have rubbed the precious lamp." The Jordan winds imposing through these pages—the "beautiful, bowery Jordan"—its swift, turbid stream eddying through its valley course, defying its death with eager motion, and with the low gurgling song of living water: fringed by balsam poplars, willows, and oleanders, that shrink from the inexorable plain behind it, and cluster into it with trembling foliage, and arch it with green, as if tree and river had sworn forlorn friendship in that extremity of solitude. The Dead

Sea lies before us like molten lead; lying under the spell, not of Death, but of Insanity—for its desolation is not that of pure desert, and that is its awfulness. The Vale of Zabulon comes in triumphant relief; flowers set, like stars, against the solemn night of foliage; the broad plain flashing with green and gold state-livery of the royal year; the long grasses languidly overleaning winding watercourses, indicated only by a more luxuriant line of richness; the blooming surfaces of nearer hills, and the distant blue mistiness of mountains, walls, and bulwarks of the year's garden, melting in the haze, sculptured in the moonlight, firm as relics of a fore-world in the celestial amber of clear afternoons. We coast the Sea of Galilee—embosomed in profound solitude and mountainous sternness; and scrutinize its population—the men in sordid rags, with long elfish earlocks, a wan and puny aspect, and a kind of driveling leer and cunning in the eye—"a singular combination of Boz's, Fagin and Carlyle's Apes of the Dead Sea;"—the women, however, even comely, with fair round faces of Teutonic type, and clad in the "coarse substantiality of the German female costume." Longingly and lingeringly we gaze on Damascus, the "Eye of the East"—whose clustering minarets and spires as of frosted flame, glitter above the ambrosial darkness of endless groves and gardens; the metropolis of Romance, and the well-assured capital of Oriental hope; on the way to no Christian province, and therefore unpurged of virgin picturesqueness by Western trade. Each Damascus house is a paradise—each interior a poem set to music, a dream palace, such a pavilion as Tennyson has built in melody for Haroun El Raschid. In this way doth the Howadji etch his Wanderings in Syria.

His characteristic enthusiasm, skepticism, sentiment, and satire might be illustrated from many a passage. Thus, in Gaza, city which he had vaguely figured to himself when, a child, he listened wondering to the story of Samson, Sunday came to him "with the old Sabbath feeling, with that spirit of devotional stillness in the air which broods over our home Sundays, irksome by their sombre gravity to the boy, but remembered by the man with sweet sadness." Thus he pleads for youth's privilege to love the lotus, and thrive upon it; saying, "Let Zeno frown. Philosophy, common sense, and resignation, are but synonyms of submission to the inevitable. I dream my dream. Men whose hearts are broken, and whose faith falters,

\* The marine analogy in question was strengthened and fixed for ever by one of Mr. Curtis's fellow-pilgrims, a German, who, he tells us, "with the air of a man who had not slept, and to whom the West-Oestlicher Divan was of small account, went off in the grey dawn, sea-sick upon his camel.



discover that life is a warfare, and chide the boy for loitering along the sea-shore, and loving the stars. But leave him, inexorable elders, in the sweet entanglement of the 'trailing clouds of glory' with which he comes into the world. Have no fear that they will remain and dim his sight. Those morning vapors fade away—you have learned it. And they will leave him chilled, philosophical and resigned, in 'the light of common day'—you have proved it. But do not starve him to-day, because he will have no dinner to-morrow." And these eldern sages are reminded, that the profoundest thinkers of them all have discovered an inscrutable sadness to be the widest horizon of life, and that the longing eye is more sympathetic with Nature, than the shallow stare of practical skepticism of truth and beauty. The "mixed mood" of our Wanderer—at once pointedly indicative, tenderly optative, vaguely infinitive—passes through a strange conjugation: sometimes he sneers, sometimes is almost caught suppressing a sob, often a sigh. He is sarcastic upon tourist Anglo-Catholics at the Calvary Chapel, "holding candles, and weeping profusely"—and upon the Mount Zion Protestant mission, by which "the tribes of Israel are gathered into the fold at the rate of six, and in favourable years, eight converts per annum." He is pathetic on the solicitude of Mary, at the fountain of El Bir, when she discovered, on her homeward route, that the child of Jesus had tarried in Jerusalem—and it is her mournful figure that there haunts his imagination—Madonna, elected of the Lord to be the mother of the Saviour, and yet, blessed above women, to taste little maternal joy, to feel that He would never be a boy, and, with such sorrow as no painter has painted, and no poet sung, to know that even already He must be about His Father's business. He is serious on the sanctity of Jerusalem—in whose precincts the image of its Great King in the mind perpetually rebukes whatever is not lofty and sincere in your thoughts, and sternly requires reality of all feeling exhibited *there*; for, though in Rome you can tolerate tinsel, because the history of the Faith there, and its ritual, are a kind of romance, it is intolerable in Jerusalem, where, in the presence of the same landscape, and within the same walls, you have a profound personal feeling and reverence for the Man of Sorrows.

And closely in keeping with his tone of thought is the finale—the *Nunc Dimittis* he calls it—of his Wanderings, when he pictures himself homeward bound, receding over the

summer sea, and watching the majesty of Lebanon robing itself in purple darkness, and lapsing into memory, until Night and the Past have gently withdrawn Syria from his view—then sighing that the East can be no longer a dream, but a memory—feeling that the rarest romance of travel is now ended—grieving that no wealth of experience equals the dower of hope, because

What's won is done, Joy's soul lies in the doing—

and, as a snow-peak of Lebanon glances through the moonlight like a star, fearing lest the poet sang more truly than he knew, and in another sense,

The youth who farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended,  
Until the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

And so the Howadji leaves us. Is not his leave-taking sorrowfully significant? Continually—whether truly or not—he reasons thus with life.

Who would not have predicated an Eastern fantasy—Eastern in subject and in tone—of his "Lotos-eating: a Summer Book?" All his known antecedents warranted the expectation of something far removed from that great New World that "spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," and of which all true Lotos-eaters would testify, saying,

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, while the surge is seething free,

in our go-a-head career, and therefore

Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

But this "Summer Book" is in fact, a record of Mr. Curtis's summer tour among the hills and lakes of his native land. The Lotos-eater is a shrewd and satirical, as well as poetical observer, who steams it up the Hudson, and ridicules the outer womanhood of the chambermaid at Catskill, and reveals how the Catskill Fall is *turned on* to accommodate parties of pleasure, and criticises dress and manner and dinner at Saratoga, and is skeptical where others are enthusiastic at Lake George, and impatiently notes the polka-dancing and day-long dawdling of Newport, with its fast horses, fast men, and fast women,—its whirl of fashionable equipages, its con-

fused din of "hop" music, scandal, flirtation, serenades, and supreme voice of the sea breaking through the fog and dust. Not that the prevailing tone, however, is ironical. On the contrary, his own poetical habit of thought and feeling colors and warms every page, and sustains its predominance by frequent citations from his favourite minstrels. Thus we find him again and again quoting whole pieces from Herrick, and introducing Uhland's Rhine ballad, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee"—and Heine's tenderly-phrased legend of Lorelei—and tid-bits from Wordsworth's Yarrow, and Tennyson's Princess, and Longfellow's Waif, and Keats' Nightingale, and Waller's "Go, lovely Rose!" and Charles Lamb's "Gipsy's Malison," and George Herbert, and Shelley, and Browning, and Charles Kingsley,\* and (for is not he also among the poets?) Thomas de Quincey. Being no longer on Eastern ground, the author's style is, appropriately enough, far more subdued and prosaic than when it was the exponent of a Howadji; yet of brilliant and rhapsodical passages there is no lack. His characteristic vein of reflection, too, pursues its course as of old—and the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, will repay extraction.† American as he is, to the core,

\* The lines, namely, in "Alton Locke," beginning

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,"

which certainly have a pictorial power, and a wild suggestive music, all their own—and of which Mr. Curtis justly says: "Who that feels the penetrating pathos of the song but sees the rain-shroud, the straggling nets, and the loneliness of the beach? There is no modern verse of more tragic reality."

† We are here too stinted for room to apply the lancet with effect. But in illustration of the aphoristic potentiality (ὡς ἑσὺ σίπειν) of the Lotos-eater, we may refer to his wise contempt for an indiscriminate eulogy of traveling, as though it involved an *opus operatum* grace and merit of its own—saying, "A mile horizontally on the surface of the earth does not carry you one inch towards its centre, and yet it is in the centre that the gold mines are. A man who truly knows Shakespeare only, is the master of a thousand who have squeezed the circulating libraries dry."

The following, again, has the true Emerson stamp: "Any great natural object—a cataract, an alp, a storm at sea—are seed too vast for any sudden flowering. They lie in experience moulding life. At length the pure peaks of noble aims and the broad flow of a generous manhood betray that in some happy hour of youth you have seen the Alps and Niagara."

One more, and a note-worthy excerpt: "He is a tyro in the observation of nature who does not know that, by the sea, it is the sky-cape, and not the landscape, in which enjoyment lies. If a man dwell in the vicinity of beautiful inland scenery, yet near the sea, his horse's head would be turned daily

he by no means contends that the home-scenery he depicts is entitled to "whip creation." Indeed, both implicitly and explicitly his creed in this respect is a little independent of the stars and stripes. He has been in Italy and Switzerland, and has not forgotten either. The Hudson is dear to him, but so is the Rhine. "The moment you travel in America," he says, "the victory of Europe is sure"—and he thinks it ill-advised to exhort a European to visit America for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo hunting—affirming the *idea* of the great American lakes, or of her magnificent monotony of grass and forest, to be as impressive and much less wearisome than the actual sight of them. In presence of Trenton Falls and Niagara, he cannot restrain longing allusions to the thousand Alpine cascades of Switzerland that flicker through his memory, "slight avalanches of snow-dust shimmering into rainbow-dust"—and to the Alpine peaks themselves, those "ragged edges of creation, half-blent with chaos," upon which, "inaccessible for ever, in the midst of the endless murmur of the world, antemundane silence lies stranded, like the corse of an antediluvian on a solitary rock-point in the sea"—those solemn heights towards which painfully climbing, you may feel, "with the fascination\* of wonder and awe, that you look, as the Chinese say, behind the beginning." Why does not Mr. Curtis give us his travels in Switzerland? All his Alpine references have an Alpine inspiration that makes us wish for more.† And albeit his

to the ocean, for the sea and sky are exhaustless in interest as in beauty, while, in the comparison, you soon drink up the little drop of satisfaction in fields and trees."

\* Akin, perhaps, to that of Wordsworth's "Stepping Westwards."

† Elsewhere he sketches the view of the Right—celestial snow-fields, smooth and glittering as the sky—rugged glaciers sloping into unknown abysses, Niagaran cataracts frozen into foam for ever—the range of the Jura, dusky and far, and the faint flash of the Aar in the morning mist—while over the hushed tumult of peaks thronging to the utmost east, came the sun, sowing those sublime snow-fields with glorious day. And again, of his impressions from the Faulhorn, the highest inhabited point in Europe, he says: "And as I looked across the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the snow-fields and ice-precipices of all the *Horns*,—never trodden and never to be trodden by man,—shining cold in the moonlight, my heart stood still as I felt that those awful peaks and I were alone in the solemn solitude. Then I felt the significance of Switzerland, and knew the sublimity of mountains." This "significance" is noted *à propos* of the Catskill view, where he feels the want of that true mountain sublimity, the presence of lonely snow-peaks.

temptation may be to indulge in a little rhapsody, and to dazzle with diamond-dust, yet has he too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and too confirmed a tendency to sarcasm, to lose himself in mystic rapture. Even at sunrise on the Righi, he has more than "half-an-eye" for the cloaked and blanketed cockneys beside him—"as if each had arisen, bed and all, and had so stepped out to enjoy the spectacle"—and finds the exceeding absurdity of the crowd interfere with the grandeur of the moment.

The chapters devoted to Saratoga and Newport, remind us in many a paragraph of both Hawthorne and Thackeray. The watering-places' talk is of blooming belles, who are grandmothers now, and of brilliant beaux, bald now and gouty: mournful midnight gossips! that will not let you leave those whose farewells yet thrill in your heart, in the eternal morning of youth, but compel you to forecast their doom, to draw sad and

strange outlines upon the future—to paint pictures of age, wrinkles, ochre-veined hands, and mob-caps—until your Saratoga episode of pleasure has sombered into an Egyptian banquet, with your old, silently-smoking, and meditative *habitus* for the death's-head. Savors this not of "Edward Fane's Rosebud" and of "Vanity Fair?"

A history of that community whereby hangs a tale of "Blithedale Romance," has been suggested to Mr. Curtis by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who says, "Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one,—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria, and along the current of the Nile." Such a history, by such a historian, might be a curious parallel, or pendant, to the record of Miles Coverdale.

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From Sharpe's Magazine

## THE OCCUPIED PROVINCES—MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

MOLDAVIA, so called from the river Moldan, which, escaping from the gorges of the Kappacks, flows by Jassy, and becomes a tributary of the Danube; and Wallachia, a name signifying *abounding in cattle*, from the immense quantities of animals of every kind found there by the ancients, was formerly inhabited by the Dacians. Sober, laborious, and fond of war, the courage of this people often bordered on temerity, their devotion on fanaticism. They believed that death was only the passage to another world, and that, on quitting this life, they would rejoin their great legislator, Zamolxis, who, after his death (490 B.C.), had become the object of their worship. During his early life, Pythagoras had been his instructor; but, having incensed that philosopher, and being obliged to fly, Zamolxis went to Phœnicia, to finish his studies in geometry; to Chaldea, to acquire a knowledge of astronomy; and to Egypt, to perfect himself in the science of medicine.

On his return to Dacia, he aimed at the sovereignty; his superior attainments being the foundation of his hopes. By the prediction of an oracle he gained the confidence of the people and the favor of the great. He assembled the chief men of the country into a vast hall of Ionic construction, which he had erected for the purpose, and there taught them the doctrine of metempsychosis, revealed to them another state of existence, and assured them that they should not die, but enjoy a future and eternal happiness in another world. His success was great, and to manifest their veneration for his wisdom, the Dacians eventually raised him to the throne. Being recognized as sovereign, his ambition proposed another step. In the eyes of his subjects he already passed for a person of divine origin. He aspired to be accounted one of their gods—an honor which his intrigues accomplished for him.

Under Decæneus, the successor of Zamolxis, the Dacians felt the iron hand of the

Roman legions. Victory had been often against them. They made a last invocation to their tutelary god, and sought a savage and a bloody augury. Having cut down the branches of an olive-tree, they soaked them in the consecrated oil, and then burnt them. With care they collected the cinders, and with them formed a circle, within the area of which stood the chief of the aruspices. In the meantime, a deep fosse had been dug around, and covered over with planks in many places. Then came the victim. A youth of twenty, selected for his beauty, was seized by twelve lance-bearers by the feet, the head, and the arms, and, being hurled into the air, was received in his descent on the point of their spears. The sacrifice being accomplished, Decæneus descended to consult it; but a terrible avenger which ensued, between them and the Romans, in which the latter were victorious, proved the fallacy of whatever hopes the soothsayers may have inspired them with. Yet they were not crushed; and a series of battles and struggles, sometimes for independence, sometimes for existence, continued for four centuries, until the reign of Trajan. This prince determined to subdue or exterminate this troublesome people. Accordingly, throwing that celebrated bridge, of which history is so proud, across the mighty stream of the Danube, he sent over a formidable army, and, by the might of his arms, transformed the rude and inhospitable Dacia into a Roman province.

His next care was to colonize the district with Roman citizens, and in this he was successful. Thousands were constantly transported from Italy to take up their abode in this newly-acquired territory, and to cultivate its soil. Hence the Moldo-Wallachians bear a strong resemblance to this great people. With very little admission of Slavonic blood into their veins, they have preserved their ancient origin. Both male and female possesses fine figures. The same majestic forms frequently found here and there, such as we yet see on the triumphal arches raised by the Latin emperors, attest their descent from the old masters of Europe; and, notwithstanding four centuries of conflict, of oppression, and of degeneracy, of which they have been the victims, they still retain thus far the characteristic features of their ancestors. Yet it is not thus with all his people. All the population has not this beauty; many are of diminutive stature, and meagre in appearance, but these probably are a type of the Dacians.

The extent of the modern Moldo-Wallachia has long been undetermined. Obligated to fly before the barbarian hordes which during the ninth and thirteenth centuries invaded and ravaged their country, the inhabitants retired within the narrow limits of the present district of Craiowa. Even here, however, they were not unmolested; so that, enfeebled by the continual attacks made upon them, and wishing to escape from the iron yoke of a cruel enemy, they forsook their homes, crossed the steep chain of the Carpathians, and placed themselves under the protection of the King of Transylvania.

Here, however, far from losing their generic character, they formed two colonies, elected chiefs under the title of *Banns*, and eagerly engaged themselves in all the exercises of war, and in organising a military company, in the hopes of some day repossessing their native country. The moment for this did not long delay itself. Seconded by the government, under whose generous auspices they had been enabled to preserve their nationality and keep up an army, the two Banns placed themselves at the head of their troops, which were numerous and well-trained, and repassed the Carpathians. Young, ardent, intrepid, and devoted to their cause, they fearlessly attacked the Tartars, and drove them from the soil. Having accomplished this, they partitioned the country between them, the one taking Moldavia and the other Wallachia; and from that day, Moldo-Wallachia has had its limits more certainly defined. The successors of the two Banns, or Governors, directed all their efforts to the establishment of their power and their authority, and succeeded so far as to give to their empire a geographical position.

However, they were not long to remain tranquil. At the close of the fourteenth century, Bajazet the First, flushed with his recent conquests in Anatolia and Greece, ordered his general, Soliman, to cross the Danube with an army, and to await his arrival, as he intended to join the expedition in person, on the banks of the Pruth. This was done: the Danube was crossed. The army encamped on the banks of the Pruth. Bajazet himself appeared, but it was only in time to save his army, by his presence, from utter annihilation. Stephen, Bann of Moldavia, surnamed the great, from his heroic bravery and remarkable intelligence, enraged at the insolence with which the Turks came to brave him in his own dominions, hastily collected his army, attacked the intruders,

and in the first onset of enthusiasm dispersed them. The vanquished Bajazet hesitated only until the flower of his reserves, whom he recalled from the heart of Asia, could arrive; then, throwing a bridge of boats across the Danube, he passed that stream. Every step he took into the ill-fated country was tracked with fire and slaughter; nor did he check the havoc till he came upon the Sereth. On its right bank he met the victorious Stephen, ready to give him battle. His cohorts were young and valiant; their recent success had increased their confidence in their prowess; each soldier felt himself qualified to be a general, each general a hero. The battle commenced: on each side the contest was maintained with a fierceness which history has seldom to relate. Stephen was, however, beaten and routed. Obligated to quit the field, he marched all night towards the fortified town of Nemeviez, where he had left his family. At break of day he appeared before its gates, and taking his buffalo's horn, mounted in gold, which he always carried attached to an ornamented baldric, he blew a loud blast. At the sound, his aged mother, who recognised the signal, hastened to the ramparts, the better to see her son, and welcome him as victor; but she had no sooner seen him covered with blood and dust, his plume dishevelled, and his arms reversed, than, divining the truth, she ordered the warders to let fall the portcullis and raise the bridge. Then she turned to the defeated: "Is it thou," she addressed him, "that I see in this state, my son, a hero always successful, always crowned with laurels, to-day vanquished and covered with shame? Fly, unworthy, fly from my presence! and if ever thou desirest again to see my face, let it be only with the spoil of thine enemies. Return to the combat: I would rather that thou shouldst die at the foot of duty, than live to reproach thyself with a life saved at the expense of our honor."

The effect of these words was electrical. The dejected Stephen obeyed the command, collected the remnants of his army, filled them once more with hope and courage, fell unexpectedly upon the general, Soliman, who had pursued the retreat, and defeated him with a loss of 30,000 men. Following up his victory, Stephen was quickly under the walls of Bucharest, the head-quarters of Bajazet himself, and, but for a fatal generosity, might have taken him prisoner. However, he compelled him to retire behind the Danube; but the Turks were indefatigable. They recrossed the river at every opportu-

nity; the arm of Stephen was no longer there to protect the desolated provinces, and fifty years later the whole country was subjugated by Mahomet the Second, who completed his conquest by the erection of strong fortresses, to overawe and crush any attempted rebellion.

The territory thus acquired—that is, Moldavia and Wallachia—is about 480 miles long and 300 in breadth. It is bordered by Bessarabia, Podolia, the Carpathian mountains and the Danube. Situated between the 44th and 48th degrees of latitude, it enjoys a climate for the most part exceedingly agreeable. The winter is ushered in with a shrewd and biting wind, which creates frost and snow and ice, but is happily of short duration. This is succeeded by spring time, which appears in March. Then the transition from one season to the other is so sudden as to produce the most magical effects. The plants, even the most common, burst from the soil with the rapidity of mushrooms; the whole vegetable kingdom feels the impulse of the change. In three or four days the trees are green with foliage, the buds peeping forth, and the flowers in bloom. Every thing in nature quits its lately torpid character and wakes to animation and enjoyment. In the summer, and especially during the months of June, July, August and September, the weather is excessively hot; the sun, after midday, acquires a force that makes it dangerous to encounter its rays; the atmosphere is like a furnace. The nights, however, are delightfully cool, and give a season of charming freshness to everything; then those who could not venture out in the day walk forth to inhale the tepid breezes of evening. The storms, which during the great heat are frequent, present a spectacle the most magnificent that can be imagined; but, when the autumn takes her place, a richer season is enjoyed than perhaps the spring itself afforded, and in spite of rains, black mud, and mist, the praises of these delightful months are everywhere resounded.

For a long time Moldo-Wallachia could boast of a population of several millions, and its armies were often composed of a hundred thousand men; but, by little and little, the expulsion of the barbarians, the retreat of their allies, and the successive alterations of its boundaries have greatly reduced the number. Some have also attributed this decline to the plagues, the fevers, and the endemic maladies which they affirm afflict the country. But this is not altogether true. The air of the two provinces is pure, and the sky open

and cloudless. Among the mountains, however, there is a disease which they suppose to arise from the impure state of the waters; it consists in a large soft tumor, which comes upon the neck, like the knotty excrescences that grow upon the trunks of oaks; but even this disease has its remedy in an herb, which grows in the same districts, and the proper application of which has proved an unfailing specific. It is evident, however, that this malady is not peculiar to the Moldo-Wallachians alone, but is common to the inhabitants of many mountainous regions. The cretins of the Valois, and the goitreux of Styria, seem to suffer from a similar complaint.

A more probable cause of this decline may be found at hand. The wars between the Russians and the Turks, or the occupation of these provinces by the former, will afford a satisfactory solution. Whether it be a war, or whether it be an occupation, these unfortunate people suffer nearly the same. But, add to this, the barbarous treatment which the Mahometans have exercised towards their rayah population, and we shall not be surprised at the depopulated condition of the country. Like beasts of burthen, in the last war, they were employed to carry on their backs the heavy munitions—a labor which was enforced with brutal inhumanity. They were compelled to march, thus burthened, from morning to night, through heat or cold, through snow, or rain. The forests, the mountains, the marshes, the arid plains, sandy, parched up by a torrid sun—nothing was allowed to interfere with their drudgery. The privations, too, occasioned by insufficiency of food, decimated them by thousands before the eyes of their brutal oppressors; and of those who survived the immediate effects of this fatigue and exhaustion, the greater portion returned to their cabins, faint, heart-worn and maimed for life.

Christians, according to the ritual of the Greek Church, the Wallachians are generally devout, and conform themselves to the dogmas of the Council of Nice. Their festivals are numerous—more so, perhaps, than those in the Catholic Calendar, but Easter, and the festival of the Assumption, are the principal. They fast twice in the week, reject images from the churches, retaining only pictures of the saints, and display great pomp in their religious ceremonies. They repudiate the doctrine of purgatory, adopt the confessional, under some restrictions which are not accepted in the Latin Church, and make the sign of the cross with the thumb, the forefinger, and another, united, as an emblem of the Trinity. On the day of a festival, a Walla-

chian closes his door and gives himself up to the duties of religion, which often consist of the most ascetic practices. He is very superstitious; does he leave his home, does he pass a church, is he on foot or on horseback, meets he a stranger, or does he walk alone, he crosses himself three times, habitually using the "*Miserere mei Domine.*" In this respect, as well as in whatever concerns the saints, nothing can check his fanaticism. Under its influence a robber will steal, even while on his knees, from his neighbor, and feel no scruple; or he will kill a man imploring divine mercy, palliating his guilt and easing his conscience with the idea that his victim could die at no better time. The captain of a band—a famous brigand—seeing his lieutenant licking a pat of butter in a house into which they had broken, to plunder and, if necessary, to murder the inmates, dislocated his jaw with the blow of his fist, exclaiming, by the way of justification, "Do you not know it is Friday? Have you not the fear of God before your eyes?"

All the Wallachians, as may readily be conceived, are very credulous. Men and women believe in apparitions, good and evil genii, mysterious revelations, visions, and charlatan-ism; they believe and fear, and remain in their fears and their belief, without the power or the will to emancipate themselves from this unnatural thralldom of the spirit.

Yet the Moldo-Wallachian is not without fine qualities; of remarkable intelligence, of a quick spirit, engaging, fanciful, and of a flexibility of character little common, he labors with zeal when the opportunity and the temptation incite him—that is, among the less oppressed classes. This aptitude forms a strong contrast with the Orientals, his neighbors. Disposed always to yield to impulse, he marches rapidly on the high-road to progress. In 1810 an impulse was given to education in the country. The venerable Metropolitan, Ignatius, founded at Bucharest a college, whither were invited professors of every kind, and the national language, foreign languages, mathematics, chemistry, physics, drawing, besides a regular course of general studies, were taught with the most happy results. After two years, however, this establishment fell to the ground, but was shortly after succeeded by another, which sprang from its ashes, and the regulations of which were very severe. Organized upon the Lancastrian principle, it gives instruction to a great number of youths, and will one day if properly conducted, prove of the highest service to the country. High spirit, good

sense, and great aptitude, mark the characters of the students. When they have finished their education in this place, many are not unfrequently sent to the universities of other countries to complete their studies.

The clergy of Moldo-Wallachia allow their beards and moustachios to grow until they have acquired a venerable length, and in this respect retain the custom of the ancient patriarchs. They wear a kind of full toga, and on their heads a small skull-cap, which, during the performance of any religious ceremony they exchange for a mitre, sometimes white and sometimes black, ornamented with precious stones. They are divided into two bodies—the priests secular and the priests married; and again subdivided into four classes—the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and monks. They receive for their chief the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, in his turn is subject to a synod composed of the Metropolitan or Archbishop, who resides at Bucharest, and three other bishops of the Greek Church in Turkey.

The ceremony of marriage is very lightly esteemed in Moldo-Wallachia. The people often marry without a civil contract, the benediction of the priest having taken place sanctions the fact. In the middle classes, the signatures of four witnesses, parents or friends, is sufficient; amongst the nobility, another custom maintains: it is in their case necessary to solicit the signature of the Metropolitan and Hospodar, or Governor; but this is regarded merely as a mark of distinction, and can always be claimed as a prerogative by these privileged classes. It is consequently never refused.

When the ceremony takes place in a church, it is accompanied with a most lugubrious pomp. The bride, young or old, is hermetically enveloped in a thick veil of silk or cotton, rich with gold or silver, according to her rank; upon her head she wears a bunch of black feathers, like the plumes of funeral horses; she is invested, like an ancient vestal, in a kind of purple tunic, and for four-and-twenty hours before the hour of the wedding she remains thus enveloped.

On the morning of the ceremony, four bridesmaids, her most intimate friends, come and conduct her, two by the hands and two by her girdle, in the most profound silence to the church, where, as soon as she has crossed the threshold, the bridegroom meets her. She then distributes alms to the poor, and kneels down to kiss the slab of the portal. The two advance, when this is done, towards the altar slowly, their eyes downcast and

their hands joined. When the religious portion—which is not long—is over, they return home, and, amongst the common people, a season of festivity, dancing, and singing ensues. With the nobles, however, it not unfrequently happens that the husband maintains that reserve which half-civilized autocrats falsely suppose to be dignity, and as soon as he re-enters his house, without a word throws himself upon his divan, and smokes his pipe.

The Moldo-Wallachians, when wealthy—which, unhappily, is confined to very few—are less choice in their dishes than in the service of their table. They are exceedingly hospitable, give instances of the most generous self-denial amongst their friends, and never swerve from an obligation when voluntarily imposed. Many of the opulent nobles, or *boyars*, admit foreigners who have no fortune to their table, considering themselves sufficiently repaid by the pleasure of their conversation; yet many of them can neither read nor write. When a person is invited, he arrives a few minutes before the time appointed, enters, salutes, speaks or not, as he pleases, and awaits the announcement of dinner. The dinner served up, the guest, be he an *habitué* of the house or a new comer, follows slowly the family, sits down at the table, and eats. Then commences the conversation, and this is kept up with great animation during the whole process of mastication.

The luxury of the aristocracy is very great, and resembles that of the Orientals. They live in spacious houses, and keep up the most magnificent parade. They have generally eight or ten slaves in attendance. An eye-witness has facetiously observed upon this extravagance, "There is one to fill his pipe, another to light it, another to bring it, and another to see his master smoke it; there is one to fetch him a glass of water, another spreads out a napkin, a third will unfold his handkerchief; five others are required to dress him, to shave and comb his beard, to wash his hands, anoint his hair; fifty others are engaged in various arrangements of the house, the kitchens, the carriages, the horses, the harness, the gardens, &c., without counting those which are required to look after the slaves themselves."

This picture is unhappily too true. Placed as they are between Russia and Turkey the Moldo-Wallachian provinces have always suffered severely from the evils of misgovernment, and in every misgoverned state it is the peasantry that feel the bitterness of oppression. There is not a people more weighed down and

broken than the peasants of Moldo-Wallachia. In the eyes of the Turks they are nothing more than *giaours*, or infidels, accursed by the law of their Prophet, and therefore without the pale of pity. They are regarded with distrust, as a race inclined to alternate in loyalty between the eastern and western banks of the Pruth. They are feared by their feeble masters, lest they should revolt to the Russians, and oppressed, that their spirit and their power may be crushed together. We must not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry—a large majority of the Wallachians—are degraded, and in the same state of bondage that the Poles were in under their tyrannical aristocracy. The *boyars*, or nobles, possess all the land; enterprise is, therefore, deadened. The peasant thinks not of providing for the morrow, for the fruits of his labor go to enrich those who have no right to

receive it; he lives from day to day, and his misery is thus effectually perpetuated.

There is another class, the *zagans*, which are the *real* slaves of the country. They consist of about 150,000, of which the State possesses a third; the others are distributed amongst the monasteries and the nobles. Some have the enormous number of 5,000 or 6,000 in their houses, and upon their estates. They employ them in works the most laborious and ignoble; they sell them or change them at certain periods of the year at so much a head, according to the age, strength, or sex of the individual; and such is sometimes the cruel treatment to which they are subject, that these unfortunate beings purposely maim themselves, to escape being oppressed to death by toil, or commit suicide, to escape some anticipated punishment.

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## JOHN HORNE TOOKE, AND THE STATE TRIALS OF 1794.

WHEN the French Revolution of 1789 burst, like the eruption of a volcano, upon the nations of Europe, carrying dismay and terror into the despotic dynasties of ages, and causing them to totter on their thrones, whilst it inspired their subjects with hope in the future, the rising spirit of freedom extended itself to the United Kingdom, and produced here, an enthusiasm more than commensurate with the actual condition of the country. So great and general, indeed, was the political intoxication of the people, that few were able to exercise a sober judgment upon an event which was truly described as "a thing without precedent, and *therefore* without prognostic." It required the mind of a Burke to take that enlarged view of the matter, which alone could lead to a just estimate of the momentous importance and extent of that event. A nobleman was congratulating that astute statesman on the negotiations of Lisle, and the probable termination of the Revolution. "The Revolution over!" he replied. "To be sure!" "Why, my Lord, it is not begun. As yet, you have only heard the first music; you'll see

the actors presently; but neither you nor I shall live to witness the end of the drama!"

It is now sixty years since this prediction was uttered, and the "drama" is not yet closed. A series of "acts" have at intervals been performed on the Gallic political stage, which, although each has been denominated "a Revolution," are but a reiteration of the same struggle of freedom with despotism. And such is the vitality of the ancient system of government in Continental Europe, that although repeatedly shaken to its very foundations, it will, in all probability, require a further series of such "acts," to bring the "drama" to a close, and establish rational freedom amongst its yearning peoples.

Situated as England was, it was impossible that she could wholly escape the revolutionary enthusiasm which prevailed in France. It is true, the *theory* of the British constitution was infinitely more favorable to liberty, than that of any other nation in Europe; but then it had never been fully carried out in all its length and breadth. Whilst the *letter* was scrupulously and ostentatiously proclaimed,



its spirit was evaded, and a wide margin was allowed for a monarch, despotically inclined, to exercise his tendencies. Whether the reigning monarch of that period was such a man, we do not take upon ourselves to assert. Certain it is, however, that George the Third did not possess a mind sufficiently enlarged or instructed to comprehend the great principles of civil and religious liberty, in their full extent; and that he entertained too high opinions of his monarchical rights and prerogatives, and too great a jealousy of the people, to think with complacency of those reforms, which the abuses that have crept into the constitution imperatively called for. Thus, he formed his government upon his own views; and, by the most stringent measures, endeavored to crush that spirit of freedom which was widely diffused amongst his subjects, in common with the other peoples of Europe.

We would not, however, compare the condition of the British people at that period, with that of any of the continental nations. Whatever defects might have crept into the working of the constitution by the lapse of ages, enough of liberty existed to enable the people, without a physical struggle, to reform them; in which respect, their condition was infinitely superior to that of their neighbors. On all occasions, when the principles of the constitution have been boldly asserted, the free institutions of the country have enabled the people successfully to combat with the Crown; and every flagrant attempt to abridge or to fetter the liberty of the subject, was sure, in the end, to result in the extension and confirmation of that liberty. Such was the case in regard to the state trials, which took place in the United Kingdom from 1792 to 1796; and it is to the events which then and previously transpired, that we propose to direct the attention of the reader, as illustrative both of the spirit which actuated the government of that period, and of the power of constitutional principles alone to counteract and disarm it.

The first opening of the revolutionary "drama" in France, took place in 1789; and being the spontaneous uprising of a great nation for the assertion of its just and natural rights, it met with the countenance and support of all great and good men in the civilized world. To it the King, Louis XVI., was compelled to become a party; and it would have been well for him, his family, and his people, had he determined cordially to unite with the latter in effecting those reforms which the nation demanded. His insincerity

and duplicity ruined all; and the second act succeeded—a horrible tragedy, appalling and bewildering to the nations around, and causing the entire disruption of the whole framework of society in that which constituted its theatre.

The French Revolution has been justly ascribed by political writers, to the part taken by the government of France in the rupture between Great Britain and her American colonies. The sanction thus given to the principle of popular resistance to constituted authority, confirmed by the early recognition, by Louis XVI., of the infant Transatlantic Republic, in order to spite her rival, were acts little short of suicidal. By them the seeds of liberty were sown broadcast amongst the French people, and soon gave rise to a desire for constitutional reform perfectly irresistible. A simultaneous spirit, as we have before observed, pervaded a large portion of the British people, amongst whom the American war had never been popular; and about the year 1780, societies began to be formed for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform, embracing, as fundamental principles, annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

The first association for this purpose was founded by the celebrated Major Cartwright, and was called "The Society for Constitutional Information." It numbered amongst its members and supporters some of the most eminent political characters of that or any other age. The Duke of Richmond acted as chairman, whilst Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Grey, Tooke, Earl Stanhope, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Norfolk, Earls Camden and Surrey, Lord Mahon, the Lord Mayor of London, and a host of others, comprising members both of the aristocracy and of the two Houses of Legislature were enrolled on its lists. Many of these withdrew from the society before the stirring scenes of the French Revolution were enacted. Amongst the first of these was the Duke of Richmond, who, having accepted the post of Master of the Ordnance, was afterwards one of the foremost in prosecuting his former colleagues—the members of the society.

The object of the institution was the diffusion of correct political information, in reference to the principles of the British Constitution, in order to prepare the minds of the people on the subject of Parliamentary Reform; a perfectly legal object, and constitutionally pursued by the association to the end of its existence. A plan for this object was drawn up by the Duke of Richmond;

and on three several occasions brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt—namely, in 1782, 1783, and 1785. At the last named period he had become a minister of the Crown, but on all these occasions the motion was lost. It may be as well here to state, what the measure proposed by Pitt, and concocted by him and the Duke of Richmond, amounted to, as it will best illustrate their conduct and character, in subsequently prosecuting with so much vindictiveness, the men whom they were, at this time, pursuing the very object which constituted the ground of future prosecution.

The Duke of Richmond was both one of the first, and one of the most active, zealous, and efficient members of the association, until he received his official appointment. The subject appears to have occupied his mind almost exclusively; and finding that there was a wide range of opinion upon it, amongst the members, some being in favor of a moderate; and others of a sweeping measure of reform, his Grace drew up a specific plan, which appears to have met the approbation of the majority. It embraced annual parliaments, and universal suffrage in the broadest acceptation of the term. His language, expressed in a letter published at the time, was as follows:—"From that quarter," the House of Commons, "I have nothing to hope. It is from the people at large that I expect any good; and I am convinced that the only way to make them feel that they are really concerned in the business, is to contend for their full, clear, and indisputable rights of universal representation. When the people are fairly and equally represented in Parliament, when they have annual opportunities of changing their deputies, and, through them, of controlling every abuse of Government, in a safe, easy, and legal way, there can be no longer occasion for recurring to those ever dangerous, though sometimes necessary expedients of an armed force, which nothing but a bad Government can justify."\* It was well remarked by Mr. Erskine, on the subsequent trial of John Horne Tooke, that "if this letter, which, coming from the Duke of Richmond, was only a spirited remonstrance against corrupt ministers, had been read in evidence as the letter of any of the state prisoners, the whole mass would have been transmuted instantly into high treason against the King!"

\* Letter of the Duke of Richmond to Colonel Sharman, at that time the commander of the Volunteers of Ireland, (a self-constituted military body,) but without any commission from the Crown.

The efforts of the Constitutional Society to bring the subject of Reform before the House of Commons, although unsuccessful, were the means of diffusing a knowledge of its importance and necessity throughout the kingdom. Similar societies were formed in most of the cities and large towns, such as Southwark, Manchester, Norwich, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, &c. These kept up an intimate correspondence with the central one in London; but the difference of opinion which existed amongst the members, led to the secession of some of the earliest and warmest friends of parliamentary reform, who could not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage; believing that, however sincere the advocates of those changes might be in desiring to engraft them on the constitution, they would ultimately lead to the destruction of the monarchy, and the existing order of things. Amongst the first of the seceders were Charles James Fox, William Pitt, the Duke of Norfolk, and several other eminent men. The Duke of Richmond also left early, upon his appointment as a cabinet minister.

This decline of the Constitutional Association was not on account of any exceptions taken to its proceedings by the Government, nor were these considered dangerous to the constitution or the authorities of the country. That event, however, soon occurred which, whilst it gave a fresh stimulus to this society, caused the founding of others in various parts of the kingdom, some of which certainly went dangerous lengths in their ideas and plans of reform, and thus brought both upon themselves and those who were more moderate and constitutional in their views, the vengeance of the Government, many members of which had themselves been the chief instruments in raising the spirit of the people, which they now sought to crush by a vindictive and relentless prosecution.

The French Revolution, which commenced in 1789, was hailed by the friends of liberty in England, as the commencement of a new era in the history of mankind. And certainly, if ever a government needed a change it was that of France; if ever a monarchy had forfeited all claim to the suffrages of a people, and rendered itself unworthy of their support, it was the dynasty of the Capets. Despotism the most grinding; corruption the most venal; profligacy the most unblushing; and extravagance the most unbounded, characterized the Court and administration of the Bourbons; poisoning the very fountains of virtuous and well-ordered society, from the domestic circle to the bench of justice. The

lives, the liberties, the properties of the subject, were liable to be sacrificed at any moment, *under authority*, for a mercenary consideration. And the pernicious example of the Court gave a tinge to the various gradations of society, down to the very lowest class.

It is not our design to give a history of the French Revolution, but rather to exhibit its reflex action upon the British people, who felt the shock in a far greater proportion, it must be confessed, than the circumstances of the country warranted. The question of Reform, it is true, had been mooted by the highest authority, so far, at least, as rank, talent, and influence were concerned; but, by this time, a large number of the most influential friends of that measure had receded from the movement, on account of the difficulty of keeping some of the members within constitutional bounds. Several of the seceders had also become cabinet ministers, amongst whom were William Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now the determined enemies of the Constitutional Association, and those other societies which had arisen out of the circumstances of the times.

It was not, however, till the second phase of the French Revolution had taken place, when the vacillating conduct of Louis XVI. had brought upon the royal family and the aristocracy those horrible disasters which alarmed and distracted the whole of Europe, that the corresponding movements in the United Kingdom began to engage the serious attention of the Government. Without question, a large party had drank deep into the republican spirit, from the same fountain which had supplied the Jacobins of France, namely, the example of the American colonies, whose independence had settled into that form of government. We shall not stop to enquire what effect such a change would have produced with us, or how far the theory of republicanism is or is not superior as an abstract principle to that of monarchy. But of this we are sure, that none of the European countries or peoples are prepared for such a change; and France, above all others, is unfitted for the adoption of republican institutions. Every attempt to effect such a change there, has ended in the establishment of a military despotism, and the consequent extinction of liberty.

It is possible that from the different character of the British people they would have exhibited a more rational development of the republican principle, had they at that period

been able to effect the change. But the fact is, a large majority, especially of the middle class, of the British nation, were warmly attached to royalty, and to the constitution, and had no wish whatever for a change of government, however desirous they were to have a reform in the House of Commons. It was, therefore, with grief that they saw revolutionary clubs established, and republican principles openly avowed by the members of those clubs, which not only laid *them* open to the vengeance of the Government, but involved all, even the more constitutional societies, in the same denunciation, and the same vindictive prosecution.

The five years which followed the death of Louis and the destruction of the French monarchy, reflected lasting disgrace upon the administration of William Pitt. It was a reign of terror in England, as well as in France, with this difference, that, in the latter case, the frightful atrocities were committed by a band of lawless miscreants, who soon after, in their turns, expiated their crimes at the guillotine; whilst here the Government were the butchers, who attacked indiscriminately the guilty and the innocent—the ferocious republican and the moderate reformer. Hundreds of blank warrants, ready signed, were sent down to the different cities and towns where reform associations were established, to be filled up at the leisure and discretion of the infamous myrmidons of the Government,\* who, anxious to show their zeal and loyalty, made no scruple of denouncing some of the most estimable characters in the kingdom. No discrimination was made, but the same charge of high treason was brought against men as loyal as the

\* At Norwich, for instance, between one and two hundred such warrants were sent to Clover, who acted in the double capacity of barrack-master and spy. A curious circumstance occurred at this period, in connection with this man, which, as it will illustrate the character of the times, and has never been in print, we will relate. Clover had received a letter from W. Wyndham, then secretary at war, charging him to keep a sharp look-out upon the Reformers, and particularly to watch the conduct of the *Rev. Mark Wilkes*, who appeared to be a leader. This letter was accidentally dropped in the street by Clover; and being picked up by a friend of Wilkes, was instantly taken to him. He at once took it to March the printer, and ordered 500 copies to be struck off. Clover, having been informed of this, went in a towering rage to demand his letter from the printer; but Wilkes happening to be in the shop, after giving him a good rating, which he was quite capable of doing, increased his order to 5,000 copies, which were struck off, and circulated through the city. Clover never recovered his character after this blow.

minister himself, and who had but followed the former precept and example of Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now seeking their blood.

Amongst the most respectable of these men was John Horne Tooke, who, after the secession from the Reformers of the Duke of Richmond, acted as chairman at the meetings of the Constitutional Society. This gentleman was by profession a clergyman, but had no appointment.\* He had passed the middle age, and being in a weak state of health, would gladly have retired entirely from public life, and shut himself up in his house and garden at Wimbledon, where he resided. A sense of duty to his country alone led him to continue holding his post in the movement of the day; and his presence at the meetings of the Association was often the means of keeping the more rash and ardent members within bounds. He was, in fact, by the influence his character and station afforded him, the moderator of the party; and all documents of importance belonging to the association, or emanating from it, were submitted to him for approval or correction.

In the meantime, arrests had taken place in Ireland and Scotland, where many parties had been tried on the charge of high treason. In several cases convictions were obtained, and some had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Others had been sentenced to transportation for long periods, amongst whom were Palmer, Skirving, Muir, Margatrot, and Gerrald, in Scotland. The cases of these men excited the deepest sympathy with all classes, except that of the persecutors. No one who knew their previous characters, believed them guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; and the infamous character of some of the witnesses brought against them, excited the indignation of all honest men. Transportation to New South Wales (or Botany Bay) was no sinecure at that period; and such were the hardships and cruelty these men were subjected to, that, we believe, not one of them lived to return to his native land. It was, in fact, believed, that the Government directed them to be treated with such severity, as to break down their spirit and constitution at the same time.

Tooke had once been returned a member of Parliament for some borough, but his political opinions rendered him so obnoxious to the Government that, in order to get rid of him, they put in force an order or rule of the House, before seldom enforced, that no person in holy orders should be eligible to serve in Parliament. In consequence of this resolution he was compelled to vacate his seat.

This conduct of the Government, far from daunting the London reformers, excited them to greater activity, accompanied with more vigilance and caution. They passed votes of sympathy and commiseration with the sufferers, and memorialized the king for a mitigation of their sentences. A deaf ear, however, was turned to their representations, and it was very evident that not only would their memorial not be attended to, but that the memorialists themselves would thenceforth be marked men, and that their turn would soon come to stand at the bar, on the same sweeping charge of conspiring the death of the king.

At this period, Horne Tooke was looked up to as the head of the Constitutional Association in London. Moderate in his views, and a sincere lover of the constitution in Church and State, of which he repudiated all wish to change the form, whilst he boldly and fearlessly advocated a correction of its abuses, he rallied round him reformers of all shades of opinion, holding the more violent in check, and stimulating the lukewarm to more decided action.

Every Sunday, his house at Wimbledon Common was open to all comers who could bring a recommendation from any leading man of the party. At these political reunions, which were sometimes numerous, public affairs were discussed with the greatest freedom, under the impression that no spies or traitors could possibly obtain admittance, and that consequently self-interest would prevent what took place from transpiring. Such, however, proved not to be the case.

On one of these weekly occasions, a young man of the name of John Wharton was introduced, as having recently been returned a member of Parliament in the Reform interest, for the borough of Beverley, in Yorkshire. He was represented as possessing considerable talent, and capable of introducing a measure in Parliament with good effect. The following passage in the life of John Horne Tooke, by a contemporary, will explain this man's character:—

Among the immense number of spies and informers now employed, were several of a higher order, some of whom were solely actuated by zeal, while others, who would have spurned the idea of pecuniary gratification, were influenced by the hope of office and appointments. One of these latter had for some time attached himself to Mr. Tooke, and was a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. His situation and character were calculated to shield him from suspicion; but his host, who was too acute to be so easily duped, soon saw through the flimsy veil of his pretended discontent;

as he had many personal friends in various departments of Government, he soon discovered the views, connections, and pursuits of his guest; but instead of upbraiding him for his treachery and dissimulation, and treating him with contempt, as most other men in his situation would have done, he determined to foil him, if possible, at his own weapons.

He accordingly pretended to admit the spy into his entire confidence, and completed the delusion by actually rendering the person who wished to circumvent him, in *his turn*, a dupe. Mr. Tooke began by dropping hints relative to the strength and zeal of the popular party, taking care to magnify their numbers, praising their unanimity, and commending their resolution. By degrees he descended to particulars; and at length communicated confidentially, and under the most solemn promise of secrecy, the alarming intelligence that some of the Guards were gained, and that an armed force was organized, and that the nation was actually on the eve of a revolution.

After a number of interviews, he at length affected to own that he himself was at the head of the conspiracy, and boasted, like Pompey of old, that he could raise legions by merely stamping his foot on the ground.

Although no name is mentioned in this account, there is not a doubt, from what followed, that Wharton is the party referred to. We think it, however, doubtful whether Tooke was so well acquainted with the detestable mission with which Wharton was entrusted, as the account would lead us to believe. At any rate, it appears that the whole party was completely mystified as to the real cause of the important events which took place soon after the introduction of Wharton to Mr. Tooke's weekly meetings. These events were, the arrest of Mr. Tooke and eleven other members of the Constitutional Association, of the details of which we shall now give a summary account.

One of the first persons arrested in London was Thomas Hardy, the secretary of the association. The character of this man, like that of Tooke, was beyond suspicion, either in point of moral or political integrity. He was a shoe-maker; but in intelligence was far superior to the generality of tradesmen, for which cause he was chosen for the office. Upon his arrest, the following letter was addressed to Mr. Tooke;

"Dear Citizen,—This morning, at six o'clock, Citizen Hardy was taken away by an order from the Secretary of State's office. They seized everything they could lay their hands on. Query: Is it possible to get ready by Thursday?

"Yours,  
"JERH. JOYCE."

This letter was stopped and opened at the post-office, where it was considered of so much importance, that it was sent to the Secretary of State. The last clause of it, which merely referred to the preparing of extracts from the "Red Book," of the emoluments which Mr. Pitt and his family derived from the public, was believed to have reference to a general rising; and the Government were instantly on the alert. Mr. Tooke's movements were narrowly watched, and his carriage was followed to town. He dined, the next day, at a friend's house in Spital Square, and had the honor of a patrol of horse soldiers to guard the house. All this was merely amusing to Tooke, who was quite unconscious of having committed any overt act that would lead to his arrest. In this he was mistaken; for Ministers had taken the alarm, and early in the morning of the 16th of May, 1794, he was seized in his house at Wimbledon, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, on a charge of high treason, and at once conveyed to the Tower.

Here he was confined, a close prisoner, for several months, not being allowed pen, ink, and paper, nor was any one permitted to visit him, or hold intercourse with him by letter or otherwise, except his jailer. His health sinking under this treatment, an application made to the Privy Council, and an order was consequently issued for the admission of Doctors Pearson and Cline, as often as the state of Tooke's health rendered it necessary, and also of his nephew.

There has been a good deal of misapprehension respecting the precise charge upon which Mr. Tooke's arrest took place; it being generally supposed that the letter given above, which was written in an ambiguous way, was the moving cause. Mr. Tooke himself was for a long time, as we have before observed, exceedingly mystified on the subject, not being aware of the existence of the letter, and quite unconscious of any act that could be construed into treason by the laws of England. Still he did not know how far he might have been compromised by, and implicated in, the acts of others, who were less cautious than himself. The real cause, however, was subsequently made known to him in a manner which precluded its being made public during the life of the principal party concerned, only three persons being privy to it. On the death of the personage referred to, which took place about the year 1806, the secret became known to a few persons, amongst whom was the writer of this

sketch, to whom it was related by an eminent divine; and the correctness of it was confirmed to him in the year 1820, by John Thelwall, one of Horne Tooke's associates, and imprisoned with him on the same charge of high treason. The details of this account we shall now present to the reader.

Upon the arrest and committal of Tooke and his friends—twelve in number—the association dissolved itself, as did also those in the country. But in every place the members were marked men, and warrants were sent down, as we have already stated, to be instantly executed, in case Tooke and the other prisoners were convicted. Happily the efforts of the Crown to effect its sanguinary purpose were frustrated by the friendship for Tooke of an individual in high life. It is possible that the honest jury who tried him might have acquitted him, independent of this act of friendship; certain it is, however, that by it the Crown was disarmed, and the only distinct act of delinquency was omitted to be urged against him through the following stratagem.

One evening after Tooke's nephew, who usually visited him every day, had left him, a stranger was announced by the turnkey. Tooke desired he might be shown in, when a tall man, muffled up in a wrapping cloak, and with his hat slouched over his face, entered the room, and saluted him courteously. When the turnkey had retired, the stranger addressed Mr. Tooke to this effect: "You are no doubt surprised at my visit, but I beg to say that it is a perfectly friendly one, in proof of which I am about to put my life in your hands in order to save yours. I am a member of his Majesty's Privy Council, and my object in coming is to inform you of the real cause of your arrest, and of the danger to which you are exposed. It will be in your recollection that at your dinner party on Sunday last, a motion was proposed, to be brought before Parliament, for increasing the pay of the navy; and that when it was objected by one of the company that this would breed a mutiny, you remarked, *'that's exactly what we want.'*"\* This observation

\* The circumstances respecting this affair were as follows: At a previous meeting at Tooke's house, it was determined that Wharton should bring forward in the House of Commons a motion bearing on the subject of Reform. This was done, and the motion being seconded, it was simply met by the previous question being moved, which was put to the vote and carried, without any one speaking against the motion on the part of the Ministry. This was considered rather singular, but as Wharton acquitted himself very creditably on the occa-

was carried to the Minister by Wharton, the member for Beverley, who was of the party, and your arrest was the consequence.

"In the Privy Council held to-day, Wharton has been examined, and it was afterwards debated in what way his evidence should be adduced against you; whether the informer should be called by the Crown, or whether they should allow you to call him, and so convict you out of the mouth of your own witness? The council broke up without deciding this question, which will be brought before it again to-morrow. I will, therefore, be here again to-morrow evening, to let you know their decision."

"The scoundrel," said Tooke, when the stranger had concluded: "I always suspected him of not being over hearty in the cause, but I could not have believed him guilty of so atrocious a breach of confidence. However, we must endeavour to out-manceuvre them yet." After a short conversation the stranger took his leave.

The next morning, Tooke sent for his solicitor, and in confidence communicated to him what he had learned, but without divulging the way in which he obtained his information. He then directed him to go to Wharton and serve him with a subpoena, and to beg of him not to absent himself from the court at the trial; that he considered him the most important witness in his favor; and, in short, that he depended on him more than all the rest; and it was, therefore, of the utmost consequence to him that he should be present on the occasion.

This was done the same day; and in the evening, Tooke's incognito visitor again made his appearance, and stated that Wharton had detailed to the Privy Council what had passed with the solicitor. Upon which it was unanimously agreed, that Tooke should be allowed to call him as his witness, and that then the counsel for the Crown should obtain the most direct and unequivocal evidence against the prisoner by a cross-examination.

sion, not much importance was attached to the circumstance.

On a subsequent meeting at Tooke's, it was proposed that another, and more pointed motion should be brought forward by Wharton. During the debate as to the nature of it, one of the guests proposed that it should be a motion for increasing the pay of the navy. "No," said another, "that would create a mutiny amongst the seamen." "Well," said Tooke, "that's just what is wanted." The meeting broke up without coming to any decision; and, before the next Sunday, the arrest of Tooke and his friends had put a stop to their further proceedings.

Tooke now felt completely at ease, and began making his arrangements for his defence. It is said that he had determined to defend himself; but his solicitor, after a long argument with him on the subject, concluded by saying, "Well sir, you must act as you please; but if you do, you will certainly be hanged." "Then," replied Tooke instantly, "I'll be hanged if I do!" and directed him to give the brief to Henry Erskine.

The number of witnesses subpoenaed on both sides amounted to some hundreds. Those for the defence consisted chiefly of the higher ranks of society, with whom Tooke had been on terms of intimacy all his life: they included his quondam associates in the cause of Reform, not forgetting William Pitt (the Prime Minister), and the Duke of Richmond (the Master of the Ordnance), with many other distinguished personages, who, like them, had not only abandoned their former principles, but were now the vindictive persecutors of those who acted with greater consistency. Wharton appears to have been subpoenaed by both the prosecutor and the prisoner, as his name appears—for the first and last time in the proceedings—amongst the witnesses for the Crown, on whose behalf, however, he was not called, as was previously arranged.

The trial commenced under favorable circumstances in many respects. The whole of the twelve prisoners\* were included in the same bill of indictment, sent up to the grand jury; but they claimed to be tried separately, which was granted. Hardy had previously been tried and acquitted, there not being a shadow of evidence that could be relied on, to bring home to him the charge of treason. Erskine, who had so successfully conducted his defence, was himself a staunch reformer; and although he had seceded from the association, was well enough acquainted with Tooke's principles and associates, to know both the weak points of the charge against the prisoners, and the strong ones in their defence. When these advantages are coupled with the powerful eloquence, the great legal acumen and knowledge, the ardent love of freedom, and the undaunted courage by which Erskine's character was marked, it will be manifest that

the chances were greatly in favor of the prisoners.

But, independent of this, the public mind began to take the alarm, as to whither the vindictive proceedings of the Crown were tending. The prosecutions in Scotland were harsh in the extreme, and made no discrimination between the respectable and moderate reformer and the furious democrat; and the same tragical results—for lives had been taken both in Scotland and Ireland—were now sought to be obtained in London and the English provinces. Nor would it stop here if the Crown proved successful in the present prosecution. It had determined to "run a muck" at all reform and reformers, and by a multitude of warrants make a complete sweepstake of the most respectable of the latter, thereby hoping to strike terror into the inferior ranks. The writer of this sketch happens to be but too well acquainted with the truth of this assertion, upwards of fifty of his own relatives and friends in a provincial city having been amongst the proscribed, every one of whom would have been arrested and tried on a charge of high treason, had Horne Tooke been convicted; the warrants for *their* arrest (among others) being in the hands of the local authorities, ready to be executed at a moment's warning. It was therefore the general feeling—doubtless extending itself to the jury-panel—that nothing but the most direct and unequivocal evidence of guilt would justify an adverse verdict against the prisoners. Consequently the principle of *constructive treason*, upon which alone it was hoped to obtain a conviction, was kicked out of court with disgust and abhorrence, as unworthy of a free country and of the institution of Trial by Jury.

An incident occurred at the outset of the proceedings which displays the fearlessness of Tooke's character. When called upon to plead and to say how he would be tried, he eyed the court for some seconds in a significant manner, which few men were better able to assume; and shaking his head, emphatically replied,—"*I would be tried by God and my country; but —*"

It is impossible to give any adequate analysis of this memorable trial, the favorable result of which to the prisoners probably saved the lives of hundreds, if not thousands, of respectable citizens. It must suffice us to state that the evidence for the Crown, whilst it displayed great imprudence in some, and folly in others, of the Reformers, did not bring home a particle of guilt to the prisoner.

\* Their names were Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, J. A. Bonney, Stewart Kyd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwell, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter.

This the counsel for the Crown did not regard, feeling himself sure of eliciting enough for a conviction upon the cross-examination of Wharton, who stood there in court as the bosom-friend of the man he was about to betray to the executioner. The chief part of the charge consisted of a multitude of written and printed documents, which it was attempted to identify or connect with Tooke, as a leading member of the Constitutional Association. It was proved, however, that when such papers were put into his hands for inspection, he invariably altered and softened down such expressions or sentences as appeared to him to have a revolutionary tendency; and even the witnesses for the Crown were compelled to admit that the Duke of Richmond's plan of reform was the basis of Tooke's own plan, and that the latter never went beyond it, or sought to obtain it by other than constitutional means. Thus the case for the Crown was closed without bringing home to the prisoner anything whatever stronger than constructive guilt of the most inconclusive kind.

For the defence, a hundred witnesses were collected in court, including the most illustrious names that adorn the history of that eventful period. Charles Fox, William Pitt, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Bedford, with a host of similar celebrities, were called up on this occasion and spoke to the general respectability of the prisoner; and most of them expressed their disbelief that he could possibly be guilty of the crimes laid to his charge. Pitt committed himself most grossly by his repeated "*non mi ricordo*" replies, when questioned upon facts that occurred when he was himself a member of the Constitutional Association; so that, at last, Tooke called up another witness (we believe it was Fox) to confront him, when he at once recovered his recollection and admitted the fact in question. Tooke turned to the court and said: "My lord, the honorable gentleman appears to have a very convenient memory, which retains nothing he wishes to forget!"

But where was the traitor Wharton? Waiting to complete the purchase of the Minister's favor, by the betrayal of the man who, he believed, depended upon him more than any other for a successful defence. As

the reader will have surmised, *he was not called at all*, but stood like a guilty thing enduring the indignant glances of the prisoner, conveying the conviction that the latter was fully aware of his treachery. In fact, so little apprehension had Tooke of the result of the trial, that not more than ten to fifteen of his witnesses had been called, when he signified to his attorney that he wished the defence to be closed, being quite satisfied that it should rest upon the evidence already adduced. The counsel for the Crown objected to this in vain, conscious that it was upon Wharton alone that their hope of a conviction now rested. Tooke was inflexible, and the case on both sides being closed, the Judge summed up, in a speech which occupied a whole day in delivering; in the course of which he remarked that notwithstanding the high character the prisoner sustained by the evidence of the illustrious persons who had been called for in the defence, as well as those for the Crown, there were suspicious points in his conduct which he would have been glad to have had cleared up by *further evidence*. Why the prisoner had declined calling those witnesses who by their more intimate acquaintance with his proceedings could have done this, was best known to himself; but certainly it would have been desirable to have had those points satisfactorily explained.

After the charge of the judge, the verdict occupied but a few minutes, the jury being unanimous in declaring the prisoner "*Not Guilty*." Before leaving the court, Tooke addressed Wharton: "Thou base scoundrel," said he, "go home to your Yorkshire den, and hide your head there, for you are unfit to mix in the world with honest men."

The result of this memorable trial was most fortunate for the country. Thelwall and Holcroft were put to the bar the next day, but no evidence was brought against them, and they were acquitted. All ulterior proceedings of the Government against the Reformers were stayed, and the people were again enabled to breathe freely, under the conviction, that however despotically inclined the Government may, at times, show themselves, there is a power in the constitution, and in the institutions of the country, to counteract it, and to re-establish its liberties by the very means taken to destroy them.



From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LIFE AND POETRY OF MILTON.

A POET can only be appreciated during his lifetime, and receive the honor due to the nobility of his nature, and the greatness of his genius, when he arises in a primitive age, or in a period, like the present, of general enlightenment and comparative repose. In a middle era of change and conflict, he is certain to remain in obscurity, to be visited only by a few faint rays of approving sympathy, and even to be maligned by many who may have been opposed to him in the warfare of public life. Homer, we may well imagine, would hear soft voices waxing eloquent in his praise, when he wandered over the Chian Isle, and he would be regarded as only a little lower than the gods by the men whose hearts rose to the swellings of his voiceful strain. There was little danger of the Scandinavian scald, of the Grecian or Celtic bard, being doomed to live an inglorious life, and to be buried in an unknown grave. Nor can we conceive it possible that, at the present day, another Milton or a second Shakspeare could arise, without receiving a warm and general welcome, and being rapturously crowned with the laurel wreath. A recent instance has strikingly shown that, utilitarian as this age is called, and mechanical as are its mightiest movements, the old love for poetry, and the primitive reverence for the poet, still remain as divine and enduring instincts in the human heart. But it fared far otherwise with Milton, in that strange seventeenth century, when the powers of light and of darkness were struggling for the ascendancy in the land. He had fallen on evil days and evil tongues; and, while extensively known as a scholar, a schismatic, and a fierce controversialist, he only found, as a poet, an audience fit, though few. This neglect of the great poet should not be attributed altogether to his connection with Cromwell, to his defence of regicide, or to his ultra views in political and ecclesiastical affairs. It was also owing, in a large measure, to the general laxity and insincerity of the times succeeding the Restoration. How was it possible that the power, the majesty, the beauty,

and the consecration of "Paradise Lost," could be felt and appreciated at a period when the court was a pool of pollution, when the church owned no head higher than the second Charles, and when Puritanism was persecuted and laughed to scorn as the latest and most contemptible form of fanaticism? Johnson attempted to attribute the neglect of Milton to the paucity of readers and the ignorance of the age. But he approached nearer the truth when he said, "Wit and literature were on the side of the court; and who that solicited favor or fashion, would venture to praise the defender of the regicides?" Wordsworth, in one beautiful line, describes the real relation in which this mighty poet stood to the men of an era that must ever remain as a foul blot upon the page of English history—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Milton might mourn over the blindness that shut out from his view the glories of earth and heaven; but he fronted in majestic patience the indifference and neglect of the times, content to possess for the present a small select circle of auditors, and looking calmly forward to the coming ages, when his genius would be seen in its full-orbed beauty, and felt in the plenitude of its power. The world-poet can see, through the darkness of his own day, the far-future of his fame spanning and brightening like a rainbow arch above the path of the rolling years. He knows that the anointing oil of inspiration has not been poured out upon him in vain. He is conscious of the greatness of his thoughts and the value of his work, although he dwells in darkness, and is with "dangers compassed round." He rests satisfied in the conviction, that the great soul of the world is just, and that men of congenial spirit are yet to arise, who will unfold all the glories of his song, and teach the unborn generations to reverence his name. The very obscurity in which he lives will draw more tenderly towards him the heart of the

future, and serve as a shadowy back-ground to make the bloom and brightness of his genius more distinctly visible. All this, we need scarcely remark, is truly applicable to Milton. The broad light-halo that now encircles his name has been a very gradual accumulation. The poet who had listened to celestial colloquies sublime in the heaven of heavens, who had walked with Michael over the crystal pavement of the upper world, winged with Raphael through the azure deeps of air, and stood with Adam in Eden, looking towards sunrise with wonder in his eye and praise upon his lips, had a mien too noble, and a step too majestic, to be called a congenial companion by the last century wits of the school of Voltaire, and poets who burned incense to Boileau. Even Addison, whose heart overflowed with the love that can alone purify the inward sight, proved himself as incompetent to mate with the grandeurs of "Paradise Lost," as to relish and describe the sublimities of Alpine scenery. And, when perusing Johnson's life and critical estimate of the poet, we are moved alternately to smiles and sneers, and feel at one moment inclined to pity, and at another to pillory the strong-minded, but pedantic and prejudiced old Jacobite.

With the present century, a giant race of literary men arose, whose spirits responded to the cathedral chant of Milton's divine song. They admired the noble and magnanimous nature and conduct of the man, while they adored the creations of the poet. They strove earnestly, also, to scatter the envious shadows that had so long eclipsed the full glory of his genius. But this task was not accomplished in a day; for Channing asserts, in his eloquent criticism, written after the discovery and publication of the "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," that the mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson had spread over the bright name of Milton, were not even then altogether dissipated, although fast hastening away. The able and brilliant criticisms produced in recent times by some of the most eminent of living authors, have tended still more to remove any remaining prejudices from the minds of men, and to develop more fully the intellectual and moral qualities of this mighty poet. These various dissertations have been followed by the admirable edition of the poetry of Milton now before us, containing a life and critical estimate of the genius and works of the poet, from the pen of George Gilfillan.\* It was

assuredly full time that the editions of Newton, Hawkins, Todd, Warton, and others, should be superseded by something more in accordance with the spirit of the times, and more honorable to the taste and intellect of the poet's native land. The great thoughts and rolling lines of Milton require a wide page, and a typography correspondingly large. They lose half of their power when compressed into a small pocket edition, as a great painting, like David Scott's "Vasco de Gama," fails to move the heart when dwindled down into a small chalk engraving. The publisher selected an editor who has shown how eminently qualified he was for discharging that important duty. He had a difficult and responsible task to perform; but he has risen boldly up to the full measure and stature of his theme. In sounding the depths and measuring with a golden reed the heights of Milton's mind, he does not "reel, or blench, or tremble, display weakness, or indicate terror." It is the Addisons and Wartons who look up with a timid gaze, and walk with a trembling step. There is very little in either of the volumes that the most fastidious or carping critic could desire to alter or erase. The life is calm, accurate, and subdued, written in a fine spirit and a fitting style, and blooming out at intervals into brief passages of much beauty. Every fact and date connected with the career of a poet like Milton is interesting, but that interest can be greatly increased by the style and spirit in which the narrative is told. The passages describing the appearance of the young poet on his departure for Italy; the meeting of Milton and Galileo in one of the cells of the Inquisition at Florence; and the brief reflections on the ascension of the "majestic man-child to God and to his throne," are the products of a richly-gifted mind.

The critical estimate contained in the second volume strikes a bolder string, and is the outflow of a loftier mood. It demanded the free and firm exercise of the highest powers of the mind. The man who would enter thoroughly into the spirit of Milton, so as to present us with a faithful daguerreotype of his genius, must live ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, and under the shadow of the Infinite; must possess a lofty moral nature, love liberty, and reverence truth; must be native and endued to the sublime, and cling to the bosom of the beautiful. The critic

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Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. 2 vols. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

\* Milton's Poetical Works. With Life, Critical

destitute of any of these qualifications, cannot possibly perceive and give due prominence to those characteristics in the constitution of the poet's soul which he does not himself possess. He will therefore produce a defective criticism, and be unable to reflect, from the mirror of his mind, a complete image of the poet. If he be destitute of a large, magnanimous nature, he will fail to perceive the grandeur of Milton's character; if he be filled with no deep passion for the sublime, he will fail to perceive the grandeur of Milton's genius. That great poet approached nearer to the ideal man—to roundness and entireness of being—than any other of the intellectual sons of Anak in ancient and modern times. He may not have possessed subtlety, insight into character, and dramatic power equal to Shakspeare, although "Paradise Lost" displays all these characteristics in a very eminent degree; but he had, instead, a more reverential spirit—a loftier mould of mind. A corresponding completeness is accordingly required in the critic who would present us with a perfect portraiture of the poet who passed, like a permitted guest, through the crowds of quiring cherubim. But this form and fashion of man is very rarely to be found in this lower sphere, since the gods ascended from the earth, and the contributions of variously-constituted minds must therefore supply the deficiencies of the individual soul. Macaulay expatiates, with much brilliance and enthusiasm, on the power, the beauty, and luxuriance of Milton's genius, but has less sympathy with the higher qualities of his moral nature; and Channing supplies that defect. Coleridge—who in his Chamouni-hymn seemed to have found again the harp of the blind old bard—brings forth certain characteristics prominently to view. De Quincey, Wilson, and others, develop, in different ways, other phases and peculiarities of the poet's genius: and thus, by comparing together these various contributions, a very searching and comprehensive criticism may be obtained. In the products of such a capacious genius, every critic is certain to find his own—to find something with which he can deeply sympathise. By the combination, then, of such a variety of minds, a more perfect image of the poet will be presented than one man, who bordered even on Miltonic completeness, could possibly have produced.

Now, without entering into a comparison between Gilfillan and any of the eminent critics mentioned above, we may confidently assert, that he has produced as rich and com-

plete a critical estimate of Milton's powers and place in literature as any yet given to the world. He has seized at once upon the prominent peculiarities of the poet's genius, and presented them in bold, forcible, and beautiful language. He has a thorough appreciation of all the great qualities that combined to form the god-like mind of Milton. The criticism contains many brilliant and powerful passages, and many original thoughts. We doubt if any other living literary man could have been competent to enter with so much sympathetic rapture into the spirit of the poet, or to follow with such a steady wing the dark, downward course of the master-fiend. The training he has undergone admirably adapted him for the work he has accomplished with so much success. It was only the man who had followed into the wilderness the footsteps of the Bible bards, who had gazed with Ezekiel on the terrible crystal, the eyed wheels, and the fourfold-visaged Four, or mingled with John amid the tumultuous glories of the Apocalypse, who could tread aright the path that Milton so majestically trod. The entire estimate may be called the pillared porch of a mighty temple, that is filled with the incense of adoration and the rolling organ-peals of praise.

In further commenting upon Milton, we shall take occasion to introduce one or two quotations from the editor's dissertation to corroborate, if that indeed be necessary, our high estimate of its power and beauty. We propose to dwell, in the remainder of this paper, on the heroism and devotedness of Milton's life, to regard the highest effort of his poetry as the necessary result and reflection of his life and times, and to conclude with a critique on a few of the characters and characteristics of his poetry.

It was finely said by the poet himself, that the man who would sing aright the high praises of heroic men or famous cities, ought himself to be a true poem. Milton was one of the few who fulfilled this lofty condition: "he was a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and his life was no dreamy idyl, no pleasant musical masque, but a grand and severe epic. His life, like his poetry, is a study for every man who would wish to be great and good, and to leave the stamp of his soul upon his age.—Like one of his own giant angels, Milton shed a radiant light around him wherever he moved. The longer we meditate on the many high moral and intellectual qualities he possessed—on the earnestness with which he engaged in the struggle of life; on the fear-

lessness with which he met and repelled the enemies of liberty and the assailants of truth; and on the power he possessed of rising superior to circumstances, and retaining the purity of his prime in a tainted political atmosphere—we see the less to condemn, and the more to admire. Among the many qualities he manifested in so unusual a degree, there are none more interesting or apparent than his self-denial and his self-devotion to the cause of liberty. During his college career, and when dreaming the dream of "Comus" among the beautiful woods and fields of Horton, he would doubtless revel in the anticipation of spending a studious life, and of devoting himself to the cultivation of poetry. Besides the strong native tendencies of his heart, and the applause his early contributions had already received from the discriminating, his consciousness of possessing poetical capabilities of no ordinary kind would at once shape the course, and determine the end of his life. When he left the meditative seclusion of Horton for Italy, it was on a poetical tour that he was bent: it was not so much to study the manners of other people and the political constitution of other countries, as to feed the fire of genius that was burning in his heart; to visit the land that had been consecrated by the muse of Dante, of Petrarch, and of Tasso; to gaze into the glancing eyes of the daughters of the south; to drink in poetry from the woody Apennine and hills of Fesole, from the moonlight Colosseum, the dome of St. Peter's, the friezes of Michael Angelo, the softer creations of Raphael, and the masterpieces of Italian art. He went away flushed from "Comus" and "Lycidas," and had, in all probability, little expectation or desire of ever being aught than a poet. Indeed, it is almost impossible that we can connect the conception of a state secretary, a polemic, and a lexicographer, with the appearance of the bright Apollo when he set out for Italy, "with youth and manhood mingling on his brow, with his long auburn hair, with his beautiful Grecian face, with a mild, majestic enthusiasm glowing in his eyes, with cheek tenderly flushed by exercise and country air, with a form erect and buoyant with hope, with a body and soul pure and uncontaminated, and bearing, like the ancient gods, a musical instrument in his hand."\* But, incongruous as this union may appear, it was nevertheless destined that the great heart of the poet should stifle its divinest instincts

during a long course of years. The first decided act of his self-denial, and the first stern step that showed the noble and determined course he would pursue in after years, was his stopping short at Naples on his way to Sicily and Greece, when he heard of the commotions that were shaking his native land. That this resolution was not taken without a severe pang, may readily be believed, when we reflect that to Milton the Ilissus was a sacred stream, and Parnassus a holy hill; and we may picture him for one moment trembling in the balance, while the mighty spirits of the past—the memories of Marathon and "old Plataea's day"—invited him on before, and the voices of his countrymen, now struggling for their liberties, called loudly upon him from behind. Regarded as the index of the part he was to play in public life during the coming years, a weight of interest hangs upon this noble act of self-denial. He seems at this juncture to have formed the resolution to throw himself manfully into the coming struggle, to crush down for the present the original tendencies of his heart, and to fight for the triumph of truth, ere he sung of the awful beauty of her brow. Shortly after his return to England, and when the warm blood of youth was yet blushing in his cheek, he began that wonderful series of prose dissertations, defences and attacks, which he continued, with little intermission, till the period of his death. In the composition of these prose works, however, his poetical powers were not suffered to remain altogether dormant. The life within him was too exuberant to be confined—the fire was too mighty to be restrained. We find, accordingly, in his first treatise of "Reformation in England," some of the finest swells of prose-poetry in our language, wound up by a prayer to the Tripersonal Godhead, surely the most solemn and sublime that ever ascended from mortal lips to the throne of God. This irrepressible outburst of the internal fire attains its climax in the "Areopagitica," which is above all Greek and Roman fame, which equals in eloquence any of the great Pandemonium speeches in "Paradise Lost," and is beyond all comparison the richest, the stateliest, the most fervid and conclusive oration preserved in any language under heaven. Still, as it is natural to suppose, Milton did not feel altogether at home in the composition of such a variety of prose dissertations. The poetical thoughts that rose up ever and anon from the depths of his heart, would upbraid him when expressed in other than a poetical form. How-

\* Gilfillan's Life.

ever earnestly he might pen his treatises on reformation, education, and prelatical episcopacy, his "Tetrachordons" and "Colasterions," he could not but feel that his highest thoughts were unuttered, and the deepest fountains of his heart were unstirred. The frequent feelings that possessed him on this point, may be gathered from his own confessions in the remarkable introduction to the second book of "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy." After announcing his long-cherished intention to write an heroic-poem, "not to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases," he proceeds to say—"Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it evident with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, *but from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.*" Yet twenty-four years elapsed, after his intention was thus publicly proclaimed, ere the MS. of "Paradise Lost," which had been begun two years before the Restoration, was put into the hands of young Ellwood, the Quaker. The only distinct poetical links that connected the young Apollo of Horton with the blind old poet of "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," were those divine sonnets which oozed out from his heart even in the very heat of his conflict, when a great grief, or a joy, or a glow of admiration had stirred his spirit into song. Many an unrecorded silent struggle must have shaken the strong heart of the poet, as year after year passed on, and the great work of his life, on which his hopes and affections were intently set, had still to be begun. None of the world-poets, who are usually placed on the same platform with Milton, or any poet, indeed, of whom a record remains, have led lives so useful and eventful, fought such a noble fight for the general good, stifled so long the deep tendencies of their natures at the command of conscience, or exhibited so much versatility of genius. Homer only haunted old battle-fields, and heard the voice of his majestic verse echoed by the surge of the still older sea. Dante, indeed, in his life, as well as in

his poetry, bore a closer resemblance to Milton, for he served his country both as a soldier and a statesman; but his own personal sorrows subsequently occupied him more than the welfare of his country or of the world: he was scorched by suffering into song; and, in his prose work, "De Monarchia," he supported those very principles which the English poet struggled to overturn during the whole course of his life. Shakspeare, again, seemed to have no great ambition or desire to take an active part in public life; the times in which he lived were not so stirring as those of his great successor; and the pressure of civil care was never so great as to restrain the activity of his genius. Milton, then, by the combined greatness and versatility of his powers, and more especially by the peculiarity of the struggles he underwent, must be regarded as standing apart from all other poets in ancient or in modern times. When we think of the poet who had written "Lycidas" and "L'Allegro," and who yet aimed at producing a strain that might echo, not unworthily, the "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" of the Apocalypse—when we think of him sinking for a time his high aims and aspirations, and engaging in all the civil and ecclesiastical controversies of his age, bearing with calm composure torrents of the vilest abuse, and writing himself blind in the defence of liberty—now buffeting a bishop, and anon slaying Salmasius, one of the greatest scholars of Europe, we do not know whether most to admire his power and intrepidity, or his self-denial and determined devotion to truth.

But the struggles through which he passed, and the stormy life he led, were not without their beneficial influence upon the mind and heart of Milton. They nerved his arm, consolidated his powers, made him feel his own weight, and imparted a statuesque strength and dignity to all his movements. He entered the lists beautiful as Uriel, with a golden tiara of sunny rays circling his head, and his long locks waving round, "illustrious on his shoulder's fledge with wings," and came forth majestic as Michael from the combat with the rebel angels, clad in a panoply of adamant and gold, bearing in his right hand a sword tempered from the armory of God, and on his head an eagle-crested helm, that flashed back the noon-day sun. When his outward trials had somewhat subsided, and when he had retired into private life, we see this "noble and puissant poet rousing himself like a strong man after

sleep, and shaking his invincible locks; we see him as an eagle renewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling his long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Had it been possible for Milton to have stood aloof from his age, to have looked with a still stoical eye upon the struggles in which his countrymen were engaged, while he devoted himself assiduously to study, and courted the company of the Muses, he would never, we are persuaded, have been able to produce such a colossal creation as "Paradise Lost." The self-denial he so wonderfully exercised, produced at last its own divine fruit. The humblest drudgeries in which a poet may engage, cannot crush out the living spirit of poetry from his heart; and the higher kind of toil that engrossed the attention of Milton during the best years of his manhood, tended rather to sublimate than to subdue his genius. The war which he waged with tyranny in the court and the church was, in fact, as necessary a preparation for the production of "Paradise Lost," as Byron's miseries and misanthropy were absolutely requisite to the composition of "Manfred" and "Cain." Milton's great epic was the natural result and the sublimated reflection of his life and times. To the choice of such a subject as the one therein presented, he would in no small degree be impelled by his deep interest in the conflict that was still raging over the land, and of which he had been no inactive spectator. In his Satan, we may perceive the embodiment and culmination of the evil spirit of tyranny that was then stalking haughtily abroad, and striving both by wiles and open warfare to obtain the sceptre of universal dominion. When describing the defeat of the mighty paramount by the "thunder-clasping hand" of the unconquerable Son, his downfall from the radiant battlements of heaven into the gulfs of hell, and his further descent from the proud prince of darkness to the cringing, lying, and fettered fiend, he also shadowed out the gradual decline and final destruction of tyranny, that might enjoy a temporary triumph, but was certain at last to be overthrown by a mightier arm. In the great work, then, of the blind and despised old poet, the courtly and priestly tyrants of that time might have read their own doom, and beheld a representation of their own downfall.

The characteristics of Milton's genius have so frequently been expounded, and are now so generally known, that we are spared the

necessity of entering upon any minute analysis. "Wholeness, sublimity, and simplicity," in Mr. Gilfillan's summary estimate, may be regarded as comprehending its leading features and qualities. Wholeness includes the consecration, as well as the multiformity, of his genius. We prefer rather to exhibit the greatness and power of the poet, by dwelling briefly on some of the parts and characters of "Paradise Lost." Of that mighty epic, as a whole, so full of the power, the rapture, and the glory of genius, we have not words to express our admiration. It might have been written by one of the giant angels who had engaged in the terrible conflict with the apostate spirits—who had accompanied the burning chariot of the sun in its conquering career—and who had witnessed all the scenes and events that are there so wonderfully described. In its large utterance, its rush of power and tumult of glory, in its descriptions of heaven and hell, its reverential spirit and ascriptions of praise, it bears a striking resemblance to that "high and stately tragedy," the Apocalypse of St. John. To form an estimate of the power of the poet, and take a comprehensive glance of the majesty of the poem, we have but to think of the numberless inimitable passages and pictures with which it abounds; of Satan rearing aloft his mighty stature from the rolling billows of the lake of fire; the mustering of the infernal squadrons at the call of their commander, and the unfurling of their ten thousand meteor-banners; the rising like an exhalation of the Temple of Pandemonium with its heroic pillars and golden architraves; the speeches of the princes of hell in their council-hall, so eloquent and grand, that every demon seemed more than a Demosthenes: the gryphon-like flight of the master-fiend through the wild abyss of chaos and ancient night; the glorious apparition of Uriel standing in the sun; Satan's sublime address to that luminary on the top of Niphates Mount; the descriptions of Eden, with its palmy hills and crisped brooks; of Adam, with his hyacinthine locks, and Eve with her dishevelled tresses; the morning hymn of our first parents in their innocence, and swelling up at intervals over all the hallelujah chorus of heaven: the flight of the faithful and dreadless Abdiel from the ranks of the rebels to the Mount of God; the terrible avatar of the avenging Son in his chariot of careering fire; the uprising of the world from the unapparent deep, and the song of acclamation that concluded the creation-work, and followed the triumphal ascent of the Son; the

aspect of the infernal serpent, with his crested head and neck of verdant gold rising above the maze of surging spires; and Michael, from the mountain-top, unfolding to Adam, in successive magnificent pictures, the future history of the world and all our wo. By thus grouping together so many unequalled passages, we obtain a more perfect idea of the power and glory of "Paradise Lost" than extended analysis could supply.

In his representation of angels and fiends, Milton has most strikingly manifested his epic as well as his dramatic power. He was partly indebted to the Bible for his sublime conceptions of the former, and more especially to those descriptions, in the Apocalypse, of the Son of Man, when he walked among the seven candlesticks, girt with a golden girdle—of the mighty angel who came down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow round his head, whose face shone like the sun, and whose feet were as pillars of fire—and of the coming forth of the Faithful and True, to judge and make war, with eyes like flames of fire, and many crowns on his head, clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and followed by the armies of heaven, riding upon horses white as their own glittering garments. The poet, however, has not permitted these descriptions to mar the originality of his own conceptions, and his apostate spirits are new visions under the sun. His angels appear in different aspect and attire, according to the nature of the duties in which they may be engaged, and to their various ranks various offices are assigned; but, for the most part, they are presented before us not as stripling cherubs, with curls under their coronets playing on either cheek, but as strong, fire-armed arch-angels, with helmets, instead of crowns of amaranth, covering their radiant brows. Their outward aspect, and the armor they wear, fittingly represent the invincibility of their courage, the sternness of their virtue, and the strength of their devotion to God. The appearance of the fallen cherubs also corresponds to the attitude of hostility to Heaven they have assumed, and to the remorse, the despair, the pride, and the passions that agitate their breasts. By their might and eloquence, by the dignity of their fallen majesty and the rays of old glory that still linger around their brows, they irresistibly command our pity and our awe. They have fallen from the heights of moral purity, but their intellect still retains its full power; the faces that once shone in circles around the Throne have been blackened by the thun-

der-scars, but the thoughts that wander through eternity still light them with the glimmering glow as of a moonlit tarn; and they still retain the knowledge they had gained through ages of contemplation and research. The heroes of Homer, in strength, in stature, in eloquence, and arms, sink into insignificance beside the peers of Pandemonium: Achilles is no match for Beelzebub, nor Ajax for Belial, and Agamemnon, king of men, dwindles into a shadow's shade beside the mighty monarch of hell. Homer's heroes are mere fighting masses of matter, with little about them to attract our admiration, except their determined self-reliance and their defiance of death; but Milton's devils are mighty and melancholy forms, their materialism is shaded off and sublimised into a spiritual structure, and the boldness of their bearing in opposition to Omnipotence clothes them with a garment of grandeur.

The sublimity which attaches in various degrees to all the infernal peers, attains its climax in the person of Satan. Much of the sublimity of his character and person arises from the contrast we are ever compelled to institute between his first and fallen estate. The troubled glory, as of a thundrous sunset, that streams from his haughty brow, the proud sparkle of his eyes, the regal port and step of majesty, irresistibly recall the time when he sat on his royal seat on the Mountain of the Congregation, or when he rode in his sun-bright chariot,

"Idol of majesty divine,  
Enclosed with flaming cherubim and golden  
shields."

The poet employs the grandest images to dilate the dimensions and magnify the power of the superior fiend. Beelzebub may be described as rising like a pillar of state, or as standing

"With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies;"

but Satan's superior stature stretches to the sky, and he stands, "like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved." When he lies floating many a rood on the billows of hell, he is compared to the mythological monsters of ancient fable, or to the leviathan, whose enormous bulk diminishes the great ocean to a stream. When he appears in shape and gesture proudly eminent among his companions in exile, he is compared to the sun under eclipse, which sheds down disastrous twilight, "and, with fear of change, perplexes

monarchs." When glaring upon the grizzly Terror at the gate of hell, he burned like a comet that shakes pestilence and war from its horrid hair. And when foundering on through chaos, "half on foot, half flying," he resembled a gigantic gryphon, speeding with extended wings through the waste wilderness. How well Milton has succeeded in rearing up a shape more terrible and grand than any since conceived and described, may readily be perceived when we compare his creation with those of other poets who have in some measure striven to follow in his steps. Byron's Lucifer is an argumentative fiend, not a majestic and fire-armed arch-changel. He might be quite competent to mislead a morbid, moody man like Cain; but he is not the proud and determined demon who would have led the embattled seraphim to war. He is even inferior to Milton's inferior fiends, and possesses neither the wily wisdom of Beelzebub, the fierceness of Moloch, the winning eloquence of Belial, nor the worldly wisdom of Mammon. He would have preferred to remain in hell, and reason of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, rather than undertake the voyage that Satan undertook through the unexplored regions of Chaos and Old Night. He possesses spiritual politeness, instead of defiant pride; he is more the loquacious fiend than the demon of action. The great round orb of Satan's shield would grind him into powder; and hell would never grow blacker at his frown. He is more beautiful than terrible—more to be pitied than feared. The Lucifer of Byron resembles the Mephistopheles of Goethe. They are not so much the direct antagonists of God—demons who would boldly defy the Almighty to his face—as sneering, wily, low-thoughted sceptics. The Lucifer of "Festus" is a higher creation than that of Byron or Goethe. He has more power, more grandeur, more subtlety of thought and eloquence of speech; but he is still vastly inferior to the Satan of Milton. The relation in which he stands to God, consciously and obediently working out the Divine will, removes the shade of darkness from his brow, and diminishes the sublimity of his character. He appears also in somewhat ludicrous lights, when he becomes a street preacher, and falls in love with a mortal maiden. The poet who has succeeded best in bringing back Satan in his old Miltonic glory and gloom is Thomas Aird, in the "Devil's Dream." His description of the "Grizzly Terror," who had an aspect like the hurrying storm, as he winged his

way over the darkened earth and the Syrian wilderness; whose eyes were filled with shadows of care and sorrow; whose brow gleamed like a "mineral hill, where gold grows ripe;" and from whose head the clouds streamed like a tempest of hair, would not have been unworthy of the poet of "Paradise Lost."

We have already said that much of the sublimity attaching to Satan arises from the contrast we are compelled to make between his first and his fallen condition. Milton, in many places throughout "Paradise Lost," introduces contrasts with the strangest and most touching effect. When the "superior fiend" had reached the shore of the sea of liquid fire, he employed his gigantic spear

"To support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marble; not like those steps  
On heaven's azure."

We have another striking example in the speech of Beelzebub, that concluded the long debate in the infernal council-hall. He applauds the "synod of gods" for the great things they have resolved, and rejoices in the hope of soon being lifted up

"Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with  
neighboring arms  
And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone  
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,  
secure; and at the brightening orient beam  
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
To heal the scar of those corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm."

To feel the full touching power of these beautiful lines, we have only to think where and by whom they were spoken, and to whom they were addressed. It is as if a soft air from heaven had suddenly breathed over the brows that were burned and blackened by the torrid clime and fiery vault of hell. The words of Beelzebub resembled those dewy lips in the "Devil's Dream" that kissed the fiend "till his lava breast was cool." Aird, also, in that grand poem to which we have already referred, has imparted to it in some places a ghastly beauty, and proved his power as a poet by introducing similar touches of contrast. Of a melancholy form weltering among the "salted fires" of the Second Lake, he presents us a terrible picture in these two lines—

"And backward, in sore agony the being  
stripp'd its locks,



*As a maiden, in her beauty's prime, her clasped tresses strokes."*

We could have wished to enlarge on many more of the beauties and characteristics of "Paradise Lost;" but our remarks have already extended so far, that we are compelled abruptly to conclude. Of "Paradise Regained"—that pure, noble and finely classical poem—we would rather speak at the beginning than the conclusion of an article. Mr Gilfillan says truly of it,—“If comparatively a fragment, what a true, shapely, beautiful fragment it is! Its power so quiet, its elegance so unconscious, its costume of language so Grecian, its general tone so Scripturally simple, while its occasional speeches and descriptions are so gorgeous and so faultless. The views from the mountain, the storm in the wilderness, the dreams of Christ when he was an-hungred, so exquisitely true to his waking character—are in the poet's very highest style, and one or two of them, indeed, have a gloss of perfection about them, as well as an ease and freedom of touch, rarely to be found in his large poem. In the "Paradise Lost," he is a giant tossing mountains to heaven with far-seen struggle, and in evident trial of strength. In the "Paradise Regained," he is a giant gently putting his foot on a rock, and leaving a mark inimitable, indelible, visible to all after time. It is a foolish and ignorant objection to this poem to say, that Milton has degraded the devil in "Paradise Regained," and

shorn him of all his sublimity and strength. It was the devil who degraded himself—the history of his decline and fall is progressing—and we are witnessing the miserable discomfiture of the proud friend who dared defy the Omnipotent to arms. Moreover, if his regal port be gone, and the faded splendor be still more wan, his eloquence continues powerful to the last; and some of his speeches in "Paradise Regained," are superior to many in "Paradise Lost." When opium began to operate with a palsy effect upon the intellectual faculties of De Quincey, he says, if he felt moved by any thing in books, it was by "the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the satanic speeches in "Paradise Regained."

We regret that we must close this paper without particularizing those divine, rich, and delicate first-fruits of the poet's genius—"Comus," "Arcades," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso;" the "Hymn on the Nativity," that seems set to the far-swellling music of the morning stars; the sonnets, so condensed, so manly, and clear; or "Samson Agonistes," that gloomy temple of unadorned architecture ever echoing with a melodious wail. But we have performed our duty for the present, if we have pointed, "with however feeble a finger, to fountains of song which no impurity defiles, and which are as fresh and full this hour as when they were first opened by the hand of the master-spirit."

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

If there are certain existences more complicated, more romantic, more improbable, in a word, than any imaginary romance ever spun from the prolific brain of modern novelist, we may cite in the very first rank those of the French actresses of the past century. In this golden age of frivolity the fair daughters of Thespis knew how to live; they might be likened to the grasshoppers of the sunny hour, which sing and dance through the live-long summer's day, without reflecting that November will come; November, with its cheerless days, its dreary, endless

nights, its fogs, and rains, and frosts. The present race of actresses are of an entirely different stamp; they have learned by heart La Fontaine's fable, and more than one among them, like the ant, thinks only of winter during her golden days of spring. Like all moralists, La Fontaine has preached falsely, so far as the stage is concerned; there it is not the ant, but rather the grasshopper, whose example is taught and followed, while the disciples of the fabulist form only the exception to the general rule.

It would require the pencil of a Watteau

or a Vanloo faithfully to depict the careless frankness of Mademoiselle Clairon—that queen of the French stage—who stripped off all the petals from the flowers of life with regal ardor, who was charming even in her follies, and who, after having lived for years as the spoilt and prodigal child of fortune, taking money with one hand to scatter it with the other, died at length as a sage, poor, aged, solitary, and forgotten.

A few years before her death Mademoiselle Clairon wrote her "*Mémoires*," *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, since they were not intended to appear till after her death. A faithless friend, however, having published a German translation of these reminiscences, Mademoiselle Clairon in consequence, on the 28th Thermidor, year VI. of the Republic, wrote as follows to the editor of the *Publiciste*:—"Since my book has appeared in a foreign country, the fear of failing in the gratitude and respect I owe to the public and to my nation determines me to print myself this essay. Signed, La Citoyenne Clairon."

By following the career of the celebrated actress in her *Mémoires*, in the newspapers and Journals of the day, and in the various published letters of the time, it is easy to discover, word for word, her strange and ever-shifting life, such, in short, as love and chance had made it. Let this article, then, be regarded only as a patient study over which fancy will not once come to shake the golden dust from off her radiant wings. But who knows if, in studying the life of a French actress, there is not more philosophy to be gleaned than in the history of a queen consort of France. For whether the queen of the theatre or the queen of France is the more royal, who will venture to determine?

Mademoiselle Clairon (Claire, Hippolyte, Leyris de la Tude) was born at Condé, in Hainault, in the year 1723. We will leave her to relate, in her own words, the circumstances attending her birth, which circumstances, it must be allowed, were highly significant of her future career:—"It was the custom of the little city in which I was born, for all parties to meet together during the carnival time at the houses of the wealthiest citizens, in order to pass the entire day in dancing and other amusements. Far from disapproving of these recreations, the curé partook of them in company with his parishioners, and travestied himself like the rest. During one of these *fête* days my mother, who was but seven months advanced in pregnancy, suddenly brought me into the

world, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. I was so feeble that every body imagined a few moments would terminate my career. My grandmother, a woman of eminent piety, was anxious that I should be carried at once to the church, in order that I might there receive the right of baptism. Not a living soul was to be found either at the church or the parsonage. A neighbor having informed the party that all the city was at a carnival entertainment at the house of a certain wealthy citizen, thither was I carried with all possible despatch. Monsieur le Curé, dressed as harlequin, and his vicar as Giles, imagining from my appearance that not a moment was to be lost, hastily arranged upon a sideboard everything necessary for the ceremony, stopped the fiddle for a moment, muttered over me the consecrated words, and sent me back to my mother a Christian—at least in name."

It is amusing to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in her old age, philosophizing over her past life, and giving utterance, upon the sayings and doings of her early years, to certain profoundly serious reflections. As an old woman, she is as sententiously grave as she was inconsiderately gay in her youth; she lends an attentive ear to the whispered reminiscences of her heart, and she writes; she demands the secret of her life, and she endeavors to reply. After eleven reflections, each worthy of Socrates, she comes to this, the twelfth one: "In order to fulfill the duty imposed upon me by reason, to be in a state of judging myself, must I not go back to the principal of all? What am I? What have I done? What have I been in a condition to effect? Providence deposited me in the bosom of a poor bourgeoisie, free, feeble, and ignorant; my misfortune preceded my birth."

From this point starts old Hippolyte Clairon, with all the gravity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to relate, in good set terms, the history of her past existence. In this narrative of her life we ever find philosophy predominating; we feel that she had too frequently "assisted," as the French have it, at the suppers of the encyclopædists. Her manner of writing recalls, also, her manner of acting; she preserves throughout the solemn, pompous accent of the stage; in short, from the title to the conclusion of these singular memoirs, which, far from displaying, rather masks the writer, we discover not a single ingenuous expression, nor hear a single cry which seems to spring from the heart.

We are already acquainted with the cir-

cumstances attending the birth of Mademoiselle Clairon. Her mother, it would appear, had not only the misfortune to be poor, she was also ill-tempered, bigoted, and superstitious; a rigidly strict Roman Catholic, she endeavored to beat religion into her daughter, and would torment her youthful mind with pictures of hell, and its endless torments. Poor little Hippolyte, although now a girl of eleven years of age, had never been allowed to play about out of doors with children of her own age; she was a little, pale, thin, Cinderella-like creature, debarred of all the amusements suited to her years, her sole distractions being limited to the perusal of two books—the catechism and a prayer-book.

Madame Clairon, in order to get rid of her daughter during certain hours of the day, was accustomed to shut her up by herself in an unfurnished room at the top of the house, where she would leave her, with strict injunctions to ply her needle diligently. But Hippolyte, who was born a queen, as others are born servants, could never by any chance keep a needle between her fingers. What, then, was she to do in her prison? "Suppose I open the window?" thought she. She made the attempt, but was unsuccessful—she could not reach the fastening; in despair, she climbed upon a stool, and pressed her face close to one of the panes: as she was on the fourth story, her view was limited to the roofs and chimney-pots and garret-windows of the opposite houses. All at once a large window in front of her was thrown open, and a magical spectacle struck her childish eyes: it so happened that the celebrated Mademoiselle Dangeville lived in the opposite house, and she was at this precise hour taking a dancing lesson. "I was all eyes," writes Clairon in her *Mémoires*; "not one of her graceful movements escaped me. She was surrounded by the members of her family. The lesson over, every one applauded, and her mother tenderly embraced her. This contrast between her lot and my own filled me with grief, and my fast-flowing tears shut out the scene from my view. I descended mournfully from my perch, in order to give full vent to my sorrow; and when the throbbing of my heart had in some measure subsided, and I was able to regain my position, all had disappeared."

At first she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses; she imagined that all was a dream; she pondered in her mind what she had seen, and was sad and happy at the same time, in the thought that there were

daughters in the world who were not beaten and locked up in garrets by their mothers, with no companions save a catechism and a prayer-book. At these thoughts her tears would flow afresh; but soon, without wishing it, she began involuntarily to copy what she had seen, and she would dance and jump about her little chamber, in humble imitation of the sylph-like motions of the beautiful Mademoiselle Dangeville. From this time forth her prison-chamber became a paradise for her. She would get herself locked up, on some pretext or other, every day; and as soon as the key was turned in the door, she would climb joyfully up to her post of observation at the window, and remain there a motionless, silent, but enthusiastic spectator of the dancing lesson of her fair neighbor.

One evening, when there was some company at her mother's, she said to a gentleman who was chatting with her—"Tell me, sir, are there women who pass their lives in dancing?" "Yes," replied he, "actresses. But why do you ask?" She then related to him mysteriously what she had lately seen from her garret window. "I understand," said the visitor, "you have seen Mademoiselle Dangeville, who lives opposite." The gentleman turned then to her mother: "Madame Clairon," said he, "I must take your daughter, Hippolyte, with me to the theatre to-night." "To the theatre!" exclaimed Madame Clairon, in horror, "you might as well ask me to let her go to the kingdom of darkness at once." "Pardon me, madam, the mischief is already done; you have yourself unwittingly taken your daughter to the theatre by shutting her up in the garret, from the window of which she has seen Mademoiselle Dangeville rehearsing over the way." Scarcely had the visitor ceased speaking, when little Hippolyte, carried away by the force of her reminiscences, bounded into the middle of the room, and reproduced, with a fidelity absolutely astonishing, the pirouettes and entrechats of her fair original. Loud was the applause; and even her mother, who never laughed with her daughter, could not keep her countenance. It was arranged that Hippolyte should go to the theatre the following night.

It was at the Comédie-Française that Mademoiselle Clairon made her entry into the world. For her the theatre was the universe entire; so great was her joy, so excessive her delight, so lively her astonishment, that, as she herself expressed it, she was afraid of going mad. Three weeks afterwards, this little girl, who was then but twelve years of

age, made her *début* on the stage of the Theatre Italien, under the protection of Desbais. But the famous Thomassin, who had daughters to bring forward, ere long opposed the increasing success of our miniature debutante; and, strange as it may appear, a cabal was actually formed against the child, in order to obtain her dismissal from the "Italiens," where her delicate beauty and artless grace were the themes of universal admiration. On leaving the "Italiens," she obtained an engagement in the company directed by La Nouë, at Rouen, to sing and dance, and play all the characters suited to her age.

After relating circumstantially this first period of her life, our philosophical actress pauses for reflection, and writes at the head of a page—RECAPITULATION. We should fail in our duty as historians, were we to omit reproducing a portion of this curious page. "So far," she writes, "I have nothing to reproach myself with: I knew nothing, I could do nothing; I blindly obeyed a destiny of which I have seen myself all my life at once the spoiled child and the victim." We are accordingly to understand from this that Mademoiselle Clairon could not escape those frequent deviations from the path of rectitude of which her career exhibits so many deplorable examples. According to her view of the matter, destiny—that convenient scapegoat of the worldly-minded, the extravagant, and the gay—led her, despite herself, into all the faults and follies of which she in after life was guilty.

At Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon had her laureate and her libellist united in the person of an individual by name Gaillard. As she herself expresses it, he possessed in an eminent degree the art of rhyming and supping-out, two indispensable qualifications in the eighteenth century. The salary of our heroine having been raised to about a thousand crowns a-year, her mother, Madame Clairon, began to ape the airs of a mistress of the house; she instituted a supper every Thursday night, to which were admitted all the wealthy admirers of her daughter. Gaillard used to season the *gigots* with madrigals, in which Venus and Vesta were treated in the light of ragged adventuresses when compared to Mademoiselle Hippolyte Clairon. Gaillard, however, did not content himself with singing the praises of the pretty actress; he dared to love her. After sighing for about six months, he succeeded in gaining over an old duenna, who, for a consideration, put him up to all the turnings and

windings of the house. One morning, while Mademoiselle Clairon was studying in bed, Gaillard penetrated to the chamber door, and exclaimed, in impassioned accents, that he was going to cast himself on his knees before her. Our actress, highly incensed that any one should dare to appear in her presence at such an unseemly hour, without more ado sprang out of bed, and armed with her anger and a trusty poker, unceremoniously drove the audacious madrigalist not only out of the room, but out of the house also. Gaillard, indignant at being thus treated by an actress whose adventures were already matter of public notoriety, wrote his famous book—a book, it must be admitted, utterly destitute of either style, wit, or vigor—entitled, *Histoire de Mademoiselle Fretillon*. Gaillard was amply and cruelly avenged for his ignominious treatment at the hands of Mademoiselle Clairon, for this disgraceful libel saddened her fairest years. His victim, however, was herself in turn avenged, for so violent was the outcry raised by the public against the author of the pamphlet, that Gaillard was compelled to seek safety in a hasty flight from the kingdom.

It would take a "forty-author power" to follow our heroine through all the scenes, adventures, and follies of her early years, a faithful narration of which would fill at least a dozen volumes, and would moreover, we fear, but little edify our readers. From Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon proceeded to Lille, and from thence to Ghent, from which last-named town she was obliged to make a nocturnal flight, in order to escape from the power of a British General, who wanted, right or wrong, to marry her, and carry her off with him to England. At Dunkirque, whither she had sought shelter from her ardent lover, she received, through the commandant of the place, an order to appear on the Parisian stage. Much had been spoken of Fretillon, and the gentlemen of the chamber judged in their wisdom that so pretty a girl should belong by right to the Parisians only. At the Opera she accordingly appeared as *Venus* in the opera of *Hesione*. Although an indifferent musician, she was much applauded, for in those days people applauded beauty as well as talent.

Shortly afterwards Mademoiselle Clairon quitted the Opera, and made her first appearance at the Comedie-Française in the part of *Phedre*. In the provinces she had played chiefly the *soubrettes*, and at the Comedie-Française she was engaged to double Mademoiselle Dangeville. Previous, however, to

signing her engagement, she declared, to the great surprise of the comedians, that it was her intention to perform the great tragic parts; to this request the comedians assented, stipulating merely that she should sing and dance in the musical pieces. They were all thoroughly convinced that she would be hissed on her *debüt*, and hence be compelled to sing and dance only. It so happened that during her provincial career she had played four or five tragic parts. Marshal Sarrazin having accidentally seen her play the character of *Eriphile*, at Rouen, had predicted that she would one day be the ornament of the French stage. She was anxious most probably to show the world that Sarrazin's judgment was a correct one. Previous to her *debüt* the comedians had indulged in many a hearty laugh at what they deemed the absurd pretensions of the proud Hippolyte. She disdained to rehearse her part; and on the morning of her *debüt* she sent a message to the theatre to say that she was ready to appear, and only awaited the rising of the curtain. All Paris flocked on that evening to the Comedie-Française in the expectation of having a good laugh at little Fretilion; but scarcely had she given utterance to the first few lines of her part when the entire audience rose enthusiastically; it was no longer little Clairon, the charming Fretilion who played the *soubrettes*, it was *Phedre* herself, in all her sovereign splendor, in all the majesty of passion. "How tall she is!" "How beautiful she is!" were the exclamations heard on all sides. From this time forth Mademoiselle Clairon was surnamed Melpomene, and became the idol of the Parisians.

The Comedie-Française was at that period so well administered, it possessed such intelligent protectors, that even the first subjects of the troop could scarcely live on their salaries. "We were poor," writes Mademoiselle Clairon, "and unable to await the payment of what was due to us, and every week we would vainly solicit M. de Boulogne, then Comptroller-General, for the payment of the arrears of the king's pension." But no one paid them, and Louis XV. less than all the rest. Thus we find that Mademoiselle Clairon—the star of the Theatre Française—owed to her beauty, and not to her talents, the Indian robes and diamonds which she wore. As she was fond of changing both her finery and her lovers, it would frequently happen that she would be left without either lovers or finery. One day Marshal Richelieu called upon her to request

the honor of her presence at one of his *fetes*. She refused. "Why?" demanded the Marshal. "I have no dress to wear!" Richelieu burst out laughing. "You have dresses of all countries, of all tastes, and all fancies." "No more, I can assure you, than one single dress besides the one you now see on my back. Our scanty receipts have compelled me to sell everything valuable I could spare, and what remains is in pawn; I can only show myself on the stage."

Like all true talents, Mademoiselle Clairon had more than one enemy who denied her influence over the public. The critic Freron declared that her stentorian tones deafened the ears without moving the heart. Grimm, who came to France during the height of the actress's triumph, spoke of the squeakings of her voice. "Squeakings, if you please," said Diderot, "but these squeakings, as you call them, have become the accents of passion."

It was about this period that Mademoiselle Clairon hired, at the rate of 12,000 livres a year, the little house in the Rue des Marais, formerly inhabited by Racine. "They tell me," she writes in her *Memoire* "that Racine dwelt there for forty years with all his family; that it was there he died; and that, after his time, it was there lived and died the touching Adrienne Lecouvreur. The walls alone of this house," I said to myself, "ought to suffice to make me feel the sublimity of the poet, and enable me to reach the talent of the actress. It is in this sanctuary that I ought to live and die." All the poets of the day visited Mademoiselle Clairon in "this sanctuary," which we very much fear was on several occasions somewhat profaned. The quite family dinner which Racine had showed his good sense and taste in preferring to the dinner spread on the king's table, was now replaced by the licentious *petit souper*; and the gay but frequently impure, and even blasphemous *chanson*, was now heard in spots consecrated by the genius of Racine, where the poet had so frequently let fall his Alexandrines as from a golden harp.

Mademoiselle Clairon, however, had become the heroine of the Comedie-Française. She had, if not eclipsed, at least in some measure cast into the shade Mademoiselles Dumesnil, Gaussin, and Dangeville. She maintained her sceptre until 1762. This, it must be said, was the golden era of the French stage, for in addition to these four celebrated actresses, such names could be cited as Molé, Grandval, Bellecour, Lekain, Preville, and Brizard. Mademoiselle Clairon,

with her solemn air and majestic gait, was the presiding genius of this brilliant republic—a republic of kings and queens. Others, it might be said, possessed either more talent or more beauty, but Mademoiselle Clairon possessed renown.

She reigned fifteen years.

In the year 1762, although now approaching her decline, Mademoiselle Clairon was still spoken of as a theatrical marvel. We find the following lines referring to her in Bachaumont's *Memoires Secrets*, under the date of January 20th: "Mademoiselle Clairon is still the heroine; the mere announcement of her name is sufficient to draw a crowded house; so soon as she appears the applause is enthusiastic; her acting is a finished work of art. She has great nobility of gesture in the head; it is the Melpomene arranged by Phidias." The same journalist afterwards passes the entire troop in review with exquisite delicacy of touch. Take, for example, this note on Mademoiselle Dumesnil: "This actress drinks like a coachman; and on the night she plays, her lackey is always in attendance in the coulisses, bottle in hand, to slake her insatiable thirst."

In place of a lackey and a bottle of wine, Mademoiselle Clairon had in the coulisses an entire court of dissipated marquises, licentious abbés, and chirping poets. Marmontel, one evening, during a tavern supper, found her sublime. Marmontel was then a young scholar, rhyming tragedies, which the actors deigned to play and the public to applaud, out of respect for Voltaire, who had granted him a certificate of genius. He supped silently beside the eminent actress, thinking much more of composing a part for her than of speaking to her of love. "What ails you?" said Clairon to him all at once; "you are sad; I hope you are not offering me such an affront as to be composing a tragedy during our supper?" Marmontel had the wit to reply that he was sad because he was in love. "Child," replied Clairon, "is that the way you receive the gifts of your good genius?" "Yes, because I love you." Well, then, fall on your knees; I will raise you, and we will love each other as long as we can." History does not inform us how long this attachment lasted, but it was not of very considerable duration. Marmontel has related with the utmost complaisance, all the details of his follies with La Clairon, in that whimsical book of his entitled "*Memoires d'un Père pour servir à l'instruction de ses Enfants*."

The Marquis de Ximenes was also one of

the adorers of the great comedian; they loved like the Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, but a single *mot* put Cupid to flight forever. Some one happened to say one night in the green-room of the Comedie Française, that the Marquis de Ximenes had turned Clairon's head. "Yes," replied she, arriving at that instant, "*on the other side*." The Marquis's love was not proof against this insult; the following day he returned the portrait of his innamorata, with these words written in pencil beneath it; "This crayon drawing is like human beauty; it fades in the sunshine. Do not forget that your sun has long risen."

Mademoiselle Clairon was not celebrated in France alone; all the foreign theatres summoned her by the voice of kings and queens. Garrick came to Paris expressly to see her play in *Cinna*. So delighted was he with the talent of the actress, that he caused a design to be engraved representing Mademoiselle Clairon arrayed in all the attributes of tragedy, her arm resting upon a pile of books on which might be read the names of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire. By her side stood Melpomene, crowning her with laurel. Beneath the design were inscribed these four lines, composed by Garrick himself:

J'ai prédit que Clairon illustrerait la scene,  
Et mon espoir n'a point été déçu,  
Longtemps Clairon couronna Melpomène,  
Melpomène lui rend ce qu'elle en a reçu.

These lame verses quickly made the circuit of the fashionable world. The enthusiastic admirers of the actress were not, however, contented with this homage paid by one sovereign of the stage to another; they instituted the order of the medallion; medals were struck, bearing Garrick's device, and with these they decorated themselves as proudly as though they had borne the Grand Cordon itself.

Our heroine had now attained the culminating point of her renown. She ruled with despotic sway, not only the stage, but the world of fashion; and in speaking of Madame de Pompadour, the reigning favorite, she even dared to say that "*she* owed her royalty to chance, while *I* owe mine to the power of my genius." In vain did her numerous enemies strive to oppose her triumphs by all the means in their power; she had only to show herself in order to baffle all their machinations. "In the world," wrote Diderot, "those who wished to ridicule her could not refrain from admiring her majestic eloquence." She carried her sceptre, to o

with a high hand. One day, when she was playing at the Theatre Française, on the occasion of a free performance, given by order of the king to the Parisians, she came on the stage between the two pieces, and threw handfuls of money into the pit. The worthy Parisians were gulled by this piece of theatrical quackery, and cried with enthusiasm, as they scrambled for the silver, *Vive le Roi! Vive Mademoiselle Clairon!* She had braved Madame de Pompadour; she dared to brave the king himself, under the impression that the public would revolt rather than lose her. At her table she received the cream of Parisian society—such as Mesdames de Chabillant, d'Aguillon, de Villeroy, de la Vallière, de Forcalquier, &c.; she was also a frequent guest at the tables of Madame du Defant and Madame Geoffrin, who deigned occasionally to gather the pearls of her wit. The celebrated Russian princess, Madame de Galitzin, amazed at the talent of Mademoiselle Clairon, desired to leave her a regal souvenir of her admiration. "What will you have, Clairon?" asked she, one evening at supper. "My portrait, painted by Vanloo," replied the actress. The painter, flattered by this preference, was anxious that the portrait should be worthy at the same time of Madame de Galitzin, Mademoiselle Clairon, and himself; he painted the actress as *Medea*, holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a poinard still reeking with the blood of her children. Louis XV. expressed a wish to see this picture: and if we are to believe one of the newspapers of the time, he paid a visit one morning for this express purpose to the atelier of Vanloo. His Majesty highly complimented both the artist and his models. "You are fortunate," said he to Carl Vanloo, "in having such a sitter;" and turning to Mademoiselle Clairon—"You are fortunate, Mademoiselle, in having such a painter to immortalize your features. It is my earnest wish to bear a share in this work; I am the only person who can put a frame on this picture worthy of it, and I desire that it may be as beautiful a one as possible; and further, it is my wish that this portrait be engraved." The frame cost five thousand livres, and the engraving ten thousand.

In the foregoing pages we have endeavored to chronicle the rise and progress of our heroine's grandeur; we must now, as faithful historians, relate the history of her decline and fall. Mademoiselle Clairon counted among her enemies Laharpe and Freron; Laharpe, because she had obstinately refused to play in his tragedies; Freron, because she

had preferred Voltaire to him. Laharpe avenged himself with his tongue, Freron with his pen. About this period, a certain actress, by name Mademoiselle Doligny, was attracting notice at the Theatre Française; Freron protected her; he judged that the moment was a favorable one to delineate her portrait in contradistinction to that of Mademoiselle Clairon, and he did so accordingly. The first, in the opinion of the journalist, was a model of grace and sensibility; the second, an abandoned woman, destitute alike of heart, soul, or intellect. In Freron's journal, Mademoiselle Clairon was not alluded to by name, but she had the bad taste to recognize herself in the portrait drawn by the critic. Filled with shame and rage, she hurried to the gentlemen of the chamber, and threatened to withdraw from the theatre unless instant justice was executed upon that horrible Freron. All Paris was in commotion; the king hastily summoned a meeting of his privy council, and a warrant was signed for the committal of Freron. The police-officers, according to order, came to seize his person. What could he oppose to the strong arm of the law? Our critic imagined a violent fit of the gout; he uttered cries of anguish, and declared that he could not move a finger without suffering tortures. This momentous affair occurred on the 14th of February, 1775; in a journal of the 16th, we find the following notice: "The quarrel between Freron and Mademoiselle Clairon, *alias* the pamphleteer Aliboron and Queen Cleopatra, makes a great noise both at court and in the city. Monsieur l'Abbé de Voisenon, having, at the solicitation of some friends of the former, written a very pathetic letter to M. le Duc de Duras, gentleman of the chamber, the latter replied to the abbé, whom he highly esteemed, that it was the only favor he believed it his duty to refuse him, that this request could be granted only at the personal solicitation of Mademoiselle Clairon." Glorious times these, truly, when a journalist, a man, moreover, possessed of more than one title to respect, should be threatened with imprisonment for expressing an opinion about an actress, or, what was an alternative much more humiliating, that he should owe his pardon to the actress whom he had offended. Sooner than submit to such degradation, Freron declared that he would suffer a thousand deaths. Strange as it may appear, this ridiculous affair was not only debated before the king, but was carried to the feet of the queen also. Marie Leczinska, who loved to show clemency, or-

dered that Freron should be pardoned, but Mademoiselle Clairon would not abide by the queen's decision; she declared to the gentlemen of the chamber that if Freron were not punished, she would certainly withdraw from the theatre. Awful was the commotion. Mademoiselle Clairon demanded an audience of M. le Duc de Choiseul, prime minister, which was graciously acceded. "Justice!" cried she, with her stage accent, as soon as the minister appeared. "Mademoiselle," replied the duke, with mock gravity, "we both of us perform upon a great stage; but there is this difference between us: that you can choose your parts, and you have only to show yourself to be applauded; whilst I, on the contrary, have not this privilege, and what is still worse, as soon as I make my appearance I am hissed; let me do my best or my worst, it is all the same; I am criticised, ridiculed, abused, condemned, yet for all that I remain at my post, and if you take my advice you will do the same. Let us then, both of us, sacrifice our private resentments to the good of our country, and serve it, each in our own way, to the best of our power. And, besides, the queen having pardoned, you can, without compromising your dignity, imitate her majesty's clemency."

In a journal of the 21st of February we read as follows:—"The queen of the stage has held a meeting of her friends, presided over by the Duc de Duras, at which it was determined that M. de Saint Florentin should be threatened with the immediate desertion of the entire troop unless speedy justice were done to the modern Melpomene for the insolence of Freron. This line of conduct has greatly disturbed M. de Saint Florentin, and this minister has written to the queen, stating that the affair has become one of the vastest importance; that for a length of time matter of such serious import has not been discussed at court (!) that in fact the court is divided into two factions on the question, and that, despite his profound respect for the commands of her Majesty, he much fears he will be compelled to obey the original orders of the king." In the end, however, Freron was saved from imprisonment by a combination of three circumstances, viz., the gout which he had not, the clemency of Marie Leczinska, but chiefly because, *mirabile dictu*, Mademoiselle Clairon herself was sent to For l'Evêque!

In the annals of the French stage there are few stories more supremely ridiculous than that of the comedians in ordinary to

the king, who, at the moment of commencing the performance, refused to play because his Majesty had added to the troop an individual whom they judged unworthy of being a member of their aristocratic body. Mademoiselle Clairon was at the head of this revolt also, but her star was beginning to pale in the theatrical firmament, her crown of roses was beginning to show its thorns. On this occasion, the pit, exasperated to the highest point at not having its accustomed entertainment, angrily shouted aloud *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. Her fate was sealed! The pit of a theatre is for the actors the Prætorian guard. This momentous event occurred on the 15th of April, 1775; on the ensuing day the papers contained the following announcement: "Astounding fermentation in Paris! A special Privy Council has been held at the house of M. de Sartines, at which it was determined that the culprits in the late theatrical *émeute* should be sent to For l'Evêque. Mademoiselle Clairon receives the visits of the court and city." That very day, however, she went to For l'Evêque before that rascal Freron, to use her own expression to the Intendant of Paris. Next morning Sophie Arnould related the story of her capture in almost these words: "Fretillon was in the height and glory of her receptions, playing the grand lady to the admiration of all, when an unannounced visitor made his appearance, in the shape of a police officer, who very unceremoniously desired her to follow him to For l'Evêque, by order of the king. 'I am submissive to the commands of his Majesty,' said she, with her usual pompous stage accent; 'my property, my person, my life are in his hands; but my honor will remain intact, for even the king himself cannot touch that.' 'Very true, Mademoiselle,' replied the alguazil, 'for where there is nothing, the king necessarily loses his rights.'"

At For l'Evêque, Mademoiselle Clairon found not a cell, but an apartment, which her friends, the Duchesses of Villeroy and de Duras, and Madame de Sauvigny, had furnished for her with great magnificence. We read, in a journal of the 20th of April: "Mademoiselle Clairon converts into a triumph a punishment which was intended as a humiliation. A crowd of carriages besiege the gates of the prison; she gives, we understand, divine suppers; in short, is leading, at For l'Evêque, a life of princely luxury." This method of imprisoning actresses was not, it must be admitted, a very cruel one. One might say they kept open house, for there they received their lovers and friends,



and supped from night till morning; and then, as the finishing stroke to this luxurious captivity, so soon as their incarceration became a little wearisome, there was always to be found some accomodating physician, who would seriously declare that their lives were in danger. So it was in this instance; for, after a week's feasting, Mademoiselle Clairon was authorized, thanks to the certificate of the jail doctor, to return to her own house, where she was directed to consider herself a prisoner for the space of thirteen days more.

A deputation from the king and the gentlemen of the chamber, shortly afterwards waited upon her, to solicit her re-appearance on the stage of the Comedie Française, but she had still at heart the terrible words, *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. "It is not," she said, "the king who ought to solicit my re-appearance at a theatre he never visits; it is the public; I await the orders of the public." But the fickle public had had time, during the short absence of its former sovereign, to choose another queen: it chose two, indeed—Mademoiselle Dubois and Mademoiselle Raucourt—queens of a day, it is true, but still sufficiently regal to dethrone the ancient one. Mademoiselle Clairon, dreading forgetfulness like death, no longer willing to appear before a public that had adored her for twenty years only, had horses put to her carriage one day, and took her departure from Paris. "I am ill," she said; "I am going to consult Tronchin;" but it was to Voltaire she went, and the little theatre of Ferney ere long rang with her stentorian accents.

She returned to Paris in the winter, and found winter every where: in her deserted house, among her forgetful friends, and also among her scattered lovers. She resumed, however, her former train of life, but the grain of sadness sown in her heart had germinated. In vain did she summon the *élite* of Parisian society to her exquisite *petits soupers*; in vain did she receive the oaths and protestations of M. de Valbelle, and line her carriage with silk, in an attempt to vie in luxury with the brilliant Guimard. She suffered deeply, for she had lost, at the same time, both her youth and her glory; she was fated to live, from henceforth, upon two tombs.

We will pass over in silence that portion of our heroine's life which she spent at the court of the Margrave of Anspach, a petty German prince, fashioned upon the model of Louis XV., who was accustomed to leave to his mistresses the care of his dominions, and

who had offered her his heart and a share of his palace. Though her position at the Margrave's court was an equivocal one enough, it cannot be denied that during her sojourn there she did a great deal of good: debts, old and new, were gradually liquidated, taxes reduced, agriculture usefully protected, and the city of Anspach adorned with a monumental fountain; while the Clairon Hospital; one of her last gifts to the community, put the crowning grace to her numerous benefactions, and rendered her name universally beloved, by the poorer classes especially. Born thirteen years before the Margrave, she might almost have been his mother, and he, indeed, used to give her this title; but court intrigue was brought into play to dethrone the gray-haired Egeria, and after a reign of seventeen years, she quitted forever the scene of her diplomatic labors, and returned, once more, to Paris, poorer, by a great deal, than when she had left it. The illustrious actress, who formerly had a coach and four, and had seen all Paris at her feet, now fell into the extreme of poverty. But such is ever the end of those charming butterflies which shine only in the morning of life. Mademoiselle Guimard, for example, who, in the spring time of her success, when she had in her magnificent hotel a private theatre and a winter garden, had refused the hand of a prince, was very glad, in after life, to marry her dancing-master. Sophy Arnould, again, after having spent her early years in almost unexampled luxury and profusion, went, uncomplainingly, when her winter had set in, to seek shelter and a morsel of bread at the hands of her hairdresser. Mademoiselle Clairon, who had lived as a queen and a sultana, who never deigned to hold a needle in her fingers, and had seen all the grand seigneurs of an entire generation humbly kissing the dust at her feet, found herself, at the age of sixty-five, reduced to the necessity of mending, with her own hands, her ragged dresses, of making her own bed, and sweeping out every morning the dust of her poor and solitary chamber. But, ever a woman of strong mind, she bore her poverty bravely; she turned philosopher, like all the rest of them, in those days, and, when some old friend or acquaintance chanced to call, she would, in conversation, live all her bright days o'er again.

By degrees, however, she met with some friends, and managed to scrape together some small portion of her scattered wealth. A worthy *bourgeoise* family took her under

their protection, and a few rays of wintry sunshine illumined her declining years. Entirely engrossed with her philosophy, she wrote much, and more than one of her works is worthy of being placed beside those of J. J. Rousseau. In addition to her *Mémoires*, Mademoiselle Clairon wrote a prodigious number of letters; the Comte de Valbelle had received for his own share alone the enormous quantity of fifteen hundred. The loss of this correspondence is much to be regretted, if we may judge of it by the style of the small number of letters which remain, wherein the most captious criticism can scarcely discover a fault, either as regards expression, sensibility, or purity of style and language.

Her *Mémoires*, however, have had the widest circle of readers, and yet even this book, which was given to the world by the actress as a faithful narrative of her life, is far from being the accurate mirror she evidently intended the public to suppose. Whether through delicacy, or through a fear of speaking the whole truth, she has concealed many acts of her life, and glided hastily and superficially over others. What made the most noise, however, in her book, was the celebrated history of her ghost. She relates circumstantially in her *Mémoires* the various malicious pranks played upon her for some years by the ghost of a young Breton, whom she had pitilessly left to die of love. In this recital, given by our authoress to the world with the utmost seriousness and good faith, we can easily recognize the natural effect of those visions which modern physiology has so clearly explained and accounted for; and as she quoted witnesses at the same time, we doubt not that her friends had humored her weakness, either for the purpose of pleasing her, or for their own

amusement. She wrote, moreover, fifty years after the event, and could at best only translate the feeble impressions of an irreflective youth. This tale, besides, would not, we are firmly persuaded, have ever seen the light, had not narratives of spirits and apparitions been at that period all the rage in the fashionable circle of Paris.

An actress who dies a devotee always resembles in our idea a boatman pulling lustily toward an unknown shore, upon which he ever keeps his back most pertinaciously turned. The actress rows all her life among shoals and quicksands, even in the heyday of her youth nourishing a most unaccountable and petrel-like love of storms and tempests; but when, in the evening of her days, she finds that her poor, frail bark, in its shattered and leaky condition will no longer sustain her, but is ready at every wave to sink and leave her to her fate, she returns, if there is yet time, and falls a kneeling suppliant on the shore. But Mademoiselle Clairon had another method of thinking; she did not wish to die a devotee on the plea that she dared not offer to her Maker a heart profaned during half a century by every human passion. One day a priest having set before her the example of Mary Magdalen, she replied that Mary Magdalen had repented in her youth, she could still sacrifice at the foot of the cross many worldly thoughts, and hopes, and passions. She persisted, then, in dying as a philosopher; believing in God as the philosophers did: by the mind that reasons, not by the heart which feels, and believes, and loves. How true it is that "the world by wisdom knows not God."

She died on the 11th Pluviose, in the year XI. of the Republic one and indivisible, in the parish of St. Thomas Aquinas. May she rest in peace!

From the Biographical Magazine.

## BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

HAYDON has left ample memorials of himself. His journals fill seven and twenty folio volumes; and his autobiography is completed for the first thirty-four years of his life. His actions and sufferings are fully recorded—his intentions and feelings—what he thought of himself and what he thought of the world. "If cotemporaries have been unjust, posterity can judge. "Every man," says he, "who has suffered for a principle, and would lose his life for its success—who in his early days has been oppressed, without ever giving the slightest grounds for oppression, and persecuted to ruin, because his oppression was unmerited—who has incurred the hatred of his enemies exactly in proportion as they became convinced they were wrong—every man, who, like me, has eaten the bitter crust of poverty, and endured the penalties of vice and wickedness, where he merited the rewards of virtue and industry—should write his own life." Autobiographies have at least this advantage—whatever motives actuate the penman, whatever coloring he may give to facts, they cannot but be characteristic. If full of self-laudation, or written in artful duplicity, in envy, in anger, these faults are easily discoverable, and so are excellencies, by light from other sources. No man could long deceive a people by his writings respecting himself; and the very attempt with its accessories would soon be regarded as significant of character.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth, January 24th, 1786. His father was a bookseller in the town, a lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon, which had been ruined and dispersed by a chancery suit. Like his ideal partner in misfortune, Jarndyce of Bleak House, he seems to have been peculiarly concerned about the changes of the wind; and west, south, north, or east, whatever the quarter, it was recorded in his journal, where the most important and trivial notes were alike in general concluded by a "wind W. N. W." or some similar inscription. Young Benjamin was a self-willed and passionate child; but the charms that in after life soothed

many a troubled moment, were not without power over the scarce-fledged nursling. One day, when he was raving in ungovernable rage his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand; it was a last resource, and proved effectual, for the "pretty pictures" silenced him, and he became so interested as to be unwilling to part with them for the rest of the day. When six years old, he began to go daily to school. This was a period of great excitement throughout the nation and the world. All eyes were directed to France, and the fearful tragedy acting there thrilled the age with anxious interest. The king was beheaded, and strange discussions and prophesyings were heard on every hand. Even the innocence of childhood was affected. French prisoners crowded Plymouth, and guillotines made by them of their meat bones, were sold at the prisons, and became the favorite plaything of the day. It was Benjamin's delight to draw this instrument of terror, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which he copied from a print. The pencil, indeed, had become his constant companion, and he even ventured to wield it in infantine caricature. He was now sent to the grammar school, then under the guardianship of the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, a man of versatile taste, of talent a patron in general, kind-hearted, yet eccentric, fond of country excursions, a mimic painter, a musician, a poet, but fond of the rhyming dictionary, and accustomed to scan with his fingers. Observing Haydon's love of art, he invited him with a school-fellow to attend him in his painting-room; but, alas for the old gentleman! this was a fine opportunity for boyish mischievousness. As he turned round and walked to a distance to study the effect of his touches, his observant pupils would rub out or disfigure what he had done, to his great perplexity and their infinite amusement. On one occasion Benjamin's mate was dispatched with orders to cut off the skirt of an old coat to clean the palette with; but whether he deemed it a joke or made a mistake, the skirt of the best Sunday coat was sacrificed.

The next Sunday, the doctor sallied forth as usual in his great coat, but on removing it in the vestry to put on the surplice, what was his horror when the clerk exclaimed in surprise, "Sir, sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!"

The head man in the binding office of his father was a Neapolitan who used to talk to him of the wonders of Italy, of Raphael and the Vatican, and who, baring his muscular arm, would say, "Don't draw de landscape; draw *de feegoore*, master Benjamin." Most of the half holidays were spent with him, when he went through a catechism of some hundreds of questions. By and by, master Benjamin did begin to draw "*de feegoore*," to read anatomical books, to meditate in the fields, to discover that he had an intellectual head, and to fancy himself a genius and an historical painter; and then, with true school-boy fickleness, he threw aside his brushes for the cricket bat, or in riding, or swimming, or some less creditable sport, gaily passed the days away. At length, the measles came; and in this extremity the neglected drawing-book was welcomed as a friend that had been wronged, and with a secret resolution of future constancy. In the summer of that year, he drew from nature for the first time; and from that date every leisure hour was spent in devotion to the art. Time rolled on rapidly enough; and now watching the evolutions of volunteer corps that were swarming around, now sketching with Dr. Bidlake in some sequestered vale, Benjamin had nothing of which to complain. His habits, however, were lax, and it was evident that the discipline of a boarding school would prove a proper corrective. He was accordingly sent to Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua had been brought up; and here, instead of murdering Homer, and Virgil, he was compelled to do homage to Phædrus for a while; an humiliation unwelcome, but profitable, for Virgil and Homer came again in their turn and for the last six months he was head boy of the establishment. As he was designed for the counting house, he was forbidden to learn drawing; but his allowance of money was spent in caricatures, which he copied; and such was his skill, that in play-hours the boys were found round him, sketching as he directed. One time they saw a hunt on the hills, and when they came home, his admirers and pupils furnishing him with burnt sticks, he drew it all about the hall so well, that it was permitted to remain for some weeks.

From Plympton he was sent to Exeter, to

be perfected in merchants' accounts; but there he did little, save take a few lessons in crayon-drawing from his master's sons, and distinguish himself by doing everything, and anything, rather than his duty. At the end of six months, he returned to Plymouth, and was apprenticed to his father for seven years; and here began that "ceaseless opposition which he encountered through life." He *would* be a painter; the certain independence that the business eventually offered, was unworthy of regard beside the object of his ambition. Repugnance to work daily increased; the ledger and the counter, and the shop and the customer, and the town and the people, were all hated. He rose early, and sat up late; he ridiculed the prints in the window; insulted purchasers; strolled by the sea, whose heaving waves and boundless freedom were in harmony with the struggles and aspirations of his own breast. His fond father pointed out to him his prospects and the absurdity of letting so fine a property go to ruin, for he had no younger brother. "Who has put this stuff in your head?" "Nobody; I always have had it." "You will live to repent." "Never, my dear father, I would rather die in the trial." Friends were called in, aunts and uncles consulted, but still his language was the same. At this crisis he was taken ill, and in a short time was suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks he was blind; at last he fancied he saw something glittering, put out his hand, and struck it against a silver spoon. That was a day of joy; he had another attack, but his sight recovered, though never perfectly. "What folly! How can *you* think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was the reply; and see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." Health returned, and nothing daunted, Benjamin formed a plan of procedure. Searching for books on art, he met with "Reynolds' Discourses;" and reading one, was so aroused by the stress it laid on honest industry, and the conviction it expressed that all men were equal, and that application made the difference, that he eagerly bore them home as a prize, and read them all before breakfast the next morning. His destiny seemed fixed; he left his chamber, and came down to table with Reynolds under his arm; at once declared his intentions, and, with resistless energy, demolished every objection. His mother burst into tears, his father was in a passion, and the house in an uproar. "Everybody," says he, "that

called during the day was had up to bait me; but I attacked them so fiercely, that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. In the evening, I told my mother my resolution calmly, and left her." He now hunted Plymouth for anatomical works, and seeing "Albinus" among the books in the catalogue of a sale, determined to go and bid for it; and, as the price was beyond his reach, then to appeal to his father's mercy. It was knocked down to him at £2 10s. He went home, induced his mother to intercede for him, and at last had the happiness of hurrying off the book to his solitude, of gazing upon the plates as his own, of copying them out, and, by such means, acquainting himself thoroughly with the muscles of the body. His energy was indefatigable; and the thought of London, as the scene of honor and independence, urged him unceasingly onward over every obstacle. "My father," he wrote, "had routed me from the shop, because I was in the way with my drawings; I had been driven from the sitting-room, because the cloth had to be laid; scolded from the landing place because the stairs must be swept; driven to my attic, which now became too small; and at last I took refuge in my bed-room. One morning as I lay awake very early, the door slowly opened, and in crept my dear mother, with a look of sleepless anxiety." She sat down on his bedside, took his hand, and affectionately expostulated with him. "I was deeply affected; but checking my tears, I told her, in a voice struggling to be calm, that it was of no use to attempt to dissuade me. I felt impelled by something I could not resist. 'Do not,' said I, 'my dear mother, think me cruel. I can never forget your love and affection, but yet I cannot help it—I must be a painter.' Kissing me with wet cheeks and trembling lips, she said in a broken voice, 'She did not blame me; she applauded my resolution, but she could not bear to part with me.' I then begged her to tell my father that it was useless to harass me with further opposition. She rose, sobbing as if to break her heart, and slowly left my room, borne down with affliction. The instant she was gone, I fell upon my knees, and prayed God to forgive me if I was cruel, but to grant me firmness, purity, and piety, to go in the right way for success."

At length, when all remonstrances had failed, and resistance was evidently useless, it was agreed he should leave, and his friends gave him twenty pounds with which to start upon the world. His books and colors

were packed; his place taken on the mail; London and HIGH ART were the objects of his musing; but his heart throbbed alternately with feelings of duty and affection, and of ambition and hope. The evening drew near, the guard's horn rang through the streets, and the moment of farewell was come. Where was his mother? He rushed up stairs, but his call was answered only by violent sobs. She was in her bedroom, and could not speak or even see him. "God bless you, my dear child," was all he could distinguish. He slowly returned, his heart too full to find utterance for itself; the guard was impatient, he shook hands with his father, got in, the wheels again rolled round, and his career for life, come weal or woe, was fairly begun.

This was on the 14th of May, 1804; and on the following day Haydon found himself in the Strand; in the midst of that vast and ever-growing city, which is continually attracting to itself the genius of the land—which history has consecrated by ten thousand associations—where oratory has spoken in its most persuasive tones—and poetry penned its sublimest sentiments—where art and science, and commerce and civilization, and religion, have won their noblest triumphs—where humanity has illustrated all that it has ever achieved, all that it is or can be—where it has collected, in "most admired disorder," the mightiest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the man of culture and the slave of ignorance, idiocy that is scorned, and intellect that a world reveres. There stood Haydon, as the tide of life swept by, alone, and the experience of eighteen years his only counselor; but resolved to be a great painter, to honor his country by rescuing his chosen art from every stigma cast upon it. Passing the new church in the Strand, he asked what building that was, and when, in mistake, it was answered, "Somerset House," "Ah," thought he, "there's the Exhibition. where I'll be soon." Having found his lodgings, washed, dressed, and breakfasted, away he started to see the exhibition; and, springing up the steps of the church, and mistaking the beadle, with his cocked hat and laced coat, for an official at the door, he offered him money for admission. The beadle laughed, and pityingly told him where to go, and in a few minutes he had mounted the stairs, and reached the great room of what in truth was Somerset House. He looked round for historical pictures, criticised, and

then marched off, inwardly saying, "I don't fear you." The next thing was to find a plaster shop. This was easily done; and he purchased Laocoon's head, some arms, hands and feet; and returned home to unpack Albinus, darken his room, and prepare for work. Before nine the next morning, he had commenced; and for three months from that time his books, casts, and drawings were all he saw. His enthusiasm was unbounded. When he awoke, he arose, at three, four, or five, and drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from his casts from nine to one, and from half-past one till five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. He was once so long without speaking, that his gums became sore from the clenched tightness of his teeth.

After months passed in this way, he began to think of Prince Hoare, the companion of Kelly, Holcroft, and others of similar character, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Prince had studied in Italy, and knew something of painting; and when Haydon explained to him his principles, and showed him his drawings, he was pleased with his ardor, and gave him letters to Northcote and Opie. Northcote was a Plymouth man, and Haydon accordingly sought him first. He was shown into a dirty painting-room, where stood a diminutive figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. "Looking keenly at me," writes Haydon, "with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said, 'Zo you mayne tu bee a painter, doo-ee? What zort of painter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Hees-torical painter! why, ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head!'" Northcote reproached the study of anatomy: Opie advised perseverance in it, but recommended his becoming a pupil of some particular man. Haydon reflected, and then resolved to proceed as he had begun. On Northcote he frequently called, and by him he was introduced to Smirke. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but the king refused to sanction his appointment when told he was a democrat. Fuseli was then chosen, and to this imaginative and successful painter, Haydon soon found easy access. He was invited to call on him with his drawings, and went, thoroughly nervous at the thought of an interview with one whom, from a boy, he revered, and whom every circumstance of later days had tended to make an object of mysterious awe. He entered the house of the

"terrible Fuseli." He heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lion-faced man, in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket! All fears vanished, as he addressed him in the kindest way, and expressed his satisfaction at what he saw. Fuseli concluded with:—"I am keeper of de Academy, and hope to see you dere de first nights." Haydon attended in 1805, after the Christmas vacation, and was gratified by receiving the first evening a public token of Fuseli's approval. The second day he went at eleven, and before it was passed had formed an acquaintance with Jackson, who became, as he was one of the earliest, so one of his warmest friends. Jackson's besetting sin was indolence; and when with March, the first term ended, he was walking into the country to study landscape or clouds, or rushing to sales to see fine pictures; Haydon, however, was still intent on High Art; he lost not a day, but worked out his twelve or fourteen hours, as he felt disposed.

Just at this time came a letter from home, announcing the serious illness and probable death of his father. In two days he was at Plymouth, his father exhausted but recovering. And now came back upon him in full force the persuasions and exhortations of former times; yet the very night of his arrival, midst bones and muscles procured from the hospital, he sat down to his studies in inflexible determination; and day by day, despite interruptions, scoldings, reproaches, he pursued his task, and slowly progressed in knowledge and skill. But still he was unhappy, for with all his enthusiasm, he was not insensible to those tender and dutiful emotions of the soul which are more ennobling to their possessor than refinement or delicacy of taste. That man is incomparably above all others who appreciates correctly the beautiful both in nature and in morals. One morning he strolled forth to muse on Mount Edgcumbe, the early sun adorning the scene with its softened glories, and here he brought his struggles to an end. He returned, told his father that if he wished it he would stay, but only on a principle of duty, as most certainly he should eventually leave him. His father was affected, and replied that his mind also was made up—to gratify his invincible passion, and support him till he could support himself. Haydon was

overjoyed, wrote to Fuseli and Jackson, and in a few weeks, with the good wishes of all his family and friends, prepared to start a second time. Jackson had written—"There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

Haydon was soon in town. The term had commenced, his friends welcomed him back, and the next day he went to draw. An hour after he entered the room, Wilkie came. Was he going to be an historical painter? thought Haydon, and he grew fidgetty. They glanced over each other's drawings, but not a word passed between them. The next day Wilkie was absent, but the day following that he was there, asked Haydon a question, which was answered; they began to talk, to argue, and went out to dine together. This was the beginning of a cordial intimacy. Unlike each other in many points of character, sometimes rather rivals than friends, and often quarrelling for a while, they nevertheless maintained to the end of life a mutual regard that was too deep to be shaken by transient feeling or varying circumstances. They visited one another, took meals together, and went in company to places of resort. Barry was lying in state at the Adelphi, with his paintings for his escutcheon. Wilkie had tickets of admission, and the two students determined to go. But a black coat was, of course, an essential at a funeral ceremony. Wilkie had not one, so he borrowed one of Haydon, neither advertg to their difference of figure. The Academy was the place of meeting, whence all the artists were to go together. They waited, and at the eleventh hour Wilkie arrived; he caught Haydon's eye, and held up his finger entreating silence, as if painfully conscious of his awkward position—the sleeves half way up his arms, his broad shoulders stretching and cracking the seams, and the waist buttons most marvellously exalted above the humble station their maker designed them to occupy! Wilkie, however, had a commission—there was a good time coming—and many a hearty laugh could he afford over this misfortune. The Exhibition of 1806 arrived. "The Village Politicians" was finished, and capitally hung. On the private day people crowded about it; and folks read in the news, "A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." Jackson and Haydon hastened to congratulate their friend. "I roared out," writes the latter, "Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the

paper!" "Is it rea-al-ly?" said David. I read the puff; we huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired! By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly,' the following will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will rea-al-ly.' 'For Heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Rea-al-ly.'"

One of the trio then had won distinction; his table was covered with the cards of people of all ranks; and his companions were eager to obtain similar honors. Lord Mulgrave was Jackson's patron, and when the season ended, he and Wilkie were amongst the fashionable departures. They were invited to Mulgrave Castle to meet Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a party, to paint and spend the time delightfully. Haydon, too, went out of town, to the rippling shore; but in the midst of his luxurious ramblings came a letter from Wilkie, dated Mulgrave Castle, Sept. 9, 1806. He read, and how were his spirits elated on discovering that it contained a commission for a grand historical picture; Dentatus the subject. In imagination all trouble was forever gone, and the Plymouth folk, when they heard, believed his fortune unmistakeably made. Ere the expiration of the month, he was back to town, again amidst its mighty whirl, and surrounded by every variety of passion and thought—its very smoke, "the sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World," inspiring him with energy no other spectacle could produce. The canvas was ordered for his first picture, of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt;" and "on Oct. 18, 1806," he says, "setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting." Religiousness was a predominant element in Haydon's character. Night and morning he bowed the knee before the Deity; and during the day, in the fervor of conception, occasionally asked a blessing on his designs. But it was a false and fatal religion, the essence of which was selfishness—a religion which invested its victim with a de-

ceitful glare, and, where "Glory to God in the highest," should have been engraven, cherished ambition and pride. Its tendency was to beget belief in a "divinity within;" a result productive perhaps of energy and decision, but fraught with multiform dangers, and usually consummated by disasters tremendously awful. Haydon's object was glorious, his art had often borne the epithet *divine*, he perceived the sublimity of truth—his imagination supplied the place of lowly faith, and his ardent feelings bore him upward in lofty aspiration; but whatever the form of his petitions, their aim was in reality the glory of his art as connected with himself. The grandest principles in the universe were thus disregarded, and the will of the creature enthroned where Heaven only had the right to reign, and while He even was called to witness and to consecrate the usurpation. Haydon's religion in his better moments was a fine enthusiasm, which struck in harmony all the sweetest chords of his nature; at other times, it was a romantic superstition, fascinating yet inconsistent; but it was always a religion rather of ignorance than knowledge, of admiration than obedience.

In November, Sir George and Lady Beaumont paid the artist a visit, and invited him to dine with him a few days after. The hour arrived, and after dressing, and brushing, and shaving, and so forth, and many an anxious study before the glass, he sallied forth accompanied by Wilkie, to make his *début* in high life. The ordeal was easily passed, the conversation was enjoyed, no blunders were made, and yet all was not satisfaction; he was paid attention to as a novelty, before he had done anything to deserve it. In February, Lord Mulgrave arrived in London, and invitations of this sort soon became quite the fashion; and at dinner it was—when all of superior rank had gone off—"Historical painters first—Haydon, take so and so."

The Exhibition of 1807 brought him before the world; and his first picture was considered an extraordinary work for a student. This gave encouragement to him, and he immediately made arrangements for the commencement of *Dentatus*. Before their completion he was summoned again to Plymouth by the illness of his father, who once more recovered. He found his mother unwell, the victim of a disease in the heart. She had resolved to return with him to consult a physician in London, when death overtook her at an inn by the wayside. Oh! the pang of separation from a MOTHER. "It is," said the son,

"as if a string of one's nature had been drawn out and cracked in the drawing, leaving the one-half of it shrunk back, to torture you with the consciousness of having lost the rest." He saw her buried in the family vault, stole from the mourners thither, and stretching himself upon the coffin, lay long and late, musing on the dead; then on his knees by her side he prayed for a blessing on his actions, and rose prepared for the battle of life.

The following months found him in Marlborough street, occupied upon *Dentatus*. Wilkie proved a capital companion; they shared their criticisms, their amusements, their dinners together. But now came an epoch in Haydon's life. They had obtained an order to see the Elgin Marbles, and went to Park Lane without delay. There, in a dirty pent house, lay before them the relics of the most tasteful people the world ever produced. Haydon's anatomical studies rendered him able at once to appreciate; he saw the essential detail of actual life combined with the most heroic style of art, and then, *when no one would believe him*, declared that these "would prove the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis." He was in a fever of excitement, went home, dreamed of the marbles, arose, talked of them every-where, and at last secured an order to draw from them, on condition his drawings were not engraved. For three months he had uninterrupted admission, and often was he there, morn, noon, and night, ten, fourteen, or fifteen hours at a time. The study of these noble specimens of antique sculpture at this juncture was of great value. On their "everlasting principles," the picture of *Dentatus* was carefully painted; as this approached completion, people of rank thronged to see it, and were lavish in encomiums—a great historical painter had at last arisen! In March, 1809, it was finished, after fifteen months of actual toil. With what exultation was it taken down! With what care was it taken to the Academy! Leigh Hunt was with the artist, torturing him all the way: "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now, for a lamp-lighter to come round the corner, and put the two ends of his ladder into *Dentatus's* eyes? Or, suppose we meet a couple of dray horses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down and trampling your poor *Dentatus* to a mummy?" Haydon was so nervous that, in his anxiety, he tipped up a corn-



man, and as near as possible sent Dentatus into the gutter. However, it reached its destination, and then came the hanging. Academicians thought differently of its merits to those without; it was hung ultimately in the ante-room, where decent light was wanting for a great work. This was a bitter disappointment. The more polite regretted (?) the picture could not be placed where it deserved to be; but this mode of condemnation was mortifying in the extreme. After so many flatteries, to find one's painting room deserted; after such brilliant anticipations of immediate success to find,

"What seemed corporal, melted  
As breath into the wind"—

who could calmly bear it? Haydon sank, a curse seemed resting over him, but it was only for a moment. Lord Mulgrave, then of the Admiralty, seemed to feel for him, and procured him the benefit of a trip in a cutter from Portsmouth to Plymouth, for the sake of change. Wilkie went with him, and once more among old scenes and faces, his spirits revived, and he could forget the past in the amusements of the present. They tarried by the sea for five weeks, then visited Mr. Canning's mother at Bath, and after a few days in London, set out again for Coleorton, the seat of Sir George Beaumont, where they passed a fortnight as pleasantly as it was possible for painters to do, reveling in their art, with the productions of Claude, Rembrandt, and Rubens about them as sources of inspiration—pictures now the *élite* of our national collection.

"Macbeth was the subject of the next sketch, for which Sir George had given a commission, but an unfortunate disagreement or misunderstanding as to the size arose between the patron and the painter. An unpleasant correspondence ensued, which the latter, relying on the justice of his own statements, had the indelicacy to show. The facts were soon generally known, and the exposure brought matters to a crisis; but if Haydon's pride was gratified, his interests were injured. He enlarged the canvas as he felt inclined, and Sir George allowed him to go on with the picture for him, on the condition that if he did not like it, he should not be obliged to take it, but be considered engaged for a smaller one. Meantime he began to feel the want of money; his father had generously supplied him hitherto, but as yet no means of return had presented themselves save portrait painting, which he despised as

infringing on his time and leading him from his design—the improvement of High Art. Just at this period the directors of the British Gallery offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best historical picture. Lord Mulgrave's permission was obtained, and Dentatus sent to the institution. It was placed at the head of the great-room, and May 17th, 1810, Haydon was declared the victor almost unanimously. He now resumed work with fresh vigor, taking casts from nature, dissecting, poring over the Elgin Marbles beside "the lantern dimly burning," and then illustrating in his own figures the principles he had learnt. His resolutions, however, were suddenly shocked by a letter from his father, saying that he could not longer maintain him. What was to be done? His expenses were necessarily many, but his habits were not extravagant. His diligence was undoubted; would that his success was equally so! But he had won the prize for Dentatus, why not with Macbeth win the three hundred guineas now offered by the same Institution? Thus reasoning, he borrowed, and here began obligation and trouble. This one step involved him in perplexity the remainder of his years. He should have stooped to anything rather than have thrown himself on contingencies. We have no right to draw on the future for the debts of the present. The future supplies incentives, and to attempt the transformation of these into means is as ruinous as it would be absurd to substitute hope for experience.

Haydon this year put down his name for admission to the Academy, but had not a single vote. Nothing, however, could check his enthusiasm. Thoughts streamed through his mind day and night. He read Shakspeare and the poets to bring his fancy into play, that his whole being might be in harmony with the subject engaging his attention. This thoroughness of feeling was one characteristic of the man: when painting Dentatus he had pondered over the glowing conceptions of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and now he was resolved that Macbeth should want neither the fire of imagination nor the chastened excellencies of judgment. This picture was completed by the end of 1811; Sir George Beaumont declined purchasing, but offered the artist £100 as a compensation for his trouble in commencing it, or to paint another picture of a different size, both which offers he refused. It was exhibited at the Institution; and he was waiting with anxiety the award of the premiums, when to his indignation he learnt that they were withdrawn

to assist in the purchase of an indifferent picture which had appeared on the scene, and was voted by the jealous Academicians, and every coterie that owned their influence, to be the only historical painting England had produced! Haydon had in a measure brought upon himself this unpleasant result. Just at the time of the appearance of *Macbeth* before the public, he had made an attack in the "Examiner" on Payne Knight, a powerful patron and the prince of the dilettanti; and not content with exposing some of his sophisms, had the following week assailed the Academy itself. This step was decidedly impolitic; it incensed many, and made violent opponents of those who would at least have been indifferent. Had he thus thrown down the gauntlet, actuated by a pure love of art, however disastrous the consequences, his boldness must have been applauded. There are no patents of nobility in the regions of art, no *ipse dixit* can create a connoisseur or a genius, nor can circumstances long uphold a despotism there. But he was exasperated by neglect, tormented by debt, fearful of the future; he wrote, and "walked about the room as if *revenged* and better."

Affairs were becoming desperate. Nevertheless the canvas came home for another picture—the Judgment of Solomon. Enthusiasm and energy, combined with a consciousness of power that inspired hope, led him onward. He commenced; but having lost 500 guineas, the price for *Macbeth*, and 300, the expected prize, it was necessary to pause and reflect. He was £600 in debt. Should he sell all and retire into obscurity? That were apparent cowardice. No, he would never yield! People of fashion had entirely deserted him; Wilkie even had grown cool through fear of the issue; but the Hunts remained firm, and there were friends of another class at hand. The resolution was taken to make the most of his actual situation. Here let us transcribe his own graphic words:—"I went to the house where I had always dined intending to dine without paying that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me; I thought the meat was worse. My heart sank as I said falteringly 'I will pay you to-morrow?' The girl smiled and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, 'Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you.' Thought I 'it is to tell me he can't trust!' In I walked like a culprit. 'Sir, I beg your

pardon but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here until it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension—hem! for a dinner.' My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants eyed me with a lustrous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said, if I were ever ill she would send me broth or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face." And now there was the landlord, already a creditor for £200. Haydon returned, and called him up. "I said, 'Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?' Perkins looked and muttered, 'It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it is done, sir?' 'Two years.' 'What, two years more, and no rent?' 'Not a shilling.' He rubbed his chin and muttered, 'I should not like ye to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?' 'That's what I say.' 'Well, sir, here is my hand,' (and a great fat one it was,) 'I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell,' (affecting to look very severe,) 'why, then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work.'" And Haydon did work, as vigorously as though nothing had happened, till his health began to fail. This was an interruption, but a short excursion from town speedily restored him. 1812 passed away and not a person of rank came nigh him; but he found some congenial spirits, whose society was far more valuable and valued than all he had lost. Wilkie, Jackson and the Hunts had remained faithful throughout, and to these were added Hazlitt, Lamb, Barnes of the "Times," and others. Necessities were growing meanwhile; his watch had long gone, and now he began to part with his clothes and with book after book; yet he was constant at his work; and thus passed another year. In it he lost his father; when the letter came that announced his death, he was painting a head, and so intensely occupied that the news made no impression for the time. When he had done, he saw and felt his loss. A

the end of February, 1814, the Solomon was finished; and sent to the Water-Color Society for exhibition. First came, on the private day, Payne Knight and the Princess of Wales; *they* condemned. Then came the nobility and then the mass. It had not been fairly open to the public, without distinction, half an hour, before £500 were offered for it. This was refused, but the same party in a few hours agreed to the price, 600 guineas. The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr came, deputed to buy it for the Gallery; but it was too late, "sold" was put up. Sir George was delighted, and shook hands with the painter before a crowded room. In walked Lord Mulgrave and General Phipps: "Haydon, you dine with us to day, *of course*." He bowed. Who has bought it? was now the question. "O, a couple of Devonshire friends," was said with a sneer. "That may be," he replied; "but, as Adrian said, is a Devonshire guinea of less value than a Middlesex one? does it smell?"

The tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and suddenly reached its full. Visitors came in shoals. The victory was complete; and what was equally gratifying, the money was in hand. £500 went easily the first week, and then not half the debts were paid—it was sufficient to establish credit.

Paris was now the most interesting place on earth. The allied armies were there, and Napoleon was on the way to Elba. Wilkie and Haydon secured passports, and alike from sincere gratulations and shallow flatteries, hurried away to the Louvre. A month or two in the capital of France passed speedily by. Everywhere there were signs of memorable struggles, everywhere objects of excitement and interest; the whole scene was full of details worthy the artist's regard, and then there were the cartoons of Raffaele and the rich collections of art that victor armies had gathered.

Haydon, on returning to England, found that the British Institution had voted him 100 guineas as a mark of admiration for the Judgment of Solomon; and shortly after, in honor of the same, he received the freedom of his native town. Not one commission, however, followed all this éclat. Stimulated by the past and full of aspiration for the future, he commenced his Entry into Jerusalem: succeeding months found him occupied upon it in his accustomed manner. In June, the victory of Waterloo caused a slight interruption. He was greatly excited, for with all his devotion to painting, his mind was too vigilant and excursive to be uninterested

by transactions around. Soldiers were amongst his models, and many a conversation did he have, and many an anecdote did he glean, respecting this famed fight. Rumors in the interim begun to circulate in disparagement of the Elgin Marbles, in behalf of which he had always proved himself a zealous advocate. In November, he obtained permission to take casts from some of them, still ardent in admiration. The same month Canova visited both him and them, and Haydon was delighted to hear him say, "*ces statues produiront un grand changement dans les arts*." His opinion, boldly expressed, and his sympathy in general, were very acceptable to the still struggling artist. In December came a letter from Wordsworth, whose friendship he had won, and with it three sonnets, one specially relating to himself, and concluding—

"And oh, when nature shrinks, as well she may,  
From long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard."

In February of the next year, the Committee met which had been appointed by Government to survey the Elgin Marbles. Haydon was not called for examination; Lord Elgin's friends were soon dismissed, and witnesses inimical to the Marbles questioned at length. Payne Knight had said that they were Roman, of the time of Adrian, and then, driven from his position, declared them the work of mere journeymen. The impetuous Haydon was annoyed; he retired to his painting-room, dashed down his thoughts, and the result was a spirited article, appearing both in the "Examiner" and "Champion,"—"On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional men. The Elgin Marbles, &c." There was much truth in this paper; he showed that it was the union of nature with ideal beauty that ranked these marbles above all other works of art; but he was severe upon the patrons and nobility, upon Mr. Knight in particular. "It has saved the Marbles," said Lawrence, "but it will ruin you." The Committee proceeded, and the result everybody knows.

Notwithstanding public applause and recent success, the artist's necessities became dreadful and harassing. He had anticipated the fruit of his labor, and was treading a perilous path. He was without commissions, employment, or money; but his will was

fixed; he must borrow at any per centage; nothing should prevent his devotion to art, or stay his attempts to raise the taste of the country. This was the infatuation of an earnest spirit, but it was not unmixed with pride. He had taken pupils with a desire to form a school of painting, but it was as their instructor and friend, and without the thought of gain, for he took not a shilling from them. Amongst these were the Landseers, Eastlake, Bewicke, Harvey, Chatfield, and Lance, all afterwards eminent.

About this time commenced a periodical work entitled "The Annals of Art." Of this the editor gave him full use, and quarter after quarter his favorite views were there vigorously advocated, and the Academy and all foes as vigorously assaulted by any and every weapon. He had already not a few distinguished friends. Horace Smith, Shelley, and Keats were additions to the circle. From Keats he received a sonnet, commencing,

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,"  
and of course he was one,

"—whose steadfastness would never take  
A meaner sound than Raffaele's whisperings."

There is a capital account of a dinner in the painting room at Lisson Grove, with the unfinished Jerusalem towering up as a background. Wordsworth, Keats, and Lamb were the attractions of the party. "In the morning of this delightful day," writes Haydon, "a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come. When we retired to tea, we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at me; Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not?" "Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles, my dear Charles," said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent

of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man; and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honor of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth, "Not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I'm a comptroller of stamps." There was a dead silence; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out,

"Hey diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle!"

"My dear Charles," said Wordsworth—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb; and then rising exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humor, and no ill effects followed.

In 1817, when the Grand Duke Nicholas was in England, Haydon was introduced to him by a Russian artist. The place of meeting was in the British Museum, before the Elgin Marbles, at which "the distinguished historical painter" was especially delighted; and, as it happened, he had ample opportunity to explain and extol these works studied by him in a damp and dusky penthouse, but now deemed worthy of a visit by a royal personage. In the beginning of the succeeding year, perhaps partially as a consequence of this interview, he was chosen by the imperial Academy of St. Petersburg to sel-

casts for Russia, and to appoint whom he pleased to transmit them. In the autumn of the same year he was informed, through a friend at the Foreign Office, that if he had a mind to go to Italy free of expense, he could be accommodated with a bag of dispatches for Naples, which would allow him to take his own time. He had suffered much for High Art in England; public interest was now excited; things seemed coming to a crisis; he reflected, and then determined not to leave the battlefield while the fight hung in the balance.

In 1820, after six years of painful effort, the Jerusalem was finished. The Egyptian Hall was secured for its exhibition; it was removed, put up and ready for glazing; then came a halt—there was no money to buy hangings and begin fittings. This difficulty was surmounted to be followed by another species of excitement. The first day was successful. Mrs. Siddons entered with her tragic and majestic step, and pronounced decidedly in favor; and when the people found admittance, the enthusiasm reached its height. Sir Walter Scott came to town just then; he saw the picture and approved. Haydon was invited to meet him at a dinner, and thus began their intercourse. The clear profit of this exhibition amounted to £1,298 12s., every shilling of which had been paid away. But now, when creditors knew that money was at hand, the least delay, though thoroughly explained, was followed by a lawyer's letter.

It was proposed to purchase the painting by subscription: but the attempt ultimately failed. Haydon therefore resolved on an excursion into Scotland into the very midst of the Blackwood Tories; and away he went, sending round his picture by sea. His receipts there, were about £3,000. He was thoroughly well treated, too, by Scott, Wilson, Raeburn, and such like men. They hunted, dined, and talked together, and the pseudo-cockney returned flushed with triumph. And yet withal he was *still* in debt; and, what made matters worse, he had for some time been deeply in love with a charming young widow with two children, and every month made him more eager to be married.

John Scott, the editor of the "Champion" and of the "London Magazine," and Keats, were the first of his friends that died; the former was shot in a duel. About the same time he made the acquaintance of Belzoni, by whose good sense and unconquerable spirit he was much struck. There was al-

ways a deep sympathy between him and such characters: in their daring and extraordinary undertakings, their struggles and successes, he saw himself reflected, or discovered incitements to renewed exertion. Thus Nelson was almost an idol with him: and "Victory or Westminster Abbey" often his own motto; and, indeed, in determination, in impetuosity and frankness of nature they resembled each other. Napoleon was another whose genius excited him; all memoirs relating to him were fascinating in the extreme. Reading them, he said, "was like dram-drinking. To go to other things afterwards is like passing from brandy to water."

Through 1821, he worked at his new picture of Lazarus, as circumstances permitted; but difficulties thickened around, he frequently had not a shilling, and how to escape arrest was a problem not easily solved. At length, in June, the moment long expected and often skilfully postponed, arrived, and he was arrested. The bailiff was requested to walk into the painting room while his victim prepared to go. He did so, and when Haydon came down, he found him perfectly agitated before Lazarus. "Oh, sir," said he, "I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it." He did so, went, explained the matter, and appointed the evening finally to arrange. "But you must remain in the officer's custody," said the attorney. "Not he," said the bailiff: "let him give me his word, and I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt." The word was given, and this man, who had never seen him before, left him free till night, when all was settled; such was the influence of the painting upon him.

The next month, Mary, his betrothed, was in town, and Haydon all joy. They went to the coronation together, and in October their marriage took place. This change of relationship exerted a delightful influence over the artist's life. It soothed his irritations, gave buoyancy to his hopes, tempered his ambition; and now, where the enjoyment of his art had been his only refuge, he had another and unfailing one in the love of his wife. Happy would it have been for him could he have thrown off the burdens of the past; they still hung heavily about him; and if his Mary's affection could lighten, she alas! must now share his troubles. For a while he went quietly on with his picture, but not many months passed before it was again requisite to use every means for the satisfaction of creditors. Days were lost in battling

and pleading with them, in running from lawyer to lawyer, in begging aid from one friend and another. In December, 1822, his obligations to effort were increased by the birth of a son. In the January succeeding, Lazarus was finished, and forthwith exhibited; its success was considerable, and receipts corresponded; but these were already engulfed; all expedients were failing, and at length, on the 13th of April, an execution was put in on the picture. On the 22nd, he begins an entry in his journal, headed, "King's Bench," thus: "Well, I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh, and Cervantes. Vanity! Vanity! Here's a consolation!" He appears to have had peculiar views of his relation to creditors, to have believed that, as the champion of High Art, people were almost bound to support him; that he was a martyr to ingratitude, forgetting that no man is at liberty to tax society for his opinions, however correct or ennobling. While here he received information of his election as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, an honor strangely contrasting with his present position. All attempts at arrangement failing, he had to face the insolvent court, and not one out of 150 creditors appearing against him, he was discharged on the 25th of July. Meantime friends had given tokens of substantial sympathy—Walter Scott, Miss Mitford, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, &c. The last named presented from him a petition to the House of Commons, praying for public encouragement to historical painting, and the employment of distinguished artists (himself, of course, included) in the decoration of national buildings. This was the first step in a long career of unsuccessful agitation. No sooner was he free, than he again urged upon Sir Charles Long this measure, and the propriety of beginning by decorating the great room of the Admiralty. He laid before him a plan, but in vain. From this date he was incessant in his application to parties in power—to Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Robinson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne. Much of his journal is occupied with this correspondence; no sort of reply could dishearten him. He pertinaciously continued his assaults, too pertinaciously, perhaps, when we reflect that his own interests and his own vanity were not unfrequently the impelling principles. He maintained that the character of a nation was elevated by the influence of art, and that never would art in England assume its true and high position till, by the public employ-

ment of artists, they were rendered independent of a capricious patronage, and of party jealousies. These doctrines he was the first to advocate, and though unpalatable then, their truth has since been recognized, and in the new Houses of Parliament his designs have been partially realized.

He now found it absolutely necessary to curb his inclination for the heroic, and paint portraits and smaller subjects. Few sitters, however, came; and when they did, the occupation was very distasteful. His great pictures had been sold to creditors for prices far below their value; and want stared him in the face. 1824 came. His journal opened with the motto—

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass.  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

But before the year was passed, there were entries that told of the inward struggle, like this:—"Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still, and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-breaking, maddening. . . . The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in its black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers." In October, Mr. Kersey, his legal adviser yet warm friend, came to his aid, and offered him a year's peace at four per cent. and under certain conditions as to the dimensions and prices of the pictures painted in the interim. Thus in a measure freed from embarrassment, he became comparatively happy. Commissions that would once have been refused, were now welcomed, and he worked regularly on. Towards the end of 1825, another subject approached completion, Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. But, December 18th, he records his "fits"—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of Napoleon, &c. &c.: "My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped a fit

that never varies." In February, 1826, he sent another petition to the House of Commons. In April, his *Venus and Anchises* was also finished, and this, after some deliberation, he resolved to send to the Academy for exhibition. He would concede nothing, yet longed for reconciliation; and, encouraged by the gratification this first step gave to many, afterwards went round to curry favor with the principal members. In May, he received from Lord Egremont a commission to paint Alexander taming Bucephalus; and this was followed in November, by an invitation to his lordship's seat at Petworth, which was accepted, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed. Yet he finished the year "more harassed than ever;" and on the 31st of December wrote, "For want of a vent, my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife."

1827 opened with an execution in the house, and an arrest was only averted by the prompt interference of friendship. Nevertheless, before the end of June, Haydon was again in the King's Bench prison. While there, he saw the mock election, a subject of which he afterwards made good use. In July, a public meeting was called for the examination of his affairs, when it appeared that his embarrassments in part arose from anxiety to discharge those debts from which the law had exonerated him, and that he was in general entitled to sympathy. The consequence was his release. Working more expeditiously than of yore, he brought his picture of the Mock Election to a finish by the end of the year: This he ultimately purchased. He next painted a kindred subject—the Chaining of the Member; and then *Eucles* was placed upon the easel, a classical and beautiful design. At the end of 1828, he was actively engaged in writing on the old topic—public patronage for art—and requested permission to dedicate a pamphlet upon it to the Duke of Wellington, but even this token of approbation he could not obtain. *Punch* was the subject of his next picture—he had alighted on a comic vein; and then he began *Xenophon* and the Ten Thousand at the first sight of the sea. Portraits and smaller pictures he painted whenever opportunity offered; but, notwithstanding, his wants were still pressing. Many a day was spent in running to and fro; and many an exorbitant demand was met, to prevent a third arrest. Expenses, too, by these proceedings were greatly increased. He had

borrowed of the future, and now, as years rolled on, it was exacting from him compound interest at an ever-growing and enormous rate. From September 1829 to May 1830, he paid as much as £93 law costs connected with the settlement of small bills. In the month last named the King's Bench prison again closed its doors behind him. Then came the trial, and then another acquittal.

It is mournful to follow the man through the details of his latter years; to see his distress which, great as it was, could not quench his ardor as an artist; to find him craving employment of the great, and, when refused, writing letters to one and another, begging for money. In 1831 he painted *Napoleon Musing*, for Sir Robert Peel. Wordsworth sent him a sonnet upon it, but the exhibition was a failure, owing to political excitement at the time. In this, however, Haydon largely shared, he even wrote letters to the "Times," on the subject of Reform; whatever influence he had was given to the cause. In 1832 he was thrown into contact with the leaders of the Trades Unions at Birmingham; and made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of their meeting at Newhall Hill. This failed; but he was commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform Banquet in Guildhall. This work kept him long employed, elevated his hopes, and gave him opportunities, which he did not neglect, of impressing his views of art upon many of influence and power. All the leading men of the Liberal party sat to him, and he felt not a little flattered by the access thus gained to ministers and noblemen. This period was outwardly one of the gayest of his life. Dinners, routs, charade parties, &c., enlivened the months; but while visiting at mansions, and conversing freely with fashionables, he had behind the scene the same troubles to encounter. Pecuniary matters were harassing in the extreme, executions often threatened. Sir Richard Steele turned the bailiffs in his house into footmen; Haydon sometimes made them serve as models while he painted.

In 1834, the burning of the Houses of Parliament gave him fresh room to hope that an opportunity would be given for the public employment of artists. He renewed his appeals. He was too especially gratified by the appointment of Mr. Ewart's select committee of inquiry into the means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design, including an inquiry into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects

produced by it. There can be no doubt but that his efforts were mainly instrumental in bringing about this result; and with the day of examination came the long-coveted moment for impressing his opinions on others disposed to listen. Prospects in this direction seemed to brighten. He now commenced lecturing, and thus another channel was opened for communication with the public on his favorite art. That things at home were still dark, this extract from his journal, referring to the night of his first effort, is evidence sufficient—"I took my dress coat out of pawn, to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution." But the fact was publicly announced by his being for the fourth time thrown into the Bench, in September, 1836. As before, however, he was liberated by the Court. Law costs are the millstones that sink a man, once in a sea of debts, deeper and deeper. Here is an illustration: Haydon incurred

|                               |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| From 1820 to 1823, law costs, | £377 0 0 |
| From 1823 to 1830, ditto,     | 450 0 0  |
| From 1830 to 1836, ditto,     | 303 8 6  |

Altogether £1,130 8 6

We have already referred to his great error of anticipation; perhaps also there was a degree of improvidence, yet his large and growing family, and the kind of provision their station seemed to require, should be in justice remembered.

Through 1837 he was principally employed in lecturing in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns. These lectures gave him the means of support, and were everywhere well received. They have since been published. His enthusiasm, his easy delivery, and picturesque expression, and the skill with which he would sketch an illustration when needed, gave him power over his audience, while his well known name and unmerited sufferings enlisted their sympathy. These tours accomplished much towards the elevation of the general taste and feeling in matters of art; as one consequence, schools of design were proposed, and several established. The chief point in Haydon's theory was the making the figure the basis of all study.

From Liverpool he received two commissions, one of 400 guineas, for a picture of Christ blessing little Children; and the other, for a picture of Wellington revisiting Waterloo. This last subject had been once begun, but relinquished on account of the

Duke refusing to lend his clothes. Some considerable delay occurred now through the pressure of public business upon his Grace, but of this Haydon made use by crossing to the Continent and visiting Waterloo for the purpose of informing and arousing his imagination. Soon after came an invitation to Walmer, where he passed several most agreeable days in company with the hero whom he had always revered. The Duke sat to him as he pleased, but would not see the picture, which he deemed to be solely a concern of "the Liverpool gentlemen." Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on this, as he had done on Napoleon. These things cheered the buffeted painter; but nothing more than the success with which, about this date, he delivered his lectures at Oxford—"a day-dream of my youth."

In 1841, his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which had introduced him to Clarkson and others, was finished. He was comparatively free from pecuniary harass; but other grievances were at hand. This year the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but he was not summoned. He felt this severely; it gave him a presentiment of coming disappointment. Another blow was the death of Sir David Wilkie, for whom he still entertained a strong affection. Amongst the paintings completed in the following year were the Battle of Poitiers, the Maid of Saragossa, Curtius leaping into the Gulf, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion, and Wordsworth on Helvellyn, on which last Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs. Browning) sent him a sonnet. Through 1842, the Fine Arts Commission was sitting. In April their notice was issued of the conditions for the cartoon competition, by which it was intended to test the capabilities of artists for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon exulted in this advance towards the achievement of the great object of all his labors; but not without painful forebodings that the victory was not for him. He ascribed the adverse tendency of things exclusively to his enemies; but to others it was evident that his obstinate self-assertion and incessant intrusion of his views upon public men and bodies were in part the cause; and that, moreover, the power of earlier days was not so visible in his paintings now, for manifold anxieties had shaken the man. He, however, at once began to exercise himself in fresco; and by the time appointed, June, 1843, he had safely lodged



two cartoons in Westminster Hall, where thirty years before he had drawn a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of his umbrella, and said to Eastlake, his companion, "This is the place for art." His subjects were—the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve, and the Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. In July the prizes were declared, and Haydon's hopes as regarded himself in that quarter for ever blighted. That in the very triumph of those principles to which his energies had through life been devoted, he himself should fall disgraced,

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

It caused a severe pang, but he recovered, and resolved to retrieve his character before an impartial public; arrests threatened, still he lectured, still he painted; and then he commenced a series of cartoons to illustrate what is the best government. These were to be six in number; the first showing the injustice of democracy—"The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children;" the second showing the heartlessness of despotism—"Nero playing his lyre while Rome is burning;" the third and fourth exhibiting the consequences of Anarchy and the cruelties of Revolution; the fifth and sixth the blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This had for many years been a cherished conception; the plans had been before many a minister; and now he determined, since patronage failed, to execute it independently and prove his competence to the world. The two first of the series were completed, and on Easter Monday, 1846, the exhibition opened at the Egyptian Hall. To show the overweening confidence his habits of prayer and thought had begotten, we may extract from his diary, dated May 25th, 1845, written when he began these pictures:—"O God! I am again without any resource; but in thy mercy enable me to bear up and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing however desperate or overwhelming stop me from the completion of my six designs. *On these my country's honor rests, and my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted—enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life.*"

The exhibition proved a complete failure. On the private day, only Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse went. It rained; but twenty-six years before rain would not have prevented. On the Monday he writes:

"Receipts, 1849, £1 1s. 6d. ARISTIDES.  
Receipts, 1820, £19 16s. JERUSALEM.  
In God I trust. Amen."

Each day told a similar story. The exhibition closed. May 23rd, we read: "There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up. Aristides, a subject Raphael would have praised and complimented me on! and £111 11s. 5d. loss by showing it!" This was a fearful blow; he seemed condemned and despised at every tribunal. Embarrassments were thickening, yet he tried to proceed with the third of his series. Sir Robert Peel came generously to his assistance, but the battle was nearly over. Here are the closing entries of his journal:—

"June 20th.—O God bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

FINIS

of

B. R. HAYDON,

'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*.

End of Twenty-sixth volume."

This last entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June, 1846. Before eleven, the hand that penned it was cold in death. He had been out early in the morning, and came back apparently fatigued. At ten, he entered his painting-room, soon after saw his wife, embraced her fervently, and returned to his room. About a quarter to eleven a report of fire-arms was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the troops then reviewing in the neighborhood. About an hour after, his daughter entered the painting-room; and there before her lay her father—dead, in front of his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs stained with blood, a half-open razor, smeared with gore beside him, in his throat a fearful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull!

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. His debts amounted to £3,000; but the assets were considerable.

On his table were found "these last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

"I create good—I create—I, the Lord, do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples; and, I fear, the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because, when encouraged, I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

So perished Benjamin Robert Haydon, in the 61st year of his age. His story tells its own moral. As an artist, he was powerful in execution, and bold in design—more successful in the diffusion of correct sentiments

than in the attainment of reward. As a writer, he was clear, graphic, and vigorous; as a speaker, enthusiastic and earnest. As a man, he was conscious of genius, and therefore self-reliant; imaginative and resolute, and therefore anguine. His principles were in general pure, and his objects lofty; but he knit too closely the glory of himself with the glory of his art. He was frank and generous, yet depreciated his opponents. His religion was fuel to his ambition, when it should have been the harmonizer of his passions. He lacked the sublime consolations of a holy faith, and hence his terrible and mournful end.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.

. A CHRONICLE OF NIESENSTEIN.

THE close of the theatrical year, which in France occurs in early spring, annually brings to Paris a throng of actors and actresses, the disorganized elements of provincial companies, who repair to the capital to contract engagements for the new season. Paris is the grand centre to which all dramatic stars converge—the great bazaar where managers recruit their troops for the summer campaign. In bad weather the mart for this human merchandise is at an obscure coffee-house near the Rue St. Honoré; when the sun shines, the place of meeting is in the garden of the Palais Royal. There, pacing to and fro beneath the lime-trees, the high contracting parties pursue their negotiations and make their bargains. It is the theatrical Exchange, the histrionic *Bourse*. There the conversation and the company are alike curious. Many are the strange discussions and original anecdotes that are there heard; many the odd figures there paraded. Tragedians, comedians, singers, men and women, young and old, flock thither in quest of fortune and a good engagement. The threadbare coats of some say little in favor of recent success or present prosperi-

ty; but only hear them speak, and you are at once convinced that *they* have no need of broadcloth who are so amply covered with laurels. It is delightful to hear them talk of their triumphs, of the storms of applause, the rapturous bravos, the boundless enthusiasm, of the audiences they lately delighted. Their brows are oppressed with the weight of their bays. The south mourns their loss: if they go west, the north will be envious and inconsolable. As to themselves—north, south, east, or west—they care little to which point of the compass the breeze of their destiny may waft them. Thorough gypsies in their habits, accustomed to make the best of the passing hour, and to take small care for the future so long as the present is provided for, like soldiers, they heed not the name of the town so long as the quarters be good.

It was a fine morning in April. The sun shone brightly, and, amongst the numerous loungers in the garden of the Palais Royal were several groups of actors. The season was already far advanced; all the companies were formed, and those players who had not secured an engagement had but a pro-

chance of finding one. Their anxiety was legible upon their countenances. A man of about fifty years of age walked to and fro, a newspaper in his hand, and to him, when he passed near them, the actors bowed—respectfully and hopefully. A quick glance was his acknowledgement of their salutation, and then his eyes reverted to his paper, as if it deeply interested him. When he was out of hearing, the actors, who had assumed their most picturesque attitudes to attract his attention, and who beheld their labor lost, vented their ill-humor.

"Balthasar is mighty proud," said one; "he has not a word to say to us."

"Perhaps he does not want anybody," remarked another; "I think he has no theatre this year."

"That would be odd. They say he is a clever manager."

"He may best prove his cleverness by keeping aloof. It is so difficult nowadays to do good in the provinces. The public is so fastidious; the authorities are so shabby, so unwilling to put their hands in their pockets. Ah! my dear fellow, our art is sadly fallen."

Whilst the discontented actors bemoaned themselves, Balthasar eagerly accosted a young man who just then entered the garden by the passage of the Perron. The coffee-house keepers had already begun to put out tables under the tender foliage. The two men sat down at one of them.

"Well, Florival," said the manager, "does my offer suit you? Will you make one of us? I was glad to hear you had broken off with Ricardin. With your qualifications you ought to have an engagement in Paris, or at least at a first-rate provincial theatre. But you are young, and, as you know, managers prefer actors of greater experience and established reputation. Your parts are generally taken by youths of five and forty, with wrinkles and grey hairs, but well versed in the traditions of the stage—with damaged voices but an excellent style. My brother managers are greedy of great names; yours still has to become known—as yet you have but your talent to recommend you. I will content myself with that; content yourself with what I offer you. Times are bad, the season is advanced, engagements are hard to find. Many of your comrades have gone to try their luck beyond seas. We have not so far to go; we shall scarcely overstep the boundary of our ungrateful country. Germany invites us; it is a pleasant land, and Rhine wine is not to be disdained. I will tell you how the thing came about. For

many years past I have managed theatres in the eastern departments, in Alsatia and Lorraine. Last summer, having a little leisure, I made an excursion to Baden-Baden. As usual, it was crowded with fashionables. One rubbed shoulders with princes and trod upon highnesses' toes; one could not walk twenty yards without meeting a sovereign. All these crowned heads, kings, granddukes, electors, mingled easily and affably with the throng of visitors. Etiquette is banished from the baths of Baden, where, without laying aside their titles, great personages enjoy the liberty and advantages of an incognito. At the time of my visit, a company of very indifferent German actors were playing, two or three times a week, in the little theatre. They played to empty benches, and must have starved but for the assistance afforded them by the directors of the gambling-tables. I often went to their performances, and amongst the scanty spectators I soon remarked one who was as assiduous as myself. A gentleman, very plainly dressed, but of agreeable countenance and aristocratic appearance, invariably occupied the same stall, and seemed to enjoy the performance, which proved that he was easily pleased. One night he addressed to me some remark with respect to the play then acting; we got into conversation on the subject of dramatic art; he saw that I was specially competent on that topic, and after the theatre he asked me to take refreshment with him. I accepted. At midnight we parted, and, as I was going home, I met a gambler whom I slightly knew. 'I congratulate you,' he said; 'you have friends in high places!' He alluded to the gentleman with whom I had passed the evening, and whom I now learned was no less a personage than his Serene Highness Prince Leopold, sovereign ruler of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein. I had had the honor of passing a whole evening in familiar intercourse with a crowned head. Next day, walking in the park, I met his Highness. I made a low bow and kept at a respectful distance, but the Grand Duke came up to me and asked me to walk with him. Before accepting, I thought it right to inform him who I was. 'I guessed as much,' said the Prince. 'From one or two things that last night escaped you, I made no doubt you were a theatrical manager.' And by a gesture he renewed his invitation to accompany him. In a long conversation he informed me of his intention to establish a French theatre in his capital, for the performance of come

dy, drama, vaudeville, and comic operas. He was then building a large theatre, which would be ready by the end of the winter, and he offered me its management on very advantageous terms. I had no plans in France for the present year, and the offer was too good to be refused. The Duke guaranteed my expenses and a gratuity, and there was a chance of very large profits. I hesitated not a moment; we exchanged promises, and the affair was concluded.

"According to our agreement, I am to be at Karlstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, in the first week in May. There is no time to lose. My company is almost complete, but there are still some important gaps to fill. Amongst others, I want a lover, a light comedian, and a first singer. I reckon upon you to fill these important posts."

"I am quite willing," replied the actor, "but there is still an obstacle. You must know, my dear Balthasar, that I am deeply in love—seriously, this time—and I broke off with Ricardin solely because he would not engage her to whom I am attached."

"Oho! she is an actress?"

"Two years upon the stage; a lovely girl, full of grace and talent, and with a charming voice. The Opera Comique has not a singer to compare with her."

"And she is disengaged?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; strange though it seems, and by a combination of circumstances which it were tedious to detail, the fascinating Delia is still without an engagement. And I give you notice that henceforward I attach myself to her steps; where she goes, I go; I will perform upon no boards which she does not tread. I am determined to win her heart, to make her my wife."

"Very good!" cried Balthasar, rising from his seat; "tell me the address of this prodigy: I run, I fly, I make every sacrifice; and we will start to-morrow."

People were quite right in saying that Balthasar was a clever manager. None better knew how to deal with actors, often capricious and difficult to guide. He possessed skill, taste, and tact. One hour after the conversation in the garden of the Palais Royal, he had obtained the signatures of Delia and Florival, two excellent acquisitions, destined to do him infinite honor in Germany. That night his little company was complete, and the next day, after a good dinner, it started for Strasburg. It was composed as follows:

Balthasar, manager, was to play the old men, and take the heavy business.

Florival was the leading man, the lover, and the first singer.

Rigolet was the low comedian, and took the parts usually played by Arnal and Bouffé.

Similor was to perform the valets in Molière's comedies, and eccentric low comedy characters.

Anselmo was the walking gentleman.

Lebel led the band.

Miss Delia was to display her charms and talents as prima donna, and in genteel comedy.

Miss Foligny was the singing chambermaid.

Miss Alice was the walking lady, and made herself generally useful.

Finally, Madame Pastorale, the duenna of the company, was to perform the old women, and look after the young ones.

Although so few, the company trusted to atone by zeal and industry for numerical deficiency. It would be easy to find, in the capital of the Grand Duchy, persons capable of filling mute parts, and, in most plays, a few unimportant characters might be suppressed.

The travelers reached Strasburg without adventure worthy of note. There Balthasar allowed them six-and-thirty hours' repose, and took advantage of the halt to write to the Grand Duke Leopold, and inform him of his approaching arrival; then they again started, crossed the Rhine at Kehl, and in thirty days, after traversing several small German states, reached the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, and stopped at a little village called Krusthal. From this village to the capital the distance was only four leagues, but means of conveyance were wanting. There was but a single stage-coach on that line of road; it would not leave Krusthal for two days, and it held but six persons. No other vehicles were to be had; it was necessary to wait, and the necessity was anything but pleasant. The actors made wry faces at the prospect of passing forty-eight hours in a wretched village. The only persons who easily made up their minds to the wearisome delay were Delia and Florival. The first singer was desperately in love, and the prima donna was not insensible to his delicate attentions and tender discourse.

Balthasar, the most impatient and persevering of all, went out to explore the village. In an hour's time he returned in triumph to his friends, in a light cart drawn by a strong horse. Unfortunately the cart held but two persons.

"I will set out alone," said Balthasar, "On reaching Karlstadt, I will go to th-

Grand Duke, explain our position, and I have no doubt he will immediately send carriages to convey you to his capital."

These consolatory words were received with loud cheers by the actors. The driver, a peasant lad, cracked his whip, and the stout Mecklenberg horse set out at a small trot. Upon the way, Balthasar questioned his guide as to the extent, resources, and prosperity of the Grand Duchy, but could obtain no satisfactory reply; the young peasant was profoundly ignorant upon all these subjects. The four leagues were got over in something less than three hours, which is rather rapid traveling for Germany. It was nearly dark when Balthasar entered Karlstadt. The shops were shut, and there were few persons in the streets; people are early in their habits in the happy lands on the Rhine's right bank. Presently the cart stopped before a good-sized house.

"You told me to take you to our prince's palace," said the driver, "and here it is." Balthasar alighted and entered the dwelling unchallenged and unimpeded by the sentry who passed lazily up and down its front. In the entrance hall the manager met a porter, who bowed gravely to him as he passed; he walked on and passed through an empty anteroom. In the first apartment, appropriated to gentlemen-in-waiting, aids-de-camp, equerries, and other dignitaries of various degree, he found nobody; in a second saloon, lighted by a dim and smoky lamp, was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered hair, who rose slowly at his entrance, looked at him with surprise, and inquired his pleasure.

"I wish to see his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Leopold," replied Balthasar.

"The prince does not grant audience at this hour," the old gentleman drily answered.

"His Highness expects me," was the confident reply of Balthasar.

"That is another thing. I will inquire if it be his Highness's pleasure to receive you. Whom shall I announce?"

"The manager of the Court theatre."

The gentleman bowed, and left Balthasar alone. The pertinacious manager already began to doubt the success of his audacity, when he heard the Grand Duke's voice, saying, "Show him in."

He entered. The sovereign of Niesenstein was alone, seated in a large arm-chair, at a table covered with green cloth, upon which were a confused medley of letters and newspapers, an inkstand, a tobacco-bag, two wax-lights, a sugar-basin, a sword, a plate, gloves,

a bottle, books, and a goblet of Bohemian glass, artistically engraved. His Highness was engrossed in a thoroughly national occupation; he was smoking one of those long pipes which Germans rarely lay aside except to eat or to sleep.

The manager of the Court theatre bowed thrice, as if he had been advancing to the foot-lights to address the public; then he stood still and silent, awaiting the prince's pleasure. But, although he said nothing, his countenance was so expressive that the Grand Duke answered him.

"Yes," said he, "here you are. I recollect you perfectly, and I have not forgotten our agreement. But you come at a very unfortunate moment, my dear sir!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon if I have chosen an improper hour to seek an audience," replied Balthasar, with another bow.

"It is not the hour that I am thinking of," answered the prince quickly. "Would that were all! See, here is your letter; I was just now reading it, and regretting that, instead of writing me only three days ago, when you were half-way here, you had not done so two or three weeks before starting."

"I did wrong."

"More so than you think, for, had you sooner warned me, I would have spared you a useless journey."

"Useless!" exclaimed Balthasar aghast, "Has your Highness changed your mind?"

"Not at all; I am still passionately fond of the drama, and should be delighted to have a French theatre here. As far as that goes, my ideas and tastes are in no way altered since last summer; but, unfortunately, I am unable to satisfy them. Look here," continued the prince, rising from his arm-chair. He took Balthasar's arm and led him to a window: "I told you, last year, that I was building a magnificent theatre in my capital."

"Your Highness did tell me so."

"Well, look yonder, on the other side of the square; there the theatre is!"

"Your Highness, I see nothing but an open space; a building commenced, and as yet scarcely risen above the foundation."

"Precisely so; that is the theatre."

"Your Highness told me it would be completed before the end of winter."

"I did not then foresee that I should have to stop the works for want of cash to pay the workmen. Such is my present position. If I have no theatre ready to receive you, and if I cannot take you and your company into my pay, it is because I

have not the means. The coffers of the State and my privy purse are alike empty. You are astounded!—Adversity respects nobody—not even Grand Dukes. But I support its assaults with philosophy: try to follow my example; and, by way of a beginning, take a chair and a pipe, fill yourself a glass of wine, and drink to the return of my prosperity. Since you suffer for my misfortunes, I owe you an explanation. Although I never had much order in my expenditure, I had every reason, at the time I first met with you, to believe my finances in a flourishing condition. It was not until the commencement of the present year that I discovered the contrary to be the case. Last year was a bad one; hail ruined our crops and money was hard to get in. The salaries of my household were in arrear, and my officers murmured. For the first time I ordered a statement of my affairs to be laid before me, and I found that ever since my accession I had been exceeding my revenue. My first act of sovereignty had been a considerable diminution of the taxes paid to my predecessors. Hence the evil, which had annually augmented, and now I am ruined, loaded with debts, and without means of repairing the disaster. My privy-councillors certainly proposed a way; it was to double the taxes, raise extraordinary contributions—to squeeze my subjects, in short. A fine plan, indeed! to make the poor pay for my improvidence and disorder! Such things may occur in other States, but they shall not in mine. Justice before everything. I prefer enduring my difficulties to making my subjects suffer.”

“Excellent prince!” exclaimed Balthasar, touched by these generous sentiments. The Grand Duke smiled.

“Do you turn flatterer?” he said. “Beware! it is an arduous post, and you will have none to help you. I have no longer wherewith to pay flatterers; my courtiers have fled. You have seen the emptiness of my anterooms; you met neither chamberlain nor equerry upon your entrance. All those gentlemen have given in their resignations. The civil and military officers of my house, secretaries, aides-de-camp, and others, left me, because I could no longer pay them their wages. I am alone; a few faithful and patient servants are all that remain, and the most important personage of my court is now honest Sigismund, my old valet-de-chambre.

These last words were spoken in a melancholy tone, which pained Balthasar. The

eyes of the honest manager glistened. The Grand Duke detected his sympathy.

“Do not pity me,” he said with a smile. “It is no sorrow to me to have got rid of a wearisome etiquette, and, at the same time, of a pack of spies and hypocrites, by whom I was formerly from morning till night beset.”

The cheerful frankness of the Grand Duke’s manner forbade doubt of his sincerity. Balthasar congratulated him on his courage.

“I need it more than you think!” replied Leopold, “and I cannot answer for having enough to support the blows that threaten me. The desertion of my courtiers will be nothing, did I owe it only to the bad state of finances: as soon as I found myself in funds again I could buy others or take back the old ones, and amuse myself by putting my foot upon their servile necks. Then they would be as humble as now they are insolent. But their defection is an omen of other dangers. As the diplomatists say, clouds are at the political horizon. Poverty alone would not have sufficed to clear my palace of men who are as greedy of honors as they are of money; they would have waited for better days; their vanity would have consoled their avarice. If they fled, it was because they felt the ground shake beneath their feet, and because they are in league with my enemies. I cannot shut my eyes to impending dangers. I am on bad terms with Austria; Metternich looks askance at me; at Vienna I am considered too liberal, too popular: they say that I set a bad example; they reproach me with cheap government, and with not making my subjects sufficiently feel the yoke. Thus do they accumulate pretexts for playing me a scurvy trick. One of my cousins, a colonel in the Austrian service, covets my Grand Duchy. Although I say *grand*, it is but ten leagues long and eight broad; but, such as it is, it suits me; I am accustomed to it, I have the habit of ruling it, and I should miss it were I deprived of it. My cousin has the audacity to dispute my incontestible rights; this is a mere pretext for litigation, but he has carried the case before the Aulic Council, and notwithstanding the excellence of my right I still may lose my cause, for I have no money wherewith to enlighten my judges. My enemies are powerful, treason surrounds me; they try to take advantage of my financial embarrassments, first to make me bankrupt and then to depose me. In this critical conjuncture, I should be only too delighted to have a company of players to divert my thoughts from my troubles—but I have nei-

ther theatre nor money. So it is impossible for me to keep you, my dear manager, and, believe me, I am as grieved at it as you can be. All I can do is to give you, out of the little I have left, a small indemnity to cover your traveling expenses and take you back to France. Come and see me to-morrow morning; we will settle this matter, and you shall take your leave."

Balthasar's attention and sympathy had been so completely engrossed by the Grand Duke's misfortunes, and by his revelations of his political and financial difficulties, that his own troubles had quite gone out of his thoughts. When he quitted the palace they came back upon him like a thunder-cloud. How was he to satisfy the actors, whom he had brought two hundred leagues away from Paris? What could he say to them, how appease them? The unhappy manager passed a miserable night. At daybreak he rose and went out into the open air, to calm his agitation and seek a mode of extrication from his difficulties. During a two hours' walk he had abundant time to visit every corner of Karlstadt, and to admire the beauties of that celebrated capital. He found it an elegant town, with wide straight streets cutting completely across it, so that he could see through it at a glance. The houses were pretty and uniform, and the windows were provided with small indiscreet mirrors, which reflected the passers-by and transported the street into the drawing-room, so that the worthy Karlstadt-ers could satisfy their curiosity without quitting their easy chairs; an innocent recreation, much affected by German burghers. As regarded trade and manufactures, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein did not seem to be very much occupied by either. It was anything but a bustling city; luxury had made but little progress there; and its prosperity was due chiefly to the moderate desires and phlegmatic philosophy of its inhabitants.

In such a country a company of actors had no chance of a livelihood. There is nothing for it but to return to France, thought Balthasar, after making the circuit of the city: then he looked at his watch, and, deeming the hour suitable, he took the road to the palace, which he entered with as little ceremony as upon the preceding evening. The faithful Sigismund, doing duty, as gentleman-in-waiting, received him as an old acquaintance, and forthwith ushered him into the Grand Duke's presence. His highness seemed more depressed than upon the previous day. He was pacing the room with long

strides, his eyes cast down, his arms folded. In his hand he held papers, whose perusal it apparently was that had thus discomposed him. For some moments he said nothing; then he suddenly stopped before Balthasar.

"You find me less calm," he said, "than I was last night. I have just received unpleasant news. I am heartily sick of these perpetual vexations, and gladly would I resign this poor sovereignty, this crown of thorns they seek to snatch from me, did not honor command me to maintain to the last my legitimate rights. Yes," vehemently exclaimed the Grand Duke, "at this moment a tranquil existence is all I covet, and I would willingly give up my Grand Duchy, my title, my crown, to live quietly at Paris, as a private gentleman, upon thirty thousand francs a-year."

"I believe so, indeed!" cried Balthasar, who, in his wildest dreams of fortune, had never dared aspire so high. His artless exclamation made the prince smile. It needed but a trifle to dissipate his vexation, and to restore that upper current of easy good temper which habitually floated upon the surface of his character.

"You think," he gaily cried, "that some, in my place, would be satisfied with less, and that thirty thousand francs a-year, with independence and the pleasures of Paris, compose a lot more enviable than the government of all the Grand Duchies in the world. My own experience tells me that you are right; for, ten years ago, when I was but hereditary prince, I passed six months at Paris, rich, independent, careless; and memory declares those to have been the happiest days of my life."

"Well! if you were to sell all you have, could you not realize that fortune? Besides, the cousin, of whom you did me the honor to speak to me yesterday, would probably gladly insure you an income if you yielded him your place here. But will your Highness permit me to speak plainly?"

"By all means."

"The tranquil existence of a private gentleman would doubtless have many charms for you, and you say so in all sincerity of heart; but, upon the other hand, you set store by your crown, though you may not admit it to yourself. In a moment of annoyance it is easy to exaggerate the charms of tranquility, and the pleasures of private life; but a throne, however rickety, is a seat which none willingly quit. That is my opinion, formed at the dramatic school: it is perhaps a reminiscence of some old part, but truth is sometimes

found upon the stage. Since, therefore, all things considered, to stay where you are is that which best becomes you, you ought

— But I crave your Highness's pardon, I am perhaps speaking too freely?—"

"Speak on, my dear manager, freely and fearlessly; I listen to you with pleasure. I ought—you were about to say?—"

"Instead of abandoning yourself to despair and poetry, instead of contenting yourself with succumbing nobly, like some ancient Roman, you ought boldly to combat the peril. Circumstances are favorable; you have neither ministers nor state councillors to mislead you, and embarrass your plans. Strong in your good right, and in your subjects' love, it is impossible you should not find means of retrieving your finances and strengthening your position."

"There is but one means, and that is—a good marriage."

"Excellent! I had not thought of it. You are a bachelor! A good marriage is salvation. It is thus that great houses menaced with ruin, regain their former splendor."

You must marry an heiress, the only daughter of some rich banker."

"You forget—it would be derogatory. I am free from such prejudices, but what would Austria say if I thus condescended? It would be another charge to bring against me. And then a banker's millions would not suffice; I must ally myself with a powerful family, whose influence will strengthen mine. Only a few days ago, I thought such an alliance within my grasp. A neighboring Prince, Maximilian of Hanau, who is in high favor at Vienna, has a sister to marry. The Princess Wilhelmina is young, handsome, amiable, and rich; I have already entered upon the preliminaries of a matrimonial negotiation, but two despatches received this morning, destroy all my hopes. Hence the low spirits in which you find me."

"Perhaps," said Balthasar, "your Highness too easily gives way to discouragement."

"Judge for yourself. I have a rival, the Elector of saxe-Tolpelhausen; his territories are less considerable than mine, but he is more solidly established in his little electorate than I am in my grand-duchy."

"Pardon me your Highness; I saw the Elector of saxe-Tolpelhausen last year at Baden-Baden, and without flattery, he cannot for an instant be compared with your Highness. You are hardly thirty, and he is more than forty; you have a good figure, he is heavy, clumsy, and ill-made; your countenance is noble and agreeable, his common and

displeasing; your hair is light brown, his bright red. The Princess Wilhelmina is sure to prefer you."

"Perhaps so, if she were asked; but she is in the power of her august brother, who will marry her to whom he pleases."

"That must be prevented."

"How?"

"By winning the young lady's affections. Love has so many resources. Every day one sees marriages for money broken off, and replaced by marriages for love."

"Yes one sees that in plays—"

"Which afford excellent lessons."

"For people of a certain class, but not for princes."

"Why not make the attempt? If I dared advise you, it would be to set out to-morrow, and pay a visit to the prince of Haynau."

"Unnecessary. To see the prince and his sister, I need not stir hence. One of these despatches announces their early arrival at Karlstadt. They are on their way hither. On their return from a journey into Prussia, they pass through my territories and pause in my capital, inviting themselves as my guests for two or three days. Their visit is my ruin. What will they think of me when they find me alone, deserted, in my empty palace? Do you suppose the Princess will be tempted to share my dismal solitude? Last year she went to Saxe-Tolpelhausen. The Elector entertained her well, and made his court agreeable. He could place chamberlains and aides-de-camp at her orders, could give concerts, balls, and festivals. But I—what can I do? What a humiliation? And, that no affront may be spared to me, my rival proposes negotiating his marriage at my own court! Nothing less, it seems, will satisfy him! He has just sent me an ambassador, Baron Pippinster, deputed, he writes, to conclude a commercial treaty which will be extremely advantageous to me. The treaty is but a pretext. The Baron's true mission is to the Prince of Hanau. The meeting is skilfully contrived, for the secret and unostentatious conclusion of the matrimonial treaty. This is what I am condemned to witness! I must endure this outrage and mortification, and display before the Prince and his sister, my misery and poverty. I would do any thing to avoid such shame!"

"Means might, perhaps, be found," said Balthasar, after a moment's reflection.

"Means? Speak, and whatever they be, I adopt them."

"The plan is a bold one!" continued



Balthasar, speaking half to the Grand Duke, and half to himself, as if pondering, and weighing a project.

"No matter! I will risk everything."

"You would like to conceal your real position, to re-people this palace, to have a court?"

"Yes."

"Do you think the courtiers who have deserted you would return?"

"Never. Did I not tell you they are sold to my enemies?"

"Could you not select others from the higher classes of your subjects?"

"Impossible! There are very few gentlemen amongst my subjects. Ah! if a court could be got up at a day's notice! though it were to be composed of the humblest citizens of Karlstadt —"

"I have better than that to offer you."

"You have? And whom do you offer?" cried Duke Leopold, greatly astonished.

"My actors."

"What! you would have me make up a court of your actors?"

"Yes, your Highness, and you could not do better. Observe, that, my actors are accustomed to play all manner of parts, and that they will be perfectly at their ease when performing those of noblemen and high officials. I answer for their talent, discretion, and probity. As soon as your illustrious guests have departed, and you no longer need their services, they shall resign their posts. Bear in mind, that you have no other alternative. Time is short, danger at your door, hesitation is destruction."

"But if such a trick were discovered!" —

"A mere supposition, a chimerical fear. On the other hand, if you do not run the risk I propose, your ruin is certain."

The Grand Duke was easily persuaded. Careless and easy-going, he yet was not wanting in determination, nor in a certain love of hazardous enterprizes. He remembered that fortune is said to favor the bold, and his desperate position increased his courage. With joyful intrepidity he accepted and adopted Balthasar's scheme.

"Bravo!" cried the manager; "you shall have no cause to repent. You behold in me a sample of your future courtiers; and since honors and dignities are to be distributed, it is with me, if you please, that we will begin. In this request I act up to the spirit of my part. A courtier should always be asking for something, should lose no opportunity, and should profit by his rivals' absence to obtain the best place. I entreat your High-

ness to have the goodness to name me prime minister."

"Granted!" gaily replied the prince. "Your Excellency may immediately enter upon your functions."

"My Excellency will not fail to do so, and begins by requesting your signature to a few decrees I am about to draw up. But in the first place, your Highness must be so good as to answer two or three questions, that I may understand the position of affairs. A new-comer in a country, and a novice in a minister's office, has need of instruction. If it became necessary to enforce your commands, have you the means of so doing?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Your Highness has soldiers?"

"A regiment."

"How many men?"

"One hundred and twenty, besides the musicians."

"Are they obedient, devoted?"

"Passive obedience, unbounded devotion; soldiers and officers would die for me to the last man."

"It is their duty. Another question: Have you a prison in your dominions?"

"Certainly."

"I mean a good prison, strong and well-guarded, with thick walls, solid bars, stern and incorruptible jailors?"

"I have every reason to believe that the Castle of Zwingenberg combines all those requisites. The fact is, I have made very little use of it; but it was built by a man who understood such matters—by my father's great-grandfather, Rudolph the Inflexible."

"A fine surname for a sovereign! Your inflexible ancestor, I am very sure, never lacked either cash or courtiers. Your Highness has, perhaps, done wrong to leave the state prison untenanted. A prison requires to be inhabited, like any other building; and the first act of the authority with which you have been pleased to invest me, will be a salutary measure of incarceration. I presume the Castle of Zwingenberg will accommodate a score of prisoners?"

"What! you are going to imprison twenty persons?"

"More or less. I do not yet know the exact number of the persons who composed your late court. They it is whom I propose lodging within the lofty walls constructed by the Inflexible Rudolph. The measure is indispensable."

"But it is illegal!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon; you use a word I do not understand. It seems

to me that, in every good German government, that which is absolutely necessary is necessarily legal. That is my policy. Moreover, as prime minister, I am responsible. What would you have more? It is plain that, if we leave your courtiers their liberty, it will be impossible to perform our comedy; they will betray us. Therefore the welfare of the state imperatively demands their imprisonment. Besides, you yourself have said that they are traitors, and therefore they deserve punishment. For your own safety's sake, for the success of your project—which will insure the happiness of your subjects—write the names, sign the order, and inflict upon the deserters the lenient chastisement of a week's captivity."

The Grand Duke wrote the names, and signed several orders, which were forthwith intrusted to the most active and determined officers of the regiment, with instructions to make the arrests at once, and to take their prisoners to the Castle of Zwingenberg, at three-quarters of a league from Karlstadt.

"All that now remains to be done is to send for your new court," said Balthasar.

"Has your Highness carriages?"

"Certainly! a berlin, a barouche, and a cabriolet."

"And horses?"

"Six draught and two saddle."

"I take the barouche, the berlin, and four horses; I go to Krusthal, put my actors up to their parts, and bring them here this evening. We instal ourselves in the palace, and shall be at once at your Highness's orders."

"Very good; but, before going, write an answer to Baron Pippinstir, who asks an audience."

"Two lines, very dry and official, putting him off till to-morrow. We must be under arms to receive him. . . . Here is the note written, but how shall I sign it? The name of Balthasar is not very suitable to a German Excellency."

"True, you must have another name, and a title; I create you Count Lipandorf."

"Thanks, your Highness. I will bear the title nobly, and restore it to you faithfully, with my seals of office, when the comedy is played out."

Count Lipandorf signed the letter, which Sigismund was ordered to take to Baron Pippinstir; then he started for Krusthal.

Next morning, the Grand Duke Leopold held a levee, which was attended by all the officers of his new court. And as soon as he was dressed, he received the ladies, with infinite grace and affability.

Ladies and officers were attired in their most elegant theatrical costumes; the Grand Duke appeared greatly satisfied with their bearing and manners. The first compliments over, there came a general distribution of titles and offices.

The lover, Florival, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke, colonel of hussars, and Count Reinsberg.

Rigolet, the low comedian, was named grand chamberlain, and Baron Fidibus.

Similor, who performed the valets, was master of the horse and Baron Kockemburg.

Anselmo, walking gentleman, was promoted to be gentleman-in-waiting and Chevalier Grillenfanger.

The leader of the band, Lebel, was appointed superintendent of the music and amusements of the court, with the title of Chevalier Arpeggio.

The prima donna, Miss Delia, was created Countess of Rosenthal, an interesting orphan, whose dowry was to be the hereditary office of first lady of honor to the future Grand Duchess.

Miss Foligny, the singing chambermaid, was appointed widow of a general and Baroness Allenzau.

Miss Alice, walking lady, became Miss Fidibus, daughter of the chamberlain, and a rich heiress.

Finally, the duenna, Madame Pastorale, was called to the responsible station of mistress of the robes and governess of the maids of honor, under the imposing name of Baroness Schicklick.

The new dignitaries received decorations in proportion to their rank. Count Balthasar von Lipandorf, prime minister, had two stars and three grand crosses. The aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, fastened five crosses upon the breast of his hussar jacket.

The parts duly distributed and learned, there was a rehearsal, which went off excellently well. The Grand Duke deigned to superintend the getting up of the piece, and to give the actors a few useful hints.

Prince Maximilian of Hanau, and his august sister were expected that evening. Time was precious. Pending their arrival, and by way of practising his court, the Grand Duke gave audience to the ambassador from Saxe-Tolpelhausen.

Baron Pippinstir was ushered into the Hall of the Throne. He had asked permission to present his wife at the same time as his credentials, and that favor had been granted him.

At sight of the diplomatist, the new courtiers, as yet unaccustomed to rigid decorum,

had difficulty in keeping their countenances. The Baron was a man of fifty, prodigiously tall, singularly thin, abundantly powdered, with legs like hop-poles, clad in knee breeches and white silk stockings. A long slender pigtail danced upon his flexible back. He had a face like a bird of prey—little round eyes, a receding chin, and an enormous hooked nose. It was scarcely possible to look at him without laughing, especially when one saw him for the first time. His apple-green coat glittered with a profusion of embroidery. His chest being too narrow to admit of a horizontal development of his decorations, he wore them in two columns, extending from his collar to his waist. When he approached the Grand Duke, with a self-satisfied simper and a jaunty air, his sword by his side, his cocked hat under his arm, nothing was wanting to complete the caricature.

The Baroness Pippinstir was a total contrast to her husband. She was a pretty little woman of five-and-twenty, as plump as a partridge, with a lively eye, a nice figure, and an engaging smile. There was mischief in her glance, seduction in her dimples and the rose's tint upon her cheeks. Her dress was the only ridiculous thing about her. To come to court, the little Baroness had put on all the finery she could muster; she sailed into the hall under a cloud of ribbons, sparkling with jewels and fluttering with plumes—the loftiest of which, however, scarcely reached to the shoulder of her lanky spouse.

Completely identifying himself with his part of prime minister, Balthasar, as soon as this oddly-assorted pair appeared, decided upon his plan of campaign. His natural penetration told him the diplomatist's weak point. He felt that the Baron, who was old and ugly, must be jealous of his wife, who was young and pretty. He was not mistaken. Pippinstir was as jealous as a tiger-cat. Recently married, the meagre diplomatist had not dared to leave his wife at Saxe-Tolpelhausen, for fear of accidents; he would not lose sight of her, and had brought her to Karlstadt in the arrogant belief that danger vanished in his presence.

After exchanging a few diplomatic phrases with the ambassador, Balthasar took Colonel Florival aside and gave him secret instructions. The dashing officer passed his hand through his richly-curling locks, adjusted his splendid pelisse, and approached Baroness Pippinstir. The ambassadress received him graciously; the handsome colonel had already attracted her attention, and soon she

was delighted with his wit and gallant speeches. Florival did not lack imagination, and his memory was stored with well-turned phrases and sentimental tirades, borrowed from stage-plays. He spoke half from inspiration, half from memory, and he was listened to with favor.

The conversation was carried on in French—for the best of reasons.

"It is the custom here," said the Grand Duke to the ambassador; "French is the only language spoken in this palace; it is a regulation I had some difficulty in enforcing, and I was at last obliged to decree that a heavy penalty should be paid for every German word spoken by a person attached to my court. That proved effectual, and you will not easily catch any of these ladies and gentlemen tripping. My prime minister, Count Balthasar von Lipandorf, is the only one who is permitted occasionally to speak his native language."

Balthasar who had long managed theatres in Alsace and Lorraine, spoke German like a Frankfort brewer.

Meanwhile, Baron Pippinstir's uneasiness was extreme. Whilst his wife conversed in a low voice with the young and fascinating aide-de-camp, the pitiless prime minister held his arm tight, and explained at great length his views with respect to the famous commercial treaty. Caught in his own snare, the unlucky diplomatist was in agony; he fidgeted to get away, his countenance expressed grievous uneasiness, his lean legs were convulsively agitated. But in vain did he endeavor to abridge his torments, the remorseless Balthasar relinquished not his prey.

Sigismund, promoted to be steward of the household, announced dinner. The ambassador and his lady had been invited to dine, as well as all the courtiers. The aide-de-camp was placed next to the Baroness, the Baron at the other end of the table. The torture was prolonged. Florival continued to whisper soft nonsense to the fair and well-pleased Pippinstir. The diplomatist could not eat.

There was another person present whom Florival's flirtation annoyed, and that person was Delia, Countess of Rosenthal. After dinner, Balthasar, whom nothing escaped, took her aside.

"You know very well," said the minister, "that he is only acting a part in the comedy. Should you feel hurt if he declared his love upon the stage, to one of your comrades? Here it is the same thing; all this is but a

play; when the curtain falls, he will return to you."

A courier announced that the Prince of Hanau and his sister were within a league of Karlstadt. The Grand Duke, attended by Count Reinsberg and some officers, went to meet them. It was dark when the illustrious guests reached the palace; they passed through the great saloon, where the whole court was assembled to receive them, and retired at once to their apartments.

"The game is fairly begun," said the Grand Duke to his prime minister; "and now, may Heaven help us!"

"Fear nothing," replied Balthasar. "The glimpse I caught of Prince Maximilian's physiognomy satisfied me that everything will pass off perfectly well, and without exciting the least suspicion. As to Baron Pippinstir, he is already blind with jealousy, and Florival will give him so much to do, that he will have no time to attend to his master's business. Things look well."

Next morning, the Prince and Princess of Hanau were welcomed, on awakening, by a serenade from the regimental band. The weather was beautiful; the Grand Duke proposed an excursion out of town; he was glad of an opportunity to show his guests the best features of his duchy—a delightful country, and many picturesque points of view, much prized and sketched by German landscape painters. The proposal agreed to, the party set out, in carriages and on horseback, for the old Castle of Rauberzell—magnificent ruins, dating from the middle ages, and famous far and wide. At a short distance from the castle, which lifted its gray turrets upon the summit of a wooded hill, the Princess Wilhelmina expressed a wish to walk the remainder of the way. Every body followed her example. The Grand Duke offered her his arm; the Prince gave his to the Countess Delia von Rosenthal; and, at a sign from Balthasar, Baroness Pastoral von Schicklick took possession of Baron Pippinstir; whilst the smiling Baroness accepted Florival's escort. The young people walked at a brisk pace. The unfortunate Baron would gladly have availed of his long legs to keep up with his coquetish wife; but the duenna, portly and ponderous, hung upon his arm, checked his ardor, and detained him in the rear. Respect for the mistress of the robes forbade rebellion or complaint.

Amidst the ruins of the venerable castle, the distinguished party found a table spread with an elegant collation. It was an agreeable surprise, and the Grand Duke had all

the credit of an idea suggested to him by his prime minister.

The whole day was passed in rambling through the beautiful forest of Rauberzell. The Princess was charming; nothing could exceed the high breeding of the courtiers, or the fascination and elegance of the ladies; and Prince Maximilian warmly congratulated the Grand Duke on having a court composed of such agreeable and accomplished persons. Baroness Pippinstir declared, in a moment of enthusiasm, that the court of Saxe Toppelhausen was not to compare with that of Niesenstein. She could hardly have said anything more completely at variance with the object of her husband's mission. The Baron was near fainting.

Like not a few of her countrywomen, the Princess Wilhelmina had a strong predilection for Parisian fashions. She admired everything that came from France; she spoke French perfectly, and greatly approved the Grand Duke's decree, forbidding any other language to be spoken at his court. Moreover, there was nothing extraordinary in such a regulation; French is the language of all the northern courts. But she was greatly tickled at the notion of a fine being inflicted for a single German word. She amused herself by trying to catch some of the Grand Duke's courtiers transgressing in this respect. Her labor was completely lost.

That evening, at the palace, when conversation began to languish, the Chevalier Arpeggio sat down to the piano, and the Countess Delia von Rosenthal sang an air out of the last new opera. The guests were enchanted with her performance. Prince Maximilian had been extremely attentive to the Countess during their excursion; the young actress's grace and beauty had captivated him, and the charm of her voice completed his subjugation. Passionately fond of music, every note she sang went to his very heart. When she had finished one song, he petitioned for another. The amiable prima dona sang a duet with the aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, and then, being further entreated, a trio, in which Similor—master of the horse, barytone, and Baron von Kockemburg—took a part.

Here, our actors were at home, and their success was complete. Deviating from his usual reserve, Prince Maximilian did not disguise his delight; and the imprudent little Baroness Pippinstir declared that, with such a beautiful tenor voice, an aide-de-camp might aspire to anything. A cemetery, on a wet day, is a cheerful sight, compared to the

Baron's countenance when he heard these words.

Upon the morrow, a hunting party was the order of the day. In the evening there was a dance. It had been proposed, to invite the principal families of the metropolis of Niesenstein, but the Prince and Princess begged that the circle might not be increased.

"We are four ladies," said the Princess, glancing at the prima donna, the singing chambermaid, and the walking lady; "it is enough for a quadrille."

There was no lack of gentlemen. There was the Grand Duke, the aide-de-camp, the grand chamberlain, the master of the horse, the gentleman-in-waiting, and Prince Maximilian's aide-de-camp, Count Darins von Sturmhaube, who appeared greatly smitten by the charms of the widowed Baroness Allenzau.

"I am sorry my court is not more numerous," said the grand Duke, "but, within the last three days, I have been compelled to diminish it by one-half."

"How so?" inquired Prince Maximilian.

"A dozen courtiers," replied the Grand Duke Leopold, "whom I had loaded with favors, dared conspire against me, in favor of a certain cousin of mine at Vienna. I discovered the plot, and the plotters are now in the dungeons of my good fortress of Zwingenburg."

"Well done!" cried the Prince; "I like such energy and vigor. And to think that the people taxed you with weakness of character! How we princes are deceived and calumniated."

The Grand Duke cast a grateful glance at Batlthasar. That able minister, by this time, felt himself as much at his ease in his new office, as if he had held it all his life; he even began to suspect that the government of a grand-duchy is a much easier matter than the management of a company of actors. Incessantly engrossed by his master's interests, he manœuvred to bring about the marriage which was to give the Grand Duke happiness, wealth, and safety; but, notwithstanding his skill, notwithstanding the torments with which he had filled the jealous soul of Pippinstir, the ambassador devoted the scanty moments of repose his wife left him, to furthering the object of his mission. The alliance with the Saxe-Tolpelhausen was pleasing to Prince Maximilian; it offered him various advantages; the extinction of an old law suit between the two states, the cession of a large extent of territory, and, finally, the commercial treaty which the perfidious

Baron had brought to the court of Niesenstein, with a view of concluding it in favor of the principality of Hanau. Invested with unlimited powers, the diplomatist was ready to insert in the contract, almost any conditions Prince Maximilian chose to dictate to him.

It is necessary here to remark, that the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was desperately in love with the Princess Wilhelmina.

It was evident that the Baron would carry the day, if the prime minister did not hit upon some scheme to destroy his credit, or force him to retreat. Balthasar, fertile in expedients, was teaching Florival his part in the palace garden, when Prince Maximilian met him, and requested a moment's private conversation.

"I am at your Highness's orders," respectfully replied the minister.

"I will go straight to the point, Count Lipandorf," the Prince began. "I married my late wife, a princess of Hesse Darmstadt, from political motives. She has left me three sons. I now intend to marry again; but this time, I need not sacrifice myself to state considerations, and I am determined to consult my heart alone."

"If your Highness does me the honor to consult me, I have merely to say that you are perfectly justified in acting as you propose. After once sacrificing himself to his people's happiness, a prince has surely a right to think a little of his own."

"Exactly my opinion! Count, I will tell you a secret. I am in love with Miss von Rosenthal."

"Miss Delia?"

"Yes, sir; with Miss Delia, Countess of Rosenthal; and, what is more, I will tell you, that *I know every thing*."

"What may it be that your Highness knows?"

"I know who she is."

"Ha!"

"It was a great secret!"

"And how came your highness to discover it?"

"The Grand Duke revealed it to me."

"I might have guessed as much!"

"He alone could do so, and I rejoice that I addressed myself directly to him. At first, when I questioned him concerning the young Countess's family, he ill concealed his embarrassment; her position struck me as strange; young, beautiful, and alone in the world, without relatives or guardians—all that seemed to me singular, if not suspicious. I trembled, as the possibility of an intrigue flashed upon me; but the Grand Duke, to

dissipate my unfounded suspicion, told me all."

"And what is your Highness's decision?"

"After such a revelation——"

"It in no way changes my intentions. I shall marry the lady."

"Marry her? . . . But no; your Highness jests."

"Count Lipandorf, I never jest. What is there, then, so strange in my determination? The Grand Duke's father was romantic, and of a roving disposition; in the course of his life, he contracted several left-handed alliances—Miss von Rosenthal is the issue of one of those unions. I care not for the illegitimacy of her birth; she is of noble blood, of a princely race—that is all I require."

"Yes," replied Balthasar, who had concealed his surprise and kept his countenance, as became an experienced statesman, and a consummate comedian. "Yes, I now understand; and I think as you do. Your Highness has the talent of bringing everybody over to your way of thinking."

"The greatest piece of good fortune," continued the Prince, "is that the mother remained unknown; she is dead, and there is no trace of family on that side."

"As your highness says, it is very fortunate. And, doubtless, the Grand Duke is informed of your august intentions with respect to the proposed marriage?"

"No; I have, as yet, said nothing either to him or to the Countess. I reckon upon you, my dear Count, to make my offer, to whose acceptance I trust there will not be the slightest obstacle. I give you the rest of the day to arrange everything. I will write to Miss von Rosenthal; I hope to receive from her own lips the assurance of my happiness, and I will beg her to bring me her answer herself, this evening, in the summer-house, in the park. Lover-like, you see—a rendezvous, a mysterious interview! But come, Count Lipandorf, lose no time; a double tie shall bind me to your sovereign. We will sign, at one and the same time, my marriage contract and his. On that condition alone will I grant him my sister's hand; otherwise, I treat, this very evening, with the envoy from Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

A quarter of an hour after Prince Maximilian had made his overture, Balthasar and Delia were closeted with the Grand Duke.

What was to be done? The Prince of Hanau was noted for his obstinacy. He would have excellent reasons to oppose to all objections. To confess the deception that had been practised upon him was equivalent

to a total and eternal rupture. But, upon the other hand, to leave him in his error, to suffer him to marry an actress! it was a serious matter. If ever he discovered the truth, it would be enough to raise the entire German Confederation against the Grand Duke of Niesenstein.

"What is my prime minister's opinion?" asked the Grand Duke.

"A prompt retreat. Delia must instantly quit the town; we will devise an explanation of her sudden departure."

"Yes; and this evening Prince Maximilian will sign his sister's marriage contract with the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen. My opinion is, that we have advanced too far to retreat. If the prince ever discovers the truth, he will be the person most interested to conceal it. Besides, Miss Delia is an orphan—she has neither parents nor family. I adopt her—I acknowledge her as my sister."

"Your Highness's goodness and condescension—" lisped the pretty prima donna.

"You agree with me, do you not, Miss Delia?" continued the Grand Duke. "You are resolved to seize the good fortune thus offered, and to risk the consequences?"

"Yes, your Highness."

The ladies will make allowance for Delia's faithlessness to Florival. How few female heads would not be turned by the prospect of wearing a crown! The heart's voice is sometimes mute in presence of such brilliant temptations. Besides, was not Florival faithless? Who could say whither he might be led in the course of the tender scenes he acted with the Baroness Pippinstir? Prince Maximilian was neither young nor handsome, but he offered a throne. Not only an actress, but many an high-born dame, might possibly, in such circumstances, forget her love, and think only of her ambition.

To her credit be it said, Delia did not yield without some reluctance to the Grand Duke's arguments, which Balthasar backed with all his eloquence; but she ended by agreeing to the interview with Prince Maximilian.

"I accept," she resolutely exclaimed; "I shall be Sovereign Princess of Hanau."

"And I," said the Grand Duke, "shall marry Princess Wilhelmina, and this very evening, poor Pippinstir, discorcerted, and defeated, will go back to Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

"He would have done that in any case," said Balthasar; "for, this evening, Florival was to have run away with his wife."

"That is carrying things rather far," Delia remarked.

"Such a scandal is unnecessary," added the Grand Duke.

Whilst awaiting the hour of her rendezvous with the prince, Delia, pensive and agitated, was walking in the park, when she came suddenly upon Florival, who seemed as much discomposed as herself. In spite of her newly-born ideas of grandeur, she felt a pain at her heart. With a forced smile, and in a tone of reproach and irony, she greeted her former lover.

"A pleasant journey to you, Colonel Florival," she said.

"I may wish you the same," replied Florival; "for, doubtless, you will soon set out for the principality of Hanau!"

"Before long, no doubt."

"You admit it, then?"

"Where is the harm? The wife must follow her husband—a princess must reign in her dominions."

"Princess! What do you mean? Wife! In what ridiculous promises have they induced you to confide?"

Florival's offensive doubts were dissipated by the formal explanation which Delia took malicious pleasure in giving him. A touching scene ensued; the lovers, who had both gone astray for a moment, felt their former flame burn all the more ardently for its partial and temporary extinction. Pardon was mutually asked and granted, and ambitious dreams fled before a burst of affection.

"You shall see whether I love you or not," said Florival to Delia. "Yonder comes Baron Pippinstir; I will take him into the summer-house; a closet is there, where you can hide yourself to hear what passes, and then you shall decide my fate."

Delia went into the summer-house, and hid herself in the closet. There she overheard the following conversation:—

"What have you to say to me, Colonel?" asked the Baron.

"I wish to speak to your Excellency of an affair that deeply concerns you."

"I am all attention; but I beg you to be brief; I am expected elsewhere."

"So am I."

"I must go to the prime minister, to return him this draught of a commercial treaty, which I cannot accept."

"And I must go to the rendezvous given me in this letter."

"The Baroness's writing!"

"Yes, Baron. Your wife has done me the honor to write to me. We set out together to-night; the Baroness is waiting for me in a post-chaise."

"And it is to me you dare acknowledge this abominable project?"

"I am less generous than you think. You cannot but be aware that, owing to an irregularity in your marriage contract, nothing would be easier than to get it annulled. This we will have done; we then obtain a divorce, and I marry the Baroness. You will, of course, have to hand me over her dowry—a million of florins—composing, if I do not mistake, your entire fortune."

The Baron, more dead than alive, sank into an arm chair. He was struck speechless.

"We might, perhaps, make some arrangement, Baron," continued Florival. "I am not particularly bent upon becoming your wife's second husband."

"Ah, sir!" cried the ambassador, "you restore me to life!"

"Yes, but I will not restore you the Baroness, except on certain conditions."

"Speak! What do you demand?"

"First, that treaty of commerce, which you must sign just as Count Lipandorf has drawn it up."

"I consent to do so."

"That is not all; you shall take my place at the rendezvous, get into the post-chaise, and run away with your wife; but, first, you must sit down at this table, and write a letter, in due diplomatic form, to Prince Maximilian, informing him that, finding it impossible to accept his stipulations, you are compelled to decline, in your sovereign's name, the honor of his august alliance."

"But, Colonel, remember that my instructions —"

"Very well, fulfil them exactly; be a dutiful ambassador, and a miserable husband, ruined, without wife and without dowry. You will never have such another chance, Baron! A pretty wife, and a million of florins, do not fall to a man's lot twice in his life. But I must take my leave of you. I am keeping the Baroness waiting."

"I will go to her. . . . Give me paper, a pen, and be so good as to dictate. I am so agitated —"

The Baron really was in a dreadful fluster. The letter written, and the treaty signed, Florival told his Excellency where he would find the post-chaise.

"One thing more you must promise me," said the young man, "and that is, that you will behave like a gentleman to your wife, and not scold her over-much. Remember the flaw in the contract. She may find somebody else in whose favor to cancel the

document. Suitors will not be wanting."

"What need of a promise!" replied the poor Baron. "You know very well that my wife does what she likes with me? I shall have to explain my conduct, and ask her pardon."

Pippinstir departed. Delia left her hiding-place, and held out her hand to Florival.

"You have behaved well," she said.

"That is more than the Baroness will say."

"She deserves the lesson. It is your turn to go into the closet and listen; the Prince will be here directly."

"I hear his footsteps." And Florival was quickly concealed.

"Charming Countess!" said the prince on entering, "I come to know my fate."

"What does your Highness mean?" said Delia, pretending not to understand him.

"How can you ask? Has not the Grand Duke spoken to you?"

"No, your Highness."

"Nor the prime minister?"

"Not a word. When I received your letter, I was on the point of asking you for a private interview. I have a favor—a service—to implore of your Highness."

"It is granted before it is asked. I place my whole influence and power at your feet, charming Countess!"

"A thousand thanks, illustrious prince. You have already shown me so much kindness, that I venture to ask you to make a communication to my brother, the Grand Duke, which I dare not make myself. I want you to inform him that I have been for three months privately married to Count Reinsberg."

"Good heavens!" cried Maximilian, falling into the arm-chair in which Pippinstir had recently reclined. On recovering from the shock, the prince rose again to his feet.

"'Tis well, madam," he said, in a faint voice. "'Tis well!"

And he left the summerhouse.

After reading Baron Pippinstir's letter, Prince Maximilian fell a-thinking. It was not the Grand Duke's fault if the Countess of Rosenthal did not ascend the throne of Hanau. There was an insurmountable obstacle. Then the precipitate departure of the ambassador of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was an affront which demanded instant vengeance. And the Grand Duke Leopold was a most estimable sovereign, skilful, energetic, and blessed with wise councillors; the Princess Wilhelmina liked him, and thought nothing could compare, for pleasantness, with his lively court, where all the men were amiable, and all the women charming. These various motives duly weighed, the Prince made up his mind, and next day was signed the marriage-contract of the Grand Duke of Niesenstein and the Princess Wilhelmina of Hanau.

Three days later the marriage itself was celebrated.

The play was played out.

The actors had performed their parts with wit, intelligence, and a noble disinterestedness. They took their leave of the Grand Duke, leaving him with a rich and pretty wife, a powerful brother-in-law, a serviceable alliance, and a commercial treaty which could not fail to replenish his treasury.

Embassies, special missions, banishment, were alleged to the Grand Duchess as the causes of their departure. Then an amnesty was published on the occasion of the marriage; the gates of the fortress of Zwingenberg opened, and the former courtiers resumed their respective posts.

The reviving fortunes of the Grand Duke were a sure guarantee of their fidelity.



From the New Quarterly Review.

## MOORE'S OPINIONS OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.\*

IN Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the most unpopular personage with the reader is undoubtedly the author of the book. In Moore's journal Moore himself threatens to become, at the end of, say the fortieth volume, a confirmed bore. It already requires a constant struggle to keep up a sentiment of respect for a man who is unceasingly obtruding upon us his little weaknesses. When the poet repeats to us every compliment that was ever paid to him by a person of quality †; chronicles every night the plaudits that attended upon his songs; openly rejoices in an affectionate phrase in a dedication from Lord John—not because it was the warm expression of a man worthy of his friendship, but because it was "from a Russell ‡"—indignantly denounces an unlucky person who had dared to open his mouth when Moore was singing; records how constantly he was so "locked, barred, and bolted" by dinner engagements that he had not a day to give to a duchess; and when all this is told, retold, repeated, and re-repeated, we confess that, *decies repetita*, it does not please. We become conscious of a chronic state of vexation that so very great a poet will take such enormous pains to work into us the conviction that he was a very little man. We could readily forgive him *the fact* of having had his head turned by the praises of all the fine folks whom he amused, but we cannot so well get over the entire absence of moral dignity betrayed by his writing it all down for the benefit of posterity.

\* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. 3 and 4.

† Here is one example from a thousand—"Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of 'Lalla Rookh,' most splendidly bound, and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen."

‡ "Found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier from Longman's. He calls himself in the dedication 'my attached friend.' This tribute from a Russell gives me great pleasure." Vol. 3, p. 173.

The great charm of the volumes is the enormous quantity of table-talk they contain.

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne."

The same lady, speaking of a dear friend who had red hair, "and all its attendant ill consequences," and of whom some one said she was very virtuous, remarked, "Oui, elle est comme Samson; elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux."

Sheridan used to tell a story of one of his constituents saying to him, "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform in Parliament; we poor electors are not properly paid at all."

Lord John mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following, "That generally towards the age of forty women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

Bonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute, "*Laissons au moins la République des lettres.*"

Voltaire, listening to an author who was reading to him his comedy, and said, "Ici le chevalier rit," exclaimed, "Il est bien heureux!"

We have a little string of beads, gathered one by one, by Moore from a note book of the historic Duke of Buckingham.

"I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday." "A woman whose mouth is like an old comb with a few broken teeth and a great deal of hair and dust about it." "Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as shewing that a mine is near." "That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one." "One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made." "Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them." "A sort of anti-black-amoor, every part of her white but her

teeth." "A woman whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light?' "How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together?"

Moore laments "that Lord John shewed to so little advantage in society from his extreme taciturnity, and, still more, from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others;" and adds, "Several to whom he was introduced had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature." But a great many of the best anecdotes are nevertheless attributed to Lord John. Thus—

Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious) and speech-like pomposity of his conversations that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord —, he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character. So remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible that he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably worth his while."

Again—

Lord John told us of a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat." Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

Here are two more stories of Sheridan—

Sheridan told me that his father being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, "Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra." "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan.

Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domus*, a fine girl. By-the-bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating Sheridan about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l*, to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do: I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

*Sidney Smith and Luttrell compared*—Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto, but this day he conquered me, and I now am his victim in the laughing way for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by the contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith, that after the former you remember what good things he said, and after the latter you merely remember how much you laughed.

*Music and Painting*—Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures, when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and the last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feelings for the arts, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

We continue our gleanings.

*Coleridge*—A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage, £3 10s 6d." He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the cellar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

*Sidney Smith*—"I shall see Allen," says Smith,

"some day with his tongue hanging out speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

*Mirabeau*—Once, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of Maury, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "Je m'en vais renfermer, M. Maury, dans un cercle vicieux." Upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, "Comment! veux tu m'embrasser?"

*Jekyll*—In talking of cheap living he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, "for on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

*Rogers*, on somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, said, "Tis from want of practice. Knight was always a very bad listener."

*Scrope Davies* called some person who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke and was not remarkable for veracity, "The *Æolian lyre*."

*Talleyrand*—Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said, "C'était donc votre pere qui n'était pas bien."

*The Prince de Poix* was stopped by a sentry, and announced his name. "Prince de Poix?" answered the sentry, "quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots vous ne passeriez pas par ici."

*An old acquaintance*—"Is your master at home?"—"No, Sir, he's out."—"Your mistress?"—"No, Sir, she's out."—"Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, Sir, that's out too."

*Another*—A fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning—"Ogh! a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

*George the Fourth* gave a drawing-room.—Rogers said that he was in himself a sequence—King, queen, and knave.

When E. Nagles came to George the Fourth with the news of Bonaparte's death, he said, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is *she*, by Gad?" said the King.

*Cure for love*—Mrs. Dowdell's husband used to be a great favorite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and *she had six masses said* to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

*Talleyrand*—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late because he had met with a "Pekin" who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "Nous appellons Pekin," says Davoust, "tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Oh, oui c'est comme chez nous," replied Talleyrand, "nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

*Adam Smith and Johnson*—This account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson is

given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw," said Smith, "this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good, this, between two sages.

*Sheridan* (when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones)—"It is an unconstitutional tax, as they are a race that cannot meet to remonstrate."

*Denon* told an anecdote of a man who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day?" "Most willingly." "Name your day, then." "Aujourd'hui, par exemple," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

*Fielding* told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name Monsieur de St. Cyr, the clerk answered, "Il n'y a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr. Il n'y a pas de Saint. Diable! M. Cyr, donc. Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avons decapite le tyran."

*Cope* mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonishment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving what it could mean—"Si je fais, je fais; mais si je fais, je suis un Hollandais." "If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm a Dutchman."

*Scott* says, "Lord Byron is getting fond of money. He keeps a box, into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight (Scott tells me) is to open his box and contemplate his store."

*Scott* showed me a woman whom Bonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call her "La Bella per Decreto," adding (as all the decrees begin with Considerando), "Ma senza il considerando."

*Ghosts*—Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least: while they were once drinking together, a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them, whom neither knew any thing about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fire-place, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place.

It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honors and prosperity to him before whom it appeared; but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story

to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly.

These two volumes are a complete mine of table talk. There is abundance of the same ore in the place whence we brought these specimens.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "UNHOLY WISH."

### I.

It was early on a summer's morning, many years ago, that a party of five or six persons, most of whom were in the bloom of youth, stood on the shores of the Adriatic Gulf, about to embark in a four-oared gondola, which was moored to its banks. Gondoliers—boatmen, as we should call them—bustled around. Some inspected the oars, some were getting the gondola in rowing order, some were standing guard over the provisions and other articles about to be stowed away in it; and one, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression, chiefly because it possessed but one eye, stood close to the principal group, waiting for orders.

It may be well to notice this group before proceeding further. Foremost and most conspicuous of it, was a man of distinguished appearance, and noble, intelligent features. He *looked* about thirty years of age, but he may have been a year or two older, or younger. His personal characteristics need not be more particularly described, since his fame has caused them to be familiar to most classes. It was Lord Byron.

A little away from him stood an Italian woman, young, and passably lovely. Her

features were not classically beautiful, but the dancing blue eyes that lighted them up, and the profusion of fair ringlets that adorned them, rendered the face more than pleasing. There is no necessity for mentioning her name here: it has been coupled with Lord Byron's too long, and too publicly, for any familiar with the records of his life to be at a loss to supply the deficiency. To call her *Madame la Contessa*, will be sufficient for us. Her brother, the Count G., was standing near her: but where was the old lord, her husband? Never you inquire where a lady's liege lord may be, when referring to Italy; be very sure that it is anywhere but by the side of his wife. Two more gentlemen completed the assemblage: one was the Marquis P.; the other a Frenchman, Monsieur H.; passing acquaintances of Lord Byron.

They had been staying for a few days at one of the inhabited islands of the Adriatic. It had been a suddenly-got-up little party of pleasure, having started one fine morning from Ravenna, in the gondola, and had proceeded by easy sails, now touching at one point, now at another, to the place where they were for the moment located. Their object this morning was to gain one of the uninhabited isles, spend the day on it, and return back in the evening. Some of these little solitary islands were luxuriant and beautiful, well worth the trouble of a visit, when within reach.

The gondoliers, the same who had accompanied them from Ravenna, continued their preparations for departure, but so dreamily and lazily, that only to look on would put a Thames waterman into a fever. Lord Byron was accustomed to Italian idleness and Ital-

\* It is believed by the author of these pages, that the incident they relate is scarcely, if at all, known in England. Yet this little episode in the career of Lord Byron is surely worthy of being recorded in the poet's own land, and in his native tongue. It is pretty generally known abroad, not only in Italy: the author has heard it spoken of more than once, and has also met with it, minutely detailed, in a French work. It occurred during the poet's last sojourn abroad.

ian manners; nevertheless he would sometimes get impatient—as on this morning. He leaped into the gondola.

"Do you think we shall get away to-day if you go on at this pace?" he cried, in Italian. "And who is going to be subjected to the sun's force through your laziness?"

"The sun's force is not on yet, signor," on of the men ventured to remonstrate.

"But it will be soon," was the answer of his lordship, with an Italian expletive which need not be translated here. "Cyclops, hand in that fowling-piece: give it me. Mind the lines—don't you see you are getting them entangled? Madame la Contessa, what has become of your sketch-book?"

She looked at him with her gay blue eyes, and pointed to the book in question, which he held in his hand. He laughed at his mistake, as he threw it down beside him in the boat.

"You are forgetful this morning," she observed.

"My thoughts are elsewhere," was his reply; "they often are. And more so to-day than ordinary, for I have had news from England."

"Received news to-day!—here?" was the exclamation.

"Yes. I left orders at Ravenna that if any thing came it should be sent on here."

At length the party embarked. Count G. took his place at the helm, and the four others arranged themselves, two on either side.

"Which isle is it the pleasure of the signor that we make for?" inquired one of the gondoliers, with a glance at Lord Byron.

He was buried in abstraction, and did not answer, but the Frenchman spoke.

"Could we not push on to Cherso?"

"Cherso!" reiterated the count, opening his eyes to their utmost width. "Much you know, my dear friend of the localities of these islands. It would take us twelve months, about, to get to Cherso in this gondola."

"They were telling us about the different merits of these isles last night. What do you say, mi-lord?"

"I care nothing about it; only settle it between yourselves," was Lord Byron's listless reply.

"Dio! but you are polite, all of you!" uttered the marquis. "La Contessa present, and you would decide without consulting her!"

"If you ask me," rejoined the lady, "I should say the wiser plan would be to leave

it to the men. They are much better acquainted with the isles than we are."

The men laid on their oars, and looked up. "Where are we to steer to?"

"To whichever of the islands within reach you think best," replied Lord Byron; and their oars again struck the water.

"You say you have had news from England," observed Count G. to Lord Byron.

"Good, I hope."

"Nothing but newspapers and reviews."

"No letters?"

"None. Those I left in England are strangely neglectful of me. Forgotten that I am alive perhaps. Well—why should they remember it?"

"The letters may have miscarried, or been detained."

"May! Out of sight, out of mind, G. Yet there are some one or two from whom I was fool enough to expect different conduct."

"What do the newspapers say?" inquired the signora.

"I have scarcely looked at them. There's the average dose of parliamentary news, I suppose; a *quantum suf.* of police —"

"No, no," she interrupted, "you know what I mean. What do they say about you—the reviews?"

"Complimentary, as usual," was the poet's reply. "I wonder," he continued, with a smile, half of sadness, half of mockery, "whether my enemies will ever be convinced that I am not quite a wild beast."

"You are bitter," exclaimed the countess.

"Nay," he returned, "I leave bitterness to them. It is the epithet one of them honors me with, 'caged hyena.' Were it not for a mixture of other feelings, that combine to keep me away, I would pay old England a speedy visit, and convince them that a wild beast may bite, if his puny tormentors go too far. By Heaven! I feel at times half resolved to go!"

"Would you take such a step lightly?" inquired the countess.

"England and some of her children have too deeply outraged my feelings for me *lightly* to return to them," he replied.

"How is it that they abuse you? How is it that they suffer you, who ought to be England's proudest boast, to remain in exile?"

"Remain in exile!" was his ejaculation: "they drove me into it."

"I have often thought," was her next remark, "that they could not know you, as you really are."

"None have known me," was his answer.

"It is the fate of some natures never to be understood. I never have been, and never shall be."

Lord Byron could not have uttered a truer word. Some natures never are and never can be understood. The deeply imaginative, the highly sensitive, the intellect of dreamy power; a nature of which these combined elements form the principal parts, can never be comprehended by the generality of the world. It knows its own superiority; it stands isolated in its own conscious pride. It will hold companionship with others, apparently but as one of themselves, in carelessness, in sociality, in revelry: but a still small consciousness is never absent from it, whispering, even in its most unguarded moments, that for such a nature there NEVER can be companionship on earth: never can it be understood, in life, or after death. And of such a one was Lord Byron's.

The lady by his side in the boat that day, remarking that his own countrymen could not have understood him, perhaps thought that she did; in fact, the observation would seem to imply it. The noble poet could have told her that she knew no more of his inward nature, his proud sad heart, his shrinking sensitiveness, than did those whose delusion she deplored. Of such men—and God in his mercy to themselves has vouchsafed that they shall be rare—there are two aspects, two natures; one for themselves, the other for the world: and they know that in all the ways and realities of life, they are appearing, involuntarily, in a false character. You who are not of this few, who have been blessed with a mind fitted to play its practical part in the drama of life, will probably not understand this; neither can you understand the bitter feeling of isolation that forms part of such a nature at knowing it can never be understood, never be appreciated.

Madame la Contessa, in answer to Lord Byron's last remark, spoke out with all the heat and fervor of her native land. "I should burn with impatience, I should scarcely *live* for fever," were the passionate words, "until I had convinced them of their error, and shown them that you are one to be loved and prized, rather than hated and shunned."

A sad smile passed over the celebrated lips of Lord Byron. "It is not my fate," he said, in a tone that told of irony. "Love—as you call it—and I, were not destined by the stars to come into contact. Not one human being has ever looked upon me with an eye of love."

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She interrupted him with a deprecatory exclamation.

"Never," he persisted; and if she could have read the dark feeling of desolation that his own words awoke within him, she would have marvelled at his careless aspect, and the light Italian proverb that issued from his lips. "*Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca.*"

"But these wicked men in England who rail at, and traduce you," resumed the Countess, "why don't you throw it back on their own evil hearts? You have the power within you."

"*I bide my time,*" was his answer. "If I live, they may yet repent of the wrong they have done me."

"But if you die," cried the Italian, in her passionate impatience—"if you die an early death?"

"Then God's will be done!" he answered, raising his straw hat, and leaning bareheaded over the side of the gondola, as he looked down at the water. They were much mistaken, those who accused Lord Byron, amongst other heinous faults, of possessing no sense of religion.

The gondoliers were applying themselves vigorously to their oars, and the party gave their minds up to the enjoyment of dreamy indolence, as they quickly glided over the calm waters of the Adriatic. At length they reached the island, one especially lauded by the men. The gondola was made fast to the shore, and Lord Byron, stepping out, gave his hand to the countess. It was indeed a lovely place. Scarcely half a mile in length, and uninhabited, the green grass was soft as velvet; tall bushes, and shrubs of verdure, were scattered there, affording a shade from the rays of the sun; beautiful flowers charmed the eye; various birds flew in the air; a small stream of water, abounding in fish, ran through the land, and all seemed loveliness and peace.

The gondoliers proceeded to unload the boat. Two good-sized hampers, one containing wine, the other provisions, lines for fishing, guns, a book or two, the countess's sketch-book, crayons, &c., were severally landed. Added to which, there were some warmer wrappings for the lady, lest the night should come on before their return; and there was also a large cask of spring water, for although the island they landed on contained water, some of the neighboring ones did not, and when they started, the gondoliers did not know which they should

make for. The gondola was emptied of all, save its oars, and was left secured to the bank.

"And now for our programme," exclaimed Lord Byron. "What is to be the order of the day?"

"I shall have an hour's angling," observed Count G., beginning to set in order the fishing-tackle. "By the body of Bacchus, though! I have forgotten the bait."

"Just like you, G.!" laughed Lord Byron.

"There is some bait here," observed one of the gondoliers. "My lord had it brought down."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the count to Lord Byron, joyfully taking up the bait. "I remember now where I left it."

"Ay, I have to think for all of you," was his observation. "Marquis, how do you mean to kill time?"

"In killing birds. H. and I propose to have a shot or two. Will you join us?"

"Not I," answered Lord Byron: "I have brought my English papers with me. You must lay the repast in the best spot you can find," he continued to the men. "We shall be ready for it soon, I suppose."

The party dispersed. Count G., with one of the gondoliers, to the stream; the marquis and the Frenchman to the remotest parts of the island, fully intending to kill all they came in sight of; the countess seated herself on a low bank, her sketch-book on her knee, and prepared her drawing materials; whilst the ill-starred English nobleman opened a review, and threw himself on the grass close by.

Do not cavil at the word "ill-starred:" for, ill-starred he eminently was, in all, save his genius. It is true that compensates for much, but in the social conditions of life, few have been so unhappy as was Lord Byron. It was a scene of warfare with himself or with others, from the cradle to the grave. As a child, he was not loved; for it is not the shy and the passionate who make themselves friends. His mother, so we may gather from the records left to us, was not a judicious trainer; now indulging him in a reprehensible degree; now thwarting him, and with fits of violence that terrified him. His greatest misfortune was his deformity, slight as it was, for it was ever present to his mind night and day, wounding his sensitiveness in the most tender point. An imaginative, intellectual nature, such as his, is always a vain one: not the vanity of a little mind, but that of one conscious of its superiority over the general multitude. None can have an

idea of the blight such a personal defect will throw over the mind of its sufferer, rendering the manners, in most cases, awkward and reserved. Before his boyhood was over, came his deep, enduring, unrequited love for Miss Chaworth—a love which, there is no doubt, colored the whole of his future existence, even to its last hour. A few years of triumph followed, when all bowed down to his surpassing genius: a triumph which, however gratifying it may have been to his vanity, touched not his heart; for that heart was prematurely seared, and the only one whose appreciation could have set it throbbing, and whose praise would have been listened for as the greatest bliss on earth, was, to him, worse than nothing. Then came his marriage, and that need not be commented on here: few unions have brought less happiness. His affairs also became embarrassed. None can read those lines touching upon this fact, without a painful throb of pity: and, be assured, that when he penned them, the greatest anguish was seated in his heart. I forget what poem the lines are in, neither can I remember them correctly, but they run something in this fashion—

And he, poor fellow, had enough to wound him.

It was a trying moment, that which found him  
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,  
Whilst all his household gods lay shiver'd round him.

They may be in "Childe Harold"—they may be in "Don Juan"—they may be in a poem to themselves: no matter: they refer to a very unhappy period of his chequered life. Abandoned by those he may have expected to cherish him; abused and railed at by the public, who took upon themselves to judge what they knew nothing of; stung to the quick by accusations, most of which were exaggerated, and some wholly false, he once more went into exile. A foreign land became his home, and there, far from all he cared for, he led a solitary and almost isolated existence. His life had but one hope that ever cheered it; but one event to look forward to, as a break to its monotonous outline, and that, was the arrival of letters and news from England. Lord Byron, above all others, required the excitement of fame to sustain him: his vanity was constitutionally great, and he had been brought, in many ways, before the public. Only this one break—and how poor it was!—to fill the void in his life and heart! He literally yearned for

England—he yearned to know what was said, what thought of him—he yearned for the hour that should set him right with his accusers. It has been said that he met abuse with contempt, scorn with indifference: yes, but only to the world.

That an hour would come when he should be compensated for his harsh treatment, when England would be convinced he was not the fiend she described him, Lord Byron never doubted. But those dreams were not to be realized. The unhappy nobleman lived on, in that foreign country, a stranger amongst strangers. There was nothing to bring him excitement, there was no companionship, no appreciation: it was enough to make him gnaw his heart, and die. He formed an acquaintance with one, whom the world was pleased to declare must have brought him all the consolation he required. They spoke of what they little understood. It may have served to while away a few of his weary hours, nothing more: all passion, all power to love, had passed away in that dream of his early life. A short period of this unsatisfactory existence, and the ill-fated poet went to Greece—to die. As he had lived, in exile from his own land, where he had so longed to be, so did he die. Could he have foreseen this early death, he probably would have gone home long before—or not have quitted it.

And there he reclined on the grass this day, in that uninhabited island, poring over the bitter attacks of the critics on his last work—drinking in the remarks some did not scruple to make upon himself personally, and upon the life he was leading. The lady there, busy over her sketching, addressed a remark to him from time to time, but found she could not get an answer.

At length they were called to dine. Ere they sat down, all articles, not wanted, were returned to the gondola. Guns, lines, books, newspapers—every thing was put in order, and placed in the boat, the sketch-book and pencils of the signora alone excepted.

“What sport have you had?” inquired Lord Byron, sauntering towards his shooting friends.

“Oh, passable—very passable.”

“But where’s the spoil?”

“Every thing’s taken to the gondola,” replied the marquis, speaking very rapidly.

“I saw, borne towards the gondola, a bag full of—emptiness,” observed Count G. “I hope that was not the spoil you bagged.”

“What fish have you caught?” retorted the marquis, who, being a wretched sports-

man, was keenly alive to all jokes upon the point.

“Not one,” grumbled G. “I don’t mind confessing it. I have not had a single bite. I shall try a different sort of bait next time: this is not good.”

They sat down to table—if a cloth spread upon the grass could be called such. A party *carré* it might have been, for all the interest Lord Byron seemed to take in it. He often had these moody fits after receiving news from England. But, as the dinner progressed, and the generous wine began to circulate, he forgot his abstraction; his spirits rose to excitement, and he became the very life of the table.

“One toast!” he exclaimed, when the meal was nearly over—“one toast before we resign our places to the gondoliers!”

“Let each give his own,” cried Count G., “and we will drink them together.”

“Agreed,” laughed the party. “Marquis, you begin.”

“By the holy chair! I have nothing to give. Well: the game we did *not* bag to-day.”

A roar of laughter followed. “Now H.?”

“France, la belle France, land of lands!” aspirated the Frenchman, casting the balls of his eyes up into the air, and leaving visible only the whites, as a patriotic Frenchman is apt to do, when going into raptures over his native country.

“Il diavolo,” continued young G., in his turn.

“Order, order,” cried Lord Byron.

“I *will* give it,” growled G., who had not yet recovered his good humor. “I owe him something for my ill luck to-day. Il diavolo.”

“And you?” said Lord Byron, turning to her who sat on his right hand.

“What! am I to be included in your toast-giving?” she laughed. “Better manners to you all, then.”

“G., you deserved that. We wait for you, my lord.”

“My insane traducers. May they find their senses at last.” And Lord Byron drained his glass to the bottom.

The party rose, quitted the spot, and dispersed about the island. The gentlemen to smoke, and the lady to complete her sketch, which wanted filling in. The gondoliers took the vacated places, and made a hearty meal. They then cleared away the things, and placed them in the gondola, ready to return.

It may have been from one to two hours afterwards, that Lord Byron and the French-



man were standing by the side of the countess, who was dreamily enjoying the calmness of an Italian evening. They were inquiring whether she was ready for departure, for the time was drawing on, when Count G., her brother, appeared in the distance, running, shouting, and gesticulating violently, as he advanced towards them.

"Of all the events, great and small, that can happen on this blessed world of ours, what can have put an Italian into such a fever as that?" muttered Lord Byron. "What's up now?" he called out to G.

"The gondola! the gondola! he stuttered and panted; and so great was his excitement, that the countess, unable to comprehend his meaning, turned as white as death, and seized the arm of Lord Byron.

"Well, what of the gondola?" demanded the latter, petulantly. "You might speak plainly, I think; and not come terrifying the countess in this manner. Is it sunk, or blown up, or what?"

"It's worse," roared the count. "It has gone away—broken from its moorings. It is a league and a half distant by this time."

Lord Byron took in the full meaning of his words on the instant, and all that they could convey to the mind—the embarrassment of their position, its unpleasantness, and—ay—perhaps its peril. He threw the arm of the lady from him, with much less ceremony than he would have used in any calmer moment, and flew towards the shore, the Frenchman and the Italian tearing after him.

Oh yes, it was quite true. There was the gondola, nearly out of sight, drifting majestically over the Adriatic. It had broken its fastenings, and had gone away of its own accord, consulting nobody's convenience and pleasure but its own. The four gondoliers stood staring after it, in the very height of dismay. Lord Byron addressed them.

"Whose doing is this? he inquired. "Who pretended to fasten the gondola?"

A shower of exclamations, and gestures, and protestations interrupted him. Of course "nobody" had done it: nobody ever does do any thing. They had all fastened it; and fastened it securely; and the private opinion of some of them was given forth, that nobody had accomplished the mischief save, *il diavolo*.

"Just so," cried Lord Byron. "You invoked him, you know, G."

"It would be much better to consider what's to be done, than to talk nonsense,"

retorted the count, who was not of the sweetest temper.

And Lord Byron burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, not at him, but at beholding how the false teeth of the marquis chattered, when he now, for the first time, was made acquainted with the calamity.

"We shall never get away again! We shall be forced to stop on this dreadful island for ever—and with nothing to eat!" groaned the marquis. "Mi-lord, what is to be done?"

Lord Byron did not reply; but one accustoming to his countenance might have read the deepest perplexity there; for wild, undefined ideas of famine were flitting like shadows across his own brain.

Their position was undoubtedly perilous. Left on that uninhabited isle, without sustenance or means of escape, the only hope they could encourage was, that some vessel might pass and perceive them: perhaps a pleasure party, like their own, might be making for the islands. But this hope was a very forlorn one, for weeks might elapse ere that was the case. They had no covering, save what they had on; even the wrappings of the countess were in the unlucky gondola.

"Can you suggest no means of escape?" again implored the marquis of Lord Byron, to whom all the party, as with one accord, seemed to look for succor, as if conscious they were in the presence of a superior mind. They thought that if any could devise a way of escape, it must be he. But there they erred. They had yet to learn that for all the practical uses of every-day life, none are so entirely helpless as these minds of inward pride and power. There was probably not a single person then present, who could not, upon an emergency, have acted far more to the purpose than could Lord Byron.

"There's nothing to be suggested," interrupted one or two of the boatmen. "We cannot help ourselves: we have no means of help. We must watch for a sail, or an oar, passing, and if none see us, we must stay here and die."

Lord Byron turned to the men, and spoke in a low voice. "Do not be discouraged," he said: "if ever there was a time when your oft-quoted saying ought to be practically remembered, it is now. *"Asutato, e Dio l'asutero."*

The first suggestion was made by the marquis. He proposed that a raft should be constructed, sufficient to carry one person,

who might then go in search of assistance. This was very good in theory, but when they came to talk of practice, it was found that if there had been any wood on the island suitable for the purpose, which there was not, they had neither tools nor means to fashion it.

"At all events," resumed the marquis, "let us hoist a signal of distress, and then, if any vessel should pass, it will see us."

"It may, you mean," returned Lord Byron. "But what are we to do for a pole? Suppose, marquis, we tie a flag to you; you are the tallest."

"Where are you to find a flag?" added the count, in perplexity. "All our things have gone off in that cursed gondola."

"Dio mio!" uttered the half-crazed marquis.

"I once," said Lord Byron, musingly, "swam across the Hellespont. I might try my skill again now, and perhaps gain one of the neighboring isles."

And to what good if the signor did attempt it?" inquired one of the gondoliers, "since the immediate isles are, like this, uninhabited. That would not further our escape, or his."

"Can none of you fellows think of any thing?" asked the count, impatiently, of the gondoliers. "You should be amply rewarded."

"The signor need not speak of reward," answered Cyclops, the one-eyed boatman: and it may be stated that "Cyclops" was merely a name bestowed upon him by the public, suggested by his infirmity. "We are as anxious to escape as he is, for we have wives and families, who must starve, if we perish. Never let the signor talk about reward."

"The gondola must have been most carelessly fastened," growled the marquis.

"Had it sunk, instead of floated, we should have known it was caused by the weight of your birds," cried Lord Byron.

"There was not a single bird in it," rejoined the marquis, too much agitated, now, to care for his renown as a sportsman.

"Then what in the world did you do with them? There must be a whole battue of dead game down yonder."

"You are merry!" uttered the lady, reproachfully, to Lord Byron.

"What is the use of being sad, and showing it?" was his answer. "All the groans extant won't bring us aid."

The night was drawing on apace, and the question was raised, how were they to pass

it? The gentlemen, though a little extra clothing would have been acceptable, might have managed without any serious inconvenience; but there was the lady! They seated her as comfortably as circumstances permitted, under shelter of some bushes, with her head upon a low bank, and Lord Byron took off his coat, a light summer one, and wrapped her in it. She earnestly protested against this, arguing that all ought to fare alike, and that not one, even herself, should be aided at the inconvenience of another. And the last argument she brought in was, that he might catch his death of cold.

"And of what moment would that be?" was his reply. "I should leave nobody behind to mourn or miss me."

Few of them, probably, had ever spent such a night as that. Tormented by physical discomfort without, by anxious suspense within, for the greater portion of them there was no sleep. Morning dawned at last—such a dawn! It found them as the night had left them, foodless, shelterless, and with hope growing less and less. It was a mercy, they said amongst themselves, that there was water in the island. And so it was; for an unquenched thirst, under Italia's sun, is grievous to be borne.

It was in the afternoon of this day, that a loud, joyful cry from Cyclops caused every living soul to rush towards him, with eyes full of brightness, and hearts beating, for they surely thought that a sail was in sight. And there were no bounds to the anger and sarcasm showered upon poor Cyclops, when it was found that his cry of joy proceeded only from the stupid fact of his having found the water-cask.

"You are a fool, Cyclops," observed the Count G., in his own emphatic language.

"I supposed it had gone off in the gondola," apologised Cyclops. "I never thought of looking into this overshadowed little creek, and there it has been ever since yesterday."

"And what if it has?" screamed the Count. "Heaven and earth, man! are you losing your senses? We cannot eat that."

"And we can't get astride it and swim off to safety," added the marquis, fully joining in his friend's indignation. But the more practical Frenchman caught Cyclops' hand:

"My brave fellow!" he exclaimed, "I see the project. You think that by the help of this cask you may be enabled to bring us succor."

"I will try it," uttered the man; and the

others comprehended, with some difficulty, the idea that was agitating Cyclops' brain. He thought he could convert the cask into a "sort of boat," he explained.

"A sort of boat!" they echoed.

"And I will venture in it," continued the gondolier. "If I can get to one of the inhabited isles, our peril will be at an end."

"It may cost you your life, Cyclops," said Lord Byron.

"But it may save yours, signor, and that of all here. And for my own life, it is being risked by famine now."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Lord Byron. "If you can command the necessary courage——"

"I will command it, signor," interrupted the man. "Which of you fellows," he continued, turning to the gondoliers, "will help me to hoist this cask ashore?"

"Stay!" urged Lord Byron. "You will have need of all your energy and strength, Cyclops, if you start on this expedition; therefore husband them. You can direct, if you will, but let others work."

And Cyclops saw the good sense of the argument, and acquiesced.

There were two large clasp-knives among the four boatmen, and, by their help, a hole was cut in the cask, converting it into—well, it could not be called a boat, or a raft, or a tub—converting it into a something that floated on the deep. The strongest sticks that could be found, were cut as substitutes for a pair of oars; the frail vessel was launched, and the adventurous Cyclops hoisted himself into it.

They stood on the edge of the island, nobles and gondoliers, in agonizing dread, expecting to see the cask engulfed in the waters, and the man struggling with them for his life. But it appeared to move steadily onwards. It seemed almost impossible that so small and frail a thing could bear the weight of a man and live. But it did, and pursued its way on, on; far away on the calm blue sea. Perhaps, God was prospering it.

Suddenly, a groan, a scream, or something of both, broke from the lips of all. The strangely-constructed bark, which had now advanced as far as the eye could well follow it, appeared to capsize, after wavering and struggling with the water.

"It was our last chance for life," sobbed the countess, sinking on the bank in utter despair.

"I do not think it went down, signorina" observed one of the gondoliers, who was re-

markable for possessing a good eyesight. "The waves rose, and hid it from our view, but I do not believe it was capsized."

"I am sure it was," answered several despairing voices. "What does the English lord say?"

"I fear there is no hope," rejoined Lord Byron, sadly. "But my sight is none of the best, and scarcely carries me to so great a distance."

## II.

THE small, luxuriant island lay calm and still in the bright moonlight. The gondoliers were stretched upon the shore sleeping, each with his face turned to the water, as if they had been looking for help, and had fallen asleep watching. Near to them lay the forms of three of their employers; and, pacing about, as if the mind's restlessness permitted not of the body's quietude, was Lord Byron; dreamily moving hither and thither, musing as he walked, his brow contracted, and his eye dark with care. Who can tell what were his thoughts—the thoughts of that isolated man? Stealthily he would pass the sleeping forms of his companions; not caring so much to disturb their rest, as that he might have no witnesses of his hour of solitude. Had they been sleepless watchers, the look of sadness would not have been suffered to appear on his brow. Not far off, reclined the countess, her head resting on the low bank. She had fallen asleep in that position, overcome with hunger and weariness, and her features looked cold and pale in the moonlight. Lord Byron halted as he neared her, and bent down his face till it almost touched hers, willing to ascertain if she really slept. Not a movement disturbed the tranquillity of the features, and, were it not for the soft breathing, he might have fancied that life had left her. There was no sound in the island to disturb her sleep; all around was still as death; when, suddenly, a sea-bird flew across over their heads, uttering its shrill scream. Her sleep at once became disturbed: she started, shivered, and finally awoke.

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

"Only a sea-bird," he replied. "I am sorry it disturbed you, for you were in a sound sleep."

"And in the midst of a delightful dream," she answered, "for I thought we were in safety. I dreamt we were all of us back again: not where we started from to come

here, but in your palace at Ravenna, and there seemed to be some cause for rejoicing, for we were in the height of merriment. And Cyclops was sitting with us; *sitting* with us, as one of ourselves, and reading—don't laugh when you hear it—one of your great English newspapers."

He did not laugh. He was not in a laughing mood.

"Do you believe in dreams?" she continued. "Do you think this one is an omen of good, or ill? Will it come true, or not?"

He smiled now. "Those sort of dreams are no omens," he replied. "It was induced only by your waking thoughts. That which you had been ardently wishing for, was re-pictured in the dream."

"I have heard you say," she continued, "that what influences the mind in the day, influences the dreams in the night. Is it so?"

"When the subject is one that has continued and entire hold upon us, most probably a sad one; never absent from our heart, lying there and cankering it; never told to, and never suspected by others: then, our dreams *are* influenced by our waking thoughts."

"You discovered this, did you not, in early life?" she asked.

"Ay, ay!" he answered, turning from her sight, and dashing the hair from his troubled brow. Need it be questioned whose form rose before him, when it is known, though perhaps by few, for the fact was never mentioned by himself but once, that his dreams *for years* had been of Mary Ann Chaworth.

"Oh, but it will be horrible to die thus of famine!" she exclaimed, her thoughts reverting to all the frightful realities of their position.

"Do not despair yet," he replied. "While there is life, there is hope. That truth most indisputably applies to our position here, if it ever applied to any."

He resumed his restless pacing of the earth, leaving the countess to renew her slumbers, if she could. And she endeavored to do so, repeating to herself, by way of consolation, the saying which he had uttered, "*L'ultima che si perde è la speranza.*"

The long night passed; the first hours of morning followed; and, still, the means of escape came not. They had been more than forty hours without food, and had begun to experience some of the horrible pangs of famine. The only one of all the party now asleep, was Lord Byron. He was worn out with fatigue and vain expectation. The re-

mainder of the unfortunate sufferers stood on the edge of the isle, straining their eyes over the waters, for the hundredth time.

Gradually, very gradually, a speck appeared on the verge of the horizon. It looked, at first, like a little cloud, so faint and small that it might be something, or it might be delusion. The gondolier, he with the quick sight, pointed it out. Then another gondolier discerned it, then the third, then Count G. Finally, they all distinguished it. Something was certainly there: but what?

A long time—or it seemed long—of agonized doubt; suspense; hope; and they saw it clearly. A vessel of some sort was bearing direct towards them. The lady walked away, and aroused Lord Byron from his heavy sleep.

"You have borne up better than any of us," she said, "though I do believe your nonchalance was only put on. But you must not pretend now to be indifferent to joy."

"Is anything making for the island?" he inquired. But he spoke with great coolness. Perhaps that was "put on" too.

"Yes. They are coming to our rescue."

"You are sure of this?" he said.

"Had I not been sure, you should have slept on," was her reply. "A vessel of some description is bearing direct towards us."

He started up, and, giving her his arm, proceeded to join the rest.

It was fully in view now. And it proved to be a galley of six oars, the gallant Cyclops steering.

So he and his barrel were not turned over and drowned then! No; the distance and their fears had deceived them. The current had borne himself and his cask towards an inhabited island, lying in the direction of Ragusa. A terrible way off, it seemed to him, but the adventurous gondolier reached it with time and patience, greatly astonishing the natives with the novel style of his embarkation. Obtaining assistance and provisions, he at once proceeded on his return, to rescue those he had left behind.

The galley was made fast to the shore—faster than the gondola had been; and Cyclops, springing on land, amidst the thanks and cheers of the starving group, proceeded to display the coveted refreshments. A more welcome sight than any, save the galley, that had ever met their eyes.

"Oh God be thanked that we have not to die here!" murmured the countess to Lord Byron. "Think what a horrible fate it would have been—shut out from the world!"

"For me there may be even a worse in store," he answered. "We were a knot of us here, and should at least have died together. It may be that I shall yet perish a solitary exile, away from *all*."

"Do put such ideas away," she retorted. "It would be a sad fate, that, to close a career such as yours."

"Sad enough, perhaps: but in keeping with the rest," was his reply, a melancholy smile rising to his pale features, as he handed her into the boat, preparatory to their return.

Up to a very recent period, there was an old man still living in Italy, a man who, in his younger days, had been a gondolier. His

name—at any rate, the one he went by—was Cyclops. It was pleasant to sit by his side in the open air, and hear him talk. He would tell you fifty anecdotes of the generous English lord, who lived so long, years ago, at Ravenna. And if he could persuade you to a walk in the blazing sun, would take you to the water's edge, and display, with pride and delight, a handsome gondola. It was getting the worse for wear then, in the way of paint and gilding, but it had once been the flower among the gondolas of the Adriatic. It was made under the orders of Lord Byron, and when presented to Cyclops was already christened—THE CASK.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH AUTHORESS.

TALLEYRAND.—At a small private party in Paris, one evening, some difficulty was found in making up a whist table for the Prince de Talleyrand. A young diplomat present, who was earnestly pressed by the hostess, excused himself on the grounds of not knowing the game. "Not know how to play whist, sir?" said the Prince, with a sympathizing air; "then, believe me, you are bringing yourself up to be a miserable old man!"

THE VESTRIS FAMILY.—The pomposity of the elder Vestris, the "*diou de la danse*," and founder of the choregraphic dynasty, has been often described. In speaking of his son, Augustus, he used to say, "If that boy occasionally touches the ground, in his *pas de zephyr*, it is only not to mortify his companions on the stage."

When Vestris *père* arrived from Italy, with several brothers, to seek an engagement at the Opera, the family was accompanied by an aged mother; while one of the brothers, less gifted than the rest, officiated as cook to the establishment. On the death of their venerable parent, the *diou de la danse*, with his usual bombastic pretensions, saw fit to

give her a grand interment, and to pronounce a funeral oration beside the grave. In the midst of his harangue, while apparently endeavoring to stifle his sobs, he suddenly caught sight of his brother, the cook, presenting a most ludicrous appearance, in the long mourning cloak, or train, which it was then the custom to wear. "Get along with you, in your ridiculous cloak!" whispered he, suddenly cutting short his eloquence and his tears. "Get out of my sight, or you will make me die with laughing."

A third brother of the same august family passed a great portion of his youth at Berlin, as secretary to Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great. He used to relate that Prince Henry, who was a connoisseur of no mean pretensions, but prevented by his limited means from indulging his passion for the arts, purchased for his gallery at Rheinsberg a magnificent bust of Antinous—a recognized antique. Feeling that he could not have enough of so good a thing, His Royal Highness caused a great number of plaster casts to be struck off, which he placed in various positions in his pleasure-

grounds. When he received visits from illustrious foreigners, on their way to the court of his royal brother, he took great pleasure in exhibiting his gardens; explaining their beauties with all the zeal of a cicerone. "That is a superb bust of Antinous," he used to say, "Another fine Antinous,—an unquestionable antique." A little further on, "Another Antinous—a cast from the marble." "Another Antinous, which you cannot fail to admire." And so on, through all the three hundred copies; varying, at every new specimen his phrase and intonation, in a manner which was faithfully and most amusingly portrayed by the mimicry of his ex-secretary. Vestris used to relate the story in Paris, in presence of the Prussian ambassador, who corroborated its authenticity by shouts of laughter. Prince Henry of Prussia, however, in spite of this artistic weakness, distinguished himself worthily by his talents and exploits during the Seven Years' War.

LAMARTINE.—An eminent Royalist, still living, unable to pardon one of the greatest modern poets of France for having contributed, in 1848, to the proclamation of the Republic, observed, on noticing his subsequent endeavours to calm down the popular enthusiasm he had so much assisted to excite,—"Ay, ay! an incendiary disguised as a fireman!"

THE MARQUIS DE XIMENES.—Some forty years ago, one of the most assiduous frequenters and shrewdest critics of the "Theatre Francais" was a certain Marquis de Ximenes; a man considerably advanced in years, who had witnessed the greatest triumphs of the French stage, in the acting of Le Kain, Mademoiselle Clairon, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and whose good word sufficed to create a reputation. He had all the traditions of the stage at his fingers' end, and few young actors ventured to undertake a standard part without previously consulting the old Marquis.

When Lafond,\* the tragedian, made his *début*, he was extremely solicitous to obtain an approving word from the Marquis de Ximenes. One night, after playing the part of Orosmane in Voltaire's tragedy of "Zaire," with undoubted applause, the actor, not content with the enthusiasm of the public, expressed to the friends who crowded to his dressing-room with congratulations, his anxiety to know the opinion of the high-priest of theatrical criticism—"I must hurry down

to the *Foyer*," said he. "The Marquis is sure to drop in while the after-piece is performed; I long to hear what he says of my reading of the part."

On entering the *foyer*, the old gentleman was seen to advance towards the lion of the night; and Lafond, highly flattered by this act of graciousness, instantly assumed an air of grateful diffidence.

"Monsieur Lafond," said the Marquis, in a tone audible to the whole assembly, "you have this night acted Orosmane in a style that Le Kain never attained."

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," faltered the gratified histrion.

"I repeat, sir,—in a style that La Kain never attained.—Sir, *La Kain knew better*."

Before Lafond recovered his command of countenance, the malicious old gentleman had disappeared.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, as might be proved by a thousand traits of her domestic life. One evening, Monsieur de Chalabre, the banker of Her Majesty's faro-table, in gathering up the stakes, detected by his great experience in handling such objects, that one of the rouleaux of fifty louis d'or, was factitious. Having previously noticed the young man by whom it was laid on the table, he quietly placed it in his pocket, in order to prevent its getting into circulation or proving the means of a public scandal.

The movements of the banker, meanwhile, were not unobserved. The Queen, whose confidence in his probity had been hitherto unlimited, saw him pocket the rouleau; and when the company assembled round the play-table were making their obeisances previous to retiring for the night, Her Majesty made a sign to Monsieur de Chalabre to remain.

"I wish to know, sir," said the Queen, as soon as they were alone, "what made you abstract, just now, from the play-table, a rouleau of fifty louis?"

"A rouleau, *Malam*?" faltered the banker.

"A rouleau," persisted the Queen, "which is, at this moment, in the right-hand pocket of your waistcoat."

"Since your Majesty is so well informed," replied Monsieur de Chalabre, "I am bound to explain that I withdrew the rouleau because it was a forged one."

"Forged!" reiterated Marie Antoinette, with surprise and indignation, which were not lessened when Monsieur de Chalabre produced the rouleau from his pocket, and,

\* Who must not be confounded with the admirable comedian, Lafont, so popular at the St. James's Theatre.

tearing down a strip of the paper in which it was enveloped, proved that it contained only a piece of lead, cleverly moulded to simulate a rouleau.

"Did you notice by whom it was put down?" inquired the Queen. And when Monsieur de Chalabre, painfully embarrassed, hesitated to reply, she insisted in a tone that admitted of no denial, on a distinct answer.

The banker was compelled to own that it was the young Count de C——, the representative of one of the first families in France.

"Let this unfortunate business transpire no further, sir," said the Queen, with a heavy sigh. And with an acquiescent bow, Monsieur de Chalabre withdrew from his audience.

At the next public reception held in the apartments of the Queen, the Count de C——, whose father was Ambassador from the Court of Versailles to one of the great powers of Europe, approached the play-table as usual. But Marie Antoinette instantly advanced to intercept him.

"Pardon me Monsieur le Comte," said she "if I forbid you again to appear at my far-table. Our stakes are much too high for so young a man. I promised your mother to watch over you in her place, during her absence from France, and preserve you, as far as lay in my power, from mischance."

The Count, perceiving that his misdeeds had been detected, colored to the temples. Unable to express his gratitude for so mild a sentence of condemnation, he retired from the assembly, and was never again seen to approach a card-table.

CHARLES THE TENTH.—When Martignac was first proposed as Prime Minister to Charles the Tenth; "No!" said the King, "Martignac would never suit me. He is a verbal coquette, who holds, above all things, to the graceful symmetry of his sentences. To secure a well-turned phrase, he would sacrifice a royal prerogative. A minister should not hold too jealously to the success of his prosody."

LA PLACE.—La Place, the celebrated geometrician and astronomer, was passionately fond of music; but he preferred the school to which he had been accustomed from his youth. During the feud between the Gluckists and Piccinists, he sided warmly with Piccini; and ever afterwards retained a strong partiality for Italian music. In latter years, he rarely attended the theatre; but was tempted by the great reputation of the Freischütz, produced at Paris under the

name of the "Robin des Bois," to witness the performance. As a peer of France, the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* was entitled to a seat in the box, set apart, at the Odeon, for the members of the Upper House; which, unluckily, happened to be situated near the brass instruments of the orchestra. At the first crash, the brows of La Place were seen to contract. At the second bray, he rose from his seat, and seized his hat.—"Old as I am, thank God I am not yet deaf enough to endure that!" said he; and quietly slipped out of the theatre.

THE COMTESSE DE D——. — Madame la Comtesse de D——, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who by fasting, and an over-strict exercise of the duties of the Catholic religion, seriously injured her health.

"My dear child," said her mother, "you have always been an *angel* of goodness. Why endeavor to become a *saint*? Do you want to sink in the world?"

THE DUC DE BERRI.—The unfortunate Duc de Berri was, in private life, a kindly-affectioned man. The servants of his household were strongly attached to him, for he was an excellent master. He used to encourage them to lay up their earnings and place them in the savings bank; and even supplied them with account-books for the purpose. From time to time, he used to inquire of each how much he had realized. One day, on addressing this question to one of his footmen, the man answered that he had nothing left; on which the Prince, aware that he had excellent wages, evinced some displeasure at his prodigality.

"My mother had the misfortune to break her leg, monseigneur," said the man. "Of course I took care to afford her proper professional attendance."

The Prince made no answer, but instituted inquiries on the subject; when, finding the man's statement to be correct, he replaced in the savings bank the exact sum his servant expended.

Trifling acts of beneficence and graciousness often secure the popularity of Princes. Garat, the celebrated tenor, was one of the most devoted partisans of the Duc de Berri. The origin of his devotion was, however, insignificant. The fête, or name-day of the duke, falling on the same day with that of Charles the Tenth, he was accustomed to celebrate it on the morrow, by supping with his bosom friend, the Count de Vaudreuil. After the Restoration, Madame de Vaudreuil always took care to arrange an annual *fête*,

such as was most likely to be agreeable to their royal guest. On one occasion, knowing that his Royal Highness was particularly desirous of hearing Garat, who had long retired from professional life, she invited him and his wife to come and spend at her hotel the evening of the Saint Charles. Garat, now both old and poor, was thankful for the remuneration promised; and not only made his appearance, but sang in a style which the Duc de Berri knew how to appreciate. He and his wife executed together the celebrated duet in "Orphée," with a degree of perfection which created the utmost enthusiasm of the aristocratic circle.

The music at an end, the Duke perceived that Garat was looking for his hat, preparatory to retiring. "Does not Garat sup with us?" he inquired of Madame de Vaudreuil. "I could not take the liberty of inviting him to the same table with your Royal Highness," replied the Countess. "Then allow me to take that liberty myself," said the Duke, good-humoredly. "You are not hurrying away, I hope, Monsieur Garat?" said he to the artist, who, having recovered his hat, was now leaving the room. "Surely you are still much too young to require such early hours? And as we must insist on detaining Madame Garat to sup with us, I trust you will do me the favor to remain, and take care of your wife."

From early youth, the Duke had been united by ties of the warmest friendship with the Count de la Ferronnays. Nearly of the same age, the intercourse between them was unreserved; but the Count, a man of the most amiable manners, as well as of an excellent understanding, did not scruple to afford to his royal friend, in the guise of pleasantries, counsels which the Duke could not have done more wisely than follow to the letter. Every day monseigneur repeated to his friend that he could not live a day apart from him. Such, however, was the impetuosity of the Duc de Berri's character, that storms frequently arose between them; and on one occasion his Royal Highness indulged in expressions so bitter and insulting, that Monsieur de la Ferronnays rushed away from him to the apartments he occupied on the attic story at the Tuileries, resolved to give in his resignation that very night, and quit France for ever.

While absorbed in gloomy reflections arising from so important a project, he heard a gentle tap at his door. "Come in!" said he; and in a moment the arms of the Duc de Berri were round his neck.

"My dear friend," sobbed his Royal Highness, in a broken voice; "I am afraid that you are very wretched! that is, if I am to judge by the misery and remorse I have myself been enduring for the last half hour!"

An atonement so gracefully made effected an immediate reconciliation.

LOUIS XVIII.—Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., perceiving that his brother, the Count d'Artois, and the chief members of the youthful nobility, distinguished themselves by their skill at tennis, took it into his head to become a proficient in the game; though the *emboupoint* which he had attained even at that early age, rendered the accomplishment of his wishes somewhat difficult of attainment.

After taking a considerable number of lessons from the master of the royal tennis court at Versailles, he one day challenged his royal brother to a match; and after it was over, appealed to the first racket boy for a private opinion of his progress. "It is just this here," said the *garçon*: "if your Royal Highness wasn't quite so *grossier*, and had a little better head on your shoulders, you'd do nearly as well as Monseigneur the Count d'Artois. As it is, you make a poor hand of it."

TALMA.—Talma used to relate that, once, on his tour of provincial engagements, having agreed to give four representations at the Theatre Royal at Lyons, he found the line of *père noble* characters filled by a clever actor, whom Madame Lobreau, the directress of the company, unluckily found it impossible to keep sober. On learning that this individual was to fill the part of the high priest in the tragedy of Semiramis, in which he was himself to personify Arsace, Talma waited upon him in private, and spared no argument to induce him to abstain from drink, at least till the close of the performance.

A promise to that effect was readily given; but alas! when the curtain was about to draw up, to a house crammed in every part, the high priest was reported, as usual, to be dead drunk! Horror-struck at the prospect of having to give back the money at the doors, Madame Lobreau instantly rushed up to his dressing-room, and insisted on his swallowing a glass of water to sober him, previous to his appearance on the stage. The unhappy man stammered his excuses; but the inexorable manageress caused him to be dressed in his costume, and supported to the side-scenes, during which operation, Talma was undergoing a state of martyrdom.

At length the great Parisian actor appeared on the stage, followed by the high



priest, and was as usual overwhelmed with applause. But to his consternation, when it came to the turn of the high priest to reply, the delinquent tottered to the footlights, and proceeded to address the pit.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Madame Lobreau is stupid and barbarous enough to insist on my going through my part in the state in which you see me, in order that the performance may not be interrupted. Now I appeal to your good sense whether I am in a plight to personify Orsoes? No, no! I have too much respect for the public to make a fool of myself!—Look here, Arsace!" he continued, handing over to Talma with the utmost gravity the properties it was his cue to deliver to him in the fourth act. "Here's the letter,—here's the fillet,—here's the sword.—Please to remember that Madame Semiramis is your lawful mother, and settle it all between you in your own way as you think proper. For my part, I am going home to bed."

A class of men who—luckily, perhaps—have disappeared from the Parisian world, is that of the *mystificateurs*, or hoaxers, created at the period of the first revolution, by the general break-up of society, so destructive to true social enjoyment. To obviate the difficulty of entertaining the heterogeneous circles accidentally brought together, it became the fashion to select a butt, to be hoaxed or mystified by some clever impostor, for the amusement of the rest of the party. Among the cleverest of the *mystificateurs* were three painters, who had proved unsuccessful in their profession—Musson, Touzet, and Legros. The presence of one of these, at a small party or supper, was supposed to ensure the hilarity of the evening. Sometimes the hoaxer was satisfied to entertain the company by simple mimicry, or by relating some humorous adventure; but in circles where he was personally unknown, he usually assumed the part of a fictitious personage—a

country cousin, an eccentric individual, or a foreigner. Musson, the best of his class, exhibited, in these impersonations, the *vis comica* in the highest degree.

One day, having been invited to meet, at dinner, Picard, the dramatist, to whom he was a stranger, he made his appearance as a rough country gentleman, come up to Paris to see the lions. Scarcely were they seated at table, when he began to discuss the theatres, of one of which (the Odeon) Picard was manager. Nothing, however, could be more bitter and uncompromising than the sarcasms leveled at the stage by the bumpkin critic; to whom, for some time, Picard addressed himself in the mildest tones, endeavoring to controvert his heterodox opinions. By degrees, the intolerance and impertinence of the presumptuous censor became insupportable; and, to his rude attacks, Picard was beginning to reply in language equally violent, to the terror and anxiety of the surrounding guests, when their host put an end to the contest by suddenly exclaiming,—“Musson, will you take a glass of wine with me?”—on which, a burst of laughter from Picard acknowledged his recognition of the hoax so successfully played off upon him; and, contrary to the proverb, the “two of a trade” shook hands, and became friends for life.

JULES JANIN.—In the height of the quarrel between the Homœopathists and the Faculty of Paris, the editor of a medical journal, having somewhat severely attacked the disciples of Hahnemann, was called out by one of the tribe. “Rather hard,” said he, “to have to risk one’s life for pointing out the impotence of an infinitesimal dose!”—“No great risk, surely!” rejoined Jules Janin, who was present at the discussion, “such a duel ought, of course, to represent the principles of homœopathic science—the hundredth part of a grain of gunpowder to the thousandth part of a bullet!”

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE publications of the month have not been numerous, and a majority of these, perhaps, are reprints of American works.

MR. BENTLEY publishes Mr. Eliot's "History of the Early Christians," in 2 vols, 8vo.

MR. CHAPMAN, REV. DR. HICKOK'S "System of Moral Science;" Theodore Parker's "Theism, Atheism and the Popular Theology"—"Ten Sermons on Religion;" "Poem by Anna Blackwell," and "The Public Function of Woman."

CLARKE, BERTON & Co. republish Mr. Hildreth's "Theory of Politics," originally published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The *Literary Gazette* speaks highly of it:

"This treatise on political philosophy, though small in size, is rich in theoretical and practical truth. Of the origin, principles, and forms of government, the author treats with clearness and force, illustrating his statements by historical references and examples. On various political questions there is room for diversity of opinion, and English readers will make allowance for what they will consider American prejudices. But there are some subjects on which the citizens of the States have attained a position far ahead of the people of older countries, and in which their experience may be profitably studied. The general education of the people, and the position of the clergy in relation to the civil institutions of the country, may be specified as examples."

KNIGHT & Co. republish Rev. Mr. Barnes' "Notes Critical, Explanatory and Practical, on the Book of Daniel," edited by Dr. Henderson. It was originally published by LEAVITT & ALLEN, and is thus noticed by the *Literary Gazette*:

"Of all modern commentators on the Bible Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, is deservedly the most popular. Several English editions were published of the early volumes of his 'Notes on the New Testament;' but, for the author's sake, we are glad that he has in his later publications taken advantage of the copyright law, and the present work is also issued under his direct sanction. The Notes on Daniel form a valuable companion work to those on the Apocalypse, and are marked by the same learned research, critical acumen, and sterling sense. The introductory dissertation presents an historical and critical notice of the book of Daniel. Weakness of health and impaired sight, induced by his literary labors, have rendered the revision of the work by an editor necessary, and it could not have fallen into more capable and sympathizing hands. Dr. Henderson, in his brief prefatory note, justly praises the work as likely to prove 'an efficient aid to ministers in their preparation for the exercises of the pulpit, to teachers in the study of their scriptural lessons, and to the Christian public at large in their search after divine truth.'"

The "Napoleon Dynasty, by the Berkley Men," published by LAMFORT, BLAKEMAN & LAW, has been

republished, and is thus regarded by the critic of the *Spectator*:

"This American compilation is done upon the principle of 'stump oratory,' with one considerable exception. The stump orator is doubtless consistent with himself; the matter and manner are congruous. The compiler of The Napoleon Dynasty, 'getting up' his book from various sources, has a mixture of styles. French rhetoric or French sentiment alternates with the fustian of the far West, while occasionally there is a contrasting flatness, which reminds one of the level style of Ancient Pistol. It were absurd to look for critical care or discrimination from the so-called Berkley Men. There are facts so notorious, or at least so easily ascertainable, that ignorance respecting them is inexcusable. The book tells us that Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to go to the Peninsula from India—where he had achieved all his fame hitherto, by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation in the height of his ambition paled into insignificance, &c. &c. Sir Arthur Wellesley was not recalled at all, but returned from India (in 1805) two years before the French invaded Portugal (1807) and nearly three years before Bonaparte seized upon Spain. Single facts such as these involve attentive reading; and though all the circumstances would contradict the assertion, with a man of any knowledge of public events, a hasty and ignorant compiler might fall into such a blunder. But what are we to think of Borodino!—'Each foe commanded over 100,000 men and 500 cannon. \* \* \* Each army withdrew at night, and 100,000 dead men were left on the field!' The idea of every other man being killed in a modern battle! The slaughter at Borodino was indeed terrible, but it was five and-twenty not one hundred thousand men. Enough of ignorance and impudence like this. In competent and critical hands, the lives of all the Bonaparte Family would be a fair subject, but rather curious than attractive."

SCRIBNER & Co. republish Brantz Mayer's "Mexico," which is esteemed by the *Athenaeum* to be "by far the most complete account of Mexico, historical and descriptive, that has yet been published. It is nearly half a century since the work of Baron Humboldt first attracted general notice to the antiquities and the resources of this region of the new world."

Rev. Mr. Laurie's "Life of Dr. Grant" has been republished, and is thus noticed by the *Athenaeum*:

"America is famous for her missionaries, and among these Dr. Asahel Grant is certainly one of the most distinguished. His strength, however, was not in his pen: he wrote verbosely and magniloquently,—so that it is exceedingly tiresome to read the record of his labors and his travels. Otherwise, the story of an earnest life spent among a little-known people, under conditions touching

the borders of romance, abounds in interest. Dr. Grant deserves a better biographer than himself."

Cassall has reprinted Mrs. Southworth's "Mark Sutherland," and is thus characterized in a long notice in the *Times*:

"To judge of Mrs. Southworth's merit as a novelist from the work before us, she possesses an uncommon faculty for making fiction appear like truth; for nobody who reads 'Mark Sutherland' will think of it as a mere tale that is told, or, while reading it, convince himself that it is a fiction and not a fact, so natural are the ideas and sentiments, and so natural are the characters and conversation of the personages introduced."

Mr. Matthew's "Moneypenny" has likewise been reprinted, and is thought by the *Athenæum* to resemble "nothing so much as a third class masquerade, in which we find Jack Sheppards, Indian queens, melo-dramatic women of mystery, charming young beauties, figuring in some animated and vulgar dance, neither the fun nor the figure of which can be relished by persons of taste. Mr. Cornelius Matthews has made a better appearance in former literary essays, if we mistake not; but he must not for that reason escape if he writes a story like 'Moneypenny,' in which all that is not stupid is disagreeable."

Adventures in Australia in 1852 and '3, by Rev. H. Berkley Jones—is just out.

Letters of the Poet Gray, now first published, edited by Rev. J. Mitford.

Leigh Hunt's "Religion of the Heart, a manual of faith and duty."

Miss Martineau's translation of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," is just out, in 2 vols., 8vo.

History of the Insurrection in China, with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents, by M. M. Callery and Yvan, translated by John Oxenford. This is regarded as a very authentic and timely work. The *Literary Gazette* thinks that "for a connected account of the revolution from its commencement we are indebted to the labors of the French authors, whose work is now translated by Mr. Oxenford. M. Callery was formerly a missionary, and afterwards interpreter to the French embassy, to which Dr. Yvan was attached as physician. Some of the statements in their work are corrected by more recent information, but on the whole they have presented a faithful and animated narrative of the insurrection. A perusal of this work is necessary for intelligently following the reports which are likely for some time to be transmitted by each mail from China."

The Public and Domestic Life of Edmund Burke, by Peter Burke. The *Spectator* thinks this work supplies a deficiency, though it has "not, indeed, the nice felicity of Washington Irving's Life of Goldsmith, nor the skillful arrangement, the varied knowledge of the age, and the forceful rhetoric of Mr. Forster's biography of the same author; neither has it any striking characteristics of its own; but it tells in a readable manner what there is to be told of Burke's private and literary life, as well as of his public career. The leading features of that career are exhibited by episodes, and impress us with the greatness of Burke as a guiding mind of the age, always foremost and always influential even in sub-

ordinate offices. The American War, official reform, India, its government and abuses, the impeachment of Hastings, and the French Revolution, bear witness to his activity, from his first appearance in Parliament to his final retirement."

History of France, from the Invasion of the Franks under Clovis to the Accession of Louis Philippe, by Emile de Bonnechose. This summary history of France, written during the reign of Louis Philippe, has been received with much approbation in France, and adopted in several public institutions. In a certain sense, it is worthy of this favor. It gives as clear a narrative of events as is compatible with the space of a single volume however bulky, and the resumé of particular periods are sufficient, if not very new. It is the best "abridgement" of the history of France extant.

Essays on some of the Forms of Literature, by Thomas I. Lynch.—These four essays contain the substance of four lectures originally delivered at the Royal Institution, Manchester. The subjects are,—first, Poetry, its Sources and Influence; second, Biography, Autobiography, and History; third, Fiction and Imaginative Prose; fourth, Criticism and Writings of the Day. The *Athenæum*, in noticing it, says:

"The most quintessential of lecturers who could characterize a century by an epithet, demolish a false philosophy by an epigram, and 'put a girdle' round a whole world of thought and fancy in the 'forty minutes' allotted to him by an audience eager to receive instruction homoeopathically, or in the smallest imaginable space, would be puzzled to do justice to the table of contents drawn out above within the limits accepted. Mr. Lynch does his best to get through his task by trying to say deep things in a few words; but his depth, if really profound, is not clear; his English, though poetical, sometimes is confused; and his illustrations, intended to be novel and original, are often injudiciously selected."

Popular Errors on the subject of Insanity Examined and Exposed, by James F. Duncan, M.D. The *Spectator* regards this "a well considered and sensibly-written treatise on insanity, chiefly in relation to erroneous opinions which are entertained on the subject. For example, suicide is examined, in order to combat the prevailing notion, not only entertained by the general public, but shown in the verdict of juries, that self-destruction is a proof of mental derangement, as well as to draw the distinction between suicide from insanity and by a sane person. Criminal jurisprudence as connected with mania is considered at length, the true differences between sanity and insanity being pointed out, and a suggestion advanced that accountability is the main issue, since a lunatic may in some cases be really as accountable as a sane man. A variety of other topics are handled by Dr. Duncan, from all of which the reader will receive judicious if not always new ideas, as regards insanity and the treatment of the insane."

Sketches in Ultramarine, by James Hannay, embraces a series of papers on nautical subjects, some of which were formerly published in the "United Service Magazine." "Some of his sketches," says the *Literary Gazette*, "give a tolerable idea of the naval life of our own day, but there is too much straining after effect in the literary delineation. Some of the best scenes are spoiled by the style in which they are described."

The Character of the Duke of Wellington, apart from his Military Talents, by the Earl Grey. "Although," says the *Critic*, "the Earl deems it an act of justice to the great warrior to put together some observations upon his private feelings and principles. He informs us, however, that he had no professional or private connexion with the Duke, and that only from dispatches has he in this. The volume contains nothing that every body did not already know of the Duke. It will be a source of gratification to have in a compact form a thousand proof of the amiability and kindness of a general who was once popularly known only as the Iron-hearted."

Sea Nile, the Desert, and Nigritia, described by Joseph H. Churi. The *Athenæum* commences its review of this work thus:

"Here at least is a literary novelty. The Nile and the Desert, the City of the East, the mosque the cataract and the pyramid, are known to us by a thousand interpretations:—but how few of these are native! The German student has carried with him to Philæ the scholarship and mysticism of Heidegger; the French novelist has reproduced at Cairo and Alexandria the gaieties of his own boulevard; the American Howdji, unconscious of the poetry of his own lakes and mountains, of the interest attaching to the past greatness and forgotten civilizations which exist around him, has placed his amaranth on gilded minaret and solemn pyramid; the English tourist has been poetical, learned, indifferent, sneering, and statistical, as agreed with his digestion or chimed in with the prevailing mood of his mind:—but a picture of the East by an Eastern is a rare effort, and will command attention. Signor Churi is a Maronite 'of Mount Lebanon.' What an address to give:—Signor Churi of Mount Lebanon!"

Miss Bremer's new work, "The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America"—the first volume of which the *Harpers* have republished, does not seem to have taken well. The *Critic* exclaims:

Thirteen hundred and thirty pages, full tale, on America! In the present instance, had a thousand pages been deducted, we should still have had a pleasant, instructive volume. If by some literary cookery the three volumes could have been boiled down into one, Miss Bremer's new work would have had more readers, and the story of her travels would have been told more effectively. For, we must say—and we say it very reverently—that in these three volumes there is a considerable amount of unmitigated twaddle." The *Spectator* calls it personal, and thinks there was no excuse for its publication. The *Athenæum* thinks the "book will not increase Miss Bremer's reputation. The topics of which it treats, and the manner of that treatment, are not suited to the habits and character of her mind. Nor were the circumstances under which Miss Bremer acquired her knowledge of America, and of what she calls the Homes of the New World, favorable to her object of writing a book." "A considerable part, however, of each of the three volumes ought never to have been printed,—perhaps never to have been written. We allude to those numerous passages occupied wholly in dilating on the characters and capacities of the private persons with whom, as a guest principally, Miss Bremer became acquainted."

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

The Messrs. CARTER have recently published several Biblical works which have more than ordinary value. A compilation of Scripture texts especially arranged, entitled "The Law and Testimony," made by the author of *Wide, Wide World*, is an invaluable manual for the readers of the Sacred volume. It carefully arranges the several passages of Scripture which relate a given subject under one head, carefully quoting the whole passage, and its context, and designating that which relates to the topic in hand by large and perspicuous type. It is a work of great labor and evinces a nice perception of the meaning of the inspired text.

The Sufferings and Glory of the Messiah, is a volume of expository lectures, by the Rev. Dr. Brown, on the 18th Psalm, in connection with Isa. 52: 13, &c.—an admirable specimen of expository and preaching, accurate learning, sound judgment, and ingenious method, characterize all of Dr. Brown's writings.

A new work of Dr. Cheevers, entitled "The Powers of the World to Come," treats with the author's accustomed vividness of imagery and force of expression, the great themes of man's future life.

A new and very neat edition of the immortal Exposition of Matthew Henry, in six volumes—a work which, for pith and copiousness of thought, quaint beauty of style and fervent piety, has no equal in the language.

History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, by Dr. Hetherington, succinctly recounts the proceedings and characterizes the personages of the famous Calvinistic Synod, to which the Catechism owes its origin.

An instructive history of religious enterprise in Africa is furnished in a little work, entitled "Abbeokuta, or Sunrise in the Tropics." Many a work of large pretensions does not possess the real merits of this unpretending volume.

#### ITEMS.

A literary pension of 100*l.* a year has been conferred on Sir Francis Head, the popular author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen," and other popular works; and another of 100*l.* on the widow of Mr. M. Moir, of Musselburgh—well known in the world of letters as the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. A pension of 80*l.* a year has been given to the Rev. William Hickey, the popular agricultural writer, under the well-known name of "Martin Doyle."

A University for Australia has been founded and endowed by the local legislature at Sydney; and the latest tidings from that colony speak of a project being on foot to establish a new college, in connexion with the University there, for educating Ministers of the English Church.

The *Scotsman* newspaper reports a serious accident to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic from a fall. The hurt is not, however, supposed to be dangerous.

The first Congress of Statists has been recently held in Brussels. The meetings were well attended by English, French, Germans, and others, and considerable interest was excited by their proceedings among the inhabitants of that gay and picturesque

capital. Among the frequent visitors at the various Sections were King Leopold and his two sons, the Duke of Brabant and the Duke of Flanders; and the distinguished members of the Congress were more than once invited to partake of the royal hospitalities.

Our obituary contains the name of Dr. Lymington, of Paisley, Professor of Divinity to the Reformed Presbyterian Synod.

Science and the Arts, says the *Journal des Débats*, have sustained a serious loss in the person of M. Depping, the Senior Member of the Society of Antiquaries in France, and member of various other Academies. He is the author of many works, among which may be mentioned a "History of the Commerce of Europe with the Levant;" "The Jews in the Middle Ages;" a "History of Normandy under William the Conqueror;" and "Administrative Correspondence under Louis the Fourteenth."

At a public dinner lately given him, Mr. Rowland Hill, the Post Office Reformer, gave some account of the extent of the reform obtained through his exertions. The year after the penny post stamp was issued, the number of letters, said he, doubled: last year, they had increased to nearly five times the ante-reform number. The net income for the year ending the 5th of January, 1838, amounted to 1,652,424*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*, while that of the year ending same date in 1853 was 1,090,419*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* The gross amount of income for the year 1839 was 2,346,278*l.*, and for 1853, 2,484,326*l.*

Paganini, who died so many years back, has not yet been buried. The clergy of Nice refused him Christian sepulture, because he neglected to receive the sacrament in his last moments. His nephew and heir applied to the ecclesiastical court for an order for them to proceed to the burial. After immense delay, his application was rejected. He therefore appealed to the archiepiscopal court of Genoa. After more long delay, a judgment was given, quite recently, to the effect that the interment should take place in the ordinary cemetery. But against this decision, the ecclesiastical party has presented an appeal to a superior jurisdiction, and Heaven only knows when it will be decided. In the meantime the remains of the great violinist are left in an unconsecrated garden.

The confession of Balthazar Gerard, the assassin of William the Taciturn, Prince of Orange, in 1584, has just been added to the archives of Belgium. It is a very interesting historical document. It is entirely in the handwriting of the murderer, occupies three pages, contains few erasures, and gives a detailed account of the motives of his crime, and of the measures he took for executing it.

An observatory is about to be built at Utrecht. The King of Holland laid the first stone of it a few days ago.

M. Thiers is on the point of finishing his history of the Consulate and Empire.

M. de Remusat has resumed the editorship of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A posthumous work of Balzac is announced to appear in the *Constitutionnel*.

Mr. Thorp, the editor of various Anglo-Saxon

and other works connected with early Northern literature, is preparing for the press a new edition and translation of Beowulf, founded on a collation of the Cottonian MS.

A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* states that Proudhon, the Socialist, has written a work on political philosophy, but in all Paris he cannot find a printer who has the courage to print it. Yet it is said, like all that emanates from him, to be admirably written and profoundly thought; it is said to contain nothing objectionable to the powers that be; and it is said that he is willing to submit it to the strictest examination, and to erase anything that can by any possibility be considered offensive. All is vain, however; not one of the eighty licensed printers in Paris dare touch the manuscript.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* says:—"The Academy of Inscriptions has just issued the twenty-second quarto volume of the History of France, a work begun by the Benedictine Monks nearly a century and a half ago, and continued by members of the Institute. This tome is nearly of a thousand pages, and though the twenty-second, descends no later than the thirteenth century. The disquisitions are erudite; the selections, valuable, rare, or curious; and the contents, altogether, adapted to the import and scope of the title."

Alexander Von Humboldt accomplished his eighty-fourth year on the 18th ult. The illustrious philosopher is in the full enjoyment of health and vigor.

Among the papers of Mrs. Gibbon, the aunt of the historian, were found, after her decease, several letters to her from her nephew, Edward Gibbon, the historian, and his friend Lord Sheffield, from which it would appear that the religious views of the former had, at least from the year 1788, undergone considerable change. In one of these interesting letters Gibbon says:—"Whatever you have been told of my opinions, I can assure you with truth, that I consider religion as the best guide of youth, and the best support of old age; that I firmly believe there is less real happiness in the business and pleasures of the world, than in the life which you have chosen of devotion and retirement."

Monsieur Gabriel Surenne has just returned from a literary tour in France and England, undertaken for the purpose of discovering the residences, cemeteries, and various historical circumstances in connection with the royal house of the Brucses, from the first baron to the eighth inclusive. His antiquarian researches have been crowned with success.

The discovery of the lost Regalia has caused much satisfaction in Hungary. The crown, sword, sceptre, orb, cross, and mantle, were buried in an island of the Danube for security during the war of independence.

Mr. Parker, the celebrated Oxford publisher, has recently extended his agencies in the principal cities abroad, for the purpose of making the numerous and learned works issued by the University known on the continent.

Mr. W. Brown, M.P. for South Lancashire, has placed at the disposal of the town council of Liverpool the munificent gift of 6000*l.* for the erection of a free library, if the corporation will provide a suitable site, in a central part of the town.





WILLIAM THACKERAY - THE ENGRAVER BY SCARLETT

*Wm Thackeray*

ENGRAVED FOR THE LONDON LITERARY



\* *Louis XVII., Sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort ; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. de Beauchêne. 2 vols. Paris. 1852.  
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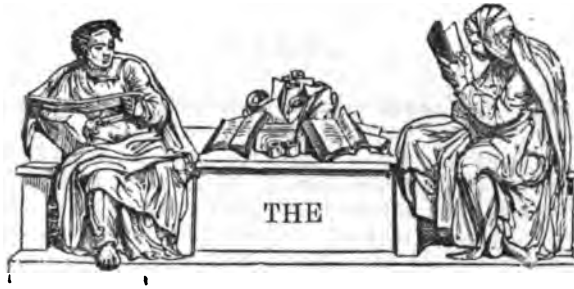




EDWARD HEATH, M.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF SALISBURY

Wm. Thackeray

ENGRAVED FOR THE LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1853.

From the Quarterly Review.

## LOUIS XVII.\*

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely, and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling, we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these "*Faux-Dauphins*," but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools* and *dupes*. Not one of those cases appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning, but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal

of M. A. de Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant records of the public offices which had any connexion with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought secondhand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbors and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found—for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgý, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple, and in the *Memoirs Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interest-

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ing summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works, M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes; though he occasionally cites them, he does not acknowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in a historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoule* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

*"For twenty years I shut myself up in that Tower—I lived in it—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it."*—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the Tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Bonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the Tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says,—

*"I have repeopled it—I have listened to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have read from the writings on the walls the complaints, the pardons, the farewells!—I have heard the echoes repeating these wailings."*—*Ib.*

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative, but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more interesting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat of both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is, that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy, and, to France,

disgraceful episode in her history—the captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother, (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution) he became heir-apparent to the Throne, but, in fact, heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's, describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity—to his family, he seemed a little angel—to the Court a wonder—to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.\*

Within *two hours* after the death of the first Dauphin, (on the 4th of July, 1789) the Revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the Royal authority but of the ordinary dictates of humanity and the first feelings of nature. The Chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrows. When the deputation was announced, the King answered that his recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day*. They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the people: the King still requested to be spared: the demagogues were obstinate—and to a third and more peremptory requisition, the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking—"Are there, then, *no fathers* among them?"

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October, another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the Guards, and led the Royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace prison of the Tuileries till

\* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816, by M. Tirolier, under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented a *lily broken by the storm*, with the legend *Cecidit ut floret*.—*Turgy*, 314.

the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy, and sent them prisoners to the Temple—an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1812, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchesne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger, but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry's work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike "the tower of Julius, London's lasting shame," and stood like it in a large inclosure of inferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was in truth only the "Hotel" of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d'Artois. Here the Royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed they were to be lodged—the King even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighboring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless perhaps the King) had ever set eyes upon it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the King, he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower, it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories, and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles, large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep*—the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only

by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the Queen, after the King's death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, "*Nothing can hurt me now.*" This portion of the tower had in latter times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbor; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of the archivist, that the Royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure; bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the King in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment:—

"I was led across the court to the door of the tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stairs so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, re-echoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying."

Considerable works were also undertaken for external security. The Towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pally* by

the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of these works, a remark of the young Prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pally was the person employed to raise the walls, the Prince is reported to have observed that "*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*"\* The observation, though obvious enough, seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by M. Hue as his own in a note in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the Dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the Royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which from first to last they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessities of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society—that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the com-

mune or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Convention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent Members their individual elections. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the Government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues, that family was implicitly delivered over—they it was, that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named *from amongst themselves* all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even Committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and chandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the Commune, and they all,—and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads,—were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

\* It is worth observing that at the taking of the Bastille on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them *insane*, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no *State prisoner*. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the *fifth year of liberty*, the prisons of Paris contained 8913 prisoners; to this number must be added 2637, who had passed in the *preceding year* from the prisons to the scaffold. When Bonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a *State prison*, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

"*Amensere omnes; et quæ sibi quique timebat, Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere. Jamque dies infanda aderat!*"

But the *infanda dies*—the 21st January—in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October—nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal—nor Robespierre from the Neuf Thermidor! To the usurped but conceded supremacy of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its mem-

bers, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it, we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

*"Commune de Paris, 29th Sep. 1792, the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.*

"Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form amongst themselves, the Council General of the Commune feel it their imperious duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the *evasion* of those traitors: they therefore decree—

- "1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.
- "2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*.)
- "3. That the valet de chambre shall be placed in confinement.
- "4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.
- "5. That the decree shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de la buche*.) In a word, the Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do *whatever* their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these *hostages*."

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of *escape*! In virtue of this decree the King was removed *that night* to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one,) where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the King. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately *over* the King's. On the

26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother's to his father's apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months,) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy—they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of Commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners *day and night* with increased insolence and rigor. At last, on the 11th of December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother—the King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even *his* patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction: that Assembly, on the 1st of December, came to a resolution allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, *the commune would not obey it*. This was conclusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration "that the King might, till the definitive judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that *they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt*." The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the King was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the Queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree

became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes in his text the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

"My father, at the moment of parting from us forever, made us promise never to think of avenging his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, 'My son, you have heard what I have said, but as an oath has something more sacred than words, hold up your hand, and swear that you will accomplish the last wish of your father.' My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours."—p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the King—as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son—but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the text as directly from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to "*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel*." But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this ceremony of an oath is an embroidery on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 200.\*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend—his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves,) that he exhibited both fear and fury—struggled

\* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of '*Royal Memoirs*,' in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting '*Account of what passed in the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin*.'

with his executioner, and endeavored to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend—the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing in *extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (*three weeks only after the execution*), there appeared this anecdote:—

"When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold' (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), 'I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost*' (*je suis perdu*)!' This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated—namely, that 'the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning'—shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity—but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant."—i. 479.

We—who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only *break of his fast* was by the reception of the Holy Communion—are dispensed from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73, p. 250), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

"Paris, 20th Feb. 1793,  
1st year of the French Republic.

"CITIZEN—A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what

passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that that was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice [the Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity]. Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, '*People, I die innocent.*' Then turning round to us, he said, 'Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people.'

"These, Citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred at the foot of the scaffold turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissors.]

"And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

"You may be assured, Citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honor to be your fellow Citizen,—SANSON."

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died *within six months*, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did not die soon after the King's death, nor even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mém. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab.*, c. 102), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806.

M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the same class. He says that Sanson left by his will a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish Church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record his horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a few months of the King's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the reign of Louis XVII. His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the *Commune* a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

"*Commune of Paris, Sitting of the 25th of Jan., 1793.*

"The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of *Madame Première* [to distinguish the young Princess from *Madame Elizabeth*], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see her child, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because it knows nobody of the name of '*Madame Première*.'"—ii. p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the Queen first saw her children in it, she said, "My poor children, you will wear it long, but I for ever;" and she never after left



her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was therefore much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another converted municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by Hébert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three Municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth watched over, and endeavored by their charitable care and consolations to soothe the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new Commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little Prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard\* by name, who had

been selected to conduct the King to the scaffold, saw in this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, "I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them." (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden-blinds (*abat-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded, but laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:

"Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that the little Capet is sick, Resolved, that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other."—ii. p. 51.

The date prefixed to this resolution is worthy of its contents. "10 Mai, 1793; 2 de de la République, 1er de la Mort du Tyran." It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and, moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honor. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and, for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who had never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had never recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the

\* He was guillotined with Robespierre.

Temple to the discretion of the Commune—but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of “the son of Capet” from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*), to be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o'clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual, mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six Commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The Queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they attempted to take him, clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on—

“At last one of the Commissaries said, ‘It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard.’ Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—‘No, for God’s sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow.’ No answer. The Queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower where she might still see him. One of the Commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyant* the Queen—‘We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What? you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us.’ The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The Commissaries began to lose patience. At last the Queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and, without a tear or a sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—‘My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and your father will look down from heaven and bless you.’ Having said this she

kissed him and handed him to the Commissaries: one of whom said—‘Come, I hope you have done with your sermonizing—you have abused our patience finely.’ ‘You might have spared your lesson,’ said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—‘Don’t be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education:’—and the door closed!”—ii. 71.

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He has traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditionary details related at an interval of fifty years by the gossips of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence. Anthony Simon, of the age (in 1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, afterwards *de l’Ecole de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighborhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of Tutor to the young King. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill favored. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the Commune, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the *tutor* of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of *never* losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of *never* quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatso-

ever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had those communications with her neighbors as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valeat quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were "*animal*," "*viper*," "*toad*," "*wolf-cub*," garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young King and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommodious for the custody of the son. For the two first days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread—refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his "mother." He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated, but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied: for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little Savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harps*, with the gracious speech, "Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsichord—you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket." The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows—blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued,

with a courage and intelligence above his age—which only produced new violence—to insist on being restored to his "mother." A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Menchoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief: they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue;—"Citizens," asked the Guardian,

"What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub (*louveteau*)? He has been brought up to be insolent—I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink (*crever*) under it—so much the worse for him—but after all what so you mean to do with him?—to banish him?—Answer, No! To kill him?—No! To poison him?—No! But what then?—To get rid of him! (*S'en defaire*)."

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note—"He was not killed—nor banished—but they got rid of him." The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother:—

"They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves—at last Drouet [note the choice of Drouet as the spokesman to the Queen] said, 'We are come to see whether you want anything.' 'I want my child,' said the Queen. 'Your son is taken care of,' replied Drouet; 'he has a patriot preceptor, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own.' 'I complain of nothing, Sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know

\* The Memoirs published, in 1824, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M. Turgu, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchesne repeats. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority—indeed of none, except when, as in this case, his evidence may tell against himself.

about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justice of my complaint.'"

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the Queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, and especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king's resistance was inflexible—he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him,—nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest—she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother—they must be removed—Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him—it tamed him more than blows could do, and by and bye, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the Queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted), she caught a sight of her beloved boy, but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction—he was not in mourning for his father—he had on the Carmagnole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment,

Simon was out of humor, and the Queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the Commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the Queen to the *Conciergerie*—the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The Queen well knew she was going to death—she knew she left her son in the hands of Simon—she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation—she leaves *her* in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived—though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the Queen was sent to the *Conciergerie*, Chaumette—the organ of the Commune—directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was—a little *guillotine*. Such toys the police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toymen had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their customers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the Commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first, of the Members of the Council of the Commune, who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model—he was guillotined on the 13th of April following—a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year

before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present.

In the mean while the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons—he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of “*getting rid of him*,” but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The Queen’s trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining—by what terror or violence who can tell?—the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Daujon under Hébert’s dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame’s own account of this extraordinary inquisition:—

“They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt’s examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken: they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind.”—*Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

It was under these auspices and influences that the Queen’s trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then at length, Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury—not what we in England understand by a jury, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to them, according to the dictates of the public accuser—one of the jury, we

say, observed to her that she had not replied to that point. On this challenge, she elevated, with supreme dignity, her head and her voice, and, turning from the Court to the audience, uttered these admirable words:—*“I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.”*

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the President asked her whether she had anything to add. She said:—

“For myself nothing—for your consciences much! I was a Queen, and you dethroned me—I was a wife, and you murdered my husband—I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me—I have nothing left but my blood; make haste to take it.”—ii. p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocution which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really made, this last was the only request ever granted her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at eleven o’clock on that same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from marking the fearful retribution which followed these infamous proceedings. Within nine months from the death of the Queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all—at least all whose fate is known—perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the Queen’s trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-open door, and they saw nothing but the hands that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother’s fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the Queen’s death, 26th October, the boy made another declaration:—

“That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple, [in his former character of Commissary] in company with *Jobert*, Jobert had conveyed two

notes to the Queen without Simon's having seen them and that this trick (*espèglerie*) made those *ladies* laugh very much at having deceived the vigilance of Simon. He deponent did not see the paper, but only that those *ladies* had told him so.

"Before signing, he, little Capet, said, that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutoir mieux les complots*)."

This is the deposition to which the last of the child's signatures was affixed, and, insignificant as it may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy's deposition from his own mouth—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name, but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for *Jobert* (unless there were *two* commissaries of the same name,) so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal ladies, was of Simon's own *clique*; and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, followed *Robespierre* to the scaffold in the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of *Jobert* and his employers to entrap the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it again seems hardly explicable, unless, indeed, it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *rédaction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for he, certainly, would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of "*ces dames*" for the Princesses—it may, therefore, be safely concluded that the *rédaction* was, to some extent, at least, that of the Magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor Magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against *Jobert*. This Magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal* was George Follope—aged 64—an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous patriot, and as such elected into the

Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself, as regarded the Princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot *Jobert*, and the use of the term "*ces dames*" may have been attributed by his disappointed and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is, that the next—and most unexpected—mention, we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his "*accomplice*," Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child—equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth, as in the former case. Indeed, the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of, even in that reign of insanity. The Princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either—and, under these circumstances, he was made, by a deposition, dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

"That for the last fortnight or three weeks, he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister] knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the fire-wood was kept; that moreover, he knows (*connait*) from the sound of their footsteps, (which he distinguishes from the other noise,) that, during this time, the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures; he thinks it may be *forged assignats* [!!!] but is not sure, that they might pass them through the window to somebody."—ii. 176.

He *knows* the noise was made by the prisoners, and not by any one else—he can *distinguish* through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars, the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed toward their bedroom, it must be to hide something

—he thinks *forged assigns*!—he thinks, too, they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to *somebody*—the only *bodies* in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observations and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 months old. Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was “*a little hard of hearing*,”—and his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but *she* never mentioned it, though Simon states that “for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council.”

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers, these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the Massacres and the Guillotine.

Meanwhile, the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater rigor. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency, that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sang a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured suggestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favorites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation, he had some memory, or, perhaps, *dreamed*, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed, with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the su-

perstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, “I'll teach you to say your *pater-nosters*, and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*.” Nor was that all; he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented from beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavored to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down, and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity; his neighbors thought him the guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not bear to appear amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the commune, a national *fete* in honor of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thralldom. A “self-denying ordinance” of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option.

resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the "*échafaud vengeur*" of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan. 1794, the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, "Capet, I know not when I shall see you again." Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the "*toad*." But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The Committees of Government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavor to obtain from the *force of things* (*la force des choses*), that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded; he was confined to a single room (where Cléry had slept during the King's life); it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was enlased by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the ante-room opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

"He may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison—like a young fawn that

had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters." ii. p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

"Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting any thing, and every thing, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been." —*Royal Mem.*, p. 266.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young king, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects, had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.



But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendently innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of color (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 226); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant, fact, that in the original edition of Madame Royale's narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assembled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers—

"With a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.\* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood first on the list of 25]. All the women, as they left the cart asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety."—*Royal Mem.* p. 262.

Madame Royale did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers—"she was gone elsewhere for change of air;" when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told they would consider it.

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned,

\* There were executed at the same time Madame de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Cruseol, de l'Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canizy, de Cercey, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.

Madame Royale's account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry—a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview:—

"One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret, even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me: he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired."—*Ib.* 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important date, and adds a remarkable circumstance:—

"The day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth—that is, 11th May—Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written—

"My brother is ill. I have written to the convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand."—ii. 212.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used: but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, considering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the Royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne:—

"The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals: they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels which I had read over and over."

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On

the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the Commissaries of the Commune—(most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold)—and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated: he was indeed noted in his district for his *patriotism*, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favorable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of *Josephine*, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some municipals who were still in authority; they closely scrutinized his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o'clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the "little Capet." They had explained in general terms the way in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, "Capet! Capet!" Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurent saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. Another visit next morning had the same results; the child would neither speak nor show himself; though Laurent had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurent made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request

was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the committee de *Sûreté Générale* came to conduct it:—

"They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened; it seems there were no means of doing it. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child, asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down, (*enlevée*), and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI. could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and furrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trowsers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of gray and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding, over which black spiders were running . . . At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them: he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food they had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it? Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose gray hairs and paternal tone seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, "*Because I want to die!*" These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him."—ii. 25.

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *more suo*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Memoires de Lombard* we find Barras's own account of his visit. He

confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank—he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trowsers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints “prodigiously swollen and livid.” Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, “after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!” He adds indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to get rid of him, (*se débarrasser de lui*;) so, “to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off.” The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, “was the last I saw of him.” (*Mém. de Lombarde*, p. 147, 150.) M. de Beauchesne’s authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras’s having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras’s own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne’s narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted; and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but ameliorations to which the most odious

convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigors of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except at his meal-times, and always then in presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception: on his way to the leads he had to go by the wicket that conducted to what had been his *mother’s* apartment: he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her *Mémoires*, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influence of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in presence of the two guardians and a municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical in-

sults of the latter. These commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk or some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup with a "*small bit*" of its *bouilli*, and some *dry* vegetables, (generally beans;) a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good-humored, the guardians would endeavor to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in any thing else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors, pried every where, gave his orders in a rough, imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner, he exclaimed—

"Why this wretched food? If they were still at the Tuileries, I would assist to furnish them out: but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?" Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, 'Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don't see why the nation should remember it.' Then turning to the guardians, 'Tis not his fault if he is his father's son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her *children*. So don't be harsh to him.'—ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering, sententious style, "combining," says M. de Beauchêne in his rhetorical way, "the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fénelon." Another of Delboy's phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues, he de-claimed against

—"those crafty hypocrites who do harm to others

*without making a noise*—these are the kind of fellows who invented the *air-gun*."

Such a voice had never before been heard in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child's dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fénelon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

"Shall we ever meet again? I think not: our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognize each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honor never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity!"—*lb.*

The reign of this "*bourru bienfaisant*" lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time, sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution "*de s'en défaire*."

The daily change of commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences, not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23d February, 1795, the commissary was one Leroux—a "*terroriste arriéré*"—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those "*plucked roitelets*" looked without their fathers." When he entered Madame Royale's room, she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. "What!" he cried, "is it the fashion here not to rise before the *people*?" The Princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, "*Elle est fière comme l'Autrichienne*." When he visited the boy, it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the *son of the tyrant*—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin timidly ventured to produce Delboy's

charitable maxim "that he could not help being the son of his father," they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. "Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters should be strangled in their cradle!" (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts "to the death of all tyrants," and the cards to play picquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at picquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—"Three tyrants"—"Fourteen tyrants." The queens were "*citoyennes*," and the knaves "*courtiers*." The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux's jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favorable result. Leroux had called for cards, and thereby authorized their introduction; and the child's pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux's departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself *for the rest of his life*! The next commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin's suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and, indeed, was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion, a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

"the little Capet had tumors at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to

extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise."

On this report a sub-committee of the Committee de *Sûreté-Générale* were delegated to visit the child; it consisted of one *Harmand* (of the Meuse), who on the King's trial voted for banishment, and *Mathieu* and *Reverchon*, who voted for death. These men found such a state of things that they thought (as *Harmand* himself afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living)

"that for the honor of the nation, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of the Convention, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty municipality of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee."—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honor of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. *Harmand's* account of the affair was not published till after the Restoration, (as *M. de Beauchesne* notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy,) and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of *Gomin*, though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute *silence* of the child, from whom they, no more than the former commissaries of the commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence *Harmand* dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother—a statement which *Gomin* denies, and on his authority *M. de Beauchesne* distrusts *Harmand's* general veracity. We think unjustly. For though *Gomin* might contradict the unqualified statement of his *never* having spoken from that

very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown, except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When Gomin first entered on his duties, "Laurent foretold that he would not obtain a word from him," which implies that he had not opened his lips to Laurent. The report of the commune which preceded Harmand's visit also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; Harmand and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that Harmand's accuracy is in any degree impugned by Gomin's secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this "*mutisme*" began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, and unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed, it is certain that he *never* knew of his mother's death. But it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what may be fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the "*son of the tyrant*," the "*roitelet*," "*the king of La Vendée*," and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew—the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. Gomin's timidity, not to say

terror of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child, (Laurent and the municipal of the day being absent at their *club*,) he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at Gomin's countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on Gomin's face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry. "No, no," said Gomin, "you know that *that* cannot be." "I *must see Her!*" said the child. "*Oh, pray, pray, let me see Her once again before I die!*" Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his *mother*; he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after, there was another sad scene. On the 23d March, the commissary of the day, one Collot, looking steadfastly at the child, exclaimed, in a loud doctoral tone, "That child has not six weeks to live!" Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, "I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!" The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile, as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, "*Yet I never did any harm to any body.*" (ii. 319.)

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme*; but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of every body. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the "son of the tyrant." The Prince at parting squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him; his nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes—armed police—were sent, who took him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now *by trade* a master house-painter. He was an honest man, of the moderate republican party, with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, "first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis XVII. had died"—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a principal witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,\* in October, 1880, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the Dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child, he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, "*And did you see me with my sword?*"†

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the Restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and a bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom

he could barely recognize for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, *with his sword*, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, "*The little Capet is indisposed.*" No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms: "*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*" Still no notice. "We must strike harder," said the guardians; and now wrote that "*his life was in danger.*" This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder Dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise, and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government, who desired no such result, paid no attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumors at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow: whether he wished to die, or was, on the contrary, afraid of poison, did not appear; but to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige him, the medicine was taken, and, as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but, aware that his words were watched, (the doctor was never left alone with him,) the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at nine o'clock, the commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the Revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he

\* As this page is passing through the press, we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Muse de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, "Sir, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you." Struck with the unusual appellation of "Sir," and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, "What sketch?" "Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you, it would give me the greatest pleasure." "It would please you?" said the child, and a gracious smile authorized the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the Commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that "it was needless—M. Desault died yesterday." A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures; the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances\* of the case gave a color to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, "the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty of which there is no example." (Roy. Mem. 278.)

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June, M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—"sent," says M. de Beauchesne, "for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor"—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick-room, and the violent

\* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates officially given to Desault's death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake; but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so, because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the deaths of the doctor and his patient from six days to three.

crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. "If you have not authority," he said, "to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room." The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, "Don't speak so loud, for they might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them." "They" were his mother and aunt—who he thought were still living. The commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself; the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight, however, of the sun, and the freshness of the air through a large open window, soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again looked up alone. On the morning of the 6th, Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a spoonful of tisan, and, thinking him really better, dressed him, and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room. "Oh, yes!" he answered, "with a faint, desponding smile, that went to all their hearts." At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new commissary, of the terrible name of Hébert, and worthy of it, arrived. "Eh! how is this?" said he to the guardians; "where is your authority for thus moving this wolf-cub?" "We had no especial directions," replied Gomin, "but the doctor ordered it." "How long," retorted the other, "have barbers (*carabins*) been the Government of the Republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?" At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and



to the new terrors which Hébert's threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting-fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day, (8th June,) consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes; he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, “*Still alone, and MY MOTHER in the other tower!*” But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th as usual, he thought him better; the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise; and their bulletin, dispatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. “*Be consoled,*” he replied: “*I shall not suffer long.*” Overcome by these words, Gomin kneeled down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

“And now,” says M. de Beauchesne, “having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.”—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless

and silent, said, “I hope you are not in pain.” “*Oh yes,*” he replied, “*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*” There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. “Where do you hear the music?” “*Up there.*” “*How long?*” “*Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!*” And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, “*I hear my mother's voice amongst them!*” and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent; at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted any thing. He replied, “*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*” He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne, “*I have something to tell you.*” Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard; the child was dead!

A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and of royalist opinions and connections, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus*, (atrophy, decay,) the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, *on the Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the *heart*, and conveyed it in a napkin into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by

one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the Restoration) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, "having handled it a thousand times, he easily recognized," and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved *seventeen* stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which, Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in the churchyard of

the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine: but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. repose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy enclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighborhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good reasons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the Restoration did not, in this narrow, secluded, and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angoulême. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the enclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancor of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

How strangely would our ideas of intellectual excellence be revolutionized, did we estimate the worth of books, or the abilities of literary men, by their popularity! What a rejection would there be of the most clear-sighted sages, and the most elevated spirits, who have been our pioneers in the upland path of truth, did we judge of them as their contemporaries did; and what a resurrection of the nameless and long-forgotten would take place, were the trumpet-blast of fame to sound for those whose brief dance of existence awoke only that confused hum which is emitted in the sunshine by ephemeral things! It is fitting that the thinker should be among the last of those who are crowned with the palm-wreath of true honor, for the note of triumph which summons him to receive it must be blown with no bated breath, nor give forth an uncertain sound. It must ring clearly and strongly, even though it be not heard till long after that thinker's tomb has crumbled, and it must proclaim him a teacher of no mere half truths—one whom the world could not well have spared, ere it has set him among its benefactors. Such being, in most cases, the necessity of that mission upon which the writer of intellectual power enters, when he gives utterance to the thought within him, popularity is seldom the result of his labors, in the sense in which it is won by the efforts of the more superficial and less self-sustained. He looks to higher results, and is borne onward by seeing, often in the far future, the time when his thoughts must be recognized, and he with them. Some among the original minds of all ages have been so influenced by these things, as to be betrayed into culpable carelessness of the media by which their ideas are communicated. Content to find a fit audience, they seem reckless of how few may compose it, and may almost be said to ignore the competency of a popular tribunal. Now, it appears obvious that the diffusion of enlightenment in an age like our own is not such a mere surface thing, but that even the least attractive writers will be appreciated in quarters where they may have scarcely expected to be comprehended.

Though the flood of ordinary knowledge, breaking its old boundaries, leaves but a small deposit of that more subtle thought which is the product of a rich and strong soil on the broad plain of general intelligence, it floats into nooks and crannies much that will take root there and produce a fresh and abundant fruitage. This has been, and will yet to a much greater extent be, the case with such writers as Walter Savage Landor. There are few of our modern authors with whom the general public is less acquainted; he is known as a man of high attainments, of a powerful mind, more through the opinion of the men of letters who have been, or still are, his contemporaries, than through the verdict of even those who constitute, in the proper sense of the term, the reading public. He has been careless about such a verdict, and would seem to have preferred the indulgence of mere caprice, in many instances, rather than do aught to secure it. In spite of this, however, we feel constrained to say with Sir Philip Sidney, in one of his own conversations, "that life has not been spent idly which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections, by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception." It will matter little either to our author himself or to his readers in future times, whether he received the praise justly due to him in his lifetime or not; his has been an existence well spent, if the devotion of genius to the cause of truth and the cultivation of nobleness is a thing worthy of living and laboring for; and it will be of little consequence hereafter whether the form of his labors were such as to interest the mass of mankind or not, when the substance of them has been estimated at its true value. That the form in which Mr. Landor has chosen to express his views of nature and of human life has had some effect upon his writings,\* so

\* *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. London: E. Moxon. 1853.

*The Works of Walter Savage Landor.* In Two Volumes. Moxon. 1846.

*Italia.* By Walter Savage Landor.

far as their unpopularity is concerned, we do not doubt. To those who are at little pains to look beyond mere forms, the "Imaginary Conversations" do not properly belong either to the literature of fiction or to that of a weightier character, while they partake in some degree of the nature of both. Professedly fictitious in design, they are real in substance; and while the combination of dramatic force with practical wisdom cannot but be their chief charm in the estimation of such as can appreciate it, that combination has in all probability appeared to others a thing neither real nor imaginary. And yet the "dialogue," or "conversation," was the form chosen by some of the wisest of those who have left the world legacies of great thoughts. It was the form which Plato, and Socrates, and Cicero chose, while Fénelon, Paschal, Fontenelle, and many others, have selected it as their medium of expression, conceiving it to be the most natural mode of communication between man and man. Mr. Landor, however, has infused the dramatic into this form, and his "Conversations" are therefore, to some extent, different from those with which the student of philosophy is familiar. By doing so he obtained scope for his fine discrimination of character and his clear perception of poetic truth, not less than for the expression of powerful and suggestive thought. Nor has he failed to take advantage of the latitude which this original style of writing afforded. In the works of no modern writer do we find more of that pregnant wisdom by which great truths are suggested as well as taught, or more that will be as applicable in future ages as in our own to literature, philosophy, or human life. We can find no room for regret, then, that Mr. Landor has not taken that place among the imaginative writers of the age which his genius would have enabled him to take so easily, since in his own domain he may at once challenge comparison with the highest of them, while holding a rank among the more thoughtful of contemporary authors at least equally elevated. He has outlived most of those who entered upon their work with him, and we greatly mistake if through his writings he does not long outlive many of those who have obtained a wider popularity. Meanwhile it is our desire to look at him a little more narrowly as he stands apart, and, while pointing out what we conceive to be the distinguishing characteristics of his genius, to extract from his volumes some portions of their varied riches. In doing so, we shall have to consider Mr. Landor in the threefold capacity of a strikingly original prose writer,

a dramatist, and a poet, in so far as the latter term is commonly understood to distinguish one who expresses the emotional in verse, from him who portrays human character through the medium of dramatic action. The distinction we thus make for the sake of perspicacity ought by no means to be considered an arbitrary one, so far as the subject is concerned, for throughout all Mr. Landor's prose works the poetic and dramatic elements are very strongly marked. The latter, in fact, may be said to constitute the basis of the "Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare." There are few of the thoughts which this singular work contains to which the most ardent lover of the great dramatist could object, either on the score of appropriateness or dignity; sparkling fancies, wild waggeries, and weighty wisdom, come from the lips of the young deer-stealer, in the presence of the pompous Sir Thomas Lucy, with a natural freshness and originality, such as to give them all the effect of characteristic truth. No other writer in our language has attempted this; and where men of whose intellectual being we have a distinct idea have been introduced in works of fiction, the failure has been in most cases very manifest. Mr. Landor's was a bold attempt, for of all men there could certainly be none whom we would more reluctantly trust in the hands of a novelist than William Shakspeare. Jealous of his dignity, the author of the "Citation" has put into the mouth of the poet things which he might himself have expressed, and with remarkable fidelity has resuscitated the mannerism of Shakspeare's age, while turning to account all those broad outlines of contemporary character which he has left us. And, in addition to its artistic excellence, this book has a high moral aim. Its humor and quaintness, the wealth of fancy, and the subtle and exquisite touches of feeling, which it contains, are all made subservient to the embodiment of a fine idea of humanity, and to an exalted conception of life, its duties and responsibilities. Though professedly a romantic record of an incident, or supposed incident, in the career of the world's poet, and, as such, an attempt to make his character available for the purposes of fiction, it has far more real practical wisdom, applicable at all times, than is usually to be found in that class of works. Shakspeare is made to slide gradually from the position in which he originally stands before the self-satisfied Knight of Charlecote, as a convicted culprit, to one of high importance, and Sir Thomas again and again acknowledges it, by involuntarily succumbing

to the influence of his eloquence, and by ultimately resisting the crabbed appeals to his dignity put forth by his ill-natured chaplain, who dislikes the "common mutton-broth divinity" of the young poet. He is softened by the humanity of a gentler nature, and, in reply to the ill-tempered suggestion, that the deer-stealer be at once committed, takes up the language of a pleader, and resigns himself to the guidance of his prisoner, who, noting the knight's theological turn of mind, plies him with much sound wisdom from the discourses of a certain fictitious Dr. Glaston. None of our readers, we think, will be displeased with such specimens of this worthy divine's prelections as the following: it is a brief but pregnant discourse on the duty of the spiritual teacher:—

"Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly and sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted, as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these are not the only questions contained in it. Learned and ingenious men may indeed find a solution and excuse for all these propositions; but the wise unto salvation will cry, 'Forgive me, O my God, if, called by thee to walk in thy way, I have not swept this dust from thy sanctuary.'"

If any objection should be taken to one who is not a bishop issuing such a charge as this to the clergy, we shall give, by way of compensation, an equally pungent homily on the pride of ancestral honors, in which Shakspeare, emboldened by the favorable hearing granted to him in the justice-room at Charle-cote, penetrates into the very citadel of the old knight's vanity, under the cloak of the aforesaid erudite divine, and gives us a fine commentary on the king's praise of Helena, the poor physician's daughter:—

"From lowest place, where virtuous [things] proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;

Where great additions (titles) swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honor; good alone  
Is good without a name."

"Let not the highest of you be led into the delusion (for such it is) that the founder of his family was originally a greater and a better man than any here. . . . He must have stood low, he must have worked hard, and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waived and whistled off a thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jeweled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each. The very high cannot rise much higher on earth; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine of the silkenly and lawny religion; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforwardly under it. . . . According to the arithmetic in practice, he who makes the most idlers and the most ingrates is the most worshipful. But wiser ones than the scorers in this school will tell you how riches and power were bestowed by Providence, that generosity and mercy should be exercised; for if every gift of the Almighty were distributed in equal portions to every creature, less of such virtues would be called into the field; consequently, there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of devotion, less of hope, and, in the total, less of content."

Some copies of verses found in the pocket of the vagrant youth led Sir Thomas to expatiate on the corruptness of the prevailing taste, and even to venture upon the recitation of certain "rhymed matters" of his own, wherein a "clear and conscientious exposure" of his affairs was made to a lady, by whom his letter was returned with small courtesy. "Sir," replied young William, "I am most grateful for these ripe fruits of your experience; the world shall never be troubled by any battles or marriages of mine, and I desire no other music and no other maypole than have lightened my heart at Stratford." Molli-fied almost to the utmost, the pursy knight is fain to liberate the youth at once, despite the grumbling of his chaplain Silas, and only requires an oath of abjuration in the matter of Hannah Hathaway—a matter which so touches the heart of Shakspeare, however, that, greatly to the indignation of Sir Thomas, he seizes the occasion to escape, and flies the neighborhood. "Grant the country be rid of him for ever," is the pious ejaculation of Sir Thomas. "What dishonor upon his friends and his native town! A reputable wool-stapler's son turned gipsy and poet for life!"

There are episodes in this book in which

the writer sometimes reaches the highest point of pathos. That of a young poet, Ethelbert, though wholly unconnected with the main incidents, is of a most touching nature, and there are one or two sentences in it which seem to bring out, and in a very direct way to bear upon, Mr. Landor's own idea of poetic fame:—

"From the higher heavens of poetry it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man another, placing his observatory and instruments upon the poet's grave. The worms have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are. Be it so. I shall not be tired of waiting."

Although few have as yet turned their eyes to the peculiar beauties of Mr. Landor's writings, some, at least, have done so, and we trust they will all be fully revealed ere we have to look towards them from such an observatory.

If, as we very much suspect, the book to which we have just been referring has received but little of the attention which it merits in this age of Shaksperianity, it is not probable that the "Pentameron" will be much known. There is less of Mr. Landor's power of depicting character evinced in it, but far more of his scholarship, of his exquisite critical perceptions, and his intimate knowledge of what may be called the under-currents of history. It professes to be the interviews of Giovanni Boccaccio and Francesco Petrarca, and the conversations which took place between them while the former lay infirm at his villetta near Certaldo, after which, as the imaginary reporter, Pievano Grigi, avouches, "they saw not each other on our side of Paradise." To estimate its worth as a reflection of Italian history in the fourteenth century, the reader must needs possess some knowledge of the events which form in it the topics of familiar colloquy; but its chief excellence is the high-toned eloquence and the discriminating spirit of its criticism. Dante, and the "Divina Commedia," its philosophy and religion as typical of the age in which it was composed, are the principal subjects of discourse. The thought is elevated, as it might well be on such themes, while in almost every page there are passages which stand out in all the strength of striking truths, and are luminous with

"The gleam that never was on land or sea,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Nor do these things at all affect the air of

reality which pervades it. We are never allowed to suspect that such high converse savors too little of that common place which attaches in a greater or less degree to all men, and to their weightiest affairs. The Italian poets are introduced to us in the freedom of familiar friendship, and on such occasions as enable us to sit with them in Boccaccio's shaded chamber. It is something to have realized such glimpses of great men's lives as are thus given, and though we must pass over the "Pentameron" without a single quotation, it is among the most complete of Mr. Landor's works. Properly speaking, it has no distinct plan, and cannot therefore be classed among ordinary works of fiction. There is no action in it whatever, for the dialogue terminates without any culmination, and with it the work, which is in no sense progressive. The title-page tells us it is true that, after the interview last recorded, the friends "met not again on our side of Paradise;" and the dream of Petrarca, with the narration of which the interview closes, may be taken as a foreshadowing of his death, the pretended translator's prefatory remarks being used as a key to its significance in other than a general sense; but, apart from these slight hints, we shut the book with the feeling of having been unexpectedly called away from the society to which it has introduced us. The completeness we speak of, then, applies strictly to the development of the two characters, and in that sense, the "Pentameron," irrespective of its value as the medium of expressing lofty and beautiful thoughts, is admirable as a sort of psychological biography. "Pericles and Aspasia" has the character of a novel to a much greater extent than any of Mr. Landor's other works. Although in it, as in all, he has disdained to be guided by any arbitrary rule of action, and seems almost to study irregularity of form rather than compactness, there is a distinct progress manifested. The history of a life is unfolded, and that, too, in its thoughts and emotions rather than its actions, for the latter are made subordinate to the former. In portraying the characters of Pericles and Aspasia, Mr. Landor's imagination seeks to get at the prominent points of individuality—to identify itself with the inner being of each, and to present each as they are to themselves. The story is evolved in the letters of Aspasia to her friend Cleone, and in her correspondence with Pericles and Alcibiades. The classical spirit of our author's writings enables him to invest such a subject a

this with something like its native air; and hence, although a few of the letters might, without the slightest detriment to the effect of the work as a whole, be omitted, they tend to make the characters stand out in all the purity and distinctness, the largeness of outline and the nobility, which we expect to find in such a subject. The style in which the book is written is essentially classical. The speeches of Pericles read like pages of the old Greek historians, and the account of his death given in the letter of Alcibiades to Aspasia is full of the most delicate feeling.

But Mr. Landor will be best known to the men of days to come by his "Imaginary Conversations." These remarkable and, we may add, unique productions display in fuller measure than any of his other works the strength and clearness of his intellect, and the warmth of his sympathies. They occupy the largest portion of the two volumes in which his collected writings have been published, and present an extraordinary variety of subjects. Poets converse with each other on poetry, painters and distinguished connoisseurs on art, critics and philosophers on their respective studies and principles, kings and statesmen on the polity of nations, and Mr. Landor himself with imaginary friends and visitors on almost every theme to which a scholar, a poet, and a man of large experience may be expected to direct his attention. The varied character of these dialogues renders it difficult within a reasonable space to speak of them in other than general terms; and some of them so far surpass the others in characteristic truth, in the importance of the subjects discussed, and in the beauty and force of the language, that we must, of necessity, make a selection. In not a few of them the author's own personality obtrudes itself very distinctly; and, although the passages in which his own opinions are obviously inconsistent with those of the parties who are professedly the speakers can very seldom be considered beneath the dignity of the historic company, they sometimes come like a living man of the modern world into the society of the shades. These interpolations, if we may so call them, are always vigorous, and they occur most frequently when the theme of conversation has any reference to the liberties of man. Few modern authors have written with greater power, or with a higher spirit of wisdom, on the abstract principles of civil and religious freedom, than Mr. Landor has done. All his sympathies are with those who have been the champions of these principles, and no where does his lan-

guage assume a loftier tone than when it is employed to express their aspirations or to speak their praises. Acknowledging no degrees of rank save those which wisdom makes, in his eyes dignity is only such in its moral sense. In the "conversation" between Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker, one of the most characteristic and best sustained in his two volumes, this is finely and fully exemplified. The character of the prelate, who has left it on record that "Princes may with less danger give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences," and who intruded upon the privacy of John Milton in his latter days, to jeer and jibe at him, is brought out in a masterly style, nor is the earnestness and mingled humor of Marvel less truthfully expressed. Those who know any thing about the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of the one (they cannot be numerous) or the writings of the other, especially his "Rehearsal Transposed," will appreciate the striking truth of this "conversation," but it can scarcely be less interesting to the general reader. The character and works of Milton, the career of Cromwell, and the general features of the Protectorate are the themes of discourse, and we cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of Mr. Landor's prose than some of the passages connected with the discussion of these afford. Here are some beautiful thoughts suggested by the name of Milton, at the very opening of the "conversation":—

"Marvel.—With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true we read of them in history; but we also read of crocodiles and hyenas. With great writers, whether in prose or poetry, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over him than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven."

And again, we have Marvel's fine reflections on the earthly condition of the "blind, old, and lonely" poet:—

"I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks towards those, somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As a pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripe as in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his

conflict with the false, I should scarcely have felt greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?"

These are noble words, and worthy of the faithful Marvel. Although the author of them cautions his reader against attributing to him any opinions except such as are expressed in his own name, it is, of course, impossible to avoid identifying him with the greater amount of positive truth which is enunciated in them. In most of the "conversations" of which the topics are matters of dispute, or in which historic personages of strongly marked character take a part, it is by no means difficult to perceive to what side the author's sympathies and opinions turn. There is no mistaking the characters who have won his admiration or provoked his censure. He magnifies the one class in the words they utter; out of their own mouths he condemns the other. This is very obvious in the case of Milton, for whom Mr. Landor has a reverence almost approaching to worship; it is the reverence of one who can appreciate the lofty attributes of moral greatness, however, not the adulation which proceeds upon a vague idea of individual excellences in the object. Thus the poet of "Paradise Lost" is introduced to us in the noblest companies. With Galileo in his Florentine prison, he discourses eloquently on the high themes of religious freedom and liberty of thought, and it is as unquestionably Mr. Landor's idea of his character which we obtain from the lips of Marvel, as it is his opinion of his poetry which we find expressed in the "conversation" entitled "Southey and Landor." The latter will be less likely to gratify the general reader than any of the dialogues in which the author appears in his proper personality. It is too literally critical, and dogs the poet from line to line, and from image to image, with a closeness, and, we might almost say, a spirit of *con amore* fault-finding, which leaves no satisfactory impression upon the mind. It is only just, however, to say that Mr. Landor acts to a considerable extent on the defensive throughout this criticism, and maintains his views against Southey at once with vigor and with

success. The "conversation" between Southey and Porson on the state of criticism generally and the poetry of Wordsworth, is of a somewhat similar character. Here, as in the other, there is an attack and a defense, Southey maintaining the excellences of his friend, the bard of Rydal, against what we are constrained to call the captiousness of Porson. We may be allowed, we think, to infer that Mr. Landor's views of any of the subjects discussed by such speakers are those of the person who has the best of the argument. That the dramatic personation of each of the characters introduced to us should be strictly correct is more, perhaps, than any one is entitled to expect; in the main, however, they are so far correct as to give us a very vivid impression of the truths discussed, as these may be conceived to have been apprehended by each party in the respective dialogues. And herein, we think, consists the chief peculiarity of Mr. Landor's writings. They are not only valuable for the body of truth and of sound opinion which they contain, but they represent these to us from so many points of view, that, were it possible to bring into a focus, all the various aspects of great truths presented to us, we know of few books in which the thinker would find so much profound and comprehensive wisdom as our author has given in a novel and not, perhaps, generally attractive form, but with clear philosophic discernment, and in a style which is certainly not surpassed either for purity or pictorial beauty by that of any living writer. We are disposed to think that the finest of the "Imaginary Conversations" are those in which the author has been affected by conventional views of character, and where the imagination has acted, as it were, in its strictly natural manner. To illustrate our meaning, we may remark that in some cases the primary characteristic of a certain historic personage introduced is lost sight of altogether in the "conversation." Thus, the one between David Hume and John Home, though containing much that we should be very reluctant to part with, might have been spoken by any orthodox believer and any speculative thinker of their day or our own. Apart from an occasional incidental allusion to particular circumstances connected with the one or the other, there is nothing which links the thought expressed to the character of the person who expresses it. Again, when Mr. Landor and the Abbé Delille discuss the characteristics of the French poets, the former is allowed to monopolize the ta'



most improbable circumstance in the presence of the garrulous abbé. The best specimen, or, at least, one of the best specimens, of what may be called the "Modern Conversations," is the one in which the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Inglis respectively deliver their opinions on the idolatry of the Hindoos, and the circumstances connected with the gates of Somnauth. The Duke is a little too prolix, perhaps, for the general idea of his laconic style of talk, but there is unquestionably a great deal of character in the whole of this conversation. The reader who knows any thing of the parties will find it difficult to reconcile himself to its imaginary nature, there is so much of what may be considered every-day life about it. If he will turn with us, however, to those pages in which we are brought into the society of Dante and Beatrice, Tasso and his sister Cornelia, or Sir Philip Sidney and Fulk Greville, he will find in these the affluence of that genius which in a greater or less degree lights up all our author's writings. The "conversation" between the great Florentine and his youthful mistress has, we think, delicacies of feeling and beauties of expression peculiarly its own. There is not a single sentence of it at variance with our idea of the visionary poet, or that "form of unutterable grace" which is presented to us in the "Divina Commedia." The sentiments which it contains, exquisite in themselves, are all the more beautiful for their appropriateness. It is the ideal Beatrice, the object of the poet's deep, pure, holy affection, who stands before us; it is the Dante who "regards her as a star" who speaks. The dialogue is understood to take place immediately before the marriage of the immortal Beatrice, and it may be considered her last interview with her poet-lover:—

"*Dante*.—I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you, lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain shall call me onward.

"*Beatrice*.—Hush, sweetest Dante, hush! Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may I not be called first away?

"*Dante*.—Alas! Alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the pathway back behind them! But to think that you should go before me! It sends me forward on my way to receive and welcome you. If, indeed, O Beatrice! such be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to Him is suspended. O! look often on me with prayer and pity, for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain.

"*Beatrice*.—You have stored my mind with many thoughts, dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the *contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You shall be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

"*Dante*.—Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands, fixed, and solid, and alone; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones, but the snow Colossus melts; the good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand."

The reader can scarcely fail to appreciate the beauty of this passage, and to recognize in it a fine expression of the ideal characters of the speakers. We find the same excellence in the dialogue between Tasso and his sister respecting the death of Leonora; and here, we think, Mr. Landor's imagination takes a still higher flight. The strong passion—the frenzy, we might almost say—which pervades some parts of this "conversation," is in the most powerful style of dramatic expression. To feel the effect of it fully, we must think of the poor forlorn Tasso, stung by the sorrows of a wounded heart, encircled by the miseries of want, and his noble spirit reeling on its throne:—

"*Tasso*.—She told me to rest in peace. . . . And she went from me. Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! The world, with all its weight of miseries, cannot crush thee, cannot keep thee down. Men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on, but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that security which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest a space below the feet of the immortal.

"*Cornelia*.—She has not left you; do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

"*Tasso*.—She will bear with them. Thou

knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her when she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice, bent over me. . . . But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the Unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when we meet above.

"Cornelia.—Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato! and believe that your love is, and ought to be, as imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. . . . In the laurels of my Torquato there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

"Tasso.—Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples and porticoes, and palaces and towers; the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee, hath its hundred gates; and all these hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them."

Although originality is not always an evidence of greatness, there is evidence enough of its connection with solidity and strength of thought in the amount of true wisdom—the number of suggestive reflections to be found in the volumes before us. And as the limits of this "article" do not allow us to quote so fully from the "Imaginary Conversations" as to illustrate their character with the necessary clearness, we may, perhaps, give the reader a better idea of the intellectual wealth which he will find in Mr. Landor's works, by extracting a few of these reflections at random, than by selecting particular representations of historic personality or philosophical abstractions. Many of the "Conversations," taken as a whole, seem to us to demand a more than ordinary acquaintance with remote stores of knowledge, a certain approximation to the standpoint from which their author surveys relative truths; but almost all of them contain passages which, taken in the form of aphorisms, will be appreciated by every thoughtful reader. Let us merely premise, then, that the extracts we are about to give, though losing nothing of their intrinsic value by being detached from the forms which they adorn like so many gems, still suffer to some extent by not being presented in their natural connection with certain themes. Requesting the

reader to bear this in mind, we proceed to pick up and string the pearls:—

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never."—*Lord Broke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

#### CHRISTIANITY.

"Our Master doth not permit us to compromise and quarter with another; He doth not permit us to spend an hour with Him, and then to leave Him. Either our actions must be regulated by Him wholly, both individually and socially, politically and morally, or He turns us out. We must call no others by His name, until those others shall possess the same authority. He did not place Himself on the tribunal chair with Cæsar, nor on the judgment-seat with Felix; He governed, but it was in spirit; He commanded, but it was of God. Christianity could never have been brought into contempt unless she had been overlaid with false ornaments, and conducted by false guides. As the arrow of Paris was directed from behind the brightest and most glorious of the heathen gods, so hath ever that of worldly policy in later times from behind the fairer image of Christianity."—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

#### SORROW AND RESIGNATION.

"The very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images which it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music is over, and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, hath ceased; when youth, and comeliness, and pleasure are departed—

Who would desire to spend the following day  
Among the extinguish'd lamps, the faded wreaths,  
The dust and desolation left behind?

But, whether we desire or not, we must submit. 'He who hath appointed our days hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality.'—*Pentameron.*

#### DEATH.

"Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes."—*Pentameron.*

#### LATE REPENTANCE.

"Heaven is not to be won by short hard war"

at the last, as some men take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. Let us take a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. I have known many old playfellows of the Devil spring up suddenly from their beds and strike at him."—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

#### THE ERRORS OF GREAT MEN.

"It is difficult to sweep away any thing, and not to sweep some grains of gold-dust with it. The great man has cobwebs hanging in his workshop, which a high broom, in a steady hand, may reach, without doing mischief. But let children, and short men, and unwary ones, stand out of the way."—*Southey and Landor.*

#### THE SOURCES OF HUMAN TROUBLE.

"We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth."—*Melancthon and Calvin.*

#### SELF-RESPECT.

"Unless we respect ourselves, our respect for superiors is prone to servility. No man can be thrown by another from such a height as he can throw himself from. I never have observed that a tendency towards the powerful was a sufficient check to spiritual pride; and extremely few have I known or heard of, who, tossing up their nostrils into the air, and giving tongue that they have hit upon the trail to heaven, could distinguish humility from baseness."—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

#### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him: conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. Bring him back again, the strayed, the lost one! bring him back not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God smile upon ye; in this posture of yours did he recognize his beloved Son upon the earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace."—*Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare.*

Mr. De Quincey has some where said, that for many years he believed himself the only man in England who had read "Gebir," one of the earliest and longest of Mr. Landor's poems; but, after some inquiry among his friends, he found that Southey had also accomplished the feat. The English Opium-Eater's disposition to be pleasant at the expense of others is considerably at fault here, we think; for, although the work in question was certainly very far from being popular,

and is not likely ever to be so, it sufficiently indicated its author's ability to attract admiration at a time when poetry was more frequently read than it is now. It is interesting as a poetical curiosity, had it no higher merit; but it is strongly marked by original power. The story of it is involved and obscure, and there is a singular blending of the supernatural with the natural in many passages of it; its length, too, combined with the circumstance of its construction being by no means of a highly artistic character, all serve to deter ordinary readers from venturing upon the perusal of it. There is much of it, however, pervaded by the light of a truly poetic genius. An almost Spenserian richness of fancy is to be found, for example, in the following lines, descriptive of an Eastern morning:—

"Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,  
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,  
Smitten by Lucifer's light silver wand,  
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;  
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves  
Glancing with wanton coyness toward their queen,  
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves,  
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,  
To which so warily her own she brings  
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth  
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams;  
Ocean, and earth, and heaven held jubilee."

Again, with what a wealth of poetic beauty the child's fanciful idea of the reason for the murmuring in the shell is turned into a conception of dignity and magnificence. A river nymph says—

"I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they their lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot-wheels stand midway in the wave;  
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abode,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

These passages will suffice to show that "Gebir" is worthy of its author; many others of equal beauty might be quoted, but we must pass on to notice Mr. Landor's dramatic works—a form of poetical composition for which his genius seems to us far more suited than for the epic. Here, however, something very like caprice has prevented our author from doing what he might have done. In one of the volumes before us, there are thirteen dramatic works, and yet not one of them can, in the strict sense of the word, be called a drama. Several of them, such as "Count Julian," "Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanni of Naples," and "Fra Rupert," are divided

into the proper number of acts and scenes; there is more dramatic power to be found in one of them, perhaps, than in the majority of modern dramas; but Mr. Landor's contempt for established and conventional rules has led him to disregard even the most ordinary requirements of dramatic action. He has not the slightest hesitation, even in the most important evolutions of that action, in introducing some element which either mars it altogether, or so retards it as wholly to break up the unity. He informs us, in his introduction, that they were never offered to the stage, being no better than imaginary conversations in verse; but they are better, so far as the manifestation of the dramatic spirit is concerned; and although their author has called them "Acts and Scenes," obviously with the view of anticipating and turning aside the objections we are now stating, in all the higher elements of that form of poetical composition they are dramas, and only require to be divested, in some cases, of extraneous and distracting incidents or episodes, in order to be considered dramas of a very high character. "Count Julian," founded on the well-known incidents connected with Moorish aggression upon Spain, is perhaps the noblest of them, and, upon the whole, the most complete. It abounds not only with passages of lofty poetry, but with great dramatic force. The characters are fully and finely evolved. We do not think that in the whole of the modern drama—that of recent years at least—so many powerful scenes could be pointed out as the reader will find in this work; which Mr. Landor has obviously written without reference to representation. It is something more than a dramatic poem, and yet it is not a drama; and this distinction may be said to apply to all the more sustained efforts which he has classed under the title "Acts and Scenes." We could not present even such illustrations of Mr. Landor's poetry as the scope of this article allows, did we fail to extract from "Count Julian" one or two specimens of his powerful dramatic verse. In the last scene of the tragedy, the recreant but lofty-spirited Spaniard is represented to us at the mercy of Muza, the Moorish leader, whose wrath he has aroused by procuring the escape of King Roderigo. He thus meets the threats of torture; and the passage also affords a picture of his awful isolation as the betrayer of his country:—

"*Julian.*—Man's only relics are his benefits:  
These, be there ages, be there worlds between,  
Retain him in communion with his kind;

Hence is his solace, his security,  
His sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,  
Covering with brightness and beatitude  
The frail foundations of these humbler hopes;  
And, like an angel guiding us, at once  
Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind.

"*Muza.*—Take thou my justice first, then hope  
for Heaven's:

I, who can bend the living to my will,  
Fear not the dead, and court not the unborn:  
Their arms shall never reach me, nor shall thine.

"*Abdalazis.*—Pity, release him, pardon him, my  
father!

Forget how much thou hatest perfidy.  
Think of him once so potent, still so brave,  
So calm, so self-dependent in distress;  
Mighty must be that man who can forgive  
A man so mighty. . . . .  
He fills me with a greater awe than e'er  
The field of battle, with himself the first,  
When every flag that waved along our host  
Drooped down the staff, as if the very winds  
Hung in suspense before him. Bid him go,  
And peace be with him, or let me depart.  
Lo! like a god, sole and inscrutable,  
He stands above our pity.

"*Muza.*—Peace, Abdalazis! How is this? He  
bears

Nothing that warrants him invulnerable:  
Shall I, then, shrink to smite him? Shall my  
fears

Be greatest at the blow that ends them all?  
Fears? no! 'tis justice, fair, immutable,  
Whose measured step, at times advancing nigh,  
Appals the majesty of kings themselves.  
Oh! were he dead! though then revenge were o'er."

Another powerful picture of Julian's woe is given in the following description of his appearance on the field of battle:—

"He call'd on God, the witness of his cause,  
On Spain, the partner of his victories;  
And yet, amid these animating words,  
Rolled the huge tear down his unvisor'd face.  
*Tremendous was the smile that smote the eyes  
Of all he passed.* . . . . .

'Father, and general, and king,' they shout,  
And would proclaim him; back he cast his face,  
Pallid with grief, and one loud groan burst forth;  
And soon they scatter'd, as the blasts of heaven  
Scatter the leaves and dust, the astonish'd foe."

"Count Julian" abounds with passages such as these, and even with nobler ones, which would suffer by being detached. Nor are the other dramatic pieces in Mr. Landor's volumes, considered without reference to their structure, less remarkable for the beauty of poetic thought, power of expression, and variety as well as purity of imagery. Since we cannot speak of them otherwise than as we have done, we shall set aside the consideration of their partially dramatic form, in order

to present the reader with a few specimens of the poetry they contain.

The short dramatic sketch, entitled "Ippolito di Este," opens with the following lines—a lover's thoughts of his mistress:—

"Stay! here she stapt; what grace! what harmony!  
It seemed that every accent, every note  
Of all the choral music breathed from her;  
From her celestial airiness of form  
I could have fancied purer light descended.

She has been here; I saw her shadow burst  
The sunbeam as she parted; a strange sound,  
A sound that stupefied and yet aroused me,  
Fill'd all my senses: such was never felt  
Save when the sword-girt angel struck the gate,  
And Paradise wail'd loud, and closed for ever!"

In another opening scene, that of "Giovanni of Naples," we have this still more beautiful passage:—

"Ah! every gust of music, every air  
Breathing its freshness over youthful breasts,  
Is a faint prelude to the choirs above:  
And Death stands in the darken'd space between,  
To some with invitations free and meek,  
To some with flames athwart an angry brow,  
To others holds green palm and laurel crown,  
Dreadless as is the shadow of a leaf."

Many of Mr. Landor's shorter poems are simply the expression of some passing thought or fancy, and not a few of them are purely personal, but they are not on that account less graceful or suggestive. They frequently give us a better idea of the author's opinions and feelings than even his more elaborate works; and there are few of them from which the lover of that poetry which is of a calm reflective tone rather than of an exciting character, may not derive an unalloyed delight. In some cases they are addressed to his friends, and there are a few verses to his children which have always seemed to us full of the finest feeling. But there is another class of his lyrics in which the broader and deeper sympathies of the poet are still more fully expressed. We have already said that Mr. Landor has always been distinguished for his enthusiastic attachment to the cause of human freedom. The struggling or suffering nations of Europe have had no more devoted friend, and their leaders no warmer sympathizer, than Walter Savage Landor. He has himself said, the hand which held that of Kosciusko's in the grasp of friendship was not unworthy of being held out to Louis Kossuth; and that hand, guided by a spirit of no common power, has traced not a few words that burn with the fire of freedom.

We cannot more fitly close this article than by transcribing a few of these, and our first extract shall be taken from the last of a series of poems entitled "Hellenics." The lines have always appeared to us among the most powerful which Mr. Landor has written:—

"We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us;  
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills  
Fashion and win their nursling to their smiles;  
But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties, as the feet  
Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.  
The heart is hardest in the softest climes—  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,  
Spreading from Venice's deserted coasts  
To the Tarentine and Hydrantine mole—  
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'Tis the  
breath  
Of God. Awake, ye nations! Spring to life:  
Let the last work of his right hand appear  
Fresh with his image, Man."

In many parts of the volumes before us, we find strong and passionate expressions of their author's detestation of tyranny, as it has been exemplified in the history of Italy. Long a resident in that land, he seems to feel her wrongs with something like that intensity of feeling which might be supposed to be experienced by one of her exiled sons. And he has given expression to this in a series of poems called "Italica," which have, strictly speaking, never been published. The subjects are all taken from what may be called the recent history of Italy, and the poems are chiefly remarkable for the deep feeling which pervades them. The one we are about to quote—and it is the last quotation we shall give—is characterized by a stern, we might almost say dread, strength of expression. It is professedly the experience of the Italian patriot, Gonfalonieri, in an Austrian dungeon:—

"The purest breast that breathes Ausonian air  
Utter'd these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat,  
All ages! on thy heart the record bear,  
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet;  
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down  
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

'I am an old man now, and yet my soul  
By fifteen years is younger than its frame.  
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one  
Dark dungeon, ten feet square; alone I dwelt  
Six; then another enter'd; by his voice  
I knew it was a man; I could not see  
Feature or figure in that dismal place.

One year we talk'd together of the past,  
 Of joys for ever gone—ay, worse than gone :  
 Remember'd, press'd into our hearts, that swell'd  
 And sorely soften'd under them ; the next  
 We exchanged what thoughts we found ; the third,  
     no thought  
 Was left us ; memory alone remain'd.  
 The fourth, we ask'd each other if, indeed,  
 The world had life within it, life and joy  
 As when we left it.

Now the fifth had come,  
 And we sat silent—all our store was spent.  
 When the sixth enter'd, he had disappear'd,  
 Either for death or doom less merciful,  
 And I repin'd not ! all things were less sad  
 Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.  
 A year, or two years after, (indistinct  
 Was time as light was in that cell,) the door  
 Crept open, and these sounds came slowly  
     through—

" His majesty the emperor and king  
 Informs you that, twelve months ago, your wife  
 Quitted the living ! "

I did hear the words  
 All ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar. ' "

There is a Dante-like intensity and severity of expression in these lines, and with them we take our leave of Mr. Landor. The reader will have seen, we think, from the extracts that have been given throughout this

article, that the writings with which we have endeavored to make him acquainted are of no common order. We are glad to find, in the latest of them, evidence of Mr. Landor having relinquished some of the peculiar positions which he originally took up in regard to historic characters, and of his more extreme opinions having been tempered by a larger experience. His singularities (such, at least, they used to be considered) in orthography we have retained throughout the quotations, for he has adhered to them tenaciously, and in many cases with reason. They have ceased to be considered crotchets, and some of them have been adopted by the best living writers. Mr. Landor's reasons for them may be found in some of his " Conversations ; " and they are not to be classed with those illustrations of a contempt for established usages in the world of letters which are to be found in many of his works. In spite of these, however, we feel persuaded that the reader will bear us out in saying, that very few of our modern English writers can better afford to wait for the verdict of the future, or wait for it with more confidence, than Walter Savage Landor.

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From the Biographical Magazine.

## CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

AFTER a long life passed in stormy conflicts, another great warrior has been removed in peace from the world. A man whose " poor shattered body," as his brother has described it, carried seven deep wounds ; whose sword had cut his path in many and terrible strifes ; whose name was associated with deeds of reckless daring and military skill ; has been allowed to pass through Badajos and Corunna, Busaco and Fuentes d'Onore, Meeanee and Hydrabad, to Oaklands ; from battle-fields to his quiet, English country-seat, that he might die there.

The Napiers have earned for their name a high place in literary, military, and scientific history. The living generation are accustomed to read their achievements on sea and shore. The history of their services gains

nothing in coloring or extent, when narrated by one of themselves ; yet our best military historian is a Napier. A few weeks since, the country could command in any danger the services of two Sir Charles Napiers : and both of these leaders, although belonging to different professions, could officiate in either department. They had brought the military and naval service into close and personal alliance ; for Admiral Sir Charles Napier occasionally made inroads on the land service, and General Sir Charles James Napier had served, like a marine, on land and water. Now England has but one of the two ; and the loss might be severely felt in any hour of danger and dismay.

It seems to memory but a little time, and in reality it is only a few years, since the

Anglo-Indian empire was considered to be shaken. A battle had been lost—a great battle—or if not quite lost, it had not been gained. The public were unaccustomed to disaster; for the recollection of Afghanistan, and the gallant men who died at Cabul, had been effaced. Popular names may fade away and be forgotten in seven years. Burnes and MacNaughten, who lived, and in the flower of manhood died by a traitor's hand, close together, once the hope of "Young India," were not remembered then. The public dwelt on the last loss. Politicians wrote, statesmen talked, and military men were compelled to act in the new crisis of Indian affairs. The conqueror and ex-governor of Scinde had returned home in a bitter mood with Anglo-Indian administration, and his anger was not groundless. The panic of the year had even entered Apsley House, and the Commander-in-chief sent for Sir Charles Napier. The conversation was short. The Duke of Wellington offered the chief command of the Indian army. The owner of Oaklands began his usual complaints of the civil authorities of India; but his old General had no right to redress, and no wish, therefore, to hear them. He cut short every argument with the announcement, "India is probably lost, and you or I must go; if you cannot, then I can." The command was accepted. Three years have come and gone—the grave has closed over the peer and the commoner—St. Paul's has the first and Portsmouth the last, and who would now save India? for Britain's great men die fast.

The death of Sir Charles Napier leaves a vacant place in the Army List that will not be easily occupied. A soldier for sixty years and from boyhood, he was ardently attached to his profession. His zeal for the character and efficiency of the army rendered him a radical reformer of military abuses. His education, either in, or attached to the camp, produced contempt for civil administrators, which was strengthened by his communications with corrupt officials. Bravery in battle, combativeness at his desk, and discipline of the strictest character in all circumstances and at all seasons, inherent in his family, were conspicuous in his life. These qualities secured for him that esteem in the army essential to successful operations in the field. The conqueror of Scinde has left no leader in the British forces more likely to inspire his foes with dread or his friends with courage; and yet he has gone down to the grave, in a time of peace, an untitled soldier, and until the Scinde war not a very wealthy man.

Kingdoms, or their writers, have contended regarding the descent of Sir Charles Napier, as the cities of Greece contested the honor of Homer's nativity. The arguments of different claimants in reference to the General are strong, and the case is not clear. He belonged, as one of the Napier family, to Scotland. His father was a Scotsman. He was born in England, in London, in Whitehall; and his mother was an Englishwoman. And he was educated in Ireland, at Castle-town, county of Kildare; but the period of education, in its usual meaning, was short. He had an ensign's commission in his twelfth or thirteenth year; and like Abercromby, Harris, Moore, and other distinguished soldiers, acquired the greater part of the knowledge which he possessed in the camp.

The private biography of Sir Charles Napier, like that of all other men, might be compressed within a few lines. He was born in London, on the 10th August, 1782, and died at Oaklands, his country-seat, near Portsmouth, on the 30th August, 1853, in his 71st year. He had, indeed, completed his 71st, and entered a few weeks upon his 72d year. His father was a military man—the Hon. Colonel George Napier; and his mother was a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. The Hon. Col. George Napier received a military appointment in Ireland; and the removal of the family to that country formed the only connection between Sir Charles Napier and that island. He has left two brothers, an elder and a younger, both soldiers, both lieutenant-generals, both literary men and writers of high standing: the former Lieutenant-General Sir George Thomas Napier, once Governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and the latter, Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Napier, the distinguished historian.

Sir Charles J. Napier was not married until 1827, when, in his 45th year, he married the widow of John F. Kelly, Esq., who died in 1833. He married, in 1835, the widow of Richard Alcock, Esq., R.M. The mutual attachment of the Napiers contributed to their domestic happiness, without aiding their progress in life. They have admirably served their country, without securing those rewards which are bestowed on men less gifted. The remark is equally applicable to their cousin, Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Blunt speech and plain writing do not recommend officers in the army and navy; and we must allow, that the rebukes of these distinguished officers have been less courteous than honest; and that they have been involved in

many disputes, which either more cunning or greater prudence would have taught them to avoid.

Although Sir Charles J. Napier entered the army at an early age, his progress in the profession was not remarkably rapid. He was a captain in 1803, nine years after he had joined the service. In 1806, he was major in the 50th regiment; in 1811, he was a lieutenant-colonel. Thirteen years afterwards, he obtained the colonelcy of the 22d regiment. After the peace of 1815, he was named governor of the Ionian Islands; and if he did not succeed in pleasing the Colonial Office and the Home Government, he gave great satisfaction to the Cephalonians, who have not yet forgotten the man whose qualities of mind gained the hearts of strangers. Twelve years after the attainment of his colonelcy, he was, in 1837, a major-general; and, in 1846, he attained the higher step of lieutenant-general. He passed some years of his life peaceably and at home, in the command of the northern district, redressing abuses and reforming evils in the discipline of the regiments which came within his circle. Although destined to perform a great part in India, yet he had reached his 59th year before the commencement of his connection with that country. He then received the command of the Bombay army. The events that color in brilliancy and brightness the last decennial period of his life will be more fully estimated as we recede from the passions of the time, and its history is studied by the light of its results.

The first active services in the deceased General's life occurred in the Irish rebellion of 1798; and although few honors could be gathered in a civil war, yet its duties were extremely arduous. This rebellion originated partially in ecclesiastical and partially in political motives. The northern malcontents were actuated exclusively by political feelings. They sought the establishment of an entirely independent government for Ireland; and although they did not sympathize with the demands of the Irish Roman Catholics at first, yet they were compelled by the exigencies of their position ultimately to make common cause with the men of the south and west. The hardest fighting occurred in the north; and although Ensign Napier held an inferior position, yet his ardent mind found hard work to perform. But however necessary the measures consequent on this rebellion were deemed, they were permitted to pass without an efficient record; for still greater events followed rapidly, spreading

consternation through the land; and amid the continental convulsions, forgetfulness of the Irish battles was desirable.

But even now, when more than half a century has passed, the memory of the dead survives in wearied breasts, much longing for their promised rest in those quiet graveyards that sometimes creep down to the edge of the lochs that deeply indent the northern province—rest long promised, long withheld—beside those who were laid there in a red winding-sheet, in haste and bitter sorrow, when war rent asunder the families of the land. Even yet, the peasant at the twilight time passes softly by dark spots, where aged friends have told him that a gallows was erected for the brave, if also they were—as no doubt they were—the erring. Even now, in brilliant rooms, when the day is over, and the hours of night are beguiled by song or story, when mirth and music chase away many cares, deep shadows sit on old brows, beneath a fringe of silvered hair—and these are shadows that never can be lightened; for old men will tell a stranger that *her* husband, or father, or brother were out in ninety-eight, were shot upon a dark field, or, harder still, were hung upon a darker hill. Rapidly rushes the foaming tide round sharp out-jutting rocks in those deep lochs that run so far into the land, and give a charm to the scenery that nothing else can ever supply. Behind these low rocks the deep green sea wheels and whirls, not hastily, but in slow and solemn circles; like as if it were a living creature that knew its irresistible might, and was to devour its prey with leisure. Now and then, gurgling and gushing upwards from the lowermost recesses of deep pits, waters greener still than those that float habitually in the sunlight, look out to see this world of light, and then sink again to their appointed place amid the long green weeds, greener than the waters themselves, that kindly fold up in their silken threads many mysteries, many secrets, many sins and sorrows connected with that dark time.

Napier was very young at the commencement of the rebellion and the French invasion of Ireland; but he had well remembered the deplorable events of that stormy period, terminated by courts-martial, by military executions, and military rule in all the provinces of that island. He had longed for a change of employment, and the scene shifts. The French foes are driven out of Ireland, or they have perished beneath bayonet and bullet, or the stormy surf of its angry seas. The Irish rebels are beaten, broken or scattered, in



hopeless exile, over the Western Continent. As generally occurs in such cases, villains have escaped; but the chivalrous, the enthusiastic, the thoughtless, and the young have perished in a fine burst of patriotism. Green were then the wounds caused by that rebellion; but the stricken land had peace—a few precious years of peace—during which new men were rising to be sacrificed on those altars of war that were in preparation for the offering. During these years young Napier was acquiring that general knowledge which in after life rendered him a dangerous and ready disputant. Often we may suppose he turned his thoughts to that far-off oriental land where a young Irish officer had acquired and was acquiring fame and fortune. The romance of India stirred his soul, but the strong voice of necessity said ever, "Not yet, not yet;" a time was to come, but not then—a time, but not until long afterwards—when the name of the dreamer would be enshrined upon the Indus, over battle-fields equalling Assaye, or Delhi, or Argaum, in their wonderful history.

Another schemer, meanwhile, was planning work for the Moores and the Napiers of the day. An ambitious eye was thrown from the towers of Notre Dame to those of the Escorial. The ambition that had plucked trophies from Germany and Italy sought to gather them on Spanish soil. Opportunities were easily obtained. The royal family of Spain abdicated. The House of Braganza fled. The former accepted a pension, and the latter sought independence in their colonial possessions. Kings may fly, but the people must remain. The latter have, therefore, the larger interest in peace. Napoleon had determined to appropriate Spain and Portugal; for the world itself was rather too limited to supply the wants of his family; and the peninsular peasantry also determined to keep their own, after they had been abandoned by their princes.

These events led to the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore, in the interval between Rolicca and Vimiera, and Wellesley's second descent on the peninsula, received the command of the British army. No general was ever more beloved by his army or by his countrymen, and yet he was sacrificed to jealousy at home and treachery abroad. Amid all the fast-shifting scenes of his rapid advance from Portugal, and still more rapid retreat on Corunna, before Napoleon, the 50th regiment of infantry and their major often appear. They formed the rear-guard in the trying march upon Corunna. Napo-

leon was humbled and irritated by the defeats of his forces and his marshals at Rolicca and Vimiera, and still more by the Convention of Cintra. He was anxious to capture or to destroy the British army under Sir John Moore. The extent of his forces, the horrible roads, blocked with snow when they were not flooded with rain; and the utter incapacity of all their Spanish allies, except Romana, rendered the annihilation of Sir John Moore's army highly probable. Major Charles Napier was employed to cover the retreat. In that service he acquired the maxims which actuated him in his reforms of the Indian army. From the passage of the Esla to the battle before Corunna he was acquiring that antipathy to officers' baggage which ultimately appeared in his celebrated opinion against any thing more than two shirts, an extra pair of shoes, a little soap, and a tooth-brush. We may often trace peculiarities of character to incidents in life. General Sir Charles J. Napier's opinions were based upon Major Charles J. Napier's experience in three weeks from the 21st December, 1808, to the 16th January, 1809. Every day was occupied in marching and skirmishing. Napoleon originally, and Soult after New-Year's-Day of 1809, left the retreating army no time for rest. Combats occurred daily, and on some days almost hourly; until Major Napier became rather too well known to his pursuers. On the 7th January, the French attacked at Lugo, and were repulsed by Sir John Moore in person with a heavy loss. On the 16th, the British army were stationed in the villages around Corunna, and the British fleet were at anchor in the bay. Spain was to be abandoned for a time, but Napoleon's object had not been achieved, and could not be gained, unless the embarkation of the army could be prevented. Soult, therefore, determined to attack them. The result is well known. It was a victory dearer than any previously achieved by the British forces, because it secured nothing except a retreat. Sir John Moore was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, while leading on the 42d and 50th regiments at the village of Elvina. He was carried by soldiers of the 42d into Corunna, and lived to know that, like Abercromby and Wolfe, he died in victory. Sir David Baird had lost an arm on the right, and Sir John Hope, on whom the command devolved, could make no further use of his success than to bury his dead and embark in peace.

One prisoner was left behind, to whom restraint was torture. In endeavoring to lead

forward the 50th regiment, he had been suddenly left with four soldiers in the presence of a large body of the enemy. Three of his followers were at once shot down, and the fourth was wounded. Major Napier attempted to assist the fourth; and while doing so he was struck by a musket-ball in the leg, and some of the bones were broken. Using his sword as a staff, he endeavored to get out of the way; but a French soldier stabbed him in the back with his bayonet. The Major turned, and, wounded as he was, rapidly disarmed his opponent; but he was cut in the head by a sabre, some of his ribs were broken by a cannon-ball; and knocked down at last by the butt-end of a musket, he was dragged out of the fight, insensible, by a benevolent French drummer. Soult treated his distinguished prisoner with much consideration. His wounds were skilfully tended; and when the Marshal left Ney in command at Corunna, Major Napier was nearly restored to health.

An English frigate ran into the bay one day with a flag of truce. The captain sought information regarding Major Napier. The request was reported to Ney by his aide-de-camp; and the "bravest of the brave" directed that officer to allow his countrymen an interview with their prisoner. The French captain looked closely on his commander. "General," said he, "Major Napier has a mother." "Has he?" was Ney's answer; "then let him go with his countrymen, and he can take twenty-five British soldiers with him." The act was generous and noble; at least equal to the erection of a monument to Moore by his adversary Soult; and it was one of those traits in the character of Ney which cast around his own fate a deeper tinge of sorrow than might have been felt for a less worthy foe.

Few men ever acquire the experience gained by Major Napier in life. Upon his return to England, he was engaged in the transaction of unusual business at Doctors' Commons. His name was returned in the list of killed at Corunna. His friends entertained no doubt of his fate, and his heirs administered to his property. The error had to be corrected, and the officer marked dead in law had to be again acknowledged among the living.

At this period he was unsuccessful in his applications for employment at the Horse Guards. No young officer deserved better of his country; but even the exigencies of the service could not always overcome the favoritism of faction; and although, as the

grandson of the Duke of Richmond, Major Napier was not destitute of influence, yet three officers had to be provided for in one family; and they were not grateful, according to ministerial notions. They could fight. All their friends and foes acknowledged that they fought well; but they also talked and wrote, and their opinions were crimes.

Wearied with applications which brought no positive result, Colonel Napier returned to Spain as a volunteer. Early in 1810, he was again with the Allied Army on the border land between Portugal and Spain. He was engaged with General Crawford's light division in a severe action on the Coa, near Almeida, on the 24th of May. This contest terminated in the destruction of many French soldiers in a vain effort to cross the Coa, at a ravine in front of Crawford's division, and had no result except the death of so many men. The summer of 1810 passed away without active operations; and a man of Colonel Napier's character and disposition might have been as agreeably occupied in Piccadilly as on the banks of the Mondego river; but towards the close of autumn, Massena having completed his arrangements, and obtained reinforcements, determined to invade Portugal. He might have accomplished this object by flanking the mountains on which the British army at the time were stationed. Massena decided on forcing the shorter route, probably because he knew that Wellington would gather all the harvest before the lines of Torres Vedras within that temporary fortification.

The battle of Busaco commenced early on the morning of the 27th of September, 1810. The British and Portuguese forces were strongly posted on the Serra de Busaco, a high ridge, with, in some places, thick pine forests, and on the sloping and steep ground in front. They were greatly outnumbered by the French army under Massena, assisted by Marshals Ney and Regnier. Lord Wellington might have been attacked at great disadvantage on the previous evening; but Massena was engaged with Colonel Trant and the Portuguese partisans in his rear. The morning of Busaco was shrouded in mist, and the French divisions had nearly climbed the heights before they were attacked. The battle, from the nature of the ground, did not admit of scientific movements, and it was short although severe. It ended with the morning. Before noon the French had retired from all points of the hill; and during the afternoon they were peaceably engaged in the removal of their wounded men. Colo-

nel C. J. Napier was severely wounded in the conflict. He was struck in the face by a musket-shot. The ball broke his jaw-bone, in which it lodged. After the battle, the Colonel, desirous to be rid of this incumbrance, mounted his horse and rode for two days, to obtain good medical assistance. The anecdote illustrates the energy of the man. We may also add that it illustrates the incompetency of the service, at that time, in the medical department. An army which had every reason to live in daily expectation of broken bones, should have comprised an efficient surgical staff, and rendered Colonel Napier's hard ride entirely superfluous.

A cold and dreary winter followed within the lines of Torres Vedras; but while the British army possessed an abundant commissary, the French, without the lines, suffered dreadfully from disease and want. Early in March of the following year, 1811, Massena left Santarem, and commenced his retreat into Spain. For rather more than a month the two armies had daily skirmishes, of which Colonel Napier had more than a fair share. During his long life he had a habit of falling into hard, and to himself unprofitable, fighting; and he scarcely ever escaped without some contusion or wound. Portugal was finally abandoned by the French early in April. The celebrated battle of Fuentes d'Onore was fought on the 6th of May, and although peculiarly fatal to officers, yet Colonel Napier, who was present in that conflict, reached victory without a wound, an unusual event in his case. That month of May was very fatal to the armies engaged in the Peninsula; and Albuera, nearly the most bloody battle in the war, was fought by Marshal Beresford on the 16th; but the subsequent months were not distinguished by grand operations, although skirmishing was always found for men like Colonel Napier, few in number, as they are, in all armies.

The winter of 1811 and 1812 was extremely severe; and yet in the midst of that winter Lord Wellington formed the design of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He moved his army from cantonments on the 8th of January. On the 19th he summoned the garrison to surrender. A stern denial was his answer; but during the evening he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, to the utter amazement of Marshal Marmont, who was approaching with a large force, to raise the siege. Colonel Napier was present during the operations, but one of the two storming parties was led by Major George Napier, his brother, who was severely wounded. The brothers were

present at the siege of Badajoz and its storming three months after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; but although Colonel Napier attracted the regard of the Duke of Wellington, who had great discrimination in the selection of his officers, yet he never attained a very prominent position in the Peninsular War; and that circumstance explains his eagerness to enter upon a more independent field of action in the war which the United States, very imprudently and ungenerously, at that moment commenced against Great Britain.

Both nations understand their position better now than they did in 1813; and a repetition of hostilities so closely resembling a civil war, and partaking in all the peculiarly harsh features of internal contests, is, we trust, impossible; and certainly it is so improbable that we dislike a recurrence to the incidents of the last conflict, honorable as they were to the military character and experience of Colonel Napier. But peace was declared—the short peace of 1814—and in 1815 he was informed that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He felt that the French chieftain must again involve Europe in hostilities, and hastened homewards in the hope of obtaining the position in his country's defense richly deserved by his professional talents. When he arrived in England he found Europe in the centre of a new crisis, and he hurried onwards; but steam-power on land and water was then unknown, and the most active traveller, pressed for time, on errands of life or death, was compelled to wait for wind and tide. England expected a great battle, but not so soon as it occurred; and reinforcements were under preparation for the army in Belgium. Colonel Napier hastened on. When he reached Ostend, the exigency appeared still greater. As he advanced, crowds of fugitives stopped the path. Alarm and dismay appeared in the villages, towns, and cities which he passed. He hurried on, quickening his speed as if a single arm could change the destiny of the coming day. Then reports of Ligny and Quatre-Bras met him—disastrous rumors; and they urged him forward—forward, to defeat, it might be; but not to dishonor—onward, to die in the last hour of a great battle rather than that the country which he loved better than it had then loved him, should look in vain for aid from one of her sons, when his assistance was required. An impatient rider and a panting steed are met by fugitives, now abandoning their homes in sadness of heart and sorrow. A third battle has been fought and lost. The army which he loved is beaten

and flying in detached fragments. The leaders whom he followed are with the dead or the dying. The foemen whom he had often met are trampling on and over his friends. Still in this dark hour, courage and genius combined, daring to conceive, rapidity to execute, might stop the flight of his friends or the progress of his foes; and some of the best British regiments were behind him, fresh and unbroken. The rider hastened on. Now the certain character of the rumor changes. Wounded men from Ligny and Quatre-Bras pass by, but they do not think that they are beaten; and as the day wears on, towards night these rumors become still more uncertain. That haze in the distant east, on which the setting sun has shone out for a few minutes, hangs over the distant field of strife. By and by, the roar of artillery, like thunder far away, booms on the ear; or the rider thinks so, and his nervousness increases: and the delays of the road wax longer and worse. Wagons full of wounded men choke the way; but they bring better news and brighter hopes. The battle was not lost when they left, and it would not be lost. The inspired rider struggles on. The night has fallen over the vanquished and the victorious; a night of horrors to the flying and broken squadrons who rallied in the morning around the eagles of France. Our solitary rider still strives against a thickening current of horses and vehicles; but at last he hears that the battle is won. The intelligence that even lights up the eyes of the dying around scarcely gives pleasure to him. The grand contest of Europe is over, and he had no part in the result. Hereafter men will speak respectfully of soldiers who fought at Waterloo, and he had only struggled hard to be present. A wayward fate it seemed that took him over the Atlantic to combat peasants, and left his name out of this great strife of giants. He reported himself at headquarters on the morning of the 19th, was present at some of the combats on the way to Paris, and entered that city with the Allied Armies.

The peace that followed promised to be deep and long; and although a considerable English army was left in France, yet Colonel Napier sought other employment. He obtained the governorship of the Ionian Islands. His military capabilities had been long acknowledged; his literary talents, if less conspicuous than those of his younger brother, were evidently respectable, as his works on colonies, colonization, and Ireland demonstrated; but he was now tried in a new

sphere. His administrative genius shone brightly in his management of the Ionian Isles, so far as his relations with the islanders were concerned; but he quarrelled with the Home Government. We feel that a governor of a distant dependency who gains the esteem of the governed and the antipathy of his own government, is an honest, although he may be a mistaken, man. Sir Charles Napier succeeded in both particulars. He gained the love of the Cephalonians, and he did not preserve the confidence of the Colonial and War Offices. He was recalled, but his memory was not easily obliterated from the minds of the islanders, who adopted the means in their power of steadily expressing the esteem in which one of their governors was held.

The Greek revolution brought Sir Charles Napier into correspondence with the late Lord Byron, with Mr. Hume, and other English friends of Grecian independence. They did not exactly please him by their conduct, and he did not please them with his counsel; but he knew more of fighting, and probably of Greeks and Turks also, than the great poet or the famous financier.

He passed some years at this period of his life in England, unemployed; and even when he obtained the command of the Northern Military Division of England, he could only exercise his influence for the improvement of discipline in the regiments under his control. Life was meanwhile wearing over. Peace was firmly established in Europe; and although it had been broken repeatedly on the Continent, yet Sir Charles Napier never offered his services to any foreign state, even when he approved the cause of war. He laid the foundation of many reforms in the army. He improved the position of the private soldier, so far as his influence and power went. He enforced very strict discipline in barracks, and he undoubtedly made changes in their physical and moral circumstances of a favorable nature.

He approached his sixtieth year before the Bombay command was offered to him; and he left England for the presidency in 1841. He did not agree cordially with any governor-general, during his Indian connection, except the Earl of Ellenborough, who appreciated and fully understood his character. The reverses in Affghanistan, and the position of the Sikhs on the upper part of the Indus, caused great anxiety among the Anglo-Indians and in this country. Scinde was under the control of the Ameers; and their power at the mouth of the Indus was likely, under any reverse, to be employed against the Brit-

ish empire. Suspicions existed on good grounds that they had urged the Belooches to attack our forces in the mountain passes. The situation of affairs was peculiarly embarrassing. Defeat in Scinde would have been ruinous, and yet Sir Charles Napier had scarcely an army. He had only a respectable detachment for the conquest of a great country. He offered his terms in Scinde, as an invader, with 3,000 men, Europeans and natives, behind, and 25,000 men before him. The disparity of the armies caused no distrust in his dauntless mind. The Ameers did not attack him, he did not attack them, but endeavored in some long, weary marches through the deserts to communicate with Generals Nott and Pollock, then engaged in an Afghanistan campaign; and he seized the fortresses on which the Ameers relied in these marches, thus compelling them to fight on the open plain. He took the strong fortress of Emaum Ghur with only 300 men of his Irish regiment, the 22d, and two pieces of artillery. Mahommed Khan, who had accumulated stores and treasures in the fort, fled before this small European force; for a very salutary dread of Sir Charles Napier depressed the courage of the Ameers. This fear of their enemy was to be increased.

The small army under his command was surrounded by opponents. He seemed to be cut off and in extreme danger. Therefore he resolved to attack 16,000 Belooches, strongly posted at Meanee, before they could be reinforced by other divisions. He had 2,600 men. The resolution, therefore, resembled despair, but his calculations were disappointed. The Belooches succeeded in joining their forces, and brought into the field 25,000 infantry and 10,000 irregular cavalry. Sir Charles Napier had 1,800 infantry, and 800 cavalry, opposed to this great army. In addition to numbers, the Belooches had the advantage of two positions, which they had selected and strengthened. They endeavored to draw forward the small band of their opponents within the range of these mud walls, in order that they might attack them on the flank and rear. Sir Charles observed the opening in the wall, through which their ambuscade was to sally, and he ordered the grenadier company of the 22d to seize this portal. They obeyed his order, and although their captain was killed in the gate, yet this company of eighty men cooped up six thousand in their own snare, and virtually gained the battle. The resistance in front was tremendous. The Belooches were brave and desperate men. They charged the

22d with vehemence, although the superior practice of the Irish muskets thinned their ranks rapidly, or laid them down regularly where they had stood. The English artillery-men swept the flank of the opposing army with continuous showers of grape; but they had to be protected from the fury of their wild opponents, who absolutely tore at the guns, and endeavored to overturn them, while they were being blown from the cannon's mouth in companies. The carnage was appalling—the courage that sustained it unbending—but the Belooches were crowded in struggling masses, among whom a musket never missed, and the artillery tore up bloody lanes at every discharge. The physical endurance of men is, however, limited, and after his little army had been engaged for more than three hours in this dreadful butchery, Sir Charles Napier saw that a decisive effort was necessary. He ordered his cavalry to charge. The fatal artillery played upon the thick masses of flesh and blood opposed to them within a few yards. The bayonets and the bullets of the 22d pressed desperately on the compact ranks around them. It was the last struggle for victory, and the alternative was death. Victory was obtained. The army of the Ameers fled, and six of these chieftains surrendered after the battle. The slaughter of the Belooches had been dreadful. An equal number of men had never been slain in a modern battle by an army so few as that commanded by Sir Charles Napier. Six thousand men were left by the Ameers on the field, and nearly all of them perished. The battle continued for four hours, and in that time less than two thousand men had slain more than three times their own number. The loss of the British forces was comparatively small, but it was great to them. Sixty officers and two hundred and fifty sergeants and privates were disabled—nearly one-fifth of their army; and of these, six officers and sixty men were dead upon the field. One-sixth of both armies were down. Their relative proportions stood as at the commencement at the close. The victory was, therefore, narrowly won; and if the battle had lasted longer, it would have ended in the defeat and extirpation of this small band. The odds were fifteen to one against them in the morning, and a limit exists even in the contests of disciplined and fully armed soldiers with masses of brave men; and the Belooches were brave.

This battle of Meanee, fought on the 17th of February, 1843, was not surpassed by any former contest in India, full as the history

of British India is with the romance of war, either in the vast results produced by slender means, the courage of the general and his men, the intensity of the struggle, or its decisive termination.

Wellington gained Assaye with *nine* men to one hundred of his enemies; and he lost one-third of his force in killed and wounded, amounting to nearly two thousand, in inflicting a loss on the Mahrattas not greater in numbers than the Belooches suffered at Meanee. The succeeding victory of Wellington at Argaum was decisive, but not greater in reference to the proportionate means by which the end was achieved than Assaye, and not equal to Meanee.

These facts should not be forgotten now by those who value military services and reward them; for we feel, and all men feel, that they were rather overlooked during Sir Charles Napier's life.

The conqueror of Scinde was a brave, daring, skilful soldier, but he was not a reckless officer. He felt the embarrassing nature of his position when Hyderabad was opened to his little army. He applied to Lord Ellenborough for reinforcements, and the Governor-general ordered all the men whom he could spare from other emergencies to join the army of Scinde. Shere Mahommed, the greatest of the Ameers, known in his own country as "the Lion," had another army ready, or the remains of the old army reorganized, in little more than a month after Meanee. He refused to surrender, and Sir Charles Napier met him at Dubba, near Hyderabad, on the 24th of March. The British army was now 5,000 strong, and the Belooches numbered nearly 25,000 men. The disparity was great, but not so hopeless as at Meanee. Still three hours' hard fighting and a terrible slaughter were needed before Shere Mahommed was driven from his strong position at Dubba, and Scinde was finally won. The battle was brilliantly fought and victory bravely achieved; yet the result proved the necessity for those reinforcements which Sir Charles Napier prudently demanded and Lord Ellenborough promptly supplied.

That governor-general at once made the conqueror of Scinde its governor; and the resolution was amply vindicated by the result. Sir Charles Napier applied his administrative talents incessantly to the organization of the resources of Scinde. He planned bridges, canals, and roads. He provided means for the protection of life and property. He promoted agriculture and commerce.

Within a few months he had repressed disorder, secured industry in its rights, suppressed the banditti formed from the broken ranks of a desperate army, and turned the lawless and wild borderers into peaceable men of work. Covered with wounds, constitutionally weak, somewhat bent by years and fatigue, but mentally active, energetic, and strong, he moved incessantly over the vast land which he had added to the empire, corrected abuses, repaired injuries, and supplied incentives to industry. He was a strict disciplinarian, and much sentimental writing was employed to depict and denounce his conduct to the Ameers; but he never had promised to respect the claims, further than they were well founded, of the idle, the weak, and worthless. He had never offered encouragement to a feudal system of life. His practice always vindicated the maxim, that those who live by, should also live for, mankind. The Ameers, therefore, had no reason to anticipate any exaggerated regard from a man who lived for the people rather than their rulers. In Scinde he was a despot, but one of a beneficent character; illustrating the opinion of some, that in certain stages of society a despotic government would be suitable if any security could be afforded for its quality. A good and wise despot, however, is of very rare occurrence.

We recur to the battle of Dubba only to contrast it with the brilliant victories of Lord Lake at Delhi, Agra, and Laswaree. The achievements of General Lake were most decisive, and they were accomplished with limited means; but neither of them excelled the victory of Dubba, or approached the tremendous fight of Meanee; yet they gained for General Lake a place in the peerage. No student of Indian history says that honors were ill-bestowed on that brave man. Few remember without regret that he who should have borne, and could have well sustained them, died early in the olive grove, and sleeps among the crags and rocks of Rolicca. But without referring to the deeds performed by living men, and the honors awarded to them, it is scarcely possible to recall the names of great Indian leaders, without feeling that a sad omission has occurred in this case—one also that cannot now be fully rectified.

The defeat of regular armies in the field was an easier matter probably than the effectual discomfiture of the desert chiefs on the borders, who had lived and prospered by plunder, and knew no better means of replenishing their larders. This object was, notwithstanding its difficulty, not only completed

by Sir Charles Napier, but effected in a spirit that won the hearts of the vanquished Sirdars, who first named their conqueror the Brother of the Evil One, for his success in war; and then gave him their allegiance, for the lessons he taught them in the arts of peace. Two swords were carried upon his coffin at Portsmouth. One of them was notched and worn, for it was his father's; and the blade had suffered no disgrace in the keeping of the son. The second was the "Sword of Peace," presented to Sir Charles Napier when he left Scinde, by those robber-chieftains whom he had turned into honest men.

The great Sikh war broke out when the hostilities in Scinde were quelled. The activity of the Governor of Scinde was shown by the magnitude of the army which he collected and held ready to march upwards to the Sutlej. Lord Ellenborough had then resigned the governor-generalship, and an old soldier occupied that high position. His plans did not include the employment of the Scinde army in the Sutlej, although a movement up the Indus was, we think, proposed by Sir Charles Napier, and would have been effective. Following the instructions of Sir Henry Hardinge, he occupied Bewalpoore, and thus missed the great battles of Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Soobraon; but some persons believed that if Sir Charles Napier's corps, then numbering 12,000 to 15,000 effective men, had been drawn up the Indus, in sufficient time, under their gallant chief, Ferozepore, or its substitute, would have been more decisive, and no Soobraon would have been required. The first Sikh campaign was more near a defeat than those who fought at Soobraon willingly admit; and the assistance offered from Scinde would have greatly reduced, if it had not entirely removed, any doubt of its issue ever entertained.

Sir Charles Napier resigned the governorship of Scinde and returned to England in 1847. He found his country suffering under great calamities, and meditating grand political changes; but the ardor with which he was welcomed by the army extended also to the citizenship of the land; and his countrymen instinctively recognized in him a great hero and a great man—a man who was never idle, and whose engagements were invariably directed against abuses and corruption.

The conquest and annexation of Scinde present Sir Charles Napier's character in three distinct departments: as a soldier performing prodigies of valor, unrivalled in the disproportion between his means and the re-

sults, by any preceding achievements in India: as an administrator, who, succeeding to the guidance of a kingdom in a state of anarchy, repelled with an equitable, although a strong hand, the crimes of an armed banditti; created confidence in his government; established peace, law, and order; elicited the forgotten resources of the land, and increased the means of the population, and the revenue of the state, with almost inconceivable and incredible rapidity: and as a writer, defending his proceedings, on all points, against corrupted and unprincipled adversaries. The military, when contrasted with the civil service of India, is poor and pure. Charges originating in the disappointment of those camp followers who expect an enlargement of pay and place from each extension of the Indian empire, were directed at Sir Charles Napier's conduct in India. They made no gain, and therefore they asserted that the country suffered loss. The native Ameers were not dethroned to make room for English agents; and therefore, in the opinion of Bombay writers, the former chiefs of Scinde should not have been displaced. Their conqueror organized a cheap and just, which, according to his critics, could not be a good and profitable, government, for it secured no advancement to them or their friends. He established public works, planned canals, embankments and roads; proposed irrigation on an extensive scale, and sought to restore in Scinde the palmy days of Egyptian agriculture. These views were not shared by men who searched for pleasure and riches in the East; and who longed for the hunting parties of the expelled Ameers, who were great in game-preserving, at any cost to their subjects—a science of which their practical successor could not comprehend the profit. We admit that the brave soldier was not also a patient exponent of his own policy. He met censure by rebuke; but if his answers were sharp, like his sword, the attacks in which they originated were often dastardly and vindictive.

The discussion of the Indian bill in the present year has furnished convincing evidence that his plans for the government of Scinde comprised all that is deemed essential for an enlightened administration of Indian resources, and also superabundant proof that the civil service of the older presidencies has been grievously neglected. A very short time has passed since his death, but during that interval accounts have been received of the business transacted at the fair of Kurra-  
chee. Those statements of "Manchester

men," from the spot, develop a new explanation of the jealousy of Bombay interests at the annexation and settlement of Scinde. Sir Charles Napier expected that the Indus would be turned to commercial advantage when he completed the conquest of the country forming in some measure its delta. This great river almost meets the Ganges at its springs; has the Sutlej, comprising the five rivers of the Punjab, for its tributary; extends in its course from the frozen regions high on the Himalaya Mountains, to the tropical verdure of the Indian plains; and must command ultimately the goods traffic of central Asia and the north-western provinces of the Anglo-Indian empire. The experience of past years, and especially that of the present season, vindicates the accuracy of the opinion entertained by Sir Charles Napier. His opinion has been shared by all parties who have studied the subject; but that circumstance could not disarm the local enmity, or enlarge the narrow views of Bombay merchants, who infused their fears into the Bombay press, not candidly and openly, but in strictures on the war in Scinde, which they could not or would not understand; and homilies on economy, to which, in the management of public affairs, they were entirely unaccustomed. The Governor of Scinde never possessed the gift of patience under wrong, in an eminent degree. An ardent disposition was so ingrained into a generous nature, that the conqueror of Hyderabad could not so far conquer himself as to remain quietly under injustice, until time should redress the wrong. He thus involved himself in anxieties and cares which calmer, if less valuable, men would have escaped. But that fact forms no apology for the unjust criticisms to which he was exposed, or the erroneous statements employed to support them.

After the return of Sir Charles Napier from India, his time was occupied in promoting changes in the system of government pursued there, in correspondence and pamphlets on Indian affairs, and in his military reforms. Reference has been already made in this sketch to the second Sikh war. Disasters seemed again impending over north-western India. Lord Gough had not been successful, and confidence was not felt in his policy. The ideas entertained regarding his military skill were perhaps unjust; but the stake was great and the risk imminent. The government of the day required the late Duke of Wellington to supply a list of three names from whom a successor could be appointed. It is said that he wrote Sir Charles

Napier's name thrice upon a sheet of paper, and enclosed it. The precaution was not unnecessary. The Duke of Wellington had a practical end in view; and in the discharge of a great trust, he determined that no mistake should occur. A second time, and when approaching his seventieth year, Sir Charles Napier crossed to India. Before his arrival the exigency had passed, and Lord Gough had defeated the Sikhs; but his successor was thus enabled to carry out reforms which he had planned, in the Indian army. These changes were all favorable to the material efficiency and the moral improvement of the forces. Extravagance and gambling were suppressed. Economy and simplicity were recommended in the service. Young men were taught, by example and precept, the means of acquiring independence; and no man could lecture better on that subject than the officer of whom it has been said, that when the messenger from the India House, bearing the dispatch which announced his appointment to the chief command of the Indian army, called at his residence in Berkeley street, he was admitted by a female servant, and found the general at dinner, who quietly expressed his regret that he should trouble him to call again—but added, that he had no second apartment in which he could invite him to wait.

A warm welcome to India was followed soon by a final farewell; and Sir Charles Napier left its shores to return no more; yet his heart was in that land. More than many British statesmen, he felt its importance; more than many Anglo-Indians, who had acquired fame and fortune on its plains, he planned and studied for its people's advantage. Death found him still in harness and at work. His last pamphlet on Indian affairs is, and now will ever be, an unfinished essay—a fragment, suspended and stopped by disease. He left London as the end of his days approached, by his physicians' orders, in the hope that the peace of Oaklands might tend to restore his broken health; but all the battles of that courageous spirit, except one, were passed; and he went home only to die.

The character of this man is not easily drawn. He has done much in various departments, and always well. He finished whatever he commenced, and no enterprise appeared too great for his mind. We must remember that his active life began early. Sixty years of military service out of seventy-one years of life left little time for the systematic acquisition of knowledge; yet he



knew much, and was not often caught in error. He held enlarged views on our colonial empire at an early period of life. He had studied social politics carefully, and could expound them advantageously. He loved his country well, and never, even when neglected, did his patriotism suffer any diminution. He was warmly attached to his profession, and the common soldiers followed and regarded him as a friend. He was severe and simple in his habits of life; and yet the natives of India, fond of display and ostentation, were soon and strongly attached to his character. He was eminently brave, and a great military commander; but it may be doubted whether he was not equally great as an administrator and organizer of civil government. His life was remarkably active, his labors peculiarly abundant; and he escaped the snares and temptations of idleness. His frame was never robust; and instead of his death now causing astonishment, it is surprising that he lived so long. He conquered and pacified Scinde, while laboring under disease that would have confined ordinary men to a bed-chamber, and enriched their physicians. His ardent and energetic mind might long before 1858 have worn out the frail and shattered body, in which, lacerated as it was by steel, torn by lead, and broken and bruised by all kinds of weapons, he was nevertheless, consistent with the family motto, "Ready, aye ready!" to think and to act, to bleed and suffer, to do or die for his country's honor, peace and welfare.

He was buried at Portsmouth, and it little matters where that sadly cut and torn body was laid; but Britain has no dust stored in

grand and national edifices, that in life labored more or labored better in her defense, or for her prosperity. He was carried to his grave by soldiers; and strong-minded men wept as they lowered his coffin to its place; as well they might, for in all that pomp of death and funereal splendor, England was poorer by a brave spirit—a noble heart lost to the land—a reformer in peace—and a leader in war whose name was strength to her friends and terror to her foes. The lion-hearted chief, of whom it might be truly said, he never feared the face of man, sleeps where in danger's hour he would have lived or died—not in the centre of his country—not in the midst of her millions, but in the outpost, the foreground, the vanguard of all the land. His friends have buried him where he would have stood, if England ever had been threatened by foreign foes; and while men long, and look, and pray for peace on earth, they need not forget that often peace is threatened by evil passions; and if soon again this nation has to encounter the shock of battle for existence, or for great principles, the eye is closed that would have directed her armies; the hand is cold and crumbling that would have grasped a stainless but a well-worn sword in her defense; and that chivalrous spirit has passed from us for ever, who in prosperity was often neglected by courtiers and politicians, because he was too honest to be diplomatic; but on whom, in adverse days, all trusted once; and all again, in darker hours and greater dangers, would have followed eagerly and trusted well.

When it was said that Sir Charles J. Napier was dead, all men felt that England could not often mourn for an equal loss.

THE LOTTERY.—Before that national evil, the lottery, was abolished in France, a village curate thought it his duty to address to his flock a sermon against their dangerous infatuation for this privileged form of gambling. His auditory consisted of a crowd of miserable old women, ready to pawn or sell their last garment to secure the means of purchasing tickets. Nevertheless the good man flattered himself that his eloquence was not thrown away, for his flock was singularly attentive.

"You cannot deny," said he, addressing them, "that if one of you were to dream this

night of lucky numbers, ten, twenty, fifty, no matter what, instead of being restrained by your duty towards yourselves, your families, your God, you would rush off to the lottery office, and purchase tickets."

Satisfied that he had accomplished more than one conversion among his hearers, the good curé stepped down from his pulpit: when on the last step, the hand of an old hag who had appeared particularly attentive to his admonitions, was laid on his arm.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," said she, "but *what* lucky numbers did you please to say we were likely to dream of?"

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THOMAS MOORE AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS is *par excellence* the age of biographies. And yet we have not heard, recently at least, of any systematic inquiry premised as to what are the qualifications and the duties of a genuine biographer. We propose, ere coming to Moore and his noble life-composer, to prefix a few rapid remarks upon this subject.

A biographer should himself have lived. If he has been a mere stucco-man—a Dr. Dryasdust, conversing with folios, rather than with facts or feelings, or the ongoing rush of human life—let him catalogue books, but avoid the biography of living men. There are those, too, who have lived; but who, like Coleridge, have lived collaterally, or aside, who have not properly digested into intellectual chyle the facts of their own history, and who are little better adapted for biography than sleep-walkers might be. A biographer should, if possible, have lived *with* the man whose life he undertakes to write. Dr. Johnson has added his weighty *ipse dixit* to a similar statement, and no one has served more thoroughly to substantiate it than his own biographer; for it is clear that, had Boswell undertaken to write the life of one with whom he had *not* lived, it had justified Johnson's statement, that Boswell was not fit to write the life of an ephemeron. Living with a man, in some cases—although we grant these are rare and peculiar—is nearly equal to all other qualifications for the office of a biographer, and can almost make up for the want of them all. We do not, however, seek to confound *living with* and *living beside* a man. It were possible to live for a century beside a man, and yet not have lived with him for a single hour. To live beside a man, requires only the element of contiguity; to live with him, implies knowledge, love, sympathy, and watchful observation of his character. A biographer should bear a certain specific resemblance to the subject of his work. He should be able to receive, if not to equal, his author, otherwise he may write

a book of the size of the "Universal History," and yet not utter one genuine or worthy word about him. Some critics have dwelt on the disparities between Boswell and Johnson. These were wide and obvious; but the resemblances were stronger and subtler far. As to intellect, there was between them a "great gulf fixed;" but in creed, temperament, moral character, native tastes, and acquired predilections, the two were nearly identical. So that Boswell's Johnson is no paradox in literature: it is the inevitable result of the contact of two minds strangely dissimilar, and still more singularly like each other—as inevitable as the connection between the earth and the sun. A biographer should have a strong love and admiration for the subject of the life. He should see him as he is, faults and virtues; but should have a preponderating estimate of the excellences of the character. He should go to his task as to a sacred duty, and should hold his pen as if it were the brand of an altar. A biography like that of Miss Seward by Scott, written without any sympathy, real or pretended, with the person, is a nuisance on the earth. Boswell was in many things a second-rate man; but in love for his theme he was never equalled, and this has given him his great biographical eminence. A biographer, again, should understand the relation existing between his hero and his times, and should be able philosophically to adjust him in position to his contemporaries. And, in fine, he should see, and fix on, and paint the real life of the character, shearing off all superfluities, generalizing minor details, seeking to show the element of progress and growth in the man's history, and striving to give to his book an artistic unity.

Assuming this high standard, very few lives, indeed, come up to the mark. Boswell's book is inimitably like, but it is rather a literal likeness than a work of high art. Moore's "Sheridan" is a flaring, though powerful daub. His "Byron" is much better in

composition, but has a certain air of untruthfulness and special pleading around it. Johnson's "Savage" is a splendid representation of a worthless subject—like an ass or a pig from the pencil of Morland, or a "sad-dog" by Landseer. Scott's lives are gossiping and sketchy, without much force or firmness of execution. Cunningham's are racy, but deficient in careful finish. Southey's "Nelson" is one of the most delightful, and Croly's "Burke" one of the most forcible, of biographies. Macaulay's articles on Clive, Chatham, and Hastings are, in reality, brief and brilliant lives. On the whole, however, our age has its Plutarch yet to seek, and has not, we are sorry to say, found him in Lord John Russell.

Our purpose, however, is less to speak of the biographer than to submit some remarks on the subject of the biography of that brilliant but not bulky son of Erin, dear "Tom Little."

The literature of Ireland has been charged with a certain air of sternness and gloom, as if in keeping with the fate and fortunes of that beautiful but unlucky land—that land of famine and fertility, of wit and folly, of magnificent scenery and of starving souls—that brilliant blot, that splendid degradation, that bright and painful paradox among the nations of the world. Gay, indeed, sometimes their writers are, but their gayety is often breaking down, dying away into a "quaver of consternation;" and the three highest writers, incomparably, that Ireland has produced—Berkeley, Burke, and Swift—are all serious in essence, although the last of them is often light and frivolous in manner. Even with Goldsmith's humor a certain sadness at times mingles. Croly is generally lofty and fierce, like Hercules agonizing under Nessus' shirt, and tossing Ceta's pines into the air. But Moore was really a lightsome and chirruping being. It may be that he had not depth enough to be otherwise; but certainly not only is his mirth never melancholy, but his serious vein is never deeply tragical. He touches with the same light, careless, but graceful hand, the springs of laughter and the sources of tears. He is, perhaps, the least suggestive of all poetic writers. Musical, picturesque, elegant and fanciful, he is seldom thoughtful or truly imaginative. Who would give much "for the thought" of a cricket on the hearth, or of a fire-fly buzzing through the midnight? It is enough that it pursues its own way to music, and that all eyes follow with pleasure its tiny procession.

Smallness is some how inseparably connected with our notion of Moore, as well as with that of some other distinguished men of the day. All about him is as small as it is brilliant. His clenched fist of anger is just a nut—his love is an intense burning drop—the dance of his fancy is as if "on the point of a needle;" and when in the Anacreontic vein he tipples, it is in "thimbleful." His spite and hatred, again, form a sting small but very sharp, and which never spills an infinitesimal drop of the venom. He is, in fact, a poetic homœopath, and, whether he try to kill you with laughter or to cure you by sense, he must deal in minute and intensely concentrated doses. And, whatever may be the case in medicine, there can be no question that, in satire and song, compound division is a most powerful, almost magical rule.

Ireland's writers have often been praised and often blamed for their imagination; but, in fact, not above two or three of them have possessed any thing more than a vivid fancy. Swift had plenty of wit, and inventiveness, and coarse fancy, and sense, and a humor "dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage;" but he had not a spark of the fusing, unifying, inspiring imaginative power. Goldsmith rose often to high poetic eloquence—he was an exquisite artist, but hardly in the full sense a bard. Burke possessed the true *oratorical* gift, but it was often wasted on barren fields of prophecy. Berkeley's power of imagination was commensurate with his intellect, but both were in some measure thrown away upon arenas of abstraction, where no grass grew or corn waved, whatever flowers might spring. The recent popular writers or speakers of Ireland—such as Carleton, Banim, Lover, Lever, Shiel, and a hundred more—are profuse in fancy, humor, wit, and talent, but have not given us much that has, in earnestness, depth and originality, the elements of permanent power. Next to Burke and Berkeley, O'Connell, after all, was the greatest poet that the Green Isle has produced. He could and did, at times, trifle with the subordinate feelings of human nature, and use them at his wild or wicked will: he could always touch and command the passions; but he sometimes also appealed, with overwhelming power, to the deepest springs of the human imagination, and the soul of his hearers rose ever and anon, like an apparition, at his bidding.

Nor did Moore possess the highest order of imagination. He was rather swift than strong—rather lively than profound—rather

a mimic of exquisite taste and universal talent than a poet. It is disgraceful to think that, while Shelley and Wordsworth were in their lifetime treated either with cold neglect or with fierce hostility, Moore was a very pet of popularity. For this we are disposed, after all, to blame not only the public, but still more the critics of that day. We have all heard of Warwick the king-maker. Jeffrey and Gifford were the poet-makers of that period, and neither of them were entirely worthy of their high vocation. We attach less blame to the latter of these, for he was deficient in the very first elements of poetical criticism, and his verdicts on poetry are as worthless as those of a blind man on the paintings of Raphael, or those of one destitute of a musical ear on the oratorios of Handel. He could only bark and rave, like a disappointed bloodhound, around that magic circle from which he was for ever excluded. But Jeffrey was deserving of far more emphatic condemnation, since he permitted personal and party feelings to interfere with the integrity of his critical jurisdiction. Crabbe, the Whig, he over-praised; Wordsworth, the Tory, he abused; Byron, the lord, he magnified considerably above his merit; Burns, the ploughman and gauger, he sought to push down below his level, although of this he was deeply ashamed before his death. To the universally popular Scott, as a novelist, he did ample justice. To the outcast son of Genius, that "phantom among men," the brave, gifted, although unhappily blinded, Shelley, he never once alluded, till he had been seven years slumbering in the Italian dust. Moore and Campbell, as sharers of his politics and pleasures, he contributed to exalt to unbounded popularity. Southey and Coleridge, the Conservative Christians, he did all he could to crush. Nor was this, as in Gifford's case, the effect of gross ignorance of what poetry was; for this plea cannot be put in in behalf of one who has so exquisitely criticised Shakspeare, Ford, and others who were poets, and who has so sternly shown that Swift was none. It was, we repeat, the effect of small spite, and piques, and the like contemptible feelings, which were too often allowed to blunt his unquestionable acuteness of intellect, and to deaden his as unquestionable warmth of feeling and of heart.

Perhaps we may at this point be asked, if Moore was not a poet, who is, and wherein lies the differentia of a poet? Now here, without thinking, if possible, about any former definitions or descriptions of others, let

us try and construct an outline of our own, which may, perhaps, be somewhat better than the famous Shakspearean one—"A poet is—that is as much to say, is a poet."

We name as the first element of a poet—first, we mean, morally—the element of earnestness. All earnest men are not poets, but every poet must be an earnest man. And he must feel that poetry is the most earnest of all things next to religion. Religion is the worship of the True, as Goodness going up to heaven in incense. Poetry is the worship of the True, as Beauty going up to heaven on the breath of flowers. But each is worship, and every poet should regard his gift with a devout eye. The column of his thought should not only be large and bright, but it should point upward like a sun-tipped spire, or the flame of a sacrifice. Not only, too, should he regard his art as an act of worship, but he should be ever working at the problem of uniting it with Religion. He should feel, that not till Truth, Beauty, and Goodness are seen to be one, can Poetry receive her final consecration, or Religion put on her softest and brightest attire. A poet, 2dly, will be a maker. He will create by breathing his own spirit, which is a far-off sigh of God, into the waste and cold vacuities of mental space. He will—if we dare apply the words, in a very subordinate sense, of course—"hang his earth upon nothing, and stretch out his glowing north over the empty space." His work, when made, will come out softly, sweetly, and sure of welcome, as a new star amid her silent sisterhood, or as the moon has just in our sight appeared, like an expected and longed-for lady into her room of state, to complete the glories of this resplendent summer-eve. His poem, displacing no other, copying no other, interfering with no other, takes up at once, gravely or gaily, consciously or unconsciously, its appointed and immortal place. Not that all men at once see its glory or its true relation to its kindred orbs. But it is seen by many, and felt by more, and shall at last be acknowledged by all. When a "new thing" does thus appear on the earth, there is sometimes only silent wonder, and sometimes only a deep half-uttered love, and sometimes a shout of welcome, (just as Christians and Mahomedans receive, in different fashions and forms of gladness, the same sun and moon coming forth from the same chambers of the east,) but at last all three are united, and, by being united, are intensified and increased. 3d, A poet should be a philosopher. Not that he should be expected to write merely didactic

poems, as they are called, (so named, we suppose, as *lucus* from *non lucendo*, because they teach nothing!) but that his works should be suffused with the deep, sober lustre of careful thought. Wordsworth, appreciating from experience this last, best power of the poet, speaks of

"Years that bring the philosophic mind."

But its coming does not always depend upon years. It may, and does often, come in moments. One sudden glance at earth or sky, at man or woman, often accomplishes the work; and we are aware of a Presence who has his dwelling "in the light of setting suns," and whom, without even attempting to measure, we are able to see. Not every true poet has been permitted to attain the full philosophic development, and all who do not, die they at what age they may, die young poets; but the germ of it is strong in most of them, and comes out in many. The secret of it, perhaps, lies in a proper conception of the wholeness and unity of things, and in the attempt to imitate and reproduce this in the effects of poetry.

We may, perhaps, arrange, according to these thoughts, poets, so called, into the following classes:—There is, first, the feeble rhymster, who has neither talent, nor cleverness, nor genius; who has merely words, plentiful or scarce, musical or harsh, to express commonplaces, or to echo, and echo ill, the utterances of other writers. This man, in describing a river, will call it the "beautiful," the "lovely," or the "glittering" stream. A mountain is, of course, the "lofty and magnificent." The ocean is "the serene," or "stormy," or "tremendous." The sky is the "blue," the "deep," the "awful." Then comes the clever copyist, the elegant mimic of many or all styles, who has the power of representing the effects of genius so successfully, that he is sometimes mistaken for a universal type of the class. This writer will imitate Byron's "Address to the Rhine," Coleridge's "Ode to Mont Blanc," Pollok's splendid "Apostrophe to the Ocean," and Shelley's "Cloud or Skylark." The third is the man of talent, the stern literal painter, who represents, and represents accurately, what he sees, neither less nor more, omitting that ideal haze or halo which, to the eye of imagination, every object wears. He will faithfully enumerate the old castles which crown the river's side, and forget none of the fine seats which surround it, nor any of the lakes which the mountain's brow commands,

nor any of the isles which gem the ocean's breast, nor shall one of the stars of midnight be dropped from his catalogue. The fourth is the artist, who does look upon objects at an ideal angle, and through the anointed and anointing medium of a poet's eye, but does not see them in their religious relation or universal bearings. The river to him, like the Po to Byron, is the river of his "ladye-love," and her image sleeps in and softens the waters. The mountain is the mate of the storm, and the nursery of the eagle, and the stepping-stone for the genii of the elements, as they pass along from zone to zone. The ocean is the "melancholy main" of Thomson, melancholy in its everlasting wanderings and the shipwrecks it is compelled to enact and witness; or the "awful penitent" of Alexander Smith, scourged by the relentless winds for some secret and abysmal crime which its every froth-drop feels, but which all its tongues on all its shores are unable to reveal; and the sky is a high and vaulted buckler "bossed" with stars. The fifth is the prophet, who adds to the power wherewith the artist paints the imaginative or fanciful aspects of nature and of man, an earnest conviction and a clear sight of the moral purposes and lessons they are struggling to teach, and sees all things under the solemn chiaro-scuro of the Divinity. To him the river suggests, now the "mighty stream of moral tendency" stirred by the breath of God, and now the "clear river springing from under the throne of the Lamb." The ocean is God's Eye, a steadfast watcher and witness of the sins of earth, as it were mirroring them upwards to the moon, as she wore softly and lingeringly to heaven. The mountain is a pillar to the Eternal Throne, or an altar for his worship. And the sky is the dome of his temple, and the emblem of his all-embracing protection and love. The last variety is the philosophic poet, who tries, as we have already seen, to form some grand scheme of the universe, and to reflect it in his poetry. Him the river reminds of the Milky Way, and seems at once as mysterious and as clear as that foaming cataract of suns, and reflects the ever-fluid motion and recurrence of all things upon themselves. The mountain will be an image of the steadfast unity, which is as certain as the perpetual progress of the creation; and the ocean below, apparently capricious, but really fixed in its movements, and the sky above, apparently stiff as iron, but in reality changeable as water, will tell him strange tidings, and seem strange types of the resemblances and

the dissimilitudes—the apparent difference and real identity between what we call time and what we call eternity.

The best and truest poets are, it seems to us, compounded of the elements of the three last classes we have attempted thus to describe: these elements being found, of course, existing in very different proportions. To take some examples from modern times:—Goethe is a compound of the artist and the philosopher, having little or nothing of the prophet. Wordsworth and Coleridge are compounds of all three, the prophet somewhat predominating in the second, and the philosopher in the first. Shelley combined, like Goethe, somewhat of all three, but in proportions unequal and disorganized; and this is true, also, with a modification as to the *degree* of the disorganization, about Bailey of "Festus;" and with this, too, to be remembered, that, while Shelley had not come, ere death, to believe in a Living God, and a Divine-Human Saviour, Bailey has always believed in both. Tennyson, again, seems a beautiful miniature of Goethe—the artist and philosopher are both in him; but both are seen as if through a microscope, and with not a trace of the prophetic element. Macaulay, alike as poet and prose-writer, is pure artist. So were Campbell, Rogers, Scott, as a poet, and Crabbe. Leigh Hunt is the artist, too, but with an almost invisible tincture of the prophet and the philosopher. Ebenezer Elliott had a little of the artist, and a great deal more of the prophet. Byron was one of the most powerful of artists. He had a strong, though uncultured, philosophic tendency. He thought himself a prophet, and he was, if the word "false" be prefixed to the name. Wondrous was the sorcery of his genius, but it *was* sorcery—strange the spell and sweetness of his strain; but they were those of Balaam predicting from Mount Peor the "rising of the Star out of Jacob," the coming of Christ from heaven, while all the passions of hell were burning in his own bosom. The perfect poet would include the elements of artist, prophet, and philosopher, in equal proportions and finest harmony, but as yet echo must answer, "Where is he?"

We think that the subject of this article was not entitled to the name even of artist, according to our ideal of it; that is, he was not a poet able to feel and adequately to express the "fine and volatile film constituting the life of life, the gloss of joy, the light of darkness, and the wild sheen of death; that fine or terrible something which is really about the object, but which the eye of the

gifted only can see, even as in certain atmospheres only the beams of the sun are visible."

His poetry is not eminently original, and his sense even of beauty, far more of truth and harmony, is not very deep. The loveliness he principally admires and paints is of a meretricious cast. His art, if we may be pardoned a very bad pun, is rather an elegant art of *pottery* than of poetry. There is something essentially light, trivial, and purposeless about all his brilliant workmanship, if workmanship it can be called, and not rather a "frolic architecture," like that of the morning mist or the enraptured snow-drift. We have ranked him rather with the second class in our list—the airy mimic of more masculine and powerful minds. We often see the clouds at evening assume striking resemblances to the mountains over which they rest, as if they would be substantial if they could. Such a similitude to poetry do Moore's productions bear. They are like it, they are near it, they seem to many something better than it, but they are not it. We can conceive the ambitious member of a fairy family, such as the White Lady of Avenel, aspiring to be one of the human race, to throb with their great passions, to assume their strong incarnation, and to share in their immortal destinies; and the apparent success and ultimate failure of the impossible endeavor might furnish a lively type of Moore's unsuccessful ambition—"I also would be a poet." We need not add, that to prophetic earnestness and to philosophic depth he does not even pretend.

The merely mechanical powers of the poet are abundantly his. An ordinary painter may possess a richer box of colors than Titian, and wield a finer brush than Raphael. Moore has great wealth of language, great fluency and sweetness of versification, much fine imagery, and great freedom, and ease, and grace of movement. His language is not, indeed, of the choicest kind, nor will it bear very close analysis; his versification is too lusciously sweet—it has not the psalm-like swell of our higher poets, nor the linnet-like gushes of others; it is at best a guitar played by a high-born cavalier to a beauty under an eve of Italy. His imagery is too sensuous and too abundant in proportion to the thought it has to represent, and his movement is rather that of a dance than that of a race, or a walk, or a winged sweep through the gulfs of ether. In constructive faculty he is not deficient, but not eminently gifted. The wholes he makes are little, not large—stories, not epics or dramas. Still, as more people love to see an opera-girl dancing than

to see an eagle sailing through the "azure deep of air;" as more people love to hear a song from the lips of a fine lady, than the chant of a monologizing Coleridge, so the generality of the public have always delighted more in Moore than in the real masters of the art. He has tickled, soothed, melted, lapped them in luxurious sentimentalism; and like a lover seduced by the charms of one whom his deeper nature despises, have they yielded to the fascination. And to this his faults have contributed even more than his merits.

In thorough knowledge of where his great strength lay, he sought the subject of his two principal poems among the fanciful mythologies and meretricious manners of the East. There Byron too, Southey, Beckford, Hope, and Scott, have gone for inspiration; and they have all mated with those parts of the subject which best suited their idiosyncrasy. Byron has monopolized the sun-heated passions of love and revenge which burn in those sweltering climes. Southey and Beckford have coped with their darker shapes of superstition, and have gone down, the one into Pandalon, and the other into the more tremendous hall of Eblis. Hope has in "Anastasis" caught the tone of Oriental manners, and painted powerfully the scenery of Turkey and Greece; and Scott, in the "Talisman," has fulfilled the very difficult task of at once contrasting and harmonizing into beautiful artistic effect the religion and customs of East and West, as they met together for a season on the "perilous edge" of the Crusades. Moore, on the other hand, has chosen the more fantastic of the religious dreams, and the more luxurious of the social habits, and the lighter of the poetic measures which prevail in Persia and India, and out of them constructed the slight, but delicate and dazzling, structures of "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels."

On the special merits and defects of these two poems, we need not dwell. They are just rhymed "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," without the nature, however, the simplicity, and the humor of those extraordinary tales. More delightful reading for loungers under such Syrian heats as are at present burning over our heads cannot be conceived. But those who have once read seldom recur to them, and few of their lines ever recur to men's minds. We, at least, remember only a certain vague, delicious emotion, which seems like a sweet sin to the recollection; and we feel as if, upon rising up from their raptured perusal, Homer, Milton, and Wordsworth must have looked down

from their busts upon us with indignation and scorn.

Nor need we discuss elaborately the merits or defects of his early love-poems, once so popular, and deemed so pernicious, now so seldom read, and so lightly esteemed:—of his songs, those perfumed and tender madrigals of sentimental love and skin-deep patriotism; beautiful exceedingly, no doubt, in their way, but how far inferior to those of Burns in variety, in nature, and in Doric strength; to those of Scott in boldness and bardic fire; to those of Campbell in exquisite finish and pathos; and to those of Bulwer in classic polish and dignity!—or of his political squibs, "The Fudge Family," "The Twopenny Post-bag," and "Cash, Corn, Currency, and Catholics," which display in full strength his most characteristic qualities; those, namely, of a wit nearly as rich as that of Butler, Swift, and Byron, but infinitely better polished and better natured; a humor, waggish, genial; and a certain high-bred, aristocratic air, which adds a peculiar flavor to his humorous sarcasm, and pungency to his witty contempt. He is a polite murderer, a smiling assassin. He kisses ere he kills; he bows to his victim ere he leads him to the altar, and ere, as with an oiled dagger, he stabs him to the heart. His prose has all the defects of his poetry, and not all its merits. It is equally florid and eloquent, but infinitely inferior in grace, finish, and felicity.

We have left ourselves, we find, little space to speak of the manner in which Lord John Russell has executed his task, or of the character of Moore, the man, as revealed in the copious diary here preserved. The first has very generally disappointed the public. Lord John has done but little in these volumes, and that little not well. The glorious scenery near Callender, where a great part of the book was written, has failed to inspire him. He has evidently had little heart for the work. On the other hand, Moore's character neither rises nor sinks much, at least in our estimation. We think him still, as we thought him long ago, an excessively clever, a warm-hearted, and generous man, whose early errors were atoned for by his well-spent age, but who had no great depth of soul, and who was the bound slave of a clique in literature. His estimates of contemporary genius are more or less contemptuous and contemptible. He admits Lamb to be a "clever fellow," and Coleridge to have "told a tolerable story or two." He dilates on Wordsworth's vanity, and does not appreciate the high estimate he set on the genius of Burke, who, in Words-

worth's opinion and ours, was superior to all the statesmen and orators of that and the next age put together. And he seems actually to believe the old silly story, that Greenfield was the main author of the Waverley Novels.

As we hear this stupid tale echoed by our excellent contemporary the "Eclectic," we beg leave to pause for a moment to express our profound discredit of its truth, and our regret that it should be revived at present. Greenfield was a man who had to quit Scotland from suspicion of unnatural crimes, and to spend the rest of his life under hiding. Was this a man to write novels, on the whole so pure, and humane, and virtuous as the Waverley series? We believe the man had not *morale* to have written one of their chapters. And where, in any of them, are there traces which speak of a broken character, a bankrupt reputation, a cloud so horrible as was resting on him? Greenfield died about the time of the appearance of "Quentin Durward," and some wiseacres found out that from that date the novels began to fall off; and we remember one malignant ninny, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, openly averring that the "Tales of the Crusaders" (including, let us remember, the "Talisman," his finest piece of art) were by another and an inferior hand. Let us remember, too, that Scott repeatedly asserted that he was the sole and undivided author; and that we believe the MSS., written out in his own hand, are still extant. Our *Eclectic* friend tells some cock-and-bull story about a clergyman and lady on the Border in reference to this matter. We call on him to lose no time in producing their names, and thus give the public an opportunity of sifting the case to the bottom. Of the result we have no doubt. Of course, as in all such stories, Greenfield, we are told, left a lot of MS. after his death, which came, like the rest, into Scott's hands; and he, not Sir Walter, is the author of the "Fair Maid of Perth," and the "Highland Widow;" and we suppose our brave countryman died transcribing with staggering hand the MS. of the "Infamous Exile!" This "will never do," any more than to tell us that the poems and the novels are from different pens, after what Adolphus has written; or that Scott had no time to write the latter, after Basil Hall has proved that he, a bustling man of the world and copious

litterateur, wrote habitually in his journal alone an amount of matter more than equal to what was pouring annually from the Waverley press. The author of this paper is certain that, although seldom writing more than four hours a-day, and having a hundred private and public duties besides, he writes regularly in the year as much as would fill ten of the small volumes in which the Waverley series at first appeared—a number this, be it remarked, larger than was the usual issue of these matchless tales. It was the quality, not the quantity, of the novels that made the marvel. But Scott is known never to have written so well as when he wrote fast. We are jealous generally of all such attempted transferences of literary property. We are in a particular manner jealous, for "dear auld Scotland's sake," of these tales, which are her real chronicle and crown, and think that, instead of multiplying suspicion by suspicion, and charging conjecture on conjecture, nothing but the strongest evidence could have justified any such disagreeable and disenchanting assertion.

The days, thank God, of Moores, and such as Moore, are numbered. A butterfly bard like him would not have attracted a tithe of the notice, if he had not appeared early in ajistocratic "bowers," and unless, unlike other butterflies, he had worn a sting. This age requires its satirists as well as its poets; but the satirists should be of a purer, stronger type, and the poets of a deeper and a more high-strung lyre. Let the history of Thomas Moore be a lesson to our young bards. Let it teach them to fill their minds with sacred principles, and their hearts with holy fire, ere they lift their voices. Let them aim also at a high, stern, calm philosophy, in the true sense of that much-abused term, as well as at a lyrical enthusiasm; for only on these conditions can they outlive the brief morning gleam of a raw reputation, and enter on the golden noon-day of a steadfast and ever-burning fame.

P.S.—Since writing this paper, we have read Croker's paper on Moore, in the *Quarterly*; and, while granting that much of it seems terribly true, and tending deeply to damage the poet's reputation, we must denounce the almost diabolic spirit which breathes in its every line. Over follies, sins, and mistakes, what a portentous chuckle does he raise!



From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

MOZART, the great musical composer, was unquestionably a *born* genius. Genius comes we know not how—like the wind, it blows whither it listeth—and springs up alike in the hut of the poor man and in the chamber of the rich. Mozart's father was valet-musician to the Archbishop of Salzburg. This was a position of mean servitude, but he ultimately raised himself from it to the office of vice-conductor of the orchestra. He was a man of considerable intelligence, and was much esteemed for his proficiency in his art—though he stuck to the old ruts, and never ventured upon untrodden paths in harmony. He was not a genius in music, like his son, but a diligent student and a laborious learner. To his son, the child Mozart, born in 1756, music came like an inspiration. It first displayed itself when he was only three years old, when he delighted himself by striking thirds on the *claviere*, and enjoying the musical harmony thus produced. At four, his father began giving him lessons: he did it at first in sport, but the child learned rapidly, and in learning to play he learned to compose. Music was a kind of natural language to him. The knowledge of melody, rhythm, and symmetry, which others acquire with difficulty, came to him as it were by intuition. While only four years old he composed little pieces of music, which his father, doubtless proud of his precocious child, wrote down for him; and the pieces are still preserved. We venture to say that the little Mozart's health was not improved by this too early excitement of his brain. But what parent thinks of this while admiring the up-springing of genius in his child? We are told, indeed, that the boy's sensitiveness was extreme: he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him; and if they jestingly replied in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears. Sensitiveness is, indeed, a source of great joy, but also of acute sorrow, especially in the young. There are compensations in all states of being.

Such a prodigy was not to be neglected. There was money to be made by him. The

father took him to the Bavarian Court when he was six years old, and had him exhibited there. Of course, every body was astonished. The wonderful child proceeded to write concertos with a full score of accompaniments, and even "*trumpets and drums*." Perhaps this last accompaniment, however, is a biographical flourish; for the early scores of Mozart which have been preserved show that in his accompaniments he confined himself to oboes, bassoons and horns.

The family returned to Salzburg, when the boy Mozart began to learn the violin. His fingers being not yet long enough to grasp the neck of the ordinary instrument, a very small one was procured for him. Before he had received regular lessons on the instrument, a quartette party met at his father's house one day, when the little Wolfgang entreated that he might play the second violin. The father would not hear of it, as the boy had had no instruction on the violin. But the latter replied that to play a second violin part it was not necessary to be instructed. The father at this became impatient, and ordered him to go away and not disturb them. The boy cried bitterly, on which the others entreated he might be allowed to accompany the quartette. The father consented, only on condition that Wolfgang was not to make a noise. But so wonderfully did the little boy play, that Herr Senachtur, who played the second violin, soon laid down his instrument, finding himself quite superfluous. The father could not suppress his tears.

More exhibitions! Another tour of concerts was projected by the father, who carried his son and daughter first to Passau and Linz, and then on to Vienna. The boy was the pet of the ladies every where; and the musical prodigy was the theme of general conversation. It was a wonder the boy's brain stood it all. At Vienna the prodigy was introduced to their Majesties, and played before them. Little Wolfgang "*sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily*." To-day at the court, to-morrow at the French am-

bassador's, next day at some great count's, fetched and sent back "in the carriages of the nobility"—so writes the happy father. The little musician is dressed in a coat of lily color, of the finest cloth, with double broad gold borders, originally made for the Archduke Maximilian. The Emperor calls him "the little magician," the Empress gives him "nods and wreathed smiles," and all pet and praise the wonderful prodigy. His organization still continued most delicate, and his nervous susceptibility increased so much that the sound of a trumpet would almost throw him into convulsions. His father thought to cure him by accustoming him to the sound, and one day commenced the experiment. At the first blast the child turned pale and sank to the ground; he was with difficulty recovered, and the father desisted from the further prosecution of his "cure."

In the year 1763, when the boy was about eight years old, and had made great improvement in music, by almost constant practice, the whole family set out on a musical tour of Europe. They went to Munich, Augsburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Mayence, Bonn, and Aix-la-Chapelle—at some places making money, at others losing it. The father, in one of his letters to a friend at Salzburg, writes—"At Aix-la-Chapelle there was the Princess Amelia, sister of the King of Prussia. She has, however, *no money*. If the kisses that she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been *louis d'ors*, we should have been well off; but neither hosts nor postmasters will take kisses for current coin." The family proceeded to Paris, where they were favorably received. The little Mozart played before the Court at Versailles. His organ performance in the Chapel Royal was even more admired than his playing on the *clavière*. He also gave several public concerts in Paris, where he published his first works—two sets of sonatas for the *clavière* and violin. Portraits of the family were engraved, poems were written upon them, and they became quite the rage. "The people are all crazy about my children," wrote the father to a friend.

Those who would know something of the deplorable state of society in France at the period of the Mozarts' visit, some twenty years before the breaking out of the Revolution, may learn some curious information on the subject in Mozart the father's letters to his friends. He found domestic society without virtue, but abounding in "etiquette;" profligacy among the courtiers and nobility,

and beggary and wretchedness among the people; and in a prophetic strain the old man wrote thus, looking at the scenes transacted around him—"If there is not a special mercy of God, it will one day fare with the state of France as of old with the kingdom of Persia." Once, when at Court at Versailles, the Mozarts alone "had the way cleared for them to the royal table," the Swiss guard marching before them. Wolfgang stood near the Queen, chatting with and amusing her, now and then eating something which she gave him from the table, or kissing her hand. Madame de Pompadour was the reigning beauty at the time, but she would not allow the little Mozart to kiss her; on which the boy exclaimed, rather angrily, "Who is this that will not kiss me? The Empress kissed me."

The Court, however, forgot to pay the Mozarts, for the royal exchequer was not over well supplied in those days, notwithstanding the odious and burdensome taxes which were levied on the people. The Mozarts, therefore, set out for England, the land of money. They reached London in April, 1764, remaining there for a year. They lodged in Frith street, Soho. Their Majesties heard both the children play before them, and also were present at the boy's performance on the royal organ in Windsor Chapel. Then the family gave a public concert, which was very well patronized, and proved very profitable. Shortly after, a charity concert was given, at which the young Mozart gave his gratuitous services. "I have permitted Wolfgang," writes the father, "to play the British patriot, and perform an organ concerto on this occasion. *Observe, this is the way to gain the love of the English.*" The boy went forward with his composition, and published several sets of sonatas while in London, which produced money for the father. Such was the character of these compositions, that the Honorable Daines Barrington strongly suspected that the boy's youth was exaggerated by his father; but one day, while on a visit to the family, the child's nature of the little Mozart unmistakably showed itself. "Whilst playing to me," writes Barrington, "a favorite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." But to place the matter beyond a doubt, Barrington obtained the certificate of the boy's birth through the Bavarian ambassador, by which his repv'

tion as a musical prodigy was completely established. But the Londoners were soon satiated with the little Mozart's performances, and his concerts failed to draw. The family, therefore, went abroad again, and while at the Hague, both of the children were nearly carried off by disease, doubtless the consequence of the feverish state of excitement in which they were kept by their exhibitions. Rest, however, enabled them to rally, and they went on as before, giving concerts in all the large towns they passed through, at length reaching Salzburg, their native place, about the end of the year 1768.

Now he gave himself up to study and hard practice in the works of the great masters, composing music of various kinds,—masses, cantatas, concertos, sonatas, and symphonies, which he threw off with most amazing fertility. He remained, however, only a year at home; and we find him again at Vienna, performing before the court with great *éclat*. He was now twelve years of age; and fortunately at this time he entered with great vivacity into youthful sports, taking especial delight in fencing, horsemanship, billiards, and dancing, by which his physical constitution became strengthened, and the excessive sensitiveness of his nervous system was in some measure subdued. The professional musicians of Vienna viewed the youthful genius with great suspicion and jealousy, and entered into cabals against him, which for a time were successful. To retrieve his position, his father determined on bringing out an original opera of his son's composition, and it was commenced forthwith. It was soon written. *La Finta Semplice* it was called; but to get it put upon the stage was a matter of the greatest difficulty. The cabal of the musicians pursued the Mozarts into the theatre, and delays, excuses, evaded promises, purposely confused rehearsals, soon effectually blasted the success of the work. Mozart's father appealed to the Emperor, who interfered, but in vain. The intrigue against Mozart prevailed, and the opera could not be brought out. But the boy went on with other compositions, and a new mass composed by him was performed in presence of the court, to their entire satisfaction.

The family returned to Salzburg, where Wolfgang prosecuted his studies in the higher departments of composition, and also improved his acquaintance with the Italian language. He was appointed concert-master to the Archbishop, and wrote many of his

masses about this time. But he ardently desired to visit Italy, then the land of classical music and of great composers; and accordingly he and his father set out for Rome, passing through Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Milan, and Bologna, giving concerts by the way, to which the Italians crowded to hear the *Giovenetto Ammirabile*. They arrived in Rome in the Holy Week, and they hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere*, which musicians were forbidden to copy or take away on pain of excommunication. But the little prodigy copied down the piece on hearing it the first time, though the music is of the most difficult kind, abounding in imitation and traditional effects, and performed by a double choir. Mozart heard it a second time, when he corrected his MS. which he had concealed in his hat. It was soon known in Rome that the unexampled theft of the *Miserere* had been effected, and the boy was obliged to produce it at a large musical party, when one of the principal musicians of the chapel confirmed its correctness. The generous Italians were so much delighted at the feat of genius in the boy, that they did not call upon the Pope to excommunicate the culprit.

From Rome the Mozarts went to Naples, where they made the acquaintance of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, played before the King, and excited a perfect *furor* amongst the excitable Italians. They returned to Rome, and went on to Milan, the boy composing at intervals, gathering strength, and imbuing his mind deeply with the noble church music of Italy. At Milan he stayed to compose the first opera of his which was represented on the stage. It was the *Mithridates*, and was performed twenty times successively at La Scala, amid hurricanes of applause. On their way home by Venice the Mozarts led a gay life, receiving a succession of honors, entertainments, and polite attentions of all sorts. On reaching Salzburg, Mozart found a letter waiting him, inviting him to compose a grand dramatic serenata in honor of the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand, and which was to be performed at Milan in the autumn. To throw off a work of this sort was now a trifle to Mozart, who found time besides to write a litany, a *regina cæli*, and several symphonies in the interval. The serenata was composed and brought out with immense *éclat* at Milan at the time appointed, Hasse, the composer, and the rival of Handel and Porpora, exclaiming, when he heard the work, "This boy will throw us all into the shade." Two other works, one a serenata,

the other an opera, (*Lucio Silla*), were produced by him at the Milan Theatre shortly after; and he proceeded diligently in the work of self-culture and improvement. Shortly after, he returned again to Salzburg, from whence he proceeded to Munich to bring out his opera buffa *La Finta Giardiniera*, which was a great advance upon his previous compositions in the same style. Notwithstanding these numerous brilliant works, and the profusion of sonatas, concertos, masses, and other pieces which he composed for the theatres and for the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, Mozart had to struggle with poverty. He reaped little from his operas but honor, and the pay which he received from the Archbishop for several years was only about £1 1s. a year! Still he wrote on, determined at least to deserve success. But he would not stay longer at Salzburg, where he found he was only losing time; and in the year 1777 he accordingly left his native town—where he had always been the least appreciated—in search of better fortune. He was on this occasion accompanied by his mother only, his father remaining at home to perform the duties of his ill-remunerated office of *capel-meister*.

Mozart was now twenty-one years of age, but had still the look of a mere boy. Yet his letters written to his father in the course of this sixteen months' tour show that he was possessed of much spirit, vivacity, and intelligence. His letters are full of character, and display strong powers of observation, as well as great felicity in description. The first place he sojourned at was Munich, but though he delighted the court by his performances, he could obtain no footing in the place, and passed on by Augsburg to Mannheim. Here his reputation was known, and he excited some interest. At a rehearsal which he attended, people stared at him in such a fashion that he could hardly preserve his gravity. "They think," said he, "because I am little and young, that nothing great or old can be in me, *but they shall soon see*." One Sunday he went to the Elector's Chapel, when, after mass had begun, Mozart proceeded to take his place at the organ. "I was in my best humor," said he. "There is always a voluntary here in the place of the *Benedictus*, so I took a phrase from the *Sanctus* and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces." Another time he went into the Lutheran church and played for an hour and a half on the organ in a state of ecstasy: "It came right from the heart," said he. His criticism on a new mass, by

one Vogler, is curious. "I stayed," says he, "no longer than the *Kyrie*. Such music I never before heard in my life; for not only is the harmony frequently wrong, but he goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head; not in an artist-like manner, or in any way that would repay the trouble, but plump and without preparation."

Mozart was admired at court, but he found court patronage so beggarly an affair at best, then and always, that he contemplated leaving Mannheim for Paris, to gain his living by teaching. But he made a last effort to obtain work from the Elector,—for "work," said the ardent composer, "is my pleasure." The Elector, however, would do nothing for him, except invite him to play at court, and accept original compositions from the composer, which he forgot to pay for. At last, Mozart, finding his prospects vain, set out for Paris. But the change was even for the worse. Mozart hated Paris. He found the Parisians artificial, heartless, vicious, and without any feeling or love for music. The French paid Mozart in compliments only; he succeeded in obtaining three pupils, one of them the daughter of a duke, but had he relied on teaching, he would have starved; he composed symphonies for open-air concerts, but, though well received, they produced but little. At this time his mother died; an earnest invitation from his father reached him to return to Salzburg, where the Archbishop was willing to engage him as his concert-master, at the liberal salary of £42 a year! The Archbishop, however, accompanied his invitation with the insulting remark that "he could not endure the wandering about on begging expeditions," which was a hint to the Mozarts that they must confine themselves to Salzburg and the Archbishop's miserable parsimony. On these prospects the young Mozart consented to return to Salzburg.

It was from this period of settling down at Salzburg as the Archbishop's concert-master that the grand genius of Mozart fairly burst forth. Heretofore he had appeared rather in the light of a musical prodigy, possessed of remarkably precocious powers, both of composition and execution, than as a great original creator in music. The first work which he composed after returning to Salzburg was the mass, known as No. 1 of the English editions. It was a thoroughly original and striking work, and exhibited a marked advance in his genius within a very few months. But his first grand work in the field in which he afterwards became the most extensively known—

we mean the operatic—was his *Idomeneo*, a work which is throughout stamped with the genius of a master. He was engaged to compose this work by the Elector of Bavaria, and it was to be performed at the next carnival at Munich. The Archbishop allowed him leave of absence for a few weeks to bring out the piece. He composed it with an amazing rapidity, the most important parts having been deferred until he knew the calibre of the singers. This was his almost universal practice. His father wrote to him,—“Consider that for every dozen real connoisseurs, there are a hundred wholly ignorant; therefore, do not overlook the *popular* in your style of composition, nor forget to tickle the long ears.” To which the son answered,—“Don’t be apprehensive respecting the favor of the crowd; there will be music for all sorts of people in my opera, but *nothing for long ears*.” And it was so. The opera was written in the highest style; and though it delighted the classical ear, it also secured the applause of the crowd. It was produced amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Never was there such a triumph. With this work, so important in its influence on music, Mozart crowned his twenty-fifth year.

We next find him at Vienna, in the train of his Archbishop. He is set down at table with cooks and valets, and treated as the veriest menial. Such was the ordinary conduct of princes towards their gifted followers in those days. Poor Michael Haydn, the composer, was one day ordered by his princely employer, Esterhazy, to produce duets for the violin and viola before a certain day, and was threatened with the loss of his salary in case of failure. Haydn was at the time too ill to work, so Mozart took them in hand, completed them, and they were presented in Haydn’s name. They were remarkably successful, but Mozart never claimed them. The gifted genius at length, however, revolted against the beggarly insults which his employer put upon him, and he determined to assert his independence at all hazards. He threw up his degrading office, began to take pupils at five shillings a lesson, and set up as a musical professor and composer on his own account, throwing himself upon the public for fame and support. It was, however, rather too early in the world’s history for that, and Mozart endured a long struggle with poverty and difficulties. To add to them, he married a wife—Constance Weber—to whom he had been long attached. Mozart was beset by the clamors of creditors, whose demands

he could not satisfy, and often he was in extremity for the means of supplying his present urgent wants. The Emperor Joseph heard of this, and one day said to Mozart, “Why did you not marry a rich wife?” To which the composer, with that dignity and self-reliance which characterize all his answers to the great, immediately replied, “Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love.”

In 1782, Mozart produced his fine opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which proved completely successful, and put some money in his purse. In this opera he struck out so entirely new a path, that it could scarcely be believed to have proceeded from the same pen as *Idomeneo*. He now lived in a delirium of invention, often working so hard that, as he expresses it, he scarcely knows whether his head is on or off. This led to extreme reaction, from which he sought relief in dissipation and extravagant amusements, meanwhile composing masses, concertos, and operas, almost without number. His holidays were days of jovial abandonment, in which he jested and played the harlequin, danced and sang, drank, and revelled to his own serious after-cost. Had Mozart been contented to settle quietly down in Vienna as a music teacher, he might have avoided these penalties; but then we should have lost the fruits of his magnificent genius. Let us be content, and deal gently with the errors and vagaries of the great composer. Mozart, in his fits of composition, lived in a state of the most feverish anxiety, and in his later years, when his constitution was less able to answer the demands made upon it by the irregularity of his life, it was no unusual thing for him to faint at his desk.

Mozart’s next great works were, his *Figaro*, which was produced at Vienna in 1786, but proved so unremunerative to the author, and was so discouraging to him in all respects, that he resolved never more to produce an opera at Vienna; his *Symphony in D*—a great work, well known in England; and his famous *Quartettes in C major and D minor*. His *Figaro*, which had fallen comparatively flat on the ears of the *cognoscenti* of Vienna, excited such extraordinary enthusiasm at Prague, where it was next produced, that Mozart was encouraged to proceed with the composition of another opera, his equally celebrated *Don Giovanni*, which was produced at the same city in 1787, with immense *éclat*. It is cited as an extraordinary instance

of the wonderful power of Mozart in composition, that the fine overture to the opera was not in existence on the night previous to the production of the piece. It was only commenced about midnight, and with the aid of strong punch it was written out by the morning. The copyists had it in hand up to the hour at which the opera was to commence, and the sheets were placed before the musicians in the orchestra while the ink was still damp. The overture, as well as the opera itself, proved completely successful. But Mozart only received about one hundred ducats for this great work.

The Emperor of Austria, in order to draw Mozart—whose fame was now so great—back to Vienna, offered him the post of Chamber Composer to the Court, at the magnificent salary of £66 per annum, which Mozart was glad to accept! Such was the low rate of remuneration paid to the greatest of musical geniuses in those days. In this office he composed multitudes of minuets, waltzes, and country-dance tunes—most of them insignificant, but done “to order.” About the same time he produced some of his grandest symphonies; as, for instance, the *Jupiter*, showing that his hand still retained its cunning, and his mind its power. Yet these grander compositions of his were altogether unappreciated by the public of his day. They were considered quite *outré* and extravagant, at variance with all the established laws of music. Mozart was, indeed, far before his age, and it took nearly half a century before the world came up to where he had left off. The music publishers’ shops were closed to him, and they refused to accept his compositions unless he would write them in a *popular* style. To such an appeal he once answered, with unusual bitterness—“Then I can make no more by my pen, and I had better starve and go to destruction at once.” He began to think of death, and to long for it. His thoughts became desperate, and his habits reckless. Any change of scene was welcome to him, and he indulged in the wildest vagaries. His income became more irregular in consequence, but he did not cease his dissipations; and his life threatened to become a wreck. Overworked and ill-rewarded, he sought to throw off the cares of vulgar existence by resorting to balls, masquerades, and dancing parties of all sorts. He composed pantomimes and ballets, and danced in them himself. At the carnival balls he generally assumed the character of Harlequin or Pierrot, in which he is said to have been incomparable. Notwithstanding

this dangerous round of excitements, with which our colder northern notions cannot sympathize, he preserved a steady attachment to his own home; and in spite of his poverty, he was always liberal of his time and labor for the benefit of his poorer brethren in the musical profession. “Nothing,” says one of his biographers, “could extinguish his compassion for the unfortunate.”

Mozart paid a visit to Berlin in 1789, on which occasion the Prussian monarch was urgent that he should settle in that city, and he offered him the temptation of a good salary. But Mozart’s reply was, “Can I leave my good emperor?”—the good emperor being the Austrian Francis, whose treatment of Mozart throughout, though kindly in manner, was shabby in the extreme. After his return to Vienna, in the following year, he produced his comic opera, *Così fan tutte*. It could have brought him little money, or, if so, it was soon spent; for shortly after, on making a professional visit to Frankfort, his finances were reduced so low that his wife was obliged to sell the most valuable articles of her toilet to enable him to set out. Debts began to accumulate about him, and he was often thrown into fits of deep dejection on their account. Yet, even at this time, if any person called on him with a tale of distress, he would willingly give up all the money in his purse. In worldly business, like so many other men of genius, Mozart was as helpless as a child.

During his later years his genius became so generally acknowledged throughout Germany, Holland, and France, and so many commissions for original works flowed in upon him, that he began to indulge in the prospects of competency for his family—only, alas! when too late. The last works which he composed were the *Zauberflöte*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Requiem*. It was while composing the *Zauberflöte* that his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of breaking up. During its composition, which he worked at by day and night, he sank into frequent swoons, in which he remained for some time before consciousness returned. He suspended his labors for a time, producing in the interval, at Baden, his beautiful *Ave Verum*. The *Clemenza di Tito* was composed for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Prague. He composed it in eighteen days, and during the whole time he was ill, and taking medicine incessantly. The *Requiem* was also engrossing his thoughts, and he had the conviction from the first, that he was writing it for himself. Such

was the excitement its composition caused, that his wife took away the score of the *Requiem*, and he seemed to rally again. Some time after, it was restored to him, and his illness came on again. His hands and feet began to swell, and the power of voluntary motion almost left him. His intellectual faculties, however, remained unimpaired, and he could not restrain his passionate exclamations as to the unprotected state in which his death would leave his wife and children. "Now must I go," he would exclaim, "just as I should be able to live in peace—now leave my art when, no longer the slave of fashion, nor the tool of speculators, I could follow the dictates of my own feeling, and write whatever my heart prompts: I must leave my family—my poor children—at the very instant in which I should have been able to provide for their welfare."

The *Requiem* lay almost constantly on his bed; and he excited himself in explaining, to certain musicians who visited him, the particular effects which he wished to produce

in certain passages. Once they sang the *Requiem* round the dying composer's bed, himself taking the alto part. While singing the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It was his last expiring effort; the light was already flickering in the socket. That night he died, the *Requiem* laid on the counterpane.

Mozart was only thirty-five when he died; yet how many great and enduring works has he left us! His funeral was arranged by Baron von Leviaten; but it was shabby to the extent of meanness. He was laid by his royal patrons in a common grave in a common burying-ground near Vienna, and was left there without a mark upon his resting-place; and twenty years after, when an inquiry was made of the sexton as to where Mozart was buried, it was found that all traces of his grave had been lost amidst the surrounding heaps of undistinguished dead. The only monument of the great composer is his works.

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From the Quarterly Review.

## THE HOLY PLACES.\*

By one of those sudden turns of history which from time to time take the world by surprise, the whole attention of Europe, after an interval of more than five centuries, has once more been fixed on the "Holy Places" of the Eastern world. That "mournful and solitary silence" which, with the brief exception of 1799 and 1840, has for more than five hundred years "prevailed along the shore" of Palestine, is once more broken by the sound of "the world's debate," by the mighty controversy which, beginning from the wrangles of Greek and Latin monks

over the key of the Convent of Bathlehem, and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has now enclosed within its circle the statesmen of all the greatest powers in Europe.

Into that controversy we do not purpose to enter. To unfold its history at length, even without regard to those recent phases which have now embroiled the world, would require a volume. Yet a few words may suffice to put our readers in possession of the leading facts of the past on which it rests. The dispute of the "Holy Places" is a result and an epitome of that Crusade within the Crusades which forms so curious an episode in that eventful drama. We are there reminded of what else we are apt to forget, that the chivalry of Europe were engaged, not only in the mighty conflict with the followers of Mahomet, but also in a constant under-struggle with the emperors of the

\* 1. *Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints.* Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon. Paris. 1852.

2. *Bethlehem in Palestina.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1849.

3. *Golgotha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1851.

4. *Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1852.

great city they encountered in their midway progress. The capture of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth Crusade was but the same hard measure to the Byzantine Empire which on a smaller scale they had already dealt to the Byzantine Church, then, as now, the national church of Palestine, as it is generally of the East. The Crusaders, by virtue of their conquest, occupied the Holy Places which had previously been in the hands of the Greeks; and the Greeks in turn, when the Crusaders were ultimately expelled by the Turks, took advantage of the influence of wealth and neighborhood to regain from the conquerors that share in the sanctuaries of which the European princes had deprived them. Copt and Cyrian, Georgian and Armenian, have, it is true, their own claims to maintain, as dissenters from the main Byzantine establishment from which they have successively separated. But the one standing conflict has always been between the descendants of the crusading invaders, supported by France or Spain, and the descendants of the original Greek occupants, supported by the great Northern Power which assumes to have succeeded to the name and privileges of the Eastern Cæsars. Neither party can ever forget that once the whole sanctuary was exclusively theirs; and although France and Russia have doubtless interposed on behalf of their respective national creeds from political or commercial motives, yet the religious pretexts have arisen from the previous juxtaposition of two great and hostile churches—here brought together within narrower bounds than any two sects elsewhere in the world. Once only besides has their controversy been waged in equal proximity; namely, when the Latin Church, headed by Augustine, found itself, in our own island, brought into abrupt collision with the customs and traditions of the Greeks, in the ancient British church founded by Eastern missionaries. What in the extreme West was decided once for all by a short and bloody struggle, in Palestine has dragged on its weary length for many centuries. And this long conflict has been further complicated by the numerous treaties which, from the memorable epoch when Francis I. startled Christendom by declaring himself an ally of the Sultan, have been concluded between France and the Porte for the protection of the Frank settlers in Syria; and yet again, by the vacillations of the Turkish Government, partly from ignorance, and partly from weakness,

as it has been pressed on one side or the other by the claims of two powerful parties in a question to the rights of which it is by its own position entirely indifferent.

Meanwhile, it may be of more general interest to give a summary account of places whose names, though long familiar, are thus invested for the moment with a fresh interest, and to describe briefly what is and what is not the importance belonging to the "Holy Places" of Palestine. Many even amongst our own countrymen still regard them with an exaggerated reverence, which is a serious obstacle to the progress of a calm and candid inquiry into the history and geography of a country which can never lose its attractions whilst there is a heart in Christendom to feel, or a head to think. Many, in their disgust at the folly and ignorance with which those sanctuaries are infested, not only deny to them their legitimate place, but extend their aversion to the region in which they are situated, perhaps even to the religion they represent. Many are ignorant altogether of their nature, their claims, or their peculiar relation to each other, or to the rest of the world.

Those who wish to study the subject at length cannot do better than peruse the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The Abbé Michon's little work gives the most perspicuous, as it certainly is the most condensed, account of the Holy Places which we have met; and his "New Solution" gives us a favorable impression both of the candor and the charity of the author. The works of Tobler—a German physician from the shores of the Lake of Constance—exhibit the usual qualities of German industry, which almost always make their antiquarian researches useful to the student even when unreadable by the public at large. To the well-known authorities on these subjects in our own language we shall refer as occasion serves.

The term "Holy Places," which, applied in its most extended sense to the scenes of events commemorated in sacred history, would be only another word for the geography of Syria and Arabia, is limited in modern phraseology to the special localities which the Greek and Latin Church, singly or conjointly, have selected for the objects of religious pilgrimage. Some scenes which the bulk of the Christian world would regard as most sacred are almost wholly neglected by the mass of devotees. Others, which rank high in the estimation of local and ecclesias-



tical tradition, are probably unknown beyond the immediate sphere of those who worship in them.

The Abbé Michon succinctly notices twelve such places. They are as follows:—1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common). 2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin). 3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed). 4. Church at Cana (Greek). 5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin). 6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman). 7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin). 8. Grotto (not the garden of Gethsemane (Latin). 9. Tomb of the Virgin (common). 10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman). 11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman). 12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common.) But, as some of those have been long deserted, and others depend for their support entirely on the greater sanctuaries in their neighborhood, we shall confine ourselves to those which exist in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

1. Whether from being usually the first seen, or from its own intrinsic solemnity, there is probably none of the Holy Places which produce a greater impression at first sight than the Convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The enormous edifice, which extends along the narrow crest of the hill from west to east, consists of the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting respectively upon its north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-western extremities. Externally, there is nothing to command attention beyond its size—the more imposing from the meanness and smallness of the village, which hangs as it were on its western skirts. But the venerable nave of the Church—now deserted, bare, discrowned—is probably the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in Palestine, we may almost say in the world; for it is the remnant of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, and the prototype of the Basilicas erected by her imperial son—at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and St. Peter. The buildings of Constantine have perished: but that of Helena\* still in part remains; and those who have visited the two Churches of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, constructed on

the same model two centuries later by the Byzantine Emperors, can form some notion of what it must have been in the days of its splendor. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics, dimly visible on the walls above, the rough yet stately ceiling, of beams of cedar from Lebanon, probably the last great building to which those venerable forests yielded their rafters, still preserve the outlines of the church, which was once\* rich with marble and blazing with gold.

From the nave, which is the only interesting portion of the upper church, we descend to the subterranean compartment, on account of which the whole structure was erected. At the entrance of a long winding passage, excavated out of the limestone rock of which the hill of Bethlehem is composed, the pilgrim finds himself in an irregular chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, and containing two small and nearly opposite recesses. In the northernmost of these is a marble slab, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. In the southern recess, three steps deeper in the chapel, is the alleged stall in which, according to the Latin tradition, was discovered the wooden manger or "præsepe," now deposited in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and there displayed to the faithful, under the auspices of the Pope, on Christmas Day.

Let us pause for a moment in the dim vault between these two recesses; let us dismiss the consideration of the lesser memorials which surround us—the altar of the Magi, of the Shepherds, of Joseph, of the Innocents—to which few would now attach any other than an imaginative or devotional importance, and ask what ground there is for accepting the belief which invites us to confine the awful associations of the village of Bethlehem within these rocky walls. Of all the local traditions of Palestine, this alone indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century, "a cave near Bethlehem" was fixed upon as the spot in which—"there being no place in the village where he could lodge"—Joseph abode, and where accordingly Christ was born and laid in a manger." The same tradition seems

\* Tobler, Bethlehem, p. 110.

\* Tobler has proved that a great part of the Church of Helena has been superseded by the successive edifices of Justinian and Emanuel Comnenus (p. 104, 105). But there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the antiquity of the nave.

† ἐπειδὴ Ἰωσήφ οὐκ εἶχεν ἐν τῇ κώμῃ δεξιὴν σου καταλῦσαι, ἐν δὲ σπηλαίῳ σινὶ συνέργησεν τῆς κώμης κατέβηκε καὶ τότε αὐτῶν ὄντων ἐκεῖ, ἐτέταξε ἡ Μάρια τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ ἐν φάτνῃ αὐτὸν ἐτεθείκε. —Justin. Dial. cum Trypt. 78.

to have been constant in the next generation,\* even amongst those who were not Christians, and to have been uniformly maintained in the strange documents† which, under the name of the Apocryphal Gospels, long exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West. But even this, the most venerable of ecclesiastical traditions, is not without its difficulties. No one can overlook the deviations from the Gospel narrative; and though ingenuity may force a harmony, the plain impression left by the account of Justin is not that the Holy Family were driven from the inn to the manger, but from the crowded village to a cave in its environs.‡ The story looks as if it had been varied to fit the locality. The circumstance that excavations in the rock were commonly used in Palestine for stabling horses and cattle is of little weight in the argument. Maundrell has justly remarked upon the suspicion which attaches to the constant connection of remarkable events with the grottoes and caves of the Holy Land. These abide when the fragile tenements of man have fallen to decay; and if the genuine caravanserai and its stable had been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and the residents at Bethlehem had wished to give a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious, they would inevitably have fixed on such a strongly marked feature as the grotto at Bethlehem. A second motive for the choice transpires in the passage of Justin—the wish to obtain support for a fancied prediction of the Messiah's birth in the words of Isaiah, xxxiii. 16, "He shall dwell on high; his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks." (LXX. ἐν ὑψηλοῦ σπηλαίῳ ἰσχυρῶς κτίσας.)

Perhaps a still graver objection to the

identity of the scene remains to be mentioned. During the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the recess of the gilding and marble which has proved the bane of so many sanctuaries. The removal of the casing disclosed, as we have been credibly informed, an ancient sepulchre hewn in the rock; and it is hardly possible that a cave devoted to sepulchral purposes should have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on the subject are too well known to require comment, either as a stable or an inn.

Still there remains the remarkable fact that here alone we have a spot known to be revered by Christians in connection with the Gospel History two centuries before the conversion of the Empire, and before the burst of local religion which is commonly ascribed to the visit of Helena. The sanctuary of Bethlehem is, if not the most authentic, at least the most ancient of "the Holy Places." Yet there is a subordinate train of associations which has grown out of the earliest and the most sacred of its recollections; and which has at least the advantage of being unquestionably grounded on fact. If the traveller follows the windings of the long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of the rock. It was in this cell that, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious pilgrim who was ever attracted to the cave of Bethlehem—the only one of the many hermits and monks who from the time of Constantine to the present day have been sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here, for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied—here he gathered round him the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine—here, the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birthplace, and which had been first roused to religious fervor on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries, which he poured forth from his retirement, to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the Western world—here also he composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the "Biblia Vulgata" of the Latin Church; and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death—at which all the world has been permitted to be present in the wonderful picture of Domeni-

\* Origen, c. Cela. i. 51.

† The Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, c. xviii., xix., and the Gospel of the Infancy, c. ii., iii., iv., represent Joseph as going at once to the cave before entering the village, and speak of all the subsequent events recorded in the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke as occurring in the cave. In the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, c. iv., the birth is described as taking place in the cave, and the manger as being outside the cave. The quotations and arguments are well summed up in Thilo's Codex Apocryphus, p. 382, 383.

‡ If, adopting the tradition which Justin appears to have followed, and which has unquestionably prevailed since the time of Jerome, we suppose the adoration of the Magi to have been offered on the same spot, the locality would then be absolutely irreconcilable with the words of St. Matthew, that they came into "the house where the young child was."

chino, which represents, in colors never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh, and the resignation and devotion of the almost enfranchised spirit.

II. The interest of Nazareth is of a kind different from that of Bethlehem. Its chief sanctuary is the Latin Convent at the south-eastern extremity of the village, so well known from the hospitable reception it affords to travellers caught in the storms of the hills of Gilboa, or attacked by the Bedouins of the plain of Esdraelon; and also, we may add, for the impressiveness of its religious services, acknowledged even by the stern Presbyterianism of Dr. Robinson, and the exclusive philosophy of Miss Martineau; where wild figures, in the rough drapery of the Bedouin dress, join in the responses of Christian worship, and the chants of the Latin Church are succeeded by a sermon addressed to these strange converts in their native Arabic with all the earnestness and solemnity of the preachers of Italy. There is no place in Palestine where the religious services seem so worthy of the sacredness of the recollections. But neither is there any where the traditional pretensions are exposed to a severer shock.\* However discreditable may be the contests of the various sects, they have yet for the most part agreed (and indeed this very agreement is the occasion of their conflicts) as to the spots they are to venerate. At Nazareth, on the contrary, there are three counter-theories—each irreconcilable with the other—with regard to the scene which is selected for special reverence.

From the entrance of the Franciscan church a flight of steps descends to an altar, which stands within a recess, partly cased in marble, but partly showing the natural rock out of which it is formed. In front of the altar, a marble slab, worn with the kisses of many pilgrims, bears the inscription "*Verbum caro hic factum est*," and is intended to mark the spot on which the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Close by is a broken pillar,†

\* Besides the difficulties which we are about to notice, there is the clumsy legend of the "*Mountain of Precipitation*," too well known to need further comment or refutation. See Robinson, iii. p. 187.

† This pillar is one out of numerous instances of what may be called the extinction of a traditional miracle, in deference to the spirit of the time. To all the early travellers it was shown as a supernatural suspension of a stone. To all later travellers it is exhibited merely as what it is, a broken column,—fractured probably in one of the many assaults which the convent has suffered.

which is pointed out as indicating the space occupied by the celestial visitant, who is supposed to have entered through a hole in the rocky wall which forms the western front of the cave, close by the opening which now unites it with the church. The back, or eastern side of the grotto, behind the altar, leads by a narrow passage into a further cave, left much more nearly in its natural state, and said by an innocent and pleasing tradition, which no one probably would care either to assert or to refute, to have been the residence of a neighbor who looked after the adjacent house when Mary was absent on her visit to Elizabeth in Judæa.

With the rivalry which prevails in the East on the subject of the Holy Places, it is not surprising that the Greeks excluded from the Latin convent should have established a "*Church of the Annunciation*" for themselves at the opposite end of the town. But it would be an injustice to them to suppose that the contradiction was exclusively the result of jealousy. Without a word in the Scripture narrative to define the scene—without the slightest indication whether it took place by day or night, in house or field—the Greeks may be pardoned for clinging to the faint tradition which lingers in the apocryphal Gospel of St. James, where we are told that the first salutation of the angel came to Mary\* as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighborhood of the town. This spring—and there is but one—still bears her name, and in the open meadow by its side stands the Greek Church, a dull and mournful contrast in its closed doors and barbarous architecture to the solemn yet animated worship of the Franciscan Convent—though undoubtedly with the better claim of the two to be considered an authentic memorial of the Annunciation.

But the tradition of the Latin Church has to undergo a ruder trial than any which arises from the contiguous sanctuary of the rival Greeks. There is a third scene of the Annunciation, not at the opposite extremity of the little town of Nazareth, but in another continent—not maintained by a hostile sect, but fostered by the Supreme Head of the Roman Church itself. On the slope of the

\* *Protev. Jacobi*, c. xi. No special locality was known in the time of Jerome. Paula, he tells us, "*percurrit Nazareth nutriculam Domini*:" evidently implying that the village generally, and not any particular object within it, was the object of her pilgrimage. (*Hieron. Epitaph. Paul.*) Even as late as 1185 the grotto alone was known as the sanctuary of the Church of Nazareth, as appears from the Itinerary of Phocas.

eastern Apennines, overlooking the Adriatic Gulf, stands what may without exaggeration be called (if we adopt the Papal belief) the European Nazareth. Fortified by huge bastions against the approach of Saracenic pirates, a vast church, which is still gorgeous with the offerings of the faithful, contains the "Santa Casa," the "Holy House," in which the Virgin lived, and (as is attested by the same inscription as at Nazareth) received the angel Gabriel. The ridicule of one half the world, and the devotion of the other half, has made every one acquainted with the strange story of the House of Loretto, which is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the sanctuary: how, in the close of the 13th century, it was first conveyed by angels to the heights above Fiume, at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, then to the plain of Loretto, and lastly to its present hill. But, though "the wondrous fitting" of the "Santa Casa" is with us the most prominent feature in its history, it is far otherwise with the pilgrims who frequent it. To them it is simply a portion of the Holy Land—the actual spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity of the belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary of Christendom. Not to mention the adoration displayed on the great festivals of the Virgin, or at the commemoration of its miraculous descent into Italy, the devotion of pilgrims on ordinary week-days exceeds any thing that can be witnessed at the holy places in Palestine, if we except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter.

Every morning, while it is yet dark, the doors of the church at Loretto are opened. A few lights round the sacred spot break the gloom, and disclose the kneeling Capuchins, who have been there through the night. Two soldiers, sword in hand, take their place by the entrance of the "House," to guard it from injury. One of the hundred priests who are in daily attendance commences at the high altar the first of the hundred and twenty masses that are daily repeated. The "Santa Casa" itself is then lighted, the pilgrims crowd in, and from that hour till sunset come and go in a perpetual stream. The "House" is crowded with kneeling or prostrate figures; the pavement round it is deeply worn with the passage of devotees, who, from the humblest peasant of the Abruzzi up to the King of Naples, crawl round it on their knees, while the nave is filled with bands of worshippers, who, having visited the sacred

spot, are retiring from it backwards, as from some royal presence. On the Santa Casa alone depends the sacredness of the whole locality in which it stands. Loretto—whether the name is derived from the sacred grove (Lauretum) or the lady (Loreta) upon whose land the house is believed to have descended—had no existence before the rise of this extraordinary sanctuary. The long street with its venders of rosaries, the palace of the Governor, the strong walls built by Pope Sixtus IV., the whole property of the rich plain far and near, are mere appendages to the humble edifice which stands within the Church. And its genuineness and sacredness has been affirmed by a long succession of pontiffs, from Boniface VIII. down to Pius IX.

No one who has witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot could wish to speak lightly of the feelings it inspires. Yet its connection with the question of the Holy Places of Palestine, as well as with the pretensions of the Church which fosters the double claim of Loretto and of Nazareth, demands an investigation that, under other circumstances, might be deemed gratuitous. The difficulty is not evaded by the distinction that the one is a house, and the other a grotto, because both house and grotto are asserted to enclose the exact locality of the angelic visitation—to be each the scene of a single event which can only have happened in one. But this is not all. If it were practicable for either, being once committed, to abate its pretensions, it is palpable to every traveller who compares the sanctuaries that by no possibility can they ever have been amalgamated. The "Santa Casa" at Loretto is an edifice of 36 feet by 17: its walls, though externally cased in marble, can be seen in their original state from the inside, and appear to be of a dark-red polished stone. The west face has one square window, through which it is affirmed the angel flew; the east contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a block of masonry, supposed to be the altar on which St. Peter said mass, when the Apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up.\* Notwithstanding that the monks of Loretto and of Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other, the ecclesiastics of Palestine could not be altogether ignorant of

\* We have omitted, for the sake of perspicuity, all the confessedly modern alterations.

the distant but mighty sanctuary patronized by the highest authority of their Church. They therefore show to any inquiring traveller the space which was occupied by the Holy House before its flight—the only space certainly on which it could have stood if either the Italian or Syrian tradition were to be maintained. This space is a vestibule in front of the grotto, into which the house is alleged to have opened. The alterations which the church of Nazareth have undergone render it impossible to lay any stress on the variation of measurements. But the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such appendage as the *Santa Casa*. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rock, it would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. A comparison of the masonry of the so-called workshop of Joseph at Nazareth, with the material of the House of Loretto, may be considered no less fatal to the theory. Whilst the latter is of a kind wholly unlike any thing in Palestine, the former is composed, as might be expected, of the gray limestone of the country, of which, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were in all times built.

To many it may seem superfluous to attempt a serious refutation of the most incredible of ecclesiastical legends. But the claims of Loretto have been so strongly maintained by French and Italian (we happily cannot yet say English) writers of our own times—the faith of the See of Rome is so deeply pledged to its genuineness by bulls and indulgences, as well as by custom and tradition, that an interest attaches to it far beyond its intrinsic importance. Even if the story were accepted, the embarrassment remains, for there is still the rival sanctuary, which is equally under the Papal authority. If the question of the genuineness of such a relic, and the truth of such a miracle, can be left undecided, it either follows that the system of local sanctuaries is of no practical importance, or that on momentous points of practical importance the Church of Rome is as little capable of infallibly guiding its members as the Church of England or the Church of Geneva.

But the explanation of the origin of the legend has also a value as a general illustration of the history of "Holy Places." Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighboring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole

of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayer the favor of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. The demand remained, though the supply was gone. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen first the desire, and next the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet? The House of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the "Last sigh of the Crusades;" its particular form suggested, possibly, by the Holy House of St. Francis at Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity. It is not, indeed, a matter of conjecture that in Italy, where the temperament of the people most craves such stimulants, there were devotees who actually endeavored to reproduce within their own immediate neighborhood the very scenes of Palestine. One such example is the Church of St. Stephen at Bologna, within whose walls are crowded together various chapels and courts, representing not only, as in the actual Church of the Sepulchre, the several scenes of the Crucifixion, but also the Trial and Passion; and which is entitled, in a long inscription affixed to its cloister, the "*Sancta Sanctorum*;" nay, literally, "*the Jerusalem*" of Italy.\* Another still more curious instance may be seen at Varallo, in the kingdom of Piedmont. Bernardino Caimo, returning from a pilgrimage to Palestine at the close of the fifteenth century, resolved to select the spot in Lombardy which most resembled the Holy Land, in order that his countrymen might enjoy the advantages without undergoing the privations he had suffered himself. Accordingly, in one of the beautiful valleys leading down from the roots of Monte Rosa, he chose (it must be confessed that the resemblance is somewhat like that between Monmouth and Macedon) three hills, which should represent respectively Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary; and two mountain streams, which should in like manner personate the Kedron and Jordan. Of these the central hill, Calvary, became the "Holy Place" of Lombardy. It was frequented by S. Carlo Borromeo, and under his auspices was studded with chapels, in which the

\* This church was, at least in its foundation, considerably earlier than that of Loretto, having been first erected in the fifth century. There is an excellent account of it in Professor Willis's *Essay on the Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre*.

scenes of the Passion are embodied in waxen figures of the size of life. The entire country round continues to this hour to send its peasants by thousands as pilgrims to the sacred mount. As the feelings which actuated Bernardino Caimo would naturally have existed in a more fervid state two centuries earlier, when the loss of Palestine was more keenly felt, and the capture of Nazareth was fresh in every one's mind, we can easily imagine that the same tendency which produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna, and a second Palestine at Varallo, would, on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast of Romagna, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loreto. What in a more ignorant and poetical age was ascribed, in the case of the Holy House, to the hands of angels, was intended in the case of the Holy Sepulchre to have been literally accomplished by Sixtus V., by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for its bodily transference to Rome, that so Italy might glory in possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour.

III. Every one has read of the multitude of Holy Places which cluster within and around the walls of Jerusalem. Ever since the occupation of the city by the Crusaders, the same localities have, age after age, been pointed out to pilgrims and travellers with singular uniformity. Here and there a tradition has been misplaced by accident, or transposed for convenience, or suppressed in fear of ridicule, or, may be, from honest doubts; but, on the whole, what was shown to Maundeville in the fourteenth century, was, with a few omissions, shown to Maundrell in the seventeenth; and what Maundrell has described with the dry humor characteristic of his age, may still be verified by travellers who take the trouble of procuring an intelligent guide. Such localities are curious as relics of that remarkable period when, for the first and only time, Palestine became a European province—as the scenes, if they may be so called, of some of the most celebrated works of European art, and as the fountain-head of some of the most extensive of European superstitions. No one could see without, at least, a passing emotion, the various points in the Via Dolorosa, which have been repeated again and again, in pictures and in legends, throughout the western world; the spot where Veronica is said to have received the sacred cloth, for which

Lucca, Turin, and Rome contend—the threshold where is believed to have stood the Scala Santa, now worn by the ceaseless toil of Roman pilgrims in front of St. John Lateran. On these lesser sites it is useless to dwell in detail. But they possess one common feature which it is worth while briefly to notice. Some countries, such as Greece—some cities, such as Rome—lend themselves with great facility to the growth of legends. The stalactite figures of the Corycian cave at once explain the origin of the nymphs who are said to have dwelt there. The deserted halls, the subterranean houses, the endless catacombs of Rome, afford an ample field for the localization of the numerous persons and events with which the early Roman ecclesiastical history abounds. But in Jerusalem it is not so. The featureless rocks without the walls, the mere dust and ashes of the city within, repel the attempt to amalgamate them with the fables which are affixed to them, and which, by the very fact of their almost imperceptible connection with the spots in question, betray their foreign parentage. A fragment of old sculpture lying at a house door is sufficient to mark the abode of Veronica—a broken column, separated from its companions in a colonnade in the next street, is pointed out as that to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew—a faint line on the surface of a rock is the mark of the girdle which the Virgin dropt to convince Thomas. There is no attempt at subtle fraud, or even at probability. The only handle, perhaps, even for a legendary superstructure, afforded by the scenes themselves, is the red and white color of the limestone rock, which, if the Scala Santa or any part of it were ever at Jerusalem, may have suggested the marks. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, and almost playful spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places in which to realize the dreams of their own imaginations.\*

From these lesser memorials—the mere sport and exuberance of monastic traditions—we pass to the greater, though still not the greatest, of the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They are—the Church, or rather Mosque, of

\* An instructive example of the readiness with which several localities were invented may be seen in Sæwulf's unconscious account of the accommodation of the Mahomedan relics in the Mosque of Omar to Christian history during that short period in the twelfth century when it was in the hands of the Crusaders. (*Early English Travellers*, p. 40.)

the Ascension, on the top of Mount Olivet ; the Church containing the tomb of the Virgin, at its foot ; and the "Coenaculum," or Church of the Apostles, on Mount Zion.

1. The present edifice of the Church of the Ascension has no claims to antiquity. It is a small octagon chapel situated in the court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of the celebrated view, to which the world can offer no equal. Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since\* the seventh century, as imprinted with the footstep of our Saviour. There is no memorial to which we more joyfully apply our observations upon the slightness of ground with which many of the sacred localities were selected. It would be painful to witness any symptom of fraud, or even the adoption of some fantastic trick of nature, in connection with such an event as is here commemorated. A deep repulsion would be created in all but the coarsest minds, were there, for example, any such impression as that which is shown in the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis at Rome, or of St. Radegonde at Poitiers, where well-defined footmarks in the stone indicate the spots in which our Saviour is alleged to have appeared to St. Peter and St. Radegonde. Here there is only a simple cavity in the rock, which has no more resemblance to a human foot than to any thing else. It must have been chosen in default of any thing better ; and could never, of itself, have suggested the connection.

It is not improbable that the Church of the Ascension marks the site on which Helena built one of the only two churches which Eusebius ascribes to her—the church "on the top of the hill" whose glittering cross was the first thing that caught the eye of the pilgrims† who, in the age of Constantine and of Jerome, approached Jerusalem from the south and west. At the same time, ‡ a circumstance on which Eusebius lays great stress has been strangely overlooked by most of those who have treated on the subject, and which, though it may not invalidate the identity of the position of the ancient church with the present mosque, certainly throws a new light upon the object for which it was erected. "A true tradition," he tells us, "maintains that our Lord had initiated his

disciples in his secret mysteries" before the Ascension, in a cave to which, on that account, pilgrimages were in his time made from all parts of the Empire ; and it was to honor this cave, which Constantine himself also adorned, that Helena built a church, in memory of the Ascension, on the summit of the mountain. It is almost certain that Eusebius must refer to the singular catacomb, commonly called the Tombs of the Prophets, which is a short distance below the third summit of Mount Olivet, and was first distinctly noticed by Arculf in the seventh century, to whom were shown within it "four stone tables, where our Lord and the Apostles sate."\* In the next century the same "four tables of His Supper" were seen by Bernard the Wise, who speaks of a church being erected there to commemorate the Betrayal.† From that period it remained unnoticed till attention was again called to it by the travellers of the seventeenth century, in whose time it had assumed its present name.

It is possible that what Bernard calls the church may have been the remains of the buildings which Constantine erected, and that the ruins, still discernible on the third summit, may be the vestiges of the sacred edifice of Helena. It is, however, possible also (and the expression "summit of the whole mountain" rather leads to this conclusion) that, though in connection with the cave, her church was built on the site which is usually assigned to it within the precincts of the present mosque. But, whichever be the case, it is clear from the language of Eusebius that the spot which she meant to honor was not the scene of the Ascension itself, but the scene of the conversations which preceded that event, and which were believed to have occurred in the cave. Had this been clearly perceived, much useless controversy would have been spared. There is no proof from Eusebius that the place from which our Lord might be presumed to have ascended was ever specified at all. Here was (as usual) the tradition of the cave, and nothing besides, and Helena fixed upon the site of her church partly (no doubt) from its commanding position, partly from its vicinity to the rocky labyrinth in which the instructions immediately preceding the Ascension were supposed to have been delivered. It was reserved for observant travellers of our own time to perceive the impossibility of

\* Arculf. (Early English Travellers, p. 5.) He speaks of the "dust" on which the impression remains ; but probably he meant the same thing.

† Hieronym. Epitaph. Paul.

‡ Euseb. Vit. Const., iii. 41, 43; Demonst. Evang., vi. 18, p. 288.

\* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 24.

reconciling what is at present alleged to be the scene of the Ascension with the words of St. Luke, to which we must add its palpable contradiction to the whole character of the event. Even if the Evangelist had been less explicit in stating that "Jesus led out the disciples as far as Bethany," we should still have maintained that the secluded hills\* which overhang the village on the eastern slope of Olivet are as evidently appropriate to the entire tenor of the narrative, as the startling, we might almost say offensive, publicity of a spot in full view of the city of Jerusalem is wholly inconsistent with it, and (in the absence, as it now appears, of even traditional support) in every sense untenable.

2. There are probably not many Englishmen who, before the diplomatical controversy which it has provoked, knew any thing of the tomb of the Virgin Mary, the least known, but most romantic, sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine. Yet there are few travellers whose attention is not arrested by the sight of a venerable chapel, approached by a flight of steps, which lead from the rocky roots of Olivet among which it stands, and entered by yet again another and deeper descent, under the low-browed arches of a Gothic roof, producing on a smaller scale the same impression of awful gloom that is so remarkable in the subterranean church of Assisi. "You must know," says Maundeville,† "that this church is very low in the earth, and a part is quite within the earth. But I imagine that it was not founded so; but since Jerusalem has been so often destroyed, and the walls broken down, and levelled with the valley, and that they have so been filled again and the ground raised, for that reason the church is so low in the earth. Nevertheless, men say there commonly, that the earth hath been so ever since the time that our Lady was buried there, and men also say there that it grows and increases every day without doubt." Its history is comparatively recent. It is not mentioned by Jerome amongst the sacred places visited by Paula, and, if on such matters the authority of the Third General Council‡ is supposed to have weight, the tomb of the Virgin ought not to be found at Jerusalem, but at Ephesus. The authority, however, of a General Council has been unable

to hold its ground against the later legend, which placed her death and burial at the Holy City. Even the Greek peasants of Ephesus itself, though still pointing to the ruined edifice on the heights of Coressus, as the tomb of the Panaghia, have been taught to consider it as commemorating another Panaghia than the "Theotocos," in whom their great Council exulted. Greeks and Latins, unhappily for the peace of Europe, unite in contending for the possession of the rocky sepulchre at the foot of Olivet—the scene, according to the belief of both churches, of that "Assumption" which has been immortalized by the genius of Titian and Raphael, and which, in our later ages, has passed from the region of poetry and devotion into a literal doctrine.

Close, however, to the Church of the Virgin is a spot which, as it is omitted in Abbé Michon's catalogue of Holy Places, we ought in consistency to pass over. Yet a few words—and perhaps the fewer the better—must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. That the tradition reaches back to the age of Constantine is certain. How far it agrees with the slight indications of its position in the Gospel narrative will be judged by the impression of each individual traveller. Some will think it too public. Others will see an argument in its favor from its close proximity to the brook Kedron. None probably will be disposed to receive the traditional sites which surround it—the Grotto of the Agony, the rocky bank of the three Apostles, the "terra damnata" of the Betrayal. But in spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity and the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive trees—now indeed less striking in the modern garden-enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side—will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting, and, except the everlasting hills themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.

3. On the brow of Mount Zion a conspicuous minaret is pointed out from a distance to the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the south, as marking the Mosque of the Tomb of David. Within the precincts of that mosque is a vaulted Gothic chamber, which contains within its four walls a greater confluence of traditions than any other place in Palestine, after the Holy Sepulchre. T. :-

\* That especially to which Tobler assigns the name of Djebel Sajach. (Siloahquelle und Oelberg, p. 84.)

† Early Travels in Palestine, p. 176.

‡ Concil. Hardouin, tom. i. p. 143. The history of the tradition is well given in Mr. Williams's Holy City, 2d ed. vol. ii. p. 434.



said to occupy the site of the edifice,—it cannot of course be the very church itself,—which Epiphanius mentions as having survived the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. That in the days of Cyril there was some such building, in which he delivered his famous lectures, is evident from his own allusions. But it is startling to hear that this is the upper chamber of the Last Supper, of the meeting after the Resurrection, of the day of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, of the burial of Stephen. If it were not for the antiquity of some of these pretensions—dating as far back as the fourth century, and the interest of all of them—it would be hardly worth while to allude to assumptions which rest on a foundation too fragile to bear discussion. A conjecture might almost be hazarded, that the building, being in ruins or of palpably earlier date than the rest of the city as rebuilt by Hadrian, had served as a convenient receptacle for every memorable event which remained unattached. It is impossible at least that it should be both the scene of the “*Cœnaculum*,” and stand within the precincts, or rather above the vault of the Tomb of David. The belief that here is the burial-place of the Royal Psalmist, although entertained by Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen alike, has given it a special sanctity only in the eyes of the last, and M. De Sauley has endeavored, in a very elaborate argument, to set up in preference the catacomb on the north of the city, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. But the old site is maintained by many zealous upholders of the local traditions, as, for example, by Mr. Williams, in his “*Holy City*,”\* and all that we assert is the incompatibility of the claim to be at once the scene of David’s burial and of the Last Supper. The Jewish feeling, at the commencement of the Gospel history, could never have permitted a residence to exist in juxtaposition with the Royal Sepulchre.

4. We now approach the most sacred of the Holy Places; in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest sink into insignificance, and which, even if spurious, is among the most interesting spots in the world. It is needless to attempt on the present occasion to unravel once more the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre.†

\* Vol. ii. p. 608.

† The question has already been discussed by us in an article on Dr. Robinson’s “*Biblical Researches*,” (Q. R. vol. 69, pp. 169–176.) A summary of both sides of the question is given in the eighth number of the “*Museum of Classical Antiquities*,” April, 1853.

Every thing, we believe, which can be urged against the claim will be found in the “*Biblical Researches*” of Dr. Robinson—every thing which can be said in its favor in the “*Holy City*” of Mr. Williams, including, as it does, the able discussion by Professor Willis on the architectural history of the church. It is enough to remind our readers that the decision mainly turns upon the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. It is commonly confessed that the present edifice stands on the site of that which was constructed by Constantine, and the historical question is the value to be attached to the allegation that the spot was marked out in the time of the latter by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected for the purpose of polluting the spot believed to be the Holy Sepulchre by the Christians of his age. The Crucifixion, as we all know on the highest authority, being without the city, and the tomb in a garden nigh at hand, the topographical question is, whether it is possible, from its position, that the selected locality could have been on the outer side of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. On the historical branch of the inquiry we will merely remark that the advocates of the Sepulchre have never fairly met the difficulty well urged by the learned Dean of St. Paul’s,\* that it is hardly conceivable that Hadrian could have had any motive in defiling the spot with heathen abominations, when his whole object in establishing his Roman colony at Jerusalem was to insult the Jews, and not the Christians, who were emphatically divided from them. It is equally affirmed that Hadrian established the worship of Venus upon the scene of the Nativity, and it throws a further suspicion upon both stories that there is no allusion, either by Justin or by Origen, to the desecration at Bethlehem, though speaking of the very cave over which the Pagan temple is said to have been erected, and within a century of its erection. In the topographical question, while admitting the weight of the objection drawn from the proximity, to say the least, of the present site to the inhabited portion of old Jerusalem, we yet do not think that the opponents of the Sepulchre have ever done justice to the argument stated by Lord Nugent, and pointedly brought out by Professor Willis, which is derived from the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. Underneath the western galleries of the church are two ex-

\* Milman’s *History of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 417.

cavations in the face of the rock, which as clearly form an ancient Jewish sepulchre as any that can be seen in the Valley of Hinnom or in the Tombs of the Kings. That they should have been so long overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, can only be explained by the perverse dulness of the conventual guides, who call attention instead to two graves sunk in the floor,\* which may possibly, like similar excavations at Petra, be of ancient origin, but which, as Dr. Schulz suggests, may have been dug at a later period to represent the graves, when the real object of the ancient sepulchres had ceased to be intelligible—as the tombs of some Mussulman saints are fictitious monuments erected over the rude sepulchres hewn in the rock beneath. The names assigned to these sepulchres are fanciful of course, but their existence seems a conclusive proof that at some period the site of the present church must have been without the walls, and lends considerable probability to the belief that the rocky excavation, which exists in part perhaps still, and once existed entire, within the marble casing of the chapel of the Sepulchre, was a really ancient tomb, and not, as is often rashly asserted, a modern imitation.

Farther than this we believe that in our present state of knowledge no merely topographical considerations can bring us. Even if these tombs should prove the site of the present church to have been outside some wall, they do not prove it to have been the wall of Herod; for it may have been the earlier wall of the ancient monarchy; and although it was satisfactorily established that the church was outside the wall of Herod, it would only prove the possibility, and not the probability, of its identity with the site of the Crucifixion. But, granting to the full the doubts—and it may be more than doubts—which must always hang over the highest claims of the Church of the Sepulchre, we do not envy the feelings of the man who can look unmoved on what has, from the time of Constantine, been revered by the larger part of the Christian world as the scene of the greatest events that ever occurred upon

\* Even Mr. Curzon, whilst arguing for the antiquity of these tombs, in his graphic account of the church, speaks of them as "in the floor." (*Eastern Monasteries*, p. 166.) Another slight inaccuracy may be noticed, (p. 203) because it confuses the tenor of a very interesting narrative. He confounds "the stone where the women stood during the anointing" with "the stone where the Virgin stood during the Crucifixion." The two spots are wide apart.

earth, and has itself become, for that reason, the centre of a second cycle of events, which, if of incomparably less magnitude, are yet of a romantic interest almost unequalled in human annals. It may be too much to expect that the traveller, who sees the uncertainty of the whole tradition, should partake those ardent feelings to which even a man so skeptical as Dr. Clarke of the genuineness of the localities confesses, in the striking passage in which he describes the entrance of himself and his companion into the Chapel of the Sepulchre; but its later associations at least may be felt by every student of history without the faintest fear of superstition or irreverence.

Look at it as its site was first fixed\* by the extraordinary man who from so many different sides deeply affected the fortunes of Christendom. Whether Golgotha were here or far away, there is no question that we can still trace, as Constantine or his mother first beheld it, the sweep of rocky hill, in the face of which the sepulchre stood. If the rough limestone be disputed, which some maintain can still be felt in the interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, there can be no doubt of the rock which contains the "tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus;" none of that which in the "prison" and in the "entombment of Adam's head" marks the foot of the cliff of the present Golgotha; or of that which is seen at its summit in the so-called fissure of the "rocks rent by the earthquake;" none, lastly, of that through which a long descent conducts the pilgrim to the subterraneous chapel of the "Invention of the Cross." In all these places enough can be seen to show what the natural features of the place must have been before the native stone had been "violated by the marble" of Constantine; enough to show that we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the church is built on the native hills of the old Jerusalem.† On these cliffs have clustered the successive edifices of the venerable pile which now rises in almost solitary grandeur from the fallen city. The two domes, between

\* We are, of course, not ignorant of Mr. Ferguson's ingenious, we may almost say, brilliant attempt to disprove even the Constantinian origin of the present site; but till he has shown (as his argument requires) that the market-place of Jerusalem was at that time in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, (to omit all other objections,) we cannot think that he has made out any case.

† Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Willis's masterly discussion of the whole subject is his attempt to restore the original form of the ground.—(Sections 7 and 9.)

which the Turkish sheykh was established by Saladin to watch the pilgrims within—the lesser dome surmounting the Greek church which occupies the place of Constantine's Basilica; the larger that which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, and for the privilege of repairing which the world has so nearly been roused to arms—the Gothic front of the Crusaders, its European features strangely blending with the Oriental imagery which closes it on every side; the minaret of Omar\* beside the Christian belfry, telling its well-known story of Arabian devotion and magnanimity; the open court thronged with buyers and sellers of relics to be carried home to the most distant regions of the earth; the bridges and walls and stairs by which the monks of the adjacent convents climb into the galleries; the chambers of all kinds which run through the sacred edifice; all these, and many like appearances, unfold more clearly than any book the long series of recollections which hang around the tattered and incongruous mass. Enter the church, and the impression is the same. There is the place in which to study the diverse rites and forms of the older churches of the world. There alone (except at Bethlehem) are gathered together all the altars of all the sects which existed before the Reformation. There is the barbaric splendor of the Greek Church, exulting in its possession of Constantine's Basilica and of the rock of Calvary. There is the deep poverty of the Coptic and Syrian sects, each now confined to one paltry chapel, and which forcibly contrast with the large portions of the edifice which have been gained by the Armenians through the revenues in which that church of merchants—the Quakers of the East, as they have been justly called—so richly abounds. There is the more chastened and familiar worship of the Latins, here reduced from the gigantic proportions which it bears in its native seat to a humble settlement in a foreign land, yet still securing for itself a footing, with its usual energy, even on localities which its rivals seemed most firmly to have occupied. High on the plat-

\* The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the Church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it. The story is curiously illustrated by the account which Michon (p. 72) gives of the occupation of the "Cenaculum" by the Mahometans. A few Mussulmen in the last century, who were determined to get possession of the convent, entered it on the plea of its being the tomb of David, said their prayers there, and from that moment it became a Mahometan sanctuary.

form of Calvary, beside the Greek sanctuary of the Crucifixion, it has claimed a separate altar for the Exaltation of the Cross. Deep in the Armenian chapel of St. Helena it has seated itself in the corner where the throne of Helena was placed during the "Invention." In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself, whilst the Greek Church, with its characteristic formality, confines its masses to the antechapel, where its priests can celebrate towards the East, the Latin Church, with the no less characteristic boldness of the West, has rushed into the vacant space in the inner shrine, and, regardless of all the points of the compass, has adopted for its altar the Holy Tomb itself. For good or for evil, for union or for disunion, the older forms of Christendom are gathered together, as no where else in Europe or in Asia, within those sacred walls.

It would be an easy though a melancholy task to dwell on the bitter dissensions which have thence arisen—to tell how the Armenians stole the angel's stone from the antechapel of the Sepulchre—how the Latins procured a firman to stop the repairs of the dome by the Greeks—how the Greeks demolished the tombs of the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, in the resting-place which those two heroic chiefs had chosen for themselves at the foot of Calvary—how the English traveller was taunted by the Latin monks with eating the bread of their house, and not fighting for them in their bloody conflicts with the Greeks at Easter—how the Abyssinian convent was left vacant for the latter in the panic raised when a drunken Abyssinian monk shot the muezzin going his rounds on the top of Omar's minaret—how, after the great fire of 1808, which the Latins charge to the ambition of their rivals, two years of time, and two-thirds of the cost of the restoration were consumed in the endeavors of each party, by bribes and litigations, to overrule and eject the others from the places they had respectively occupied in the ancient arrangement of the churches—and how each party regards the infidel Turk as his best and only protector from his Christian foe. These dissensions, however painful, are not without their importance, as exhibiting in a palpable form the contentions and jealousies which from the earliest times to the present day have been the bane of the Christian Church; making mutual enemies dearer than rival brethren, and the common good insignificant in comparison with the special privileges of each segment of the circle. Yet let us not so part. Grievous as

are these contentions, we cannot but think that their extent has been somewhat exaggerated. Ecclesiastical history is not all controversy, nor is the area of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a battle-field of sects. On ordinary occasions it exhibits only the singular sight of different nations, kindreds, and languages worshipping, each with its peculiar rites, round what they unite in believing to be the tomb of their common Lord—a sight edifying by the very reason of its singularity, and suggestive of a higher, and we trust the day may come when it may be added, a truer image of the Christian Church than that which is now too often derived from the history both of holy places and holy things.

There is one more aspect in which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre must be regarded. It is not only the church of all the ancient communions—it is also in a special manner the Cathedral of Palestine and of the East, and it is there that the local religion which attaches to all the Holy Places reaches its highest pitch, receiving its color from the eastern and barbarous nations who are the principal elements in the congregation. Most of our readers will have derived their conception of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from Mr. Curzon's graphic description of the celebrated catastrophe of 1834; but as the extraordinary occurrences of that year would convey a mistaken impression of the usual routine, it may be well to subjoin an account of the more customary celebration of the festival. The time to which our readers must transport themselves is the morning of Easter Eve, which by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is the gallery of the Latins, whence all Frank travellers view the spectacle,—on the northern side of the great Rotunda—the model of so many European churches, and of which the most remarkable, perhaps, that of Aix-la-Chapelle, was built in express imitation of the famous original. Above is the dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre, that on the east

containing the "Stone of the Angel." Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians, and has a round hole on its north side, from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks, and a corresponding aperture for the Armenians on the south. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, which is the only portion of the edifice allotted to the Copts. Yet farther west, but parted from the Sepulchre, is the chapel, equally humble, of the Syrians, whose poverty has probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus which lie in their precincts. The Chapel of the Sepulchre itself rises from a dense mass of pilgrims who sit or stand wedged together; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which lines the walls of the church, a circular lane is formed by two circumferences of Turkish soldiers, who are there to keep order. For the first two hours all is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture whence the fire is to spring keep their hands fixed in it with a clench, which is never an instant relaxed. About noon, this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run the circuit of the Sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not appear. Accordingly, for two hours, or more, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog.\* He sees a medley of twenty, thirty, fifty men, some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, racing and catching hold of each other, lifting one of their companions on their shoul-

\* It is possible that in these performances there may be some reminiscence of the ancient funeral games, such as those which took place round the pile of Patroclus. An illustration which comes more home may be found in Tischendorf's description of the races at the tomb of the great Bedouin saint, Sheykh Saleh, in the Peninsula of Sinai, (*Reisen*, ii. p. 207-314.) and in Jerome's account of the wild fanatics who performed gambols exactly similar to those of the Greek Easter before the reputed sepulchres of John the Baptist and Elisha, at Samaria—*ululare more luperum, vocibus latrare canum—alios rotare caput, et post tergum terram vertice tangere. (Epitaph. Paul., p. 113.)* Possibly it was in parody of some such spectacles that the Latins held their dances in St. Sophia, in the capture of Constantinople, at the fourth Crusade.

ders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps on the ground, when a second succeeds. A fugleman usually precedes the rest, clapping his hands, to which the others respond by the like action, adding wild howls, of which the burden is, "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan"—"Jesus Christ has redeemed us." What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the passage between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, wheeling round and round like the Sabbath of the Witches in Faust. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the race-course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, defiles round the Sepulchre.

The excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, now becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remain in their places, but all join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, strangely and almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession—the stately chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom—mingled with the yell of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; and at the third circuit the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. The crisis of the day is approaching, and one great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. It is difficult to describe the appearance, as of a battle and a victory, which at this moment pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the building at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger, waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers before the tremendous rush. In a small but compact band, the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of "the Fire," the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads, resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the City. A single vacant space is left—a nar-

row lane from the fire-hole in the northern side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the flame; and on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times, the expectation of the Divine presence was raised at this juncture to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told,\* and doubtless truly, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism or of daring profaneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief remains—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, and intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of the frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and the fraud which is preparing within. At last it comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop in the chapel—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God himself upon the Holy Tomb. Slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, till at last the entire edifice, from gallery to gallery, as well as through the whole of the area below, is blazing with thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried in triumph out of the Chapel, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, "to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to have come."† It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the Church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the Convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the consecrated tapers into the

\* With this and one or two other slighter variations the account of Maundrell, in the 17th century, is an almost exact transcript of what is still seen.

† Curzon's *Monasteries*, p. 208.

streets and houses of Jerusalem, leads at times to the violent pressure at the single outlet of the church, which, in 1834, cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its reputed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment after the fire is communicated; and not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the church is again filled through the area of the Rotunda, through the chapels of Copt and Syrian, through the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself; filled in every part, except the one Chapel of the Latin Church, by a mass of pilgrims, who are wrapt in deep sleep, awaiting the midnight service.

Such is the celebration of the Greek Easter—probably the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honor, and considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, the most offensive imposture to be found in the world. It is impossible to give a precise account of the origin of the rite. The explanation often offered, that it has arisen from a misunderstanding of a symbolical ceremony, is hardly compatible with its remote antiquity. As early as the ninth century it was believed that “an angel came and lighted the lamps which hung over the Sepulchre, of which light the Patriarch gave his share to the bishops and the rest of the people, that each might illuminate his own house.”\* It was in all probability an imitation of an alleged miraculous appearance of fire in ancient times—suggested perhaps by some actual phenomenon in the neighborhood, such as that which is mentioned in Ammianus's account of Julian's rebuilding the Temple, and assisted by the belief so common in the East, that on every Friday a supernatural light which dazzles the beholders, and supersedes the necessity for lamps, blazes in the sepulchres of Mussulman saints. It is a remarkable instance of a great—it may almost be said awful—superstition gradually deserted by its supporters. Originally all the sects partook in the ceremony, but one

by one they have fallen away. The Roman Catholics, after their exclusion from the church by the Greeks, denounced it as an imposture, and have never resumed it since. Indeed, next to the delight of the Greek pilgrims at receiving the fire, is now the delight of the Latins in deriding what in the “Annals of the Propagation of the Faith” for this very year they describe (forgetful of the past and of S. Januarius at Naples) as a “ridiculous and superstitious ceremony.” “Ah! vedete la fantasia,” exclaim the happy Franciscans in the Latin gallery, “Ah! qual fantasia!—ecco gli bruti Greci—noi non facciamo così.” Later, the grave Armenians deserted, or only with reluctance acquiesced in the fraud; and lastly, unless they are greatly misrepresented, the enlightened members of the Greek Church itself, including, it is said, no less a person than the Emperor Nicholas, would gladly discontinue the ceremony, could they but venture on such a shock to the devotion of thousands who yearly come from far and near, over land and sea, for this sole and special object.

It is doubtless a wretched thought that for such an end as this Constantine and Helena should have planned and builded—for such a worship Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, have fought and died. Yet, in justice to the Greek clergy, it must be remembered that it is but an extreme and instructive example of what every church suffers which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our European minds may be the frantic orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather, perhaps, to wonder that these wild creatures should be Christians at all, than that, being such, they should take this mode of expressing their devotion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dullness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers\*—they were not “working out,” but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

It may seem to some a painful, and perhaps an unexpected result of our inquiry, that so great an uncertainty should hang over spots thus intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion,—that in none the chain of tradition should be un-

\* Bernard the Wise, A.D. 867. *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 26. There is a story of a miraculous supply of oil for the lighting of the lamps on Easter Eve at Jerusalem, as early as the 2d century.—*Euseb. H. E.* vi. 9.

\* Eothen, p. 137–143.

broken, and in most cases hardly reach beyond the age of Constantine. Is it possible, it is frequently asked, that the disciples of the first age should have neglected to mark and commemorate the scenes of such events? And the answer, though often given, cannot be too often repeated, that it not only was possible, but precisely what we should infer from the absence of any allusion to local sanctity in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, who were too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their localities, too wrapt in the spirit to pay regard to the letter or the place. The loss of the Holy Sepulchre, thus regarded, is a testimony to the greatness of the Resurrection. The loss of the manger of Bethlehem is a witness to the universal significance of the Incarnation. The sites which the earliest followers of our Lord would not adore, theirs successors could not. The obliteration of the very marks which identified the Holy Places was effected a little later by what may, without presumption, be called the providential events of the time. The Christians of the second generation of believers, even had they been anxious to preserve the recollection of sites which were familiar to their fathers, would have found it in many respects an impossible task after the defacing ruin which attended the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. The same judgment which tore up by the roots the local religion of the old dispensation, deprived of secure basis what has since grown up as the local religion of the new. The total obliteration of the scenes in some instances is at least a proof that no Divine Providence, as is sometimes urged, could have watched over them in others. The desolation of the lake of Gennesareth has swept out of memory places more sacred than any (with the one exception of those at Jerusalem) that are alleged to have been preserved. The cave of Bethlehem and the house of Nazareth, where our Lord passed an unconscious infancy and an unknown youth, cannot be compared for sanctity with that "house" of Capernaum which was the home of his manhood, and the chief scene of his words and works. Yet of that sacred habitation every vestige has perished as though it had never been.

But the doubts which envelop the lesser things do not extend to the greater,—they attach to the "Holy Places," but not to the "Holy Land." The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem absolutely

indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are signalized in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to S. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connection existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling—of making topography a matter of religion—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.

These "Holy Places" have, indeed, a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the Crusades, or with the tears and prayers of thousands of pilgrims, which of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they are offered.

But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine as the later course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this, as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the Church itself, and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House

may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee : the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields,

which suggested the Parables,—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

## THE PARTNER—RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

I HAD virtually, though not formally, left the force, when a young man, of gentlemanly but somewhat dissipated aspect, and looking very pale and agitated, called upon me with a note from one of the commissioners, enjoining me to assist the bearer, Mr. Edmund Webster, to the utmost of my ability, if, upon examination, I saw reason to place reliance upon his statement relative to the painful and extraordinary circumstances in which he was involved.

"Mr. Edmund Webster," I exclaimed after glancing at the note. "You are the person, then, accused of robbing Mr. Hutton, the corn-merchant, [the reader will, of course, understand that I make use of fictitious names,] and whom that gentleman refuses to prosecute?"

"The same, Mr. Waters. But although the disgraceful charge, so far as regards legal pursuit, appears to be withdrawn, or rather is not pressed, I and my family shall not be the less shamed and ruined thereby, unless my perfect innocence can be made manifest before the world. It is with that view we have been advised to seek your assistance; and my father desires me to say, that he will hesitate at no expense necessary for the thorough prosecution of the inquiry."

"Very well, Mr. Webster. The intimation of the commissioner is, however, of itself all-potent with me, although I hoped to be concerned in no more such investigations. Have the goodness, therefore, to sit down, and favor me minutely and distinctly with your version of the affair, omitting, if you please, no circumstance, however apparently trivial, in connection with it. I may tell you," I added, opening the note-book from which I am now transcribing, and placing it before me in readiness to begin—"I may tell you, by way of some slight encouragement, that the defense you volunteered at the police-office was, in my

opinion, too improbable to be an invention; and I, as you know, have had large experience in such matters. That also, I suspect, is Mr. Hutton's opinion; and hence not only his refusal to prosecute, but the expense and trouble he has been at, to my knowledge, in preventing either his own or your name from appearing in the papers. Now, Sir, if you please."

"I shall relate every circumstance, Mr. Waters, as clearly and truthfully as possible, for my own sake, in order that you may not be working in the dark; and first, I must beg your attention to one or two family matters, essential to a thorough appreciation of the position in which I am placed."

"Go on, Sir: it is my duty to hear all you have to say."

"My father," proceeded Mr. Edmund Webster, "who, as you are aware, resides in the Regent's Park, retired about five years ago from the business in Mark Lane, which has since been carried on by the former junior partner, Mr. Hutton. Till within the last six months, I believed myself destined for the army, the purchase-money of a cornetcy having been lodged at the Horse Guards a few days after I came of age. Suddenly, however, my father changed his mind, insisted that I should become a partner of Hutton's in the corn-trade, and forthwith withdrew the money lodged for the commission. I am not even yet cognizant of all his motives for this seeming caprice; but those he alleged were, first, my spendthrift, idle habits—an imputation for which, I confess, there was too much foundation; though as to whether the discipline of the counting-house would, as he believed, effect a beneficial change, there might be two opinions. Another, and, I have no doubt, much more powerfully inducing motive with him was, that I had formed an attachment for Miss Ellen Brams-



ton, the second daughter of Captain Bramston, of the East India Company's service, residing at Hampstead upon his half-pay. My father strongly disapproved of the proposed alliance: like most of the successful City men I have known or heard of, he more heartily despises poverty with a laced coat on its back than in rags; and he knew no more effectual plan could be hit upon for frustrating my wishes, than by transforming my expected cornetcy into a partnership in the corn-trade, my imaginary sword for a goose-quill; Captain Bramston, who is distantly related to an earl, being even prouder than he is poor, and a man that would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to a trader. "It was condescension enough," he angrily remarked, "that he had permitted Ellen Bramston to encourage the addresses of the son of a City parvenue, but it was utterly preposterous to suppose she could wed an actual corn-chandler."

"Corn-chandler!"

"That was Captain Bramston's pleasant phrase, when I informed him of my father's sudden change of purpose. The proposed partnership was as distasteful to myself as to Captain Bramston; but my father proved inexorable—fiercely so, I may say—to my entreaties, and those of my sisters; and I was placed in the dilemma, either of immediate banishment from home, and probable forfeiture of my inheritance, or the loss of Ellen Bramston, to whom, with all my follies, I was and am devotedly attached. After much anxious cogitation, I hit upon a scheme, requiring for a time the exercise of a considerable amount of deceit and dissimulation, which would, I flattered myself, ultimately reconcile interest with inclination: give me Ellen, and not lose my father."

"To which deceit and dissimulation you are doubtless indebted for your present unfortunate position."

"You have rightly anticipated. But to proceed. Mr. Hutton himself, I must tell you, was strongly adverse to receiving me as a partner, though for some reason or other, he durst not openly oppose the project; his son, John Hutton, also bitterly objected to it."

"His son, John Hutton! I know the character of Hutton senior pretty well; pray what is that of his son?"

"Well, like myself, he is rather fast, perhaps, but not the less a good sort of young fellow enough. He sailed the week before last for Riga, on business."

"Before you were apprehended?"

"On the morning of the same day. Let me see, where was I? Oh—Mr. Hutton's aversion to the partnership, the knowledge of which suggested my plan of operation. I induced him to represent to my father that I should pass at least two or three months in the counting-house, before the matter was irreversibly concluded, for his, Mr. Hutton's sake, in order that it might be ascertained if there was any possibility of taming me into habits of method and application; and I hypocritically enforced his argument—you see I am perfectly candid—by promising ultimate dutiful submission to my father's wishes, provided the final decision were thus respite. The main object I thought to obtain by this apparent compliance was the effectual loosening, before many weeks had passed, of the old gentleman's purse-strings, which had of late been over-tightly drawn. I had several pressing debts of honor, as they are called—debts of dishonor would, according to my experience, be the apter phrase—which it was absolutely necessary to discharge; and the success, moreover, of my matrimonial project entirely depended upon my ability to secure a very considerable sum of money."

"Your matrimonial project?"

"Yes: it was at last arranged, not without much reluctance on the part of Ellen, but I have good reason for believing with the covert approbation of Captain Bramston, that we should effect a stolen marriage, immediately set off for the Continent, and remain there till the parental storm, which on my father's part would, I knew, be tremendous, had blown over. I did not feel much disquieted as to the final result. I was an only son: my sisters would be indefatigable intercessors; and we all, consequently, were pretty confident that a general reconciliation, such as usually accompanies the ringing down of the green curtain at the wind-up of a stage-comedy, would, after no great interval of time, take place. Money, however, was indispensable—money for the wedding expenses, the flight to France, and living there for a considerable time perhaps; and no likelier mode of obtaining it occurred to me than that of cajoling my father into good-humor, by affecting to acquiesce in his wishes. And here I may remark, in passing, that had I been capable of the infamous deed I am accused of, abundant opportunities of plundering Mr. Hutton presented themselves from the first hour I entered his counting-house. Over and over again has he left me alone in his private room, with the keys in the lock of his iron safe, where large sums were fre-

quently deposited, not in bank notes only, but untraceable gold."

"That looks like a singular want of caution in so precise and wary a man as Mr. Hutton," I remarked, half under my breath.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Mr. Edmund Webster with some heat, and his pallid face brightly flushing. "It only shows that, with all my faults and follies, it was impossible for any one that knew me to imagine I could be capable of perpetrating a felony."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webster; I meant nothing offensive to you: the remark was merely the partly involuntary expression of a thought which suddenly glanced across my mind."

"I have little more of preliminary detail to relate," he went on to say. "Contrary to our hopes and expectations, my father became not a whit more liberal with his purse than before—the reverse rather; and I soon found that he intended to keep the screw on till the accomplishment of the hated partnership placed an insuperable bar between me and Ellen Bramston. I used to converse frequently upon these matters with Mr. Hutton, as unreservedly as I do now with you; and I must say that, although extremely anxious to avoid any appearance of opposition to my father, he always expressed the warmest sympathy with my aims and wishes; so much so, in fact, that I at last ventured to ask him for the loan of about five hundred pounds, that being the least sum which would enable me to pay off the most pressing of the claims by which I was harassed, and carry out my wedding project. That favor, however, he flatly refused, under the plea that his having done so would sooner or later come to my father's knowledge."

"And did Mr. Hutton, after that refusal, continue to afford you opportunities of helping yourself, had you been so minded?"

"Yes; unquestionably he did: but what of that?" sharply replied the young man, his pale face again suffused with an angry flush.

"Nothing, Sir; nothing. Go on: I am all attention."

"Well, I made application to several money-lenders with the like ill success, till last Monday fortnight, when I was accosted at Mr. Hutton's place of business in the Corn-market, where I happened to be for a few minutes alone, by a respectable-looking middle-aged man, who asked me if I was the Mr. Edmund Webster who had left a note at Mr. Curtis's, of Bishopgate street, on the

previous Saturday, requesting the loan of five hundred pounds, upon my own acceptance at six months' date. I eagerly replied in the affirmative; upon which Mr. Brown, as the man called himself, asked if I had the promissory-note for five hundred and fifty pounds, as I had proposed, ready drawn; as, if so, he would give me the cash at once. I answered in a flurry of joyous excitement, that I had not the note drawn nor a stamp with me, but if he would wait a few minutes till Mr. Hutton or a clerk came in, I would get one and write the acceptance immediately. He hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'I am in a hurry this morning, but I will wait for you in the coffee-room of the Bay Tree Tavern: have the kindness to be as quick as you can, and draw the note in favor of Mr. Brown.' He had not been gone above three or four minutes, when a clerk came in. I instantly hurried to a stationer's, wrote the note in his shop, and speeded on with it to the Bay Tree Tavern. The coffee-room was full, except the box where sat Mr. Brown, who, after glancing at the acceptance, and putting it quickly up, placed a roll of notes in my hand. 'Do not display your money,' he said, 'before all these people. You can count the notes under the table.' I did so: they were quite correct—ten fifties; and I forthwith ordered a bottle of wine. Mr. Brown, however, alleging business as an excuse, did not wait till it was brought—bade me good-day, and disappeared, taking, in his hurry, my hat instead of his own.

"I was, you will readily believe, exceedingly jubilant at this lucky turn of affairs; and, strange as it must appear to you, and does now to myself, it did not strike me at the time as at all extraordinary or unbusiness-like, that I should have five hundred pounds suddenly placed in my hands by a man to whom I was personally unknown, and who could not, therefore, be certain that I was the Edmund Webster he professed to be in search of. What with the effect of the wine I drank, and natural exultation, I was, I well remember, in a state of great excitement when I left the tavern, and hardly seemed to feel my feet as I hurried away to Mark Lane, to inform Mr. Hutton of my good-luck, and bid his counting-house and the corn-trade a final farewell. He was not at home, and I went in and seated myself in his private room to await his return. I have no doubt that, as the clerk has since deposed, I *did* look flustered, agitated; and it is quite true also, that after vainly waiting for upwards of an hour, I suddenly left the place, and, as it

happened, unnoticed by any body. Immediately upon leaving Mark Lane, I hastened to Hampstead, saw Miss Bramston; and as every thing, with the exception of the money, had been for some time in readiness, it was soon decided that we should take wing at dawn, on the following morning, for Scotland, and thence pass over to France. I next betook myself to Regent's Park, where I dined, and confided every thing to my sisters except as to *how* I had obtained the necessary funds. At about eight in the evening, I took a cab as far as the Haymarket for the purpose of hiring a post-chaise-and-four, and of paying a few debts of honor in that neighborhood. I was personally unknown to the postmaster; it was therefore necessary to prepay the chaise as far as St. Alban's, and I presented him with one of the fifty-pound notes for that purpose. He did not appear surprised at the largeness of the sum, but requested me to place my name and address at the back of the note before he changed it. In my absurd anxiety to prevent the possibility of our flight being traced, I endorsed the note as 'Charles Hart, Great Wimpole street,' and the man left the yard.

"He was gone a considerable time, and I was getting exceedingly impatient, when, to my surprise and consternation, he reëntered the yard accompanied by a police-officer. 'You are the gentleman from whom Mr. Evans received this fifty-pound note a few minutes ago—are you not?' 'Yes, to be sure,' I answered, stammering and coloring, why, I scarcely knew. 'Then step this way, if you please,' said the man. 'That note, with nine others of the same value, is advertised in the evening papers as having been stolen from a gentleman's counting-house in Mark Lane.' I thought I should have fainted; and when a paragraph in the *Globe* was pointed out to me, offering a reward, on the part of Mr. Hutton, for the apprehension of the person or persons who had that day stolen ten fifty-pound Bank-of-England notes—the dates and numbers of which were given—from his office, I was so completely stunned, that but for the police-officer I should have dropped upon the floor. 'This perhaps may be cleared up,' said the officer, 'so far as you, Mr. Hart, are concerned; and I will, if you like, go with you at once to your address at Great Wimpole street.' It was of course necessary to acknowledge that my name was not Hart, and that I had given a false address. This was enough. I was at once secured and taken off to the station-house, searched, and the

other nine notes being found upon me, no doubt was entertained of my guilt. I obstinately declined giving my real name—very foolishly so, as I now perceive, since Mr. Hutton's clerk, the moment he saw me the next day at the police-court, disclosed it as a matter of course. The result you know. Mr. Hutton, when he heard *who* it was that had been taken into custody, kept resolutely out of the way; and, after several remands, I was set at liberty, the magistrate remarking, that he knew of no case which showed, in a more striking light, the need of a public prosecutor in this country. My account of the way in which I became possessed of the notes was, as you know, scouted, and quite naturally; Mr. Curtis, of Bishopsgate street, having denied all knowledge of Mr. Brown, or that he had commissioned any one to present me with five hundred pounds in exchange for my acceptance. Thus stigmatized and disgraced, I returned home to find my father struck down, in what was at first thought would prove mortal illness, by the blow—Captain Bramston's door shut against me—and the settled marriage of my eldest sister, Jane, with an amiable young man, peremptorily broken off by his relatives on account of the assumed criminality of her brother."

"This is indeed a sad, mysterious business, Mr. Webster," I remarked, when the young man had ceased speaking; "but pray tell me, did either Mr. Hutton or his son know of your application to Mr. Curtis?"

"I cannot say that either of them did, though it is more than probable that I mentioned it to both of them."

"Well, Mr. Webster, I have confidence in your veracity; but it is essential that I should see your father before engaging in this business."

"He is anxious you should do so, and as early as possible."

It was then arranged that I should call on Webster, senior, at three o'clock the same afternoon, and announce myself to the servants as Mr. Thompson. I was punctual to the time appointed, and was forthwith ushered by one of the daughters into her father's presence. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his bed; and I had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with him, when the same young lady by whom I had been introduced, hastily returned to say Mr. Hutton was below, and requested an immediate interview. Mr. Webster bade his daughter tell Mr. Hutton he was engaged, and could not be interrupted; and she was

turning away to do so, when I said hastily : "Excuse me, Mr. Webster, but I should exceedingly like to hear, with my own ears, what Mr. Hutton has to say, unobserved by him."

"You may do so with all my heart," he replied ; "but how shall we manage to conceal you ?"

"Easily enough under the bed ;" and suiting the action to the word, I was in a moment out of sight. Miss Webster was then told to ask Mr. Hutton to walk up, and in a few minutes that worthy gentleman entered the room. After a few hypocritical condolences upon the invalid's state of health, Mr. Hutton came to the point at once, and with a vengeance.

"I am come, Mr. Webster," he began, in a determined tone, "to say that I will endure this shilly-shallying no longer. Either you give up the bonds you hold of mine, for borrowed moneys"—

"Eleven thousand pounds and upwards !" groaned the sick man.

"About that sum, I am aware, including interest ; in discharge of which load of debt I was, you know, to have given a third share of my business to your admirable son. Well, agree at once to cancel those bonds, or I forthwith prosecute your son, who will as certainly be convicted, and transported for life."

"I tell you again," retorted the excited invalid, "that I will not purchase mere forbearance to prosecute at the cost of a single shilling. The accusation would always be hanging over his head, and we should remain for ever disgraced, as we are now, in the eyes of the world."

"I have turned that over in my mind," replied Hutton, "and I think I can meet your wishes. Undertake to cancel the debt I owe you, and I will wait publicly to-morrow upon the magistrate with a letter in my hand purporting to be from my son, and stating that it was he who took the notes from my desk, and employed a man of the name of Brown to exchange them for your son's acceptance, he being anxious that Mr. Edmund Webster should not become his father's partner ; a purpose that would necessarily be frustrated if he, Edmund Webster, was enabled to marry and leave this country."

There was no answer to this audacious proposal for a minute or two, and then Mr. Webster said slowly : "That my son is innocent, I am thoroughly convinced"—

"Innocent !" exclaimed Mr. Hutton with savage derision. "Have you taken leave of your senses ?"

"Still," continued the invalid, unmindful of the interruption, "it might be impossible to prove him so ; and your proposition has a certain plausibility about it. I must, however, have time to consider of it."

"Certainly ; let us say till this day week. You cannot choose but comply ; for if you do not, as certainly as I stand here a living man, your son shall, immediately after the expiration of that time, be on the high-road to the hulks." Having said this, Mr. Hutton went away, and I emerged from my very undignified lurking-place.

"I begin to see a little clearer through this black affair," I said in reply to the old gentleman's questioning look ; "and I trust we may yet be able to turn the tables upon the very confident gentleman who has just left us. Now, if you please," I added, addressing Miss Webster, who had again returned, "I shall be glad of a few moments' conversation with your brother." She led the way down stairs, and I found Mr. Edmund Webster in the dining-room. "Have the kindness," I said, "to let me see the hat Mr. Brown left behind at the tavern in exchange for yours." The young man seemed surprised at the apparent oddness of the request, but immediately complied with it. "And pray, what maker or seller's name was pasted inside the crown of *your* hat, Mr. Webster."

"Lewis, of Bond street," he replied : "I always purchase my hats there."

"Very good. And now as to Mr. Brown's personal appearance. What is he at all like?"

"A stoutish middle-aged man, with very light hair, prominent nose, and a pale face, considerably pock-marked."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Webster ; and let me beg that, till you see me again, not a soul receives a hint that we are moving in this business."

I then left the house. The hat had furnished an important piece of information, the printed label inside being, "Perkins, Guilford, Surrey ;" and at the Rose and Crown Inn, Guilford, Surrey, I alighted the very next day at about two o'clock, in the strong hope of meeting in its steep streets or adjacent lanes with a stoutish gentleman, distinguished by very light hair, a long nose, and a white, pock-marked face. The chance was, at all events, worth a trial ; and I very diligently set to work to realize it, by walking about from dawn till dark, peering at every head I passed, and spending the evenings in the most frequented parlors of the town. Many a bootless chase I was led by a distant glimpse of light or red hair ; and one fellow

with a sandy poll, and a pair of the longest legs I ever saw, kept me almost at a run for two mortal hours one sultry hot morning, on the road to Chertsey, before I headed him, and confronted a pair of fat cheeks, as round and red as an apple, between which lay, scarcely visible, a short snub-nose. Patience and perseverance at length, however, met with their reward. I recognized my man as he was cheapening a joint of meat in the market-place. He answered precisely to the description given me, and wore, moreover, a fashionable hat, strongly suggestive of Bond street. After awhile he parted from his wife, and made towards a public-house, into the parlor of which I entered close after him. I had now leisure to observe him more closely. He appeared to be a respectable sort of man, but a care-worn expression flitted at times over his face, which to me, an adept in such signs, indicated with sufficient plainness much anxiety of mind, arising, probably, from pecuniary embarrassment, not, I judged, from a burdened conscience. I presently obtained further and decisive proof, though that was scarcely needed, that Mr. Skinner, as the waiter called him, was my Mr. Brown: in rising to leave the room, I took his hat, which he had hung up, in apparent mistake for my own, and in the half-minute that elapsed before I replaced it, saw, plainly enough, "Lewis, Bond street, London," on the inside label. The only question now was, how to best avail myself of the lucky turning up of Mr. Brown; and whilst I was meditating several modes of action, the sight of a board, upon which was painted, "This ground to be let in Building Leases; Apply to Mr. Skinner, Builder," at once decided me. I called upon Mr. Skinner, who lived about half a mile out of Guilford, the next morning, inquired as to the conditions of the said leases, walked with him over the ground in question, calculated together how much a handsome country-house would cost, and finally adjourned to the Rose and Crown to discuss the matter further over a bottle of wine. Skinner was as free a soul, I found, as ever liquor betrayed into indiscretion; and I soon heard that he had lately been to London, and had a rich brother-in-law there of the name of Hutton, with other less interesting particulars. This charming confidence, he seemed to think, required a return in kind, and after he had essayed half-a-dozen indirect questions, I came frankly out with: "There's no occasion to beat about the bush, Mr. Skinner: you wish to know who I am, and especially if I am able to pay for the fine house we

have been talking of. Well, then, I am a money-dealer. I lend cash, sometimes, on security."

"A pawnbroker?" queried Mr. Skinner doubtfully.

"Not exactly that: I oftener take persons in pledge, than goods. What I mean by money-dealer, is a man who discounts the signatures of fast men with good expectations, who don't mind paying handsomely in the end for present accommodation."

"I understand; a bill discounter?"

"Precisely. But come, drink, and pass the decanter."

A gleam that shot out of the man's gray eyes strengthened a hope I had hardly dared entertain, that I was on the eve of a great success; but the trout, it was clear, required to be cautiously played. Mr. Skinner presently fell into a brown study which I did not interrupt, contenting myself with refilling his glass as fast as he mechanically emptied it. "A bill discounter," said he at last, putting down his pipe, and turning towards me with a settled purpose in his look. "Is amount and length of time to run of any consequence?"

"None whatever, if the parties are safe."

"Cash down on the nail?"

"Cash down on the nail, *minus* of course the interest."

"Of course. Well, then, Mr. Thompson, I have a promissory-note signed by a Mr. Edmund Webster of London, for five hundred and fifty pounds, at six months' date, which I should like to discount."

"Webster of the Minorities?"

"No; his father is a retired corn-merchant residing in the Regent's Park. The bill's as safe as a Bank-of-England note."

"I know the party. But why doesn't the rich brother-in-law you spoke of cash it for you?"

"Well," replied Skinner, "no doubt he would; but the fact is, there is a dispute between us about this very note. I owe him a goodish bit of money; and if he got it into his hands, he'd of course be for deducting the amount; and I've been obliged to put him off by pretending it was accidentally burned soon after I obtained it."

"A queer story, my friend; but if the signature's genuine, I don't mind that, and you shall have the cash at once."

"Here it is, then," said Skinner, unclasping a stout leather pocket-book. "I don't mind throwing back the odd fifty pounds."

I eagerly grasped the precious document, glanced at it, saw it was all right, placed it

in my pocket, and then suddenly changing my tone, and rising from the table, said—“Now then, Skinner, *alias* Brown, I have to inform you that I am a detective police-officer, and that you are my prisoner.”

“Police! prisoner!” shouted the astounded man, as he leaped to his feet: “what are you talking of?”

“I will tell you. Your brother-in-law employed you to discount the note now in my possession. You did so, pretending to be a Mr. Brown, the agent of a Mr. Curtis; but the villanous sequel of the transaction—the charging young Mr. Webster with having stolen the very fifty-pound notes you gave him in the coffee-room of the Bay Tree Tavern—I do not believe, thanks to Master Hutton’s success in suppressing the names in the police reports, you can be aware of.”

The bewildered man shook as with ague in every limb, and, when I ceased speaking, protested earnestly that he had had no evil design in complying with his brother-in-law’s wishes.

“I am willing to think so,” I replied; “but, at all events, you must go with me to London—quietly were best.”

To this he at last, though very reluctantly, consented; and half an hour afterwards we were in the train, and on our road to London.

The next morning, Mr. Webster’s solicitors applied to Mr. Hutton for the immediate liquidation of the bonds held by their client. This, as we had calculated, rendered him furious; and Edmund Webster was again arrested on the former charge, and taken to the Marlborough street police-office, where his father, Captain Bramston, and other friends, impatiently awaited his appearance. Mr. Hutton this time appeared as prosecutor,

and deposed to the safe custody of the notes on the morning of the robbery.

“And you swear,” said Mr. Webster’s solicitor, “that you did not with your own hands give the pretendedly stolen notes to Brown, and request him to take them in Mr. Curtis’s name to young Mr. Webster?”

Hutton, greatly startled, glanced keenly in the questioner’s face, and did not immediately answer. —“No, I did not,” he at last replied, in a low, shaking voice.

“Let me refresh your memory. Did you not say to Brown, or rather Skinner, your brother-in-law?”

A slight scream escaped the quivering lips of the detected conspirator, and a blaze of frenzied anguish and alarm swept over his countenance, leaving it as white as marble. No further answer could be obtained from him; and as soon as possible he left the office, followed by the groans and hisses of the excited auditory. Skinner was then brought forward: he made a full and ample confession, and Edmund Webster was at once discharged, amid the warm felicitations of the magistrate and the uproarious gratulations of his friends. It was intended to indict Mr. Hutton for perjury; but the unhappy man chose to appear before a higher tribunal than that of the Old Bailey. He was found dead in his bedroom early the next morning. His affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency, though the deficit was not large—15*s.* in the pound having been, I understood, ultimately paid to the creditors. Miss Ellen Bramston, I must not in conclusion omit to state, became Mrs. Edmund Webster shortly after the triumphant vindication of her lover’s character; and, I believe, Miss Webster was made a wife on the same day.

CORBIÈRES.—Monsieur de Corbières, Minister of the Interior, under the Restoration of the Bourbons, having risen from the humbler ranks of life, and frequented only the society of the middle classes, was, though an able man, naturally ignorant of a thousand minor points of etiquette which emigrated, with the royal family, from Versailles to Hartwell, and returned with them from Hartwell to the Tuileries. The Breton lawyer was, consequently, perpetually committing himself by lapses of politeness, which afforded much laughter to the King and court. But his ready wit never failed to get him out of the scrape.

One day, while submitting some important plans to Louis XVIII., so pre-occupied was he by the subject under discussion, that, after taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his snuff-box on the table among the papers; and, immediately afterwards, laid his pocket-handkerchief by its side.

“You seem to be emptying your pockets, Monsieur de Corbières,” remonstrated the King, with offended dignity.

“A fault on the right side on the part of a minister, Sire!” was the ready retort. “I should be far more sorry if your Majesty had accused me of *filling* them!”

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

## THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.\*

THE pen of the learned Gibbon was employed upon the antiquities of the noble House of Brunswick, of which the royal family of England are a younger branch. During the middle ages, the Guelphs fought a good fight against the Ghibelline party, which was, however, the successful one, and for a long time the Guelphs had to feel the oppression of their foes. But their star was once more in the ascendant during the reign of Ernest Augustus, the first Elector of Hanover, whose marriage with Sophia Stuart, the daughter of Frederick, the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and of Elizabeth Stuart, opened to the small House of Hanover the succession to the English throne.

Sophia Stuart's youth was passed in the stormy times of the Thirty Years' War. She was born in Holland in 1630, the year when Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany, and was educated in England. She was one of the few among princes who turned the misfortunes and miseries of her youth to good account. Her greatest friend in after-life was Liebnitz, who never called her by any other name than "our great Electress." Her shining qualities completely cast her husband into the shade. The Great Electress, however, never lived to enjoy the honor she so much coveted, of having engraved on her tombstone, "Sophia, Queen of England." She died on the 8th June, 1714, but two short months before the death of Queen Anne opened the succession to her. She was struck by apoplexy in her garden at Herrenhausen, in her eighty-sixth year. It was an unusually fine evening, and she had, as was her custom, been walking with her son George, the Elector, in full health; a shower came on, and after running in, she sank on the ground, and in a few minutes was dead.

We will not follow Dr. Vehse in his account of the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the two rival factions into which England was split at the time when George I. ascended the throne,

more especially as his authorities are all accessible to the English reader. Dr. Vehse has laid *Walpole's Memoirs and Letters*, *Wrazall's Memoirs*, the *Lexington Correspondence*, and various other subsequent English works, good, bad, and indifferent, under heavy contribution, and has produced an amusing, gossiping book out of these materials. His estimate of the German House of Hanover is high, but his picture of the English is flattering enough to our national vanity; much of the interest of the book is derived from seeing ourselves so favorably portrayed through German spectacles.

The precautions taken by the Earl of Shewsbury and his party in the Government, prevented the slightest disturbances when Queen Anne died, on the 12th August, 1714, and the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord Clarendon, the English Minister at the Court of Hanover, was the first to convey this piece of news to George I.

It was an important, but by no means a pleasant announcement, says Dr. Vehse, the intelligence that the people of England expected him as their king. We possess testimony to this effect in a confidential letter written by Marshal Schulenburg to Baron Steinhens, the envoy of the Palatinate in London, in which, under the date of the 10th August, 1714, only two days before the death of Queen Anne, he says,—“It is quite evident that George is profoundly indifferent as to the upshot of this question of succession; nay, I would even bet that when it really comes to the point he will be in despair at having to give up his place of residence, where he amuses himself with trifles, in order to assume a post of honor and dignity. He is endowed with all the qualities requisite to make a finished nobleman, but he lacks all those that make a king.” George's instinct taught him that he would play a sorry part in England. He, a petty German prince, among a nation of princes, the great lords and the rich gentry. He came from a country where the prince was almost absolute, and would go into a land where the people treated him almost on the footing of equality; where the whole of the best society, which had the *entré* at court, consisted of people who united the courtier with the republican, the noble with the roturier. He was not so far wrong in

\* *Geschichte de Höfe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England.* By Dr. Edward Vehse. 4 vols. Hamburg, 1853.

looking forward to his entry into such a country with some anxiety. People of quality were not to his taste, ceremony was not to his liking.

However, spite of his unwillingness, go he must. He put off his departure for a whole month. On the 11th of September he left Herrenhausen, accompanied by his son, and Caroline of Anspach, his daughter-in-law. Their children followed in October.

George I. (says Dr. Vehse) appeared to the English to be a type of the Stuarts, after the German fashion. He was obstinate and tyrannical, but he had no spark of that romantic spirit which cost Mary Stuart and Charles I. their heads, and James II. his throne. George I. was passionate, but after his own peculiar manner; he was even cruel and hateful: but he was all this, as it seemed to the English, after a middle-class vulgar fashion, without any trace of that elegance or grace which the nobility and gentry of England possessed, and expected to find in those who were called to reign over them. But George was a Protestant, and old England was determined to remain Protestant, at any price. It therefore put up with him. Not less than fifty-four members of reigning houses in Europe, who all had a better title to it than George I., were excluded from the English throne. . . . Sophia Stuart, George's mother, the daughter of the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia, the only sister of the beheaded Charles, came, according to actual law, after all these, but she was the only one who happened to be a Protestant.

George was deficient in intellectual qualities, in tact and dignity, in short, in all the attributes which should adorn a king, or even a subject; but he had the one qualification needed, he was opposed to Catholicism, and an enemy to France and Louis XIV. So he was selected before scores of others, who had a better right to the throne than he.

George appeared in England with a seraglio of hideous old women, some of whom came with him, and others joined him afterwards. There was the Countess Kielmansegge, nick-named the "Elephant," and the "May-pole," Schulenburg, who had her two nieces, as they were called, with her. The King of England shut himself up with them every evening. The London mob surrounded the coaches of these German women, and hissed them, partly for their total want of beauty, partly because it was soon discovered that they sold their influence with the King for money. A host of broadsides and caricatures issued from the press.

The first Elector, Ernest Augustus, had introduced into Hanover the French custom of royal mistresses. He, his son George I., and his grandson, took their favorites from one and the same family. For nearly one hundred years, the family of Platen supplied this article of royal luxury. First, there was the "wicked Countess Platen," to whom we shall presently have occasion to return; her

daughter, the Countess Kielmansegge, who subsequently was created Countess of Darlington; her step-daughter, the younger Countess Platen; Frau von der Bussche, a sister of the wicked Countess Platen; and a fifth lady, Countess Walmoden, afterwards created Countess of Yarmouth, who was grand-niece of the same "wicked Platen."

In 1682, George I., then Crown Prince of Hanover, had married his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of George, Duke of Zell, of whose memoirs an English version appeared in 1845. This publication was chiefly founded upon a biography of Sophia Dorothea, entitled *A short Account of my Fate and Prison*, by the Princess Dora of Aquilon, published in Hamburg, in 1840; and the original of this again was written in French, and called *Précis de mon Destin et de ma Prison*. The memoirs, published in London, contain this autobiography, and an account, written by the Princess's intimate friend and faithful servant, Fraulein von Knesebeck, to the Crown Princess of Prussia, the daughter of Sophia Dorothea. The second volume contains the "Diary of Conversations." The biography commences with the first appearance of Count Königsmark in Hanover, in the year 1685, and ends with the last days of Sophia Dorothea's imprisonment in the fortress of Ahlden, in 1726. From this place she took the name of Princess of Ahlden. This work treats the Princess as a martyr, but these illusions, says Dr. Vehse, have been dispelled by some letters between the Princess and her lover, Königsmark, published by Professor Palmblad, in Upsala, in 1847, which leave scarcely any doubt as to the intimate connection subsisting between them. The Princess of Ahlden obviously meant to add the sanction of marriage to her connection with Königsmark, if she could have escaped from her husband; but the catastrophe took place shortly before the preparations for flight were finally arranged.

Sophia Dorothea, the Crown Princess of Hanover, born in the year 1666, the daughter of George William, Duke of Zell, and his French wife, Eleonora d'Olbreuse, was married at sixteen, in 1682, to her cousin George of Hanover. The French blood that flowed in her veins, and the education she received at the gay court of Zell, had their effect. "Her mother," says her cousin, the Duchess of Orleans, "brought her up to coquetry and gallantry." She was clever, excitable, and full of imagination. She was of the middle size, and of exquisite form, with fair



brown hair, her face oval, and her complexion good. This lively young girl was ill suited to her silent, dull husband; and their married life was not happy. George was often absent in the wars, and his return did not improve matters. She loved pleasure, he nothing but hunting and his favorites—Frau von der Bussche, Melusina Schulenburg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, and Countess Kielmansegge. Sophia Dorothea soon bestowed her affections upon Count Philip of Königsmark, the handsome brother of Aurora, the famous mistress of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland, and the mother of Marshal Saxe.

Philip, Count Königsmark, was descended from an old Brandenburg family. Some of the race had settled in Sweden. Philip's grandfather, Hans Christopher, had made himself a name during the Thirty Years' War, as a partisan-leader under Gustavus Adolphus and Wrangel. After the peace of Westphalia, he became Governor of Bremen and Verden, which were garrisoned by Swedish troops. He left his children an immense fortune, won by his right hand. At the taking of Prague he acquired great booty. This Count Hans Christopher, like all his race, was herculean in form, and of a wild, savage temper: when inflamed with passion, his face assumed the most hideous aspect, his hair stood on end like the bristles of a wild boar, and he inspired terror among his enemies.

His grandson, Philip of Königsmark, was born in 1662, and inherited his mother's beauty. She was a daughter of the Swedish house of Wrangel, famous for their beauty. Philip was brought up at the Court of Zell, and passed much of his youth with Sophia Dorothea, for whom he entertained a youthful passion. *Depuis que je vous ai vue*, he writes to her during one of his campaigns on the Rhine, *mon cœur s'est senti touché sans oser le dire, et quoique l'enfance, où j'étais, m'empêchait de vous déclarer ma passion, je ne vous ai pas moins aimé*. From Zell young Königsmark was sent to finish his education in England, at the corrupt court of Charles II. In this country, he was involved with his elder brother Charles John, in a scandalous matter—the murder of Thomas Thynne, "Tom of ten thousand," as he was called, who had married the heiress of the Percy family, whom Königsmark wanted for himself. This murder was committed on the 12th February, 1682, in the public streets, in Pall-Mall, nearly opposite the opera-house colonnade. Thynne was shot by three hired mur-

derers, George Borosky, Christopher Vraats, and John Storn, who were subsequently all executed for the murder: the principal, Charles John Count Königsmark, fled, but was taken at Gravesend; Vraats was offered a free pardon if he would peach against the Königsmarks; but Vraats held his peace, and was executed. Charles John Count Königsmark was killed fighting against the Turks in the Morea, in 1686; and the subsequent catastrophe of Philip, Count Königsmark, was looked upon as a just punishment for the share he had in this transaction, and in the sacrifice of Vraats's life.

Philip of Königsmark next took service, in 1685, under the Elector Ernest Augustus of Hanover, and renewed his old acquaintance with the lively Crown Princess, who lived, as we have said, unhappily with her cold and uncongenial husband.

It appears from the correspondence quoted by Dr. Vehse that the lovers met in secret: the Princess even went to Königsmark's lodgings, which, according to tradition, were in the present "Hotel de Strelitz," on the "Neumarkt." In one of his letters, Königsmark writes: *Demain à dix heures je serai au rendezvous*. In another: *Mon ange, c'est pour toi seule, que je vis et que je respire*. At an evening party Count Königsmark lost out of his hat a *billet doux*, written to him by the Princess; great was his consternation: he did not fear for himself—but to lose her for ever! The Princess consoles him by telling him that if he thought that the fear of exposure or of losing her reputation (these words were written in cipher) prevented her from seeing him, he did her great injustice. She steadfastly hoped some day to marry him, and to withdraw into some remote corner of the world, while Königsmark dreamt of winning her and a position, by some chivalrous enterprise. He was jealous when she spoke to any one else—particularly to an Austrian, Count Von Piemont. All this did not escape the lynx eyes of others. The "wicked Countess of Platen" (whose advances Count Königsmark had repelled) saw in this the means of wreaking her vengeance on one who had spurned her love, and on a hated rival. The "wicked Countess Platen" simulated the warmest interest in the confiding Princess, and pretended to favor the intrigue, while she drew the net tighter round her two victims. Königsmark's indiscretion, in boasting at a dinner-table of his connection with the Princess, and of his scorn for Countess Platen—the *spretæ injuria forma*—words which were

transmitted forthwith to Countess Platen, brought matters to a crisis: the scorned one vowed to ruin Königsmark and the Princess.

The Crown Prince was about to proceed to Berlin, and this seemed a good opportunity for the two lovers to carry their long-cherished plan for flight into execution; it was proposed by Königsmark to escape by way of Hamburg into France; the Princess preferred seeking shelter at the court of Duke Antony Ulrich of Brunswick.

On the 1st of July, 1694, between ten and eleven at night, Königsmark paid his last visit to the Princess in the palace at Hanover. He had disguised himself in "a pair of old gray linen trousers, an old white shirt, (camisol,) and a brown overcoat." This visit was to talk over the arrangements for their flight, Königsmark's servants and carriages being all ready for instant departure to Dresden or elsewhere.

The interview lasted longer than was prudent; the Princess's faithful attendant, Fraulein von Knesbeck, frequently urged them to bring it to a close. At length Königsmark went away, and the rest of the night was passed by the Princess in packing up such valuables as she meant to take with her.

The wicked Countess Platen had received notice from her spies that Königsmark was with the Princess, and had obtained the Elector's authority to have him arrested, under the plea of saving the honor of the princely house.

The Crown Princess lived in that part of the palace at Hanover which now forms the state apartments. A corridor leads out of these apartments by the Rittersaal, a large hall which joined the rooms occupied by the Princess to those inhabited by the Crown Prince. Königsmark went along this corridor, humming a tune, till he came to a small door, leading down some steps into the garden—a door which was usually left open; but this time he found it locked. He then went along another corridor, running along the length of the Rittersaal, and came to an ante-room built over the court chapel, where there was a large chimney built to receive the smoke from the apparatus to heat the chapel. Four halberdiers had been posted in this dark corner. Countess Platen had charged these halberdiers to take Königsmark prisoner, but in the event of his offering any resistance, they were to use their weapons. It appears from the statement afterwards made by one of these halberdiers to a

clergyman of the name of Cramer, that Königsmark was not without suspicions of unfair play, as he had unsheathed his sword, and, when attacked, defended himself bravely, wounding several of his opponents, until, his sword breaking, he was overpowered. He was borne, mortally wounded, into a room close by, where his old enemy Countess Platen was; on seeing her, he collected his last remaining strength to pour his execrations upon her, to which she replied by stamping with her feet upon his bleeding face. Königsmark was then taken into a small cellar, which could be filled with water by means of a pipe; there he was drowned. The following morning his body was burned in an oven, and this was walled up.

For a long time no one knew what had become of Königsmark; the most extraordinary rumors were current about him; all the inquiries set on foot by the Court of Dresden, at the instigation of Aurora, Königsmark's sister, the reigning favorite of the new Elector of Saxony, were fruitless. Aurora was told by the Elector of Hanover that he was not her brother's keeper.

The Princess, on hearing the news of this horrible catastrophe, gave way to the most violent expressions of grief; "whereby," says Fräulein Knesbeck, "she exposed herself to the suspicion that the murdered Count was something more than a common friend." She declared loudly that she would no longer live among barbarians and murderers. She was even said to have attempted self-destruction. The breach between her husband and her father-in-law and herself was made wider; the scandal was notorious, and could no longer be concealed. Proceedings were therefore instituted against the Princess; the reasons given for the separation were her attempts at flight, and the Princess was condemned to imprisonment for life. The circumstance that the Princess swore in the most solemn manner that she had kept her marriage vow, and that her lady-in-waiting confirmed this statement, rendered the matter of the Princess's guilt highly problematical, till the publication of the letters by Palmblad and others. In her own autobiography, the Princess is no longer the ardent, incautious lover of former years. The separation took effect at Hanover on the 28th October, 1694, and the Princess, who was then eight-and-twenty, was carried to Ahlden, a small place about four German miles from Zell, the residence of her father and mother.

The Princess's friend and companion, Fraulein von Knesbeck, was imprisoned in the fortress of Schwarzfels, in the Harz ; but escaped, after three years' durance. She was aided in her escape by a faithful old servant, disguised as a tiler. This man let himself down from the roof in front of her window, entered her room, and, placing her in a sort of rope cradle, let her down into the moat, and himself after her. Horses had been prepared, with which they escaped, first to Wolfenbüttel, and then to Berlin, where Fraulein von Knesbeck entered the service of the Queen of Prussia. The Commander of the fortress of Schwarzfels reported to the Elector of Hanover that the Devil, in the shape of a tiler, had carried off the Fraulein through a hole in the roof. He could not account for her escape in any other way.

Sophia Dorothea passed two-and-thirty years in her prison. The death of her father in 1705, and of her mother in 1723, gave her a very tolerable income. The company she saw consisted of two ladies and a gentleman-in-waiting, and the Commandant of Ahlden, who dined regularly every day with her. She was allowed free intercourse with mechanics and tradesmen, but not with people of the higher class. She employed herself during her imprisonment in the management of her domains—the inspection of her household accounts—needle-work—reading, and in works of charity and the offices of religion.

It was said that when George I. ascended the English throne, it was proposed to her to quit her retreat ; but that she replied, if she were guilty she was unworthy to be a Queen ; and if innocent, the King was unfit to be her husband ; and thus she remained at Ahlden. At first, she was kept a close prisoner ; but afterwards she was allowed to drive out some miles from the town, but always with an escort. She corresponded with her son and daughter, and frequently saw her mother.

The Princess once made an attempt to escape, which was unsuccessful ; a certain Count von Bar, of an Osnabruck family, re-

ceived 125,000 florins to aid her in her flight. This man kept the money, in spite of an action at law. The treason of one in whom she trusted affected the Princess to such a degree as to bring on a fever, which carried her off at the age of sixty.

George I. survived her one year. There was a sort of prophecy that he would not outlive her a year, and her death made a great impression upon him. He fell into a deep melancholy, and expressed a strong anxiety to see Hanover once more. On his way thither, with the Duchess of Kendal, he fell ill at Bentheim ; he proceeded, however, on his journey, and was struck with apoplexy at Ippenburen, in Westphalia. His eyes became glassy, and his tongue hung from his mouth ; he reached Osnabruck a corpse.

According to vulgar report, Sophia Dorothea, on her death-bed, summoned her husband to appear before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. This letter was not delivered to him in England, but was kept for his arrival in Germany. He opened it in the carriage, and was seized with fainting fits, which ended in a stroke of apoplexy. The appearance of his face caused the report to be spread abroad that the Devil had twisted his neck round.

The wicked Countess Platen, the murderer of Count Königsmark, was blind for several years before her death, which took place in 1706. During her last illness she was haunted by Königsmark's ghost perpetually seated at her bed-side.

We have now disposed of most of the *dramatis personæ* who played a part in the catastrophe of the Princess of Ahlden and Count Königsmark, and can only refer such of our readers who like gossip and amusing scandal, culled from various sources, to Dr. Vehse's work. The learned Doctor promises to go seriatim through all the petty courts of Germany. Let them look well to it, for nothing seems to escape him. He has a keen nose and the patience of the sleuth-hound for the discovery and recording of royal delinquencies.

From the Retrospective Review.

## THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND HER WORKS.\*

WHEN the peculiarities of individual eccentricity are thrust upon the notice of the world by the boldness of authorship, it is at least well for those whose attention is thus publicly arrested when honesty of purpose and a high tone of virtuous sentiment are found to have directed the feelings and intellect of the writer. Nor are we sure that in cases where a spirit of truthfulness is manifestly predominant, a conformity with the received and conventional notions of the day, or even with those of the world at large, is the most propitious vehicle for its conveyance to the reader's conscience or judgment. It is not among the uneccentric and conformable that we may hope to meet with the most earnest and genuine expression of character and feeling. We have been led into these observations by a consideration of the character of the remarkable woman whose autobiography forms the subject of the present notice. Vain, pedantic, utterly wanting in taste and judgment, and so bitten with the *Cacoethes scribendi* as to have brought down upon herself, with some show of justice, the unmitigated contempt and ridicule of Walpole, she has nevertheless in some of her numerous productions exhibited an exalted tone of moral feeling which challenges our admiration and respect, while its utterance has, in our judgment, derived additional piquancy and life from those very foibles whose fuller development exposed her to ridicule. More especially, we think, does this prove to be the case when, as in the work here noticed, she undertakes to describe the details of her own character and the realities of her own history. In an honestly written autobiography, the facts of which it must be constructed serve as checks upon those often involuntary falsifiers of the character, pride, ambition, and vanity, while these very weaknesses in their turn not unfrequently engender a sensitiveness to all appertaining to self, which

supplies the memory with details, and the feelings with warmth to depict them. Sullied virtues must be acknowledged to be virtues still, and he is no wise man who rejects the sterling metal for the tarnish that may happen to obscure its brilliancy. Of such metal do we esteem the authoress of this autobiography to have been made. She was, it is true, as proud, as vain, and as ambitious as any among the daughters of ambitious Eve, nor can we even say that her ambition or her pride were of an exalted order, inasmuch as they appear to have been the servants, rather than the accomplices, of her vanity: nevertheless we are bold to assert that this same unworthy vice of vanity, being itself in her the bondmaid of truth, was forced into most beneficial service when she put her hand to paper to write "The true Relation of the birth, breeding, and life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle." Hear in what explicit terms of submission the Vice makes her surrender to the victorious Virtue. "I fear ambition," says the Duchess, "inclines to vain-glory; for I am very ambitious; yet it is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages."

But as, spite of the numerous productions by which she aimed at securing to herself this "remembrance in after ages," it is probable that many of our readers may not have met with any of her works, except perhaps a few lines, descriptive of Melancholy, quoted with commendation in the "Connoisseur," No. 69, or possibly not have met with any notice of her biography beyond the few incidental remarks on her eccentricities which occur in contemporaneous history, we will at once, and briefly, introduce them to her ladyship's acquaintance. Margaret Cavendish, second wife to William, the first Duke of Newcastle, was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester. The date of her birth is never specified, but Anthony à Wood (art. Charlton) makes her fifty when she died; hence she was born in 1623. To use her own words, "her father

\**A true Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by herself, extracted from her folio volume entitled 'Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life.'* Fol. London: 1656.

was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes, and 'tis the act of time, not favor;" a remark, as Sir Egerton Brydges observes, which had already been used by Lord Bacon, with regard to old nobility; "and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith; yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was prest for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king (King James), there was no employments for heroic spirits." Towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign her father had been compelled to flee the country, and the severity of the Queen, for having killed, in a duel, one Mr. Brooks, a brother of Lord Cobham, "a great man with Queen Elizabeth;" but, on the accession of King James, he obtained his pardon and leave to return home, where "he lived happily and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons and five daughters," our authoress being an infant when he died.

This state of seclusion and restriction naturally engendered a reserve which, when a separation took place upon her becoming one of the maids of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1643, showed itself in so distressing a degree of *mauvaise honte*, that "she durst neither look up with her eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, inasmuch as she was thought a natural fool." The *naïveté* of her account of her going into the world, and her subsequent attachment and marriage to the Marquis of Newcastle, is truly exquisite. It is most curious to contrast the excessive reserve therein described, doubtless the result of her secluded education, with the bold eccentricity of demeanor exhibited in the later years of her life and subsequent to the date of this autobiography. It is hence most important to observe the dates at which these different manifestations of the character of this strange woman are presented to our notice, and thus we may find a clue to its apparent inconsistencies. We are inclined to believe that excessive reserve is almost always based upon a deep-seated and often an unconscious pride, and when we read the following brief snatches of description occurring incidentally in Pepys' graphic "Diary," we think that an explanation must be looked for in the fact that the Duchess's vanity may have increased and her

reserve decreased with the advance of life, and especially with the prosperity of her later years.

The following are the extracts from Pepys to which we allude:

"11th April, 1667.—To White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchesse of Newcastle coming this night to Court to make a visit to the Queene, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to Town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play 'The Humorous Lovers' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, and yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it, and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queene of Sheba; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night.

"26th of April, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman; but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

"1st May, 1667.—Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburn way into the Park, where a horrid dust and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach adorned in silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap.

"10th May, 1667.—Drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her, but I could not, and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her."

This affectation is confirmed by Granger, who describes a portrait of her at Welbeck, one of the Duke's mansions, attired in a theatrical habit, which she usually wore. And Evelyn also states that when he went to make court to the Duke and Duchess at their house in Clerkenwell, "he was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess." And on a subsequent occasion, he says, "went againe with my wife to the Dutchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humor and dresse which was very singular."

There is an excess of bizarrerie exhibited in this description which we feel inclined to think attached to the later and more prosperous years of her life; but while contrasting it with the reserve of her early days, it is remarkable to notice that she herself, with apparent unconsciousness of their incongruity, relates these two peculiarities in her character in almost the same breath, as follows:

"For my part I had rather sit at home and write or walk in my chamber and contemplate. But I hold it necessary sometimes to appear abroad; besides I do find that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon. Yet I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves, like silk-worms that spinn out of their own bowels. Neither can I say I think the time tedious when I am alone, so I be near my Lord and know he is well. I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits; but whatsoever I was addicted to either in fashions of cloths, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honorable, and modest; of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth."

If there be vanity in the following frank delineation of personal character, we must acknowledge that we are supplied with a picture of manifest truthfulness which we might hope for in vain from the hand of a would-be modest person.

"As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevish melancholy: and I am apt to weep rather than laugh; not that I do often either of them. Also, I am tender natured; for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also, where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from Divine and Moral laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a curtesy but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought; likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather chose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate; likewise I am neither spiteful, envions, nor malicious; I repine not at the gifts that nature or fortune

bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto; for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and [myself] the greatest Saint in heaven."

Her marriage with the Marquis of Newcastle, at that time a widower, took place in 1645 at Paris, whither she had accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria. This was during the Marquis's exile, he having abruptly left the country after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, in which he had shown his usual gallantry in the cause of the King, but the event of which was the almost total destruction of his infantry. During the long period of his exile, in which he often labored under great pecuniary distress, no less than after his return with his royal master and restoration to wealth and honor in his native country, his Duchess presented an example of conjugal devotedness and affection to which, unless perhaps we mention Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, we should scarcely be able to adduce a comparison.

The following passage upon her marriage is, as Sir Egerton Brydges justly remarks, in spite of the awkward construction of some of its parts, both in sentiment and the spirit of the language, highly admirable, eloquent, and affecting.

"My Lord Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but glorified therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience; neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honorable, being placed upon merit, with affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he profest for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise; which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns, for though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are

united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like; and though my lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his king and country, yet neither dispirited Poverty, nor pinching Necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his king or country."

The losses which the Marquis sustained by the civil war were computed by the Marchioness at the enormous sum, especially for those times, of £941,303.

Nor was it in her wedded life alone that the Marchioness suffered through the unhappy wars of the period. Her mother and brothers, by reason of their unflinching adherence to the royal cause, were plundered of their "goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like," and her two younger brothers, Sir Thomas and Sir Charles Lucas, killed. The latter was shot in cold blood, together with Sir George Lisle, from a spirit of vengeance for the persevering bravery with which they maintained the defense of Colchester, the last city which held out in the Royalist cause. In connection with these sufferings the Marchioness uses a tone of reverence and affection in describing her mother's person and fortitude under affliction which engages our deepest respect and admiration, not only for the person described, but for her who could dictate the description.

"But not only the family I am linkt to is ruined but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars; which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having lived a widow many years, for she never forgot my father so as to marry again; indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints: she made her house her cloyster, inclosing herself as it were therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church; but these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the king; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like; cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help; she was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of an awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest; I mean the rudest of civilized people, I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven, had they had power, as they did Royalty out of his throne: also her

beauty was beyond the ruin of Time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years; and by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her: also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tuneable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have; neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely; I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome: but this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's, time making sudden ruin in their faces than in hers; likewise my mother was a good mistress to her servants, taking care of her servants in their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact from them more in their health than what they with ease, or rather like pastime, could do: she would freely pardon a fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her, neither would she be angry with others, but when she had cause, as with negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtly or thievishly steal; and though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observe she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof; she was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court-keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs; also I observe that my mother, nor brothers, before these wars, had ever any law-suits, but what an attorney dispatched in a Term with small cost: but if they had, it was more than I knew of: but, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died."

So straitened were the circumstances of the noble pair during their stay at Antwerp, —in which city, after a short residence of six months in Rotterdam, the Marquis settled himself and family, "choosing it for the most pleasantest and quietest place to retire himself and ruined fortunes in," —that at last necessity enforced the Marchioness to

visit England, in the hope of rescuing something from the sale of her lord's estate, but on applying at Goldsmiths' Hall, received an absolute refusal, "by reason I was married since my lord was made a delinquent I could have nothing nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the state, which was to be the most loyal subject to his king and country; but I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so that without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first so was it the last I ever was at as a petitioner."

Her ladyship remained a year and a half in England, during which she wrote her poems and her "Philosophical Fancies," to which she made large additions after she returned abroad. It was after her return also that she wrote her work entitled "Nature's Pictures, drawn by Fancy's Pencil," to which her autobiography was added as an appendix.

We cannot help feeling that a tone of contempt or derogation is not lightly to be used on the score of subsequent extravagances, when speaking of the character of one who, after enjoying exalted rank and the advantages of a splendid fortune, could submit to poverty, exile, and even political disgrace as regarded her beloved lord, with the expression of such sentiments as the following:

"Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended; and are so prepared, that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds; so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty, for if tranquility lives in an honest mind the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer."

Sir Egerton Brydges appropriately remarks, that under the blighting gloom of such oppression, to create wealth and a kingdom "within the mind" shows an intellectual (and, we may add, a moral) energy which ought not to be defrauded of its praise. At the same time we are inclined to believe that with her, as with us all, adversity held a check upon the weaker points of her character, to which her subsequent height of prosperity unpropitiously allowed the most unlimited scope.

Upon the reinstatement of her husband in his fortunes after the Restoration, she devoted the greater portion of her time to the composition of plays, poems, letters, philosophical discourses, orations, &c., and became one of the most voluminous writers of her sex upon record.

That she had a power of intellect beyond that of women in general, rendered prominent, it is likely, mainly from the very exercise she gave it from her thirst for fame, we think is abundantly manifest; but her works exhibit an indiscriminate recklessness and a want of mental discipline, tact, and taste, in condensing and applying her thoughts and her materials to the purpose of her pen, greatly calculated to offend the exacter judgment of later times. We have already suggested reasons why this defect should be less apparent in her autobiography. That she was not deficient in poetical fancy will be seen from the following extract, taken from "The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairyland, the Centre of the Earth:"—

"Queen Mab and all her company  
Dance on a pleasant mole-hill high,  
To small straw-pipes, wherein great pleasure  
They take, and keep just time and measure;  
All hand in hand, around, around,  
They dance upon this fairy ground;  
And when she leaves her dancing-ball,  
She doth for her attendants call,  
To wait upon her to a bower,  
Where she doth sit under a flower,  
To shade her from the moonshine bright,  
Where gnats do ring for her delight;  
The whilst the bat doth fly about  
To keep in order all the rout.  
A dewy waving leaf's made fit  
For the Queen's bath where she doth sit,  
And her white limbs in beauty show,  
Like a new fallen flake of snow;  
Her maids do put her garments on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun,  
Which do so many colors take,  
As various objects shadows make.

"Then to her dinner she goes strait,  
Where fairies all in order wait:  
A cover of a cob-web made,  
Is there upon a mush-room laid;  
Her stool is of a thistle down,  
And for her cup an acorn's crown,  
Which of strong nectar full is fill'd,  
That from sweet flowers is distill'd.  
When dined, she goes to take the air,  
In coach, which is a nut-shell fair;  
The lining's soft and rich within,  
Made of a glistening adder's skin;  
And there six crickets draw her fast,  
When she a journey takes in haste;  
But if she will a hunting go,  
Then she the lizard makes the doe,  
Which is so swift and fleet in chase,  
As her slow coach cannot keep pace;  
Then on a grasshopper she'll ride,  
And gallop in the forest wide:  
Her bow is of a willow branch,  
To shoot the lizard on the haunch;  
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade,  
Of a rose-mary leaf is made;



And when the morn doth hide her head,  
 Their day is gone—she goes to bed.  
 Meteors do serve when they are bright,  
 As torches do, to give her light.  
 Glow-worms, for candles, lighted up,  
 Stand on her table, while she doth sup :—  
 But women, that inconstant kind,  
 Can ne'er fix in one place their mind;  
 For she impatient of long stay,  
 Drives to the upper earth away."

Walpole, who seldom speaks of her with patience, adduces as a proof of her unbounded passion for scribbling, that she seldom revised the copies of her works, lest it should disturb her following conceptions; but whether this charge is fairly tenable may be judged from the fact that copies of some of her most lengthy publications in the British Museum contain manuscript evidence of her revision of them, in her own hand. That her first inditing of them, however, was hasty and ill-digested, is shown by the following statement of Dr. Lort, if only it be correct. "So fond," he says, "was her Grace of these *conceptions*, and so careful lest they should be still-born, that I have heard or read somewhere that her servant John was ordered to lie in a truckle bed in a closet within her Grace's bed-chamber, and whenever at any time she gave the summons by calling out 'John! I conceive!' poor John was to get up and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress's reveries."

A more credible story is related of the Duchess's female attendants being similarly required to arise in the night when the Duchess rung her bell for the purpose here described. Dr. Lort does not seem very accurate in his statements respecting her, as in describing a beautiful print prefixed to one of her works, he says that the Duke and Duchess are sitting at a table with *their children*, which could not be, as they had none, the Duke having had but one child, and that by his former wife. She herself supplies us with a description of her habits of thinking and writing in a tone full of candor and simplicity :—

"I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit; not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my lord; yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak; yet when I am writing, and sad fained stories, or serious humors, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy, are apt to contract and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were

overpower or smother the conception in the brain; but when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen, on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout, than a well armed body; for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing, or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen; where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, inasmuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character; and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary hand-writing is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but, however, that little wit I have it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about, for I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent, in which I take such pleasure, as I neglect my health; for it is as great a grief to leave their society, as a joy to be in their company; my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the rod of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on; for I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from place to place, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is; likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein: as for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof; and for revelling I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society: as for feasting, it would never agree with my humor or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water, for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers."

The philosophical speculations of the Duchess certainly constituted the most vulnerable part of her literary character. Anthony à Wood informs us that James Bristow, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a man of admirable parts, had begun to translate into Latin some of the "Philosophy of Mar-

garet, Duchess of Newcastle," upon the desire of those whom she had appointed to inquire out a fit person for such a matter; but he, finding great difficulties therein, through the confusedness of the subject, gave over, as being a matter not to be well performed by any. Nor is this to be wondered at, for she confesses that she was near forty when she applied to the reading of philosophical authors, in order to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools. Her desire of a reputation for science was very great. Dr. Birch records a resolution of the Royal Society, May 23, 1667, that the Duchess of Newcastle, having intimated her desire to be present at one of the meetings of the Society, be entertained with some experiments at the next meeting, and that Lord Berkeley and Dr. Charlton be desired to give notice of it to her Grace, and to attend her to the meeting on the Thursday following. Of this visit Pepys gives the following humorous account:—

"30th May, 1667.—After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very dusty, the day of the meeting of the [Royal] Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council, where I find much company in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was, after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchess, with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco,\* of whom so much talk is, that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchess hath been a good, comely woman, but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all; nor do I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration—all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colors, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors, among others of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore, of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her, as also a very black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there, among others Lord

George Berkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset."

Perhaps the work in which her best and worst qualities are the most fully portrayed, is the life of her husband the Duke; and while speaking of it, we cannot refrain from smiling at the absurd conceitedness with which she touches both upon his and her own character. No sympathy with the unmitigated devotedness of attachment with which it teems, can avert our amusement at the overweening flattery which sometimes compares him to Julius Cæsar; and *certainly*, right merrily did the worthy couple bandy the ball of flattery from one to the other. Pepys has given us the following droll account of his impressions on reading the work:—

"18th of March, 1668. Thence home and there in favor to my eyes staid at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

But that our readers may judge of the sterling merit that exists in the work in spite of its eccentric absurdities, we quote the opinion of one whose refined taste and graphic criticism will never cease to claim our respectful and affectionate attention. Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia," when speaking of the binding of a book, observes,

"But where a book is at once both good and rare, where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch  
That can its light relumine.

Such a book, for instance, as the life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess: no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."

The romantic character of the Duke, his loyalty and well-tested bravery in the perilous times through which he had passed, his skill as a commander, and his attachment to literature, were well calculated to make him the subject of earnest and glowing laudation from his affectionate Duchess. We think Walpole perfectly just in the following comment on his character. He calls him

"A man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced, and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author he is familiar to those who scarce know any other author—from his book of horsemanship. Though 'amorous in poetry and music,' as my Lord

\* Note by Lord Braybrooke. Was she of the family of Alfonso Ferrabosco, who, in 1609, published a book of Ayers, containing a sonnet addressed to the author by Ben Jonson?

Clarendon says, he was fitter to break Pegasus for a manage, than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace or his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion."

He published a great number of comedies, one of which was the "Humorous Lovers," which Walpole asserts "was received with great applause, and esteemed one of the best plays of that time." Pepys, however, seemed to think differently, but erroneously ascribed it, as already shown in the extract we have given from his Diary, to the pen of the Duchess.

His "Triumphant Widow" was so much admired by the Laureate Thadwell, that he transcribed part of it into his "Busy Fair," one of his most successful plays. His matter was evidently suggestive, as it has supplied materials to other copyists, Langbaine, among others, acknowledging his obligations to his works. He wrote many scenes for the plays which bear the Duchess's name, and divers of his poems are scattered amongst her works.

The literary labors of such an industrious life as that of the Duchess, especially when her sex is considered, deserve enumeration. To the following list are added some observations which, we believe, have never before appeared in print:

The World's Olio. London, 1655. Folio.

This work was for the most part written at Antwerp, before her ladyship's visit to England. At the end of a copy in the British Museum occur some verses, at the foot of which is written in her own hand,—

"This copy of verses belongs to my 'Philosophical Opinions.'"

In another copy is a beautiful full-length portrait by Diepenbeke, of Antwerp, representing the Duchess standing in a niche.

Orations of Divers Sorts, accommodated to divers places. London, 1662. Folio.

Plays. London, 1662. Folio.

Philosophical Fancies. London, 1653. 12mo.

Philosophical and Physical Opinions. London, 1655. Folio.

To this volume was prefixed by the Duke a copy of verses and an epistle to justify the noble authoress. These were followed up by her Grace by an address to the reader, another to the two universities, an epilogue to her "Philosophical Opinions," an epistle

to her honorable readers, another to the reader for her book of philosophy, &c. These show her Grace's solicitude, as Walpole says, to have the book considered as the produce of her own brain, "being the beloved of all her works and preferring it as her masterpiece."

Another edition, bearing the title, "Grounds of Natural Philosophy," with an Appendix, much altered from the first edition. London, 1663. Folio.

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; to which is added the Description of a New World. London, [1666] 1668. Folio.

We have already alluded to the attempted translation of these philosophical discourses into Latin by Mr. Bristow.

Philosophical Letters; or Modest Reflections upon some opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several famous and learned authors of this age, expressed by way of Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

Poems and Phancies. London, 1653. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand. At the end of some prefatory verses is the following:

"Reader, let me intreat you to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language, numbers, nor rimes, nor false printing, for if you doe, you will be my condemning judge, which will grive me much."

Another edition. London, 1664. Folio.

CCXI Sociable Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy. London, 1666. Folio.

The Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle. London, 1667. Folio.

Another edition. London, 1675. 4to.

Translated into Latin. London, 1668. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand.

Plays never before printed. London, 1668. Folio.

Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts. One of them, "The Blazing World," is unfinished. In another, "The Unnatural Tragedy," a whole scene is written against Camden's "Britannia." Walpole suggests that her Grace thought a geographic satire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulce*. Three unpublished MS. plays are reported by Cibber to have been in the possession of Mr. Thomas Richardson and Bishop Willis.

Last in the list of her productions, as con-

taining the work with which we have at present most to do, is that entitled

"Nature's Picture drawn by Fancy's Pencil" to the Life. London, 1656. Folio.

"In this volume (says the title) are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical and tragi-comical, poetical, romancical, philosophical, and historical, both in prose and verse, some all verse, some all prose, some mixt, partly prose and partly verse. Also, there are some morales and some dialogues, but they are as the advantage loaf of bread to the baker's dozen, and a true story at the latter end, wherein there is no feigning."

Upon this work Walpole remarks: "One may guess how like this portrait of nature is by the fantastic bill of the features." In the copy of this work in the Grenville Library is the extremely rare and exquisite print by Diepenbeke of Antwerp, done while the noble pair were resident in that city, representing the Duke and Duchess sitting at a table with some children, (not her own, as described by Dr. Lort, for she had none,) to whom the Duchess is telling stories. A proof of this print sold at Sir M. Syke's sale for £64 1s. This copy, as well as another in the British Museum, contains MS. notes in the Duchess's own hand, pointing out the songs and passages written by the Duke, who was then Marquis of Newcastle. It is to this work that the memoir now under notice is attached, and even Lord Orford acknowledges it to be creditable to her in every point of view.

This memoir was reprinted separately in 1814 by Sir Egerton Brydges, at the private press of Lee Priory, the impression being limited to one hundred copies; Sir Egerton, in his critical preface, remarking that these memoirs appear to him very eminently to possess the double merit of entertaining and instructing.

"Whether," says he, "they confirm or refute the character of the literary and moral qualities of her Grace given by Lord Orford, I must leave the reader to judge. The simplicity by which they are marked will, in minds constituted like that of the noble critic, seem to approximate to folly; others, less inclined to sarcasm, and less infected with an artificial taste, will probably think far otherwise.

"That the Duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment, that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more active than her powers of reasoning, I will admit; but that her productions, mingled as they are with great ab-

surdity, are wanting either in talent or in virtue, or even in genius, I cannot concede. There is an ardent ambition which may, perhaps, itself be considered to prove superiority of intellect."

As regards the vanity which may be considered as the most striking defect of her autobiography, we would remind the reader of the remark of Hume, that "it is difficult for a man [and we presume he did not exclude the other sex from the observation] to speak long of himself without vanity," and the Duchess, wishing to defend herself from the accusation, gives us the following exculpation at the close:

"I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women; and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, 'Why hath this lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortune she had, or how she lived, or what humor or disposition she was of?' I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I writ it for my own sake, not theirs: neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die, and my lord marry again."

It is remarkable that her prognostic was really fulfilled. See "The Lounger's Common Place Book," vol. iii. p. 398.

Her death, which preceded that of the Duke by three years, took place in 1673. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, and upon the sumptuous monument which covers the remains of this well-assorted pair is inscribed the following epitaph, containing that remarkable panegyric on her family noticed by Addison in the *Spectator*:

"Here lyes the Royall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutches, his second wife, by whom he had no issue; her name was Margarett Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant and all the Sisters Virtuouse. This Dutches was a wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many bookes well testifie. She was a most Virtuouse and a Loveing and carefull wife and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PROFESSOR HOLMES is distinguished in *materia medica* as well as in lays and lyrics. He is familiar with the highways and byways of those

Realms unperfumed by the breath of song,  
Where flowers ill-flavored shed† their sweets  
around,  
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,  
Whose gems are crystal from the Epsom mine,  
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,  
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,  
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin\*—

and with rare devotion he pursues the sternly prosaic calls of the healing art—unable as his poetic temperament sometimes may be to repress a sigh for the beautiful, or a sonnet on the sublime, and, in passing disgust at the restraints of professional study, to ask himself,

Why dream I here within these caging walls,  
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls;  
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?†

But, resisting temptation, and cleaving with full purpose of heart to M.D. mysteries, with leech-like tenacity to the leech's functions, he secures a more stable place in medical annals than many a distinguished medico-literary brother, such as Goldsmith, or Smollett, or Akenside. Nor can the temptation have been slight, to one with so kindly a *penchant* towards the graces of good fellowship, and who can analyze with such sympathetic gusto what he calls "the warm, champagne, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling"—and who may arrogate a special mastery of the

Quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine.

Evidently, too, he is perfectly alive to the pleasure and pride of social applause, and accepts the "three times three" of round-table glorification as rightly bestowed. Indeed, in more than one of his *morceaux*, he

plumes himself on a certain irresistible power of waggery, and even thinks it expedient to vow never to give his jocosity the full length of its tether, lest its side-shaking violence implicate him in unjustifiable homicide.

His versification is smooth and finished, without being tame or straitlaced. He takes pains with it, because to the poet's paintings *tis*

Verse bestows the varnish and the frame—

and study, and a naturally musical ear, have taught him that

Our grating English, whose Teutonic ja.  
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,  
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird  
Fast in its place each many-angled word.

In his own "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," he marks how

The proud heroic; with its pulse-like beat,  
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet;  
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,  
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,  
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,  
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore.

His management of the "proud heroic," in serious and sustained efforts, reminds us more of Campbell than any other poet we can name. But it is in that school of graceful *badinage* and piquant satire, represented among ourselves by such writers as Frere, and Spencer, and Mackworth Praed, that Dr. Holmes is most efficient. Too earnest not to be sometimes a grave censor, too thoughtful not to introduce occasionally didactic passages, too humane and genial a spirit to indulge in the satirist's scowl, and sneer, and snappish moroseness, he has the power to be pungent and mordant in sarcasm to an alarming degree, while his will is to temper his irony with so much good-humor, fun, mercurial fancy, and generous feeling, that the more gentle hearts of the more gentle sex pronounce him excellent, and wish only he would leave physic for song.

\* Urania.

† Astræa.

In some of his poems the Doctor is not without considerable pomp and pretension—we use the terms in no slighting tone. "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," parts of "Terpsichore," "Urania," and "Astræa," "Pittsfield Cemetery," "The Ploughman," and various pieces among the lyrical effusions, are marked by a dignity, precision, and sonorous elevation, often highly effective. The diction occasionally becomes almost too ambitious—verging on the efflorescence of a certain English M.D., yclept Erasmus Darwin—so that we now and then pause to make sure that it is not the satirist in his *bravura*, instead of the bard in his solemnity, that we hear. Such passages as the following come without stint:

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,  
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow;  
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,  
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;  
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,  
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain—  
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,  
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,  
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line;  
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine!\*

Fragments of the Lichfield physician's "Botanic Garden," and "Loves of the Plants," seem recalled—revised and corrected, if you will—in lines where the Boston physician so picturesquely discriminates

The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush;  
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;  
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,  
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;  
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume;  
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom—  
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive  
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive;  
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak  
Of morning painted on its southern cheek:  
The pear's long necklace, strung with golden drops,  
Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props;  
&c.†

Many of the more labored efforts of his muse have an imposing eloquence—rather crude and unchastened, however, and to be ranked perhaps with what himself now calls his "questionable extravagances." To the class distinguished by tenderness of feeling, or a quietly pervading pathos, belong—with varying orders of merit—the touching stanzas entitled "Departed Days," the pensive record of "An Evening Thought," "From a Bachelor's Private Journal," "La Grisette," "The Last Reader," and "A Souvenir." How

natural the exclamation in one for the first time conscious of a growing chill in the blood and calmness in the brain, and an ebbing of what *was* the sunny tide of youth:

Oh, when love's first sweet, stolen kiss  
Burned on my boyish brow,  
Was that young forehead worn as this?  
Was that flushed cheek as now?  
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart  
Like these, which vainly strive,  
In thankless strains of soulless art,  
To dream themselves alive?\*

And again this mournful recognition of life's inexorable onward march, and the "diminishing" of what memory most cherishes:

But, like a child in ocean's arms,  
We strive against the stream,  
Each moment farther from the shore,  
Where life's young fountains gleam;  
Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
And wider rolls the sea;  
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
Day breaks—and where are we?†

An interfusion of this pathetic vein with quaint humor is one of Dr. Holmes's most notable "qualities," as in the stanzas called "The Last Leaf," where childhood depicts old age tottering through the streets—contrasting the shrivelled weakness of the decrepit man with the well-vouched tradition of his past comeliness and vigor:

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

\* Urania.

† Pittsfield Cemetery.

\* An Evening Thought. † Departed Days.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,—  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

These admirable verses—set in so aptly framed a metre too—would alone suffice to make a reputation. In a like spirit, dashed with a few drops of the Thackeray essence, are the lines headed "Questions and Answers,"—among the queries and responses being these sarcastic sentimentalisms :

Where, O where are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime ?  
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,  
Nurs'd in the golden dawn's smile ?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,  
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,  
Loving and lovely of yore ?  
Look in the columns of old Advertisers,—  
Married and dead by the score.

In such alliance of the humorous and fanciful lies a main charm in this writer's productions. Fancy he has in abundance, as he proves on all occasions, grave and gay. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in similes that may be thought rather curious than felicitous ; as where he speaks of the "half-built tower," which, thanks to Howe's artillery,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,  
The iron breast-pin which the "Rebels" threw.\*

A steamboat is likened to a wild nymph, now veiling her shadowy form, while through the storm sounds the beating of her restless heart—now answering,

—like a courtly dame  
The reddening surges o'er.  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.†

Gazing into a lady's eyes, he sees a matter of

Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.‡

\* Uraria. † The Steamboat. Stanzas.

The Spirit of Beauty he bids

Come from the bowers where summer's life-blood  
flows  
Through the red lips of June's half-open rose.\*

In his summary of metrical forms :

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,  
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,  
While every image, in her airy whirl,  
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing-girl.†

We are told how

Health flows in the rills,  
As their ribbons of silver unwind from the hills.‡

And again, of a

Stream whose silver-braided rills  
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills.§

In such guise moves the Ariel fancy of the poet. In its more Puck-like, tricky, mirthful mood, it is correspondingly sportive. A comet wanders

Where darkness might be bottled up and sold for  
"Tyrian dye."||

Of itinerant musicians—the

Discords sting through Burns and Moore, like  
hedgehogs dressed in lace.¶

A post-prandial orator of a *prononcé* facetious turn, is warned that

All the Jack Horners of metrical buns  
Are prying and fingering to pick out the puns.\*\*

Astrayed rustic stares through the wedged crowd,

Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,  
All stuck together like a sheet of buns.††

But we are getting Jack-Hornerish, and must forbear ; not for lack of plums, though.

The wit and humor, the *vers de société* and the *jeux-d'esprit* of Dr. Holmes, bespeak the gentleman. Not that he is prim or particular, by any means ; on the contrary, he loves a bit of racy diction, and has no objection to a sally of slang. Thus, in a lecture on the toilet, he is strict about the article of gloves :

Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,  
But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.‡‡

\* Pittsfield Cemetery. † Poetry.  
‡ Song for a Temperance Dinner.  
§ Pittsfield Cemetery. ¶ The Comet.  
|| The Music Grinders.  
\*\* Verses for After Dinner. †† Terpaichore.  
‡‡ Urania.

A superlative Mr. Jolly Green is shown up,  
Whom schoolboys question if his walk transcends  
The last advices of maternal friends;\*

which polite periphrasis is discarded where  
Achilles' death is mourned :

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !  
Oh, had your mother known that you were out,  
Death had not entered at the trifling part  
That still defies the small surgeon's art  
With corns and bunions.†

The last passage is from a protracted play  
upon words, in which poor Hood is emulated  
—though the author owns that

Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun—  
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one—

in unskilful hands turned back on one's self  
by "the current of some stronger wit," so that,

Like the strange missile which the Australian  
throws,  
Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the nose.

A punster, however, Dr. Holmes will be—  
and already we have had a taste of his quality  
in the kid-glove case; so again, the  
"bunions" annexed to the Achilles catastrophe reminds him to explain, that he refers  
not to

The glorious John  
Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—  
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes !‡

A gourmand, sublimely contemptuous of  
feasts of reason, argues that

Milton to Stilton must give in, and Solomon to  
Salmon,  
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon  
gammon.§

And the irresistible influence of collegiate  
convivial associations is thus illustrated :

We're all alike;—Vesuvius flings the scoræ from  
his fountain,  
But down they come in volleying rain back to the  
burning mountain;  
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious  
Alma Mater,  
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear  
old crater.||

As a satirist, to shoot Folly as it flies, Dr.  
Holmes bends a bow of strength. His ar-

\* *Astræa*. † *A Modest Request*. ‡ *Ibid.*  
Nux Postconationæ. † *Ibid.*

rows are polished, neatly pointed, gaily feathered, and whirr through the air with cutting emphasis. And he hath his quiver full of them. But, to his honor be it recorded, he knows how and when to stay his hand, and checks himself if about to use a shaft of undue size and weight, or dipped in gall of bitterness. Then he pauses, and says :

Come, let us breathe ; a something not divine  
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line—

for if he might lash and lacerate with Swift,  
he prefers to tickle and titillate with Addison,  
and therefore adds, in such a case,

If the last target took a round of grape  
To knock its beauty something out of shape,  
The next asks only, if the listener please,  
A schoolboy's blowpipe and a gill of pease.\*

Genial and good-natured, accordingly, he  
appears throughout—using his victims as old  
Izaak did his bait, as though he loved them—  
yet taking care that the hook shall do its  
work. Among the irksome shams of the day,  
he is "smart" upon those cant-mongers who

With uncouth phrases tire their tender lungs,  
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues ;  
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,  
"Alway" the bedlamite is called a "Seer ;"  
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,  
Portentous bore ! their "many-sided man,—  
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,  
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,  
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,  
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."†

Here is another home-thrust :

The pseudo-critic-editorial race  
Owns no allegiance but the law of place ;  
Each to his region sticks through thick and thin,  
Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.  
Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills  
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills;  
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles  
Within his radius of a dozen miles,  
And nations waited till his next Review  
Had made it plain what Providence must do.  
Would you believe him, water is not damp  
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,  
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise  
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.‡

Elsewhere he counsels thus, *festina lente*, his  
impetuous compatriots :

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place  
Just in the focus of a nervous race,  
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,  
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—

\* *Astræa*. † *Terpsichore*. ‡ *Astræa*.



Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men  
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and  
pen!

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;  
And with new notions—let me change the rule—  
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.\*

Once more: there is pithy description in a  
list he furnishes of

Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs  
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,  
Where all the syllables that end in *ed*,  
Like old dragoons, have cuts across the head;  
Essays so dark, Champollion might despair  
To guess what mummy of a thought was there;  
Where our poor English, striped with foreign  
phrase,  
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise. . . .  
Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,  
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel;  
&c., &c.†

There is pleasant and piquant raillery in  
the stanzas to "My Aunt," who, mediæval as  
she is, good soul! still "strains the aching  
clasp that binds her virgin zone:"

I know it hurts her,—though she looks as cheerful  
as she can;  
Her waist is ampler than her life, for life is but a  
span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt! her hair is  
almost gray:  
Why will she train that winter curl in such a  
spring-like way?  
How can she lay her glasses down, and say she  
reads as well,  
When, through a double convex lens, she just  
makes out to spell?

\* Urania.

† Terpsichore.

*Que de jolis vers, et de spirituelles malices!*

And so again in "The Parting Word,"  
which maliciously predicts, stage by stage, in  
gradual but rapid succession, the feelings of  
a shallow-hearted damosel after parting with  
her most devoted—from tearing of jetty  
locks and waking with inflamed eyes, to com-  
placent audience of a new swain, three weeks  
after date. We like Dr. Holmes better in  
this style of graceful banter than when he  
essays the more broadly comic—as in "The  
Spectre Pig," or "The Stethoscope Song."  
The lines "On Lending a Punch-bowl" are  
already widely known and highly esteemed  
by British readers—and of others which de-  
serve to be so, let us add those entitled "Nux  
Postcœnatica," "The Music-grinders," "The  
Dorchester Giant," and "Daily Trials,"—  
which chronicles the acoustic afflictions of a  
sensitive man, beginning at daybreak with  
yelping pug-dog's Memnonian sun-ode, clos-  
ing at night with the lonely caterwaul,

Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall

of feline miscreants, and including during the  
day the accumulated eloquence of women's  
tongues, "like polar needles, ever on the jar,"  
and drum-breating children, and peripatetic  
hurdy-gurdies, and child-crying bell-men—  
an ascending series of torments, a sorites of  
woes!

On the whole, here we have, in the words  
of a French critic, "*un poëte d'élite et qui  
compte: c'est une nature individuelle très-fine  
et très-marquée*"—one to whom we owe  
"*des vers gracieux et aimables, vifs et légers,  
d'une gaieté nuancée de sentiment.*" And  
one that we hope to meet again and again.

SEMONVILLE.—Monsieur de Semonville,  
one of the ablest tacticians of his time, was  
remarkable for the talent with which, amidst  
the crush of revolutions, he always managed  
to maintain his post, and take care of his  
personal interests. He knew exactly to  
whom to address himself for support, and

the right time for availing himself of it.  
When Talleyrand, one of his most intimate  
friends, heard of his death, he reflected for  
a few minutes, and then drily observed,—  
"I can't for the life of me make out what  
interest Semonville had to serve by dying  
just now."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. THACKERAY.

"HEROES and Hero-worship"—a subject chosen by Mr. Carlyle, when *he* arose to discourse before the sweet-shady-sidesmen of Pall Mall and the fair of Mayfair—is not all the *res vezanda* one would predicate for a course of lectures by Mr. Titmarsh. If the magnificence of the hero grows small by degrees and beautifully less before the microscopic scrutiny of his valet, so might it be expected to end in a *minus* sign, after subjection to the eliminating process of the "Book of Snobs." Yet one passage, at least, there is in the attractive volume\* before us, instinct with hero-worship, and, some will think, (as coming from such a quarter,) surcharged with enthusiasm,—where the lecturer affirms, "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face." At which sally, we can imagine *nil admirari*-folks exclaiming, (if they be capable of an exclamation,) "Oh, you little snob!" Nevertheless, that sally will go far to propitiate many a reader hitherto steeled against the showman of "Vanity Fair," as an inveterate cynic—however little of real ground he may have given for such a prejudice. Many, we believe, who resorted to the lectures when orally delivered, were agreeably disappointed in finding so much of genial humanity in the matter and manner of the *didaskalos*—

—the best good Christian he,  
Although *they* knew it not.

And the vastly enlarged circle of observers to whom this volume will make the lectures known, will find in it clear, if not copious proof of the man's fine, open, loving nature—

\* The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century: a Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

its warmth, and depth, and earnestness—not to be belied by an outward show of captious irony, a pervading presence of keen-witted raillery. There seems a ludicrously false notion rife among not a few, that Mr. Thackeray's creed is of close kin to that of our laureate's "gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death, who slowly rode across a wither'd heath, and lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said"—*inter alia*—

Virtue!—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

Fill the can, and fill the cup :  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

Let any infatuated sufferer under such obstinate delusion at once buy and study this series of lectures, and learn to laugh and love with the lecturer, and so satisfy himself that although ever and anon *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*, there is heart as well as brain in the writer's composition, and that simplicity, and sincerity, and faith are ever revered, and unhesitatingly preferred to the loftiest intellectual pretensions as such.

As with clerical sermons, so with laic lectures, there are few one pines to see in print. In the present instance, those who were of Mr. Thackeray's audience will probably, in the majority of cases, own to a sense of comparative tameness as the result of deliberate perusal. Nevertheless, the book could be ill spared, as books go. It is full of sound, healthy, manly, vigorous writing—sagacious in observation, independent and thoughtful, earnest in sentiment, in style pointed, clear, and straightforward. The illustrations are aptly selected, and the bulky array of foot-notes, (apparently by another hand,) though not drawn up to the best advantage, will

interest the too numerous class to whom "Queen Anne's men" are but clerks in a dead-letter office—out of date, and so out of fashion—out of sight, on upper shelves, and so out of mind, as a thing of naught.

If we cared to dwell upon them, we might, however, make exceptions decided if not plentiful against parts of this volume. That Mr. Thackeray can be pertinaciously one-sided was seen in his "Esmond" draught of the Duke of Marlborough. A like restriction of vision seems here to distort his presentment of Sterne and of Hogarth. We are ready to recognize with Lord Jeffrey\* the flaws of ostentatious absurdity, affected oddity, pert familiarity, broken diction, and exaggerated sentiment, in "Tristram Shandy;" nor have we any delight in the Reverend Lawrence, whether regarded simply as a man, or as a man in cassock and bands. It is indeed as men rather than authors—it is indeed biographically rather than critically, that Mr. Thackeray treats the English humorists who come before him. But his dislike of the "wretched worn-out old scamp," as he calls Sterne, extends fatally to the old scamp's literary as well as social characteristics. We are told how the lecturer was once in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing "French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present," and who, having finished these, began a sentimental ballad, and sang it so charmingly that all were touched, and none so much as the singer himself, who was "snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears" before the last bar. And such a maudlin ballad-singer we are instructed was Lawrence Sterne. His sensibility was artistical; it was that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings, to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. "He used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains." And so again with the reverend gentleman's jests: "The humor of Swift and Rabelais,†

\* See his review of "Wilhelm Meister."

† This comparison of Sterne with Rabelais reminds us of what a distinguished French critic has said, in allusion to the well-known story of Sterne's apology to a lady for his objectionable freedoms in composition—most offensive, we aver, and quite

whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests, as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry, too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience to repose; when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his rough and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it." Sterne is properly rated for whimpering "over that famous dead donkey," for which Mr. Thackeray has no semblance of a tear to spare, but only laughter and contempt; comparing the elegy of "that dead jackass" to the *cuisine* of M. de Soubise's campaign, in such fashion does Sterne dress it, and serve it up quite tender, and with a very piquant sauce. "But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Psha! Mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!" This, and similar passages in the lecture, will jar somewhat on the judgment of those who go only part of the way with Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his affirmation,\* that to accuse Sterne of cant and sentimentality, is itself a cant or an ignorance; or that, at least, if neither of these, it is but to misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there, while the matter always contains the solidest substance of truth and duty. Such readers will probably be unshaken in their allegiance to one of proven sway over their smiles and tears, and murmur to themselves the closing lines of a sonnet in his praise, by the rigorous, keen-scented censor† who exposed, unsparingly, his plagiarisms from old Burton and Rabelais:

without excuse, but mere bagatelles when the enormities of the Gaul are considered. "Une dame faisait un jour reproche à Sterne," says M. Sainte Beuve, "des nudités qui se trouvent dans son 'Tristram Shandy'; au même moment, un enfant de trois ans jouait à terre et se montrait en toute innocence: 'Voyez!' dit Sterne, 'mon livre; c'est cet enfant de trois ans qui se roule sur le tapis.' Mais, avec Rabelais, l'enfant a grandi; c'est un homme, c'est un géant, c'est Gargantua, c'est Pantagruel ou pour le moins Panurge, et il continue de ne rien cacher." That Sterne, nevertheless, was inherently a purer-minded man than Rabelais, it might be rash to assert.

\* "Table-Talk."

† Dr. Ferriar.

But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,  
In sudden pause or unexpected story,  
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,  
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,  
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory.

As for Hogarth, perhaps the most emphatic characterization he meets with from the lecturer lies in the remark: "There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire; if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off." No man, we are assured, was ever less of a hero; he was but a hearty, plain-spoken fellow, loving his laugh, his friends, his glass, his roast beef of Old England, and hating all things foreign—foreign painters first and foremost. The tender, the touching, the imaginative—never mention any thing of *that* sort in connection with his name. Another scandal, to those who respond to Elia's estimate of William Hogarth, to those who, like Southey, make bold to im-paradise, in the seventh heaven of invention,

—Hogarth, who followed no master,  
Nor by pupil shall e'er be approached; alone in  
his greatness.\*

There still survive sturdy Britishers who persist, like Hartley Coleridge,† in setting him high above every name in British art, or rather who would separate him altogether from our painters, to fix his seat among our greatest poets.

Swift, who comes first in the series, is the humorist upon whose portraiture most care seems to have been bestowed. He at least meets with his full deserts, so far as admiration is concerned. Some pretty hard hits are dealt him, notwithstanding. Mr. Thackeray would like, as we have seen, to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack and errand-boy—to have "kept" on the same staircase with Harry Fielding, to help him up to bed if need be, and in the morning shake hands with him, and hear him crack jokes over his mug of small-beer at breakfast—to hob-a-nob with Dick Steele—to sit a fellow-clubman with brave old Samuel Johnson—to go holiday-making with Noll Goldsmith. But Swift?—what says the lecturer to "hail fellow" intimacy with the Dean? Why, this: "If you had been his inferior in parts, (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely,) his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorn-

ed, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humor, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you; and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo." Excellent is the conduct of the metaphor by which the Dean is made to stand out as an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold,"—and who takes the road accordingly, like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver, easing my Lord Bishop of a living, and his Grace of a patent place, and my Lady of a little snug post about the court, and gives them over to followers of his own. "The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crosier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James'; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country." A bold but strikingly significant figure of the clerical polemic—the restless, scornful *heautontimoroumenos*, whose youth was bitter, "as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence," and whose age was bitter, "like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile."

Mr. Thackeray holds that Swift's was a reverent and pious spirit—the spirit of a man who could love and pray. We incline to

\* "A Vision of Judgment," pt. 10.

† "Essays and Marginalia: Ignoramus on the Fine Arts."

think, with Mr. De Quincey,\* that Swift was essentially irreligious, and that his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of spiritual themes is signally illustrated by his astonishment at Anne's refusing to confer a bishopric on one who had treated the deepest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere skepticism, or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery—who, in full canonicals, had made himself a regular mountebank—who seems to have thought that people differed, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulation. But Mr. Thackeray *does* recognize in his clerical career a "life-long hypocrisy"—he *does* see that Swift, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was!—what a lonely rage and long agony!—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant!" And it is good to read the comment on the fourth part of "Gulliver," and the denunciation of its "Yahoo language," its gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind,—"tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene." Well may it be called a "dreadful allegory," of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, with passions so monstrous, and boasted powers so mean, that he is, and deserves to be, the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. "A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift." And a bitter reaction on himself was the penalty of his misanthropic wrath—as was said to the Greek tyrant,

Ὅργη χαριν δους, ἢ σ' ἀσι λυμάνεται.

The lecture on Congreve is Titmarsh all over. The dramatist's comic feast is described as flaring with lights, with the worst company in the world, without a pretense of morals—Mirabel or Belmour heading the table, dressed in the French fashion, and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Mascarille. The young sparks are born to win youth and beauty, and to trip up old age—for what business have the old fools to

hoard their money, or lock up blushing eighteen? "Money is for youth; love is for youth; away with the old people." Then comes the sigh we all know so well: "But ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it, and lonely blank headaches in the morning." The banquet is, to this observer, but a dance of death: every madly-glancing eye at that orgy is artificial—every tint of bloom is from the rouge-pot, and savors of corruption—

Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but modell'd on a skull.\*

With that graphic emphasis which makes him at his best so memorably impressive, the lecturer likens the feelings aroused by a perusal of Congreve's plays to those excited at Pompeii by an inspection of Sallust's house and the relics of a Roman "spread"—"a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast, we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!" How tellingly expressive, and how like the moralist, whose brightest sallies so often speak of saddest thought!

Addison meets with warmer eulogy than might have been anticipated. He is invariably mentioned with loving deference. He is pictured as one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw—at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm—admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man he met with

\* See his review of Schlosser's "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century." *Tait*. 1847.

\* Tennyson: "Vision of Sin."

—one who could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought—and as for that “little weakness for wine”—why, without it, as we could scarcely have found a fault with him, so neither could we have liked him as we do. The criticism on his papers in the *Spectator* is delightfully genial and true; and the peroration of the lecture has a sweetness and natural solemnity of affecting reality, where allusion is made to Addison’s heavenly ode, (“The spacious firmament on high,”) whose “sacred music,” known and endeared from childhood, none can hear “without love and awe”—verses that shine like the stars, “out of a deep great calm”—verses enriched with the holy serene rapture that fills Addison’s pure heart, and shines from his kind face, when his eye seeks converse with things above: for, “when he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man’s mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer.” We have not the heart to inquire, here, whether the portrait, as a whole-length, is not too flattering in its proportions, and too bright in coloring. But doubtless the lecturer might, and many, we surmise, expected that he would, take a strangely opposite view of Pope’s “Atticus.”

Steele is one of Mr. Thackeray’s darlings. We have an imaginary record of Corporal Dick’s boyhood—his experiences at the flogging-block of Charterhouse School—his everlastingly renewed debts to the tart-woman, and I.O.U. correspondence with lollipop-venders and piemen—his precocious passion for drinking mum and sack—and his early instinct for borrowing from all his comrades who had money to lend. In brief, “Dick Steele, the schoolboy, must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.” His recklessness and good-humor to the last are fondly dwelt on—his cordial naturalness is eagerly appreciated—his tenderness and humanity gracefully enforced. “A man is seldom more manly,” we are well reminded, “than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend, he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits, nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A., because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of

mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.” In the same manner, that sad rake and spend-thrift, Henry Fielding, is sure of a kind word. The great novelist is not made a hero of, but shown as he is; not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat—but then we are bid observe on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care; and admonished that, wine-stained as we see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. Among them, an admirable natural love of truth, and keenest instinctive scorn of hypocrisy—a wonderfully wise and detective wit—a great-hearted, courageous soul, that respects female innocence and infantine tenderness—a large-handed liberality, a disdain of all disloyal arts, an unselfish diligence in the public service. And then, “what a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse, which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.” Goldsmith, again, is reviewed in the same spirit—“the most beloved of English writers”—“whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life’s storm, and rain, and bitter weather”—“never so friendless but he could befriend some one, never so pinched and wretched, but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion”—enlivening the children of a dreary London court with his flute, giving away his blankets in college to the poor widow, pawning his coat to save his landlord from jail, and spending his earnings as an usher in treats for the boys. “Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. . . . Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.” Yet is

Mr. Thackeray cautious not to dismiss the Steeles, and Fieldings, and Goldsmiths, and kindred literary prodigals, without a renewal of his much-discussed protest against the license claimed for them as such. For reckless habits, and careless lives, the wit, he insists, must suffer, and justly, like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt, and moreover, must expect to be shunned in society, and learn that reformation must begin at home.

Prior, Gay, and Pope are classed together in one lecture—a highly piquant and entertaining one, too. The ease and modern air of Mat Prior's lyrics are happily asserted, and Mat himself pronounced a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen. John Gay is a favorite, as in life, and enjoys a good place. Such a natural good creature, so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others—lazy, slovenly, for ever eating and saying good things; a little, round, French *abbé* of a man, sleek, soft-handed and soft-hearted. Honest John's pastorals are said to be to poetry "what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture—graceful, minikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks, and waistcoats, and boddices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbor of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot."

To Pope is freely conceded the greatest name on the lecturer's list—the highest among the poets, and among the English wits and humorists here assembled—the greatest literary artist that England has seen—the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men. Of course (and there is a warm compliment in this of course) Mr. Thackeray dwells admiringly on Pope's filial devotion, on that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life. The closing lines of the "Dunciad" are quoted as

reaching the very greatest height of the sublime in verse, and proving Pope to be "the equal of all poets of all times." But the satire of the "Dunciad" is charged, on the other hand, with generating and establishing among us "the Grub-street tradition;" and the "ruthless little tyrant," who revelled in base descriptions of poor men's want, is accused of contributing more than any man who ever lived to depreciate the literary calling. Grub-street, until Pope's feud with the Dunces, was a covert offense—he made it an overt one. "It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule," so that thenceforth the reading world associated together author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and gin, tripe, cowheel, duns, squalling children, and garret concomitants.

Smollett is assigned a place between Hogarth and Fielding, and is honorably entertained as a manly, kindly, honest, and irascible spirit; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune—of a character and fortune aptly symbolized by his crest, viz., a shattered oak tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. Without much invention in his novels, but having the keenest perceptive faculty, and describing what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humor, and, indeed, giving to us in "Humphrey Clinker" the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began, and bequeathing to the world of readers, in the letters and loves of Tabitha Bramble and Win Jenkins, "a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well."

But here we must close these desultory notes, and commend our readers to the volume itself, if they have not forestalled such (in either case needless) commendation. They may stumble here and there—one at the estimate of Pope's poetical *status*, another at the panegyric on Addison, and some at the scanty acknowledgments awarded to Hogarth and to Sterne. But none will put down the book without a sense of growing respect for the head and the heart of its author, and a glad pride in him as one of the Representative Men of England's current literature.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

## FLECHIER, THE FRENCH PULPIT ORATOR.\*

THE funeral eulogiums which have been handed down to us from the best times of antiquity bear a considerable resemblance to certain of the poems of Horace and Anacreon, wherein we find Death casting his shadow athwart the riotous excesses of the banquet. The only perceptible difference between these two styles of literature is, that the one is more lofty, more grave, more closely allied to great and solemn thoughts, whilst the other seems only to delight, like a joyous guest, in counting the flowers which are so soon to wither. Both, however, are bounded by the same horizon, and the hero who, by force of arms or might of genius, has traced out for himself a brilliant pathway upon the earth, ends like the sybarite who has all his lifetime been swimming in a sea of material pleasures.

The hero and the beggar, the sage and the fool, the useful citizen, as well as the sensual voluptuary, on the completion of their earthly course, dash alike against an insurmountable boundary—the rigid marble of the tomb. And this circumstance explains to us the reason why the ancient legislators were as careful to reward all as to punish all. They strove to offer to the individual, during his sojourn in this world, those indemnities which the Christian is taught to look for in the next. Their Olympus was open only to the gods and demi-gods; and as to the Elysian Fields, that vague and fantastic cloud-land, it is with difficulty that we discern wandering through its shadowy meads the few heroes who have been unable to ascend higher. Hence it was, that the loss of a great citizen was so keenly felt, and his end deplored in such moving strains. At the present day, governments occupy themselves but little in perpetuating the memory of illustrious men; in France we find that to the Church is left the task of apportioning to the good as well as to the evil the shares they merit. As late as the Revolution of

'89, the French priest was the sole dispenser of praise and blame. As the self-dubbed interpreter of the Divine will, he weighed in a balance—supposed to be equitable—the vices and virtues of his "subject;" and, while branding human foibles, sought to excuse them in the name of an all-merciful and all-charitable doctrine. At times, however, there would get mixed up with that holy fire which burned upon the altar, a few grains of idolatrous incense, the smoke from which would not unfrequently prove sufficiently dense to obscure the brilliancy of evangelical truth.

Louis XIV., that monarch who so powerfully contributed to the unity and extension of French nationality, and whose panegyric might certainly be made without exposing the eulogist to a charge of flattery, has in many circumstances, and for many acts of his life, richly deserved the formidable reprisals of the Church. Yet, with the exception of a few rare and short passages, wherein the too vivid tints of flattery would seem to have escaped the pencils of Fléchier and Bossuet, their funeral orations, generally speaking, in no wise materially contradict the "stubborn facts" of truth-telling history. They abound, moreover, in solemn warnings; and we ever find a strain of the loftiest morality running through, and as it were interlacing the minutest details of the lives of those princesses, nobles, and great men of the day, whose earthly careers one might at first sight have imagined would afford merely vapid subjects of eulogiums, like themselves, "stale, flat and unprofitable." Thus the gap existing in modern legislations has been marvellously filled by the solemn rites of a religion which feared not to lend itself to the exigencies of poor humanity.

But the indulgence which this religion displayed for the infirmities of its disciples was always counterbalanced by the high moral lessons it alone had the right of giving. If, for example, it at one moment placed a resplendent crown upon the brow of the hero whose virtues were the theme of praise, it was only

\* *Œuvres Complètes de Fléchier*. 10 tomes. 8vo. Paris. 2. *Les Oraisons Funébres de Fléchier*. 1 tome. 12mo. Paris: Didot.



at the next, to tarnish its ephemeral lustre, and to deplore the rapid and irreparable flight of all terrestrial things. It built up with its own hands a pompous *catafalque*, on the adornment of which all the treasures of art had been profusely lavished, and after having for an instant exalted to the skies those paltry trappings of the earth which we are obliged to leave behind us on the brink of the grave, at a single breath it scattered all this golden dust to the four winds of heaven. It raised man upon a pedestal which immeasurably increased his stature; but this imaginary Colossus it would afterwards cast down from its elevation, and display to the assembled crowd of hero-worshippers in all the naked deformity of its mean and graceless proportions. Even while flattering earthly hopes and earthly desires, it found occasion to remind all men of their immortal state. It reduced itself, as it were, to the level of carnal understandings, but only for the purpose of better raising them aloft on divine wings, and bearing them into those regions of endless bliss where nothing passes away, and where all things participate in the eternity of the Creator.

These contrasts between the perishable things of earth and the unchangeable beauties of heaven are very beautifully exhibited in the funeral orations of Bossuet and Fléchier; nor does the panegyric materially differ from the sermon either in the general arrangement of the subject, the learned contexture of the discourse, or in the energetic conciseness of the style. Take for example the funeral oration on the Duchess of Orleans, by the Bishop of Meaux, and compare it with the admirable sermon by the same author, composed on the occasion of the "profession" of the Duchess de la Villière: we defy the most critical eye to discern the slightest difference in style between these two compositions. We might interleave many passages of the funeral oration with those of the sermon, without fearing to disturb the general harmony of the orator's tone. One might suppose that the conformity of the subject had melted into one effusion sentiments capable of so many different expressions; for we cannot doubt that the analogy between these two touching figures, but lately surrounded with all the splendors of a court, and now buried, one in the grave appointed for all living, the other in the living sepulchre of the convent, must have vividly struck the oriental imagination of Bossuet. And without laying ourselves

open to a charge of French sentimentality, we cannot but think that this great man must have been filled with sadness at the sight of these fading flowers so rudely scattered by the wintry blast, while tears of pity must have flowed from those eyes which had proudly contemplated the solar rays of Louis's throne, and had followed the great Condé amid the terrible *mêlées* of Rocroy and Nordlingen. The vigorous, yet eminently funeral pencil of the Michael Angelo of French pulpit oratory, has, in the composition of these discourses, found tints as delicate and tender in their hues as could have been employed to depict the two women whose end he deplores; and the Homeric and Dantesque singer of the Revolution of England and the wars of Louis of Bourbon, we find now, as it were, unconsciously sighing forth melodious elegies.

But Bossuet is the only one among the preachers of the seventeenth century who equally excelled in the sermon, properly so called, and the funeral oration; and he may also be said to have brought these two branches of Christian literature to their highest perfection. Neither Bourdaloue nor Massillon has ever composed any thing superior to his sermon upon the "Unity of the Church," or to that upon "Honor." The logic of the Bishop of Meaux possesses something vivid and original, which revivifies even the most threadbare topics. It never loses itself in those subtle mazes of abstract reasoning wherein the greater number of the preachers of the day were far too prone to wander. Straightforward and simple as the truth he enunciates, he rapidly crosses all useless intermediary spaces, and flies toward the end in view, disdaining to pause even for an instant in the perilous tread of a formal antithesis. It is very evident that the sermons of Bossuet cannot be proposed as models of rhetoric, for all the rules of art are so completely set aside in their composition, that no man, unless gifted with the highest genius, could possibly attempt their imitation. But let us leave the "Eagle of Meaux" to explore as a sublime solitary those far-off regions whose conquest he has assured to himself, not hoping, by the aid of an artificial rhetoric, to impart to inferior minds strength sufficient to overstep the boundaries of ordinary conceptions. A powerful dialectician, as well as an historian of the first order, such are the two qualities which have gained so brilliant a reputation for the eulogist of Condé, and by whose aid he has acquired undisputed sovereignty over

the two great domains of French pulpit oratory. If Bourdaloue and Massillon, who displayed so much talent in the pulpit, have remained below themselves in the funeral oration, the cause of this inferiority must, in our opinion, be traced to their comparatively limited acquaintance with the philosophy of history.

Many persons are apt to imagine that nothing is more easy than to compose a good narrative; yet it is a style of composition demanding perhaps a more careful treatment than any other. A peculiar aptitude for this branch of literature is requisite, to enable the writer to dispose the various circumstances of a narrative in perspicuous order, to omit all unimportant details, and to bring prominently forward those portions more especially deserving of attention. That writer who can handle with the happiest facility the most subtle and complicated abstractions, linking them systematically together with irreproachable method, is frequently embarrassed in the comparatively light and trifling incidents of the narrative, and succeeds in unravelling them only after a series of lame and awkward attempts. Do we not every day see advocates obtaining brilliant triumphs in causes wherein merely a clever or artful exposition of facts is essential to success, and who are utterly lost so soon as the case turns upon dry points of law? That species of sagacity which, like a sunbeam, can penetrate the complicated labyrinth of philosophical inquiry, shedding a flood of light over its most secret recesses, is oftentimes completely at fault on the broad plains of historical fact.

And when history, instead of being exhibited to us in all its truth, with its equal admixture of good and evil; instead of presenting its features at one time comic, at another sublime, sometimes impressed with heroic majesty, more frequently hideous and blood-stained; when history, we say, having purified its waters, and fertilized on its banks all the thousand treasures of a luxuriant vegetation, presents to our ear only murmurs worthy by their sweetness of competing with the blast of the epic trumpet, how much more difficult may we not suppose that artist's task must be who makes it the subject of his inspirations? Now, let the reader turn to the funeral oration of Condé by Bossuet, and that of Turenne by Fléchier, and he will at once be convinced that the exploits of these two great generals have in these discourses been neither minutely nor yet coldly related, as they have been in the greater portion of the memoirs of the time. Fléchier and Bos-

suët have here left to military men those strategetic details which would have been incomprehensible to the majority of their auditors; they have also very properly passed over in silence the host of insignificant anecdotes bearing on the lives of these individuals; anecdotes which, though they might excite the curiosity, could neither shed any light on the mysteries of the human heart, nor in any way harmonize with the heroic deeds of the illustrious men whose loss their mourning country deplored. Attaching themselves exclusively to the more salient points in their narrative, they engraved them on all hearts by their vivid and forcible treatment. Language became like fire in their hands, communicating to their slightest expressions a brilliancy almost supernatural. We have here poetry and history united in a fruitful alliance, the first adorning, with all the treasures of its rich and varied hues, the ruder and more solid materials of the second, an edifice being by these means erected of the fairest and most beautiful proportions. We do not exaggerate when we affirm that the orator who celebrates the triumphs of a hero ought, in addition to the solid qualities of the historian, to possess also the more brilliant faculties of the poet. We know that Fléchier, before devoting himself exclusively to preaching, had successfully cultivated Latin poetry; indeed, it was through his classical knowledge that he obtained his early successes in Paris, and it was this knowledge also which afterwards opened for him a path to honors and celebrity. His lines upon the "Carrousel" of 1669 were at first printed in folio along with those by Perrault upon the "Carrousel" of 1662. In this composition the classical scholars of the day admired the exquisite harmony of the rhythm, the picturesque choice of expression, and the facility with which the author had triumphed over the difficulties inherent in the very nature of his subject,—a subject which, more, perhaps, than any other, could hardly be treated in the language of the Romans, seeing that they had no festival analogous to a French *carrousel*. In this little composition might be remarked the germs of those rare merits which, later, acquired for Fléchier the honor of being placed for an instant on the same line with Bossuet. Besides some Latin verses, which are still read with pleasure by his countrymen, Fléchier had also attempted history with considerable success. His "Life of Theodosius the Great," written for the Dauphin, (son of Louis XIV.,) which appeared in 1679, though not by any means to be compared to

Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History," is for all that an excellent work, evidencing in the quiet and correct style of its composition no mean talent, as well as considerable historical research, and evincing, moreover, in the writer a mind well trained in the art of classifying facts with judgment and method.

There is some similarity between the manner of Fléchier and that of the Abbé Fleury. If neither of these writers ever descends into the mysterious abysses whence social revolutions take their rise, nor yet ascends to those higher considerations which sum up in a few words the most complex political problems; if their recitals never strongly move us by sudden outbursts of impassioned eloquence, on the other hand they always interest by the instructive reflections so liberally strewn throughout the narrative, and by the substantial, elegant, and perspicuous style of the composition. Fléchier possessed in a remarkable degree the two qualities which appear to us indispensable to the orator who is called to sing the praises of the illustrious dead beneath the roof of a Christian temple. As a poet and historian, he could not fail of succeeding in the funeral oration equally with Bossuet, whose ardent imagination could color and animate the dry details of historical fact with wonderful felicity; but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to cite a single sermon of Fléchier's which can add any thing to his reputation. Although his sermons at the period of their delivery were greeted with much favor, and may even be considered as having formed the basis of his oratorical reputation, they evince but faint traces of that talent which was destined to raise him to so high a position among the divines of his country. Logic and passion are the two distinctive merits required in a sermon. Now, we may be permitted to say that Fléchier occupies himself more exclusively with the symmetrical arrangement of his sentences than with the regular and lucid distribution of his ideas. His excessive attention to form and detail prevents him bestowing on the more important groundwork the care it requires. Like a patient artist, he enriches with the most elaborate workmanship the vilest as well as the most precious metals. A simple note from his pen was written in a style as pure and chaste as the funeral oration of Turenne. The reader must not seek the brilliant vegetation of the tropics in this beautifully laid-out *parterre*, whose simplest flowers are the objects of the gardener's daily care and love; were he to do so, his labor would be in vain; he will

meet with only well-known, and sometimes even very common-place shrubs, but which, however, possess all the charms of novelty through the learned and patient culture which has been bestowed on them. Fléchier has been frequently censured for the too minute and labored harmony of his periods, but it should be borne in mind that this correct and harmonious diction has rescued the name of Fléchier from that oblivion which has enveloped many of the most illustrious minds of the seventeenth century, and was, at the epoch when it excited such universal admiration, a true creation of genius.

The French language at that period did not possess the suitability of expression, fitness, and musical rhythm, which, in the writings of the Bishop of Nîmes, never failed to satisfy the taste, as well as charm the ear. At the present day, similar qualities are insufficient to assure immortality for the works of modern French authors; the idiom of the language has become so flexible and refined through the successive efforts of the last two centuries, that even those persons who do not follow the career of letters possess elegance and harmony of style. But we must not imagine that the reputation of Fléchier was based on no solid foundation, because the secret of those harmonious periods, which produced so lively a sensation upon his contemporaries, has been discovered. Even were the phraseology of the present day more varied and ingenious than that of this admirable writer, he would no less possess the merit of having been one of the most powerful promoters of the improvements in style and language obtained after his time. We perform an act of courage in defending the reputation of those who have preceded us in the battle of life. The Frenchmen of the present day, we cannot help thinking, are far too much absorbed with the present, which they are in consequence easily led to regard as an epoch of unequalled splendor in the annals of their country. We are far from being the obstinate partisans of a past age, which is now but a phantom, and whose extinct glory men may seek in vain to restore. The throne of Louis Quatorze has for ever lost that brilliant retinue of intellect which formed for it an impregnable barrier. Where shall we now find those illustrious men who rendered the very name of France glorious? They have not only passed away for ever from the stage of life, but their ashes have been scattered abroad, nor can the four winds of heaven now tell where they have capriciously disposed them.

But without regarding the literature of the seventeenth century as the only literature of which France ought to be proud, it is very certain that it does not enjoy with the masses that high degree of popularity it in many respects so eminently deserves. The executive partisans of Voltaire and Rousseau—still very numerous, though their ranks are sensibly thinning—nourish against those writers who have not made of their pens instruments of demolition, certain prejudices which will be extinguished, perhaps, only with the breath of life which animates them. Those ardent and fiery spirits who take an interest only in passionate polemics, soon weary of books which reflect world-wide ideas with the serene grandeur of those rivers in whose placid waters the marvels of the firmament are reflected without distortion. For the rest, a work interests the bulk of readers only in so far as it expresses their interests and sympathies of the moment. Moral problems cease to captivate their attention, unless bearing in some measure on the squabbles of a day, that hold in suspense many minds which the simple truth alone would not satisfy. But, it may be asked, if the basis of those thoughts which we find scattered through the literature of the great century fails to satisfy the taste of a public absorbed in contemporary disputations, the form, at least, with which they are clothed must find favor in its sight? We answer, no: it appears too stiff and formal, or rather, it is in fact too simple and natural for these effervescing imaginations, which even the monstrous excesses of the modern school of French literature have not succeeded in turning back to more sound and healthy doctrines.

A calm and even flow of words, developing the idea with a certain degree of slowness and deliberation, and not unfrequently describing a winding course before attaining its end, cannot, it is evident, possess attractions for those readers who reach forward impatiently towards the goal, and who prefer clearing for themselves a perilous footway along the brinks of precipices to following a sure and painless, but more circuitous route. Hence, what recklessness of style, what strangeness of expression, what obsolete, or else newly-coined phrases, are required to attract and retain the attention, excite the sympathies, and please the vitiated tastes of these furious iconoclasts, who take pleasure only in the adoration of shapeless fragments, and turn away in contempt at the aspect of an harmonious statue! We consider that the

writings of Fléchier well deserve being read at the present day, and that an attentive study of their many beauties could not fail of exerting a salutary influence upon the minds and tastes of the rising generation of authors.

The funeral orations of Fléchier, and, above all, those of Turenne and the Duke of Montansier—on both of which we purpose offering some special remark before we conclude—present excellent examples of a diction at once pure, elegant and unaffected; and which, though abounding in new and picturesque turns of expression, never sins against good taste. True it is that the same oratorical tropes and figures occasionally return with a somewhat fatiguing monotony under the more ingenious than creative pen of the illustrious prelate; but we recommend the works of Fléchier, less as monuments, wherein are displayed the inexhaustible genius of invention, than as regular edifices, having the inconvenience, it is true, of being almost all constructed upon the same plan, and of never striking the imagination by novel and unforeseen combinations, but which, however, fully satisfy the critical eye of the most exacting spectator. Although it must be confessed that the harmony of this somewhat formal style be the result of labor rather than the outpouring of genius, it still enchants the ear, and not unfrequently insinuates itself into the most secret recesses of the heart.

Fléchier's style has been censured by many critics as abounding too much in antitheses and symmetrical contrasts, and this we admit is a defect observable in his writings; in fact, he almost invariably proceeds by means of antitheses; if he speak of the mortal lives of his heroes, it is to persuade us of their blessed immortality. He seeks to bring to our memory the graces which Providence has bestowed upon them, in order that we may adore the mercy which He has displayed towards them. He seeks to edify rather than to please. He announces that all earthly things must have an end, in order to lead us to the contemplation of God and heavenly things, which are eternal. He recalls to our minds the fatal curse of death, in order to inspire us with the desire of a holy life. This course, it must be owned, is the very opposite to that of Bossuet. These two prelates have been frequently compared together; we know not if they were rivals during their lives, but at the present day they most certainly are not. Fléchier possesses rather the art and mechanism of eloquence than its genius. He never abandons himself to its inspired influence; his discourses never lead

us to feel that self has been forgotten, that the *orator* is lost in the *subject*; his defect is that of always writing and never speaking; he methodically arranges and carefully polishes a sentence, proceeds afterwards to another, applies the compass to it, and so on to a third. We remark and feel all the repose of his imagination, whilst the discourses of Bossuet, and perhaps all great works of eloquence, are, or at least appear, like those bronze statues which the artist has cast at a single melting.

After these strictures on some of Fléchier's defects, let us render full justice to his many beauties. Fléchier possessed all those secondary qualities whose brilliant union would seem for an instant almost to hold the place of genius, but which vainly seek to fill the void caused by the absence of inspiration—that emanation of the creative power of God. His style, though never impetuous, is always chaste; in default of strength, he possesses correctness and grace. If he fails in those original expressions, of which one alone frequently represents a host of ideas, he has that ever-equal tone of color which gives value to little things without disfiguring great ones. As we have before remarked, he never strongly excites the imagination; but he fixes it. His ideas rarely ascend very high; but they are always just; and are frequently also brought forward with a degree of ingenuity which arouses the intellectual faculties, and exercises without fatiguing them. Fléchier appears to have possessed a deep and thorough knowledge of men; every where he judges them as a philosopher and portrays them as an orator. Finally, his style has the merit of a double harmony; of that which, by the happy arrangement of words, is destined to flatter and seduce the ear, and of that which seizes the analogy of numbers with the character of the ideas, and which, by the suavity or the force, the slowness or the rapidity of the sounds employed, paints to the ear at the same time as the image is delineated on the mind. In general, the eloquence of Fléchier appears to be formed of the harmony and art of Isocrates, the genius of Pliny, and the brilliant imagination of a poet, as well as of a certain imposing gravity and deliberation, in nowise out of place in the pulpit, and which was, besides, in accordance with the vocal powers of the orator.

Before offering a few observations on the more remarkable productions of our author, we will briefly glance at some of the incidents of his life,—a life, however, abounding

in no extraordinary events, offering as it does but a record of the faithful accomplishment of episcopal duties, and the assiduous and successful culture of letters. In precise ratio as the writers of the sixteenth century were dissolute in their habits of life, those of the seventeenth were recommended by their irreproachable morality and their dignity of character. Born at Perne, in the county of Avignon, on the 10th of June, 1632, Esprit Fléchier entered, in 1648, the Congregation of the Christian Doctrine, where, under the direction of his maternal uncle, Father Audiffret, Superior of the Order, he pursued his studies with the greatest distinction. Intrusted successively with the management of several classes, and especially with that of rhetoric, at Narbonne, he so highly distinguished himself among his brother professors, that on him was conferred the honor of pronouncing the funeral oration of Monseigneur de Rebi, Archbishop of the diocese.

In 1659 he quitted the garb of "Doctinaire," and proceeded to Paris,—that rendezvous for all talents and all capacities. We have already spoken of his lines on the "Carrousel" of 1669. But fresh successes confirmed that which he owed to his knowledge of Latin poetry; and soon, appointed almoner in ordinary to the Dauphiness and to the Abbey of Saint Severin, he was promoted to the bishopric of Lavaur in 1685, from whence, two years afterwards, he was translated to the see of Nîmes. Here it was that, in the year 1710, he completed, at the age of seventy-eight years, an existence entirely devoted to the conscientious fulfilment of his religious duties, and to the exercise of the Christian virtues. Full of years and honors, and certain of transmitting his name to the most distant posterity, the good old man passed away from the scene of his earthly pilgrimage, restoring to his Maker a soul whose faculty had, during a long and active career, been consecrated to His honor and glory, according to the tenets of the Church which he adorned.

There are none of Fléchier's writings in which very many beauties are not perceptible. The funeral orations on Madame de Montansier, on the Duchess of Aiguillon, and on the Dauphiness of Bavaria, not offering scope, from the uneventful character of the lives of these personages, for the display of "moving incidents," abound with moral ideas, which are presented with great beauty and delicacy.

The funeral oration for Maria Theresa is in the same style, and displays similar beauties. The eulogium of a queen, removed by cha-

racter as well as by circumstances from great interests and state affairs, was a difficult subject to render attractive, and we must admire the talent of that orator who, by a correct yet animated portraiture of the manners of the day, and a philosophy at once delicate and profound, is enabled to supply what his subject has denied him.

The funeral oration of M. de Lamoignon, first president of the parliament under Louis XIV., presents throughout the portrait of a magistrate and a sage. This picture, which, perhaps, fails somewhat in brilliancy of coloring, possesses above all the merit of truth. We know that De Lamoignon was as celebrated for his scholarship as he was for his Christian virtues. These were, indeed, the sole means by which he attained to place and power. Under Louis XIV. he sustained the honor of the French magistracy, as did Turenne and Condé that of her arms. He was closely allied also with the greatest men of the day,—a fact which clearly proves that he was not beneath them in point of intellect; for ignorance and mediocrity, always either insolent or timid, are ever ready to repel the talent which they dread, and which humiliates them. The friendship of Racine and of Bourdaloue, and the laudatory poetry of Boileau, will not contribute less to his reputation than will this funeral oration, and they will teach posterity that the orator has spoken like his century.

But we must pass rapidly over all these discourses to come to that which obtained, and deservedly, the highest reputation; we allude to the funeral oration of Marshal Turenne, that celebrated soldier who, in an age the most fruitful perhaps of any in great names, had no superior, and but one rival; who was as modest as he was great; as highly esteemed for his probity as he was for his military skill, and whose faults we may all the more readily pardon, seeing that he never made a vain parade of his many virtues; the only man, in short, whose death was regarded by the people as a public calamity, and whose ashes, since the time of Duguesclin, were judged worthy of being mingled with those of kings. Here Fléchier, as has often been remarked, seemed to rise above himself. It would appear as though the public grief had imparted a more than usual activity to his intellect; his style warms, his imagination rises, his images assume a more imposing form. Yet between this funeral oration and that of the Great Condé, by Bossuet, there is the same difference perceptible as between the characters of

the men themselves. The one bears the impress of pride, and seems to be the work of inspiration; the other, even in its elevation, appears the fruit of an art perfected by experience and study. Thus, singularly enough, these two great men found in their panegyrist a style of eloquence analogous to their individual characters and dispositions.

The funeral oration of Marshal Turenne is no less one of the gems of French pulpit oratory; the exordium, above all, will, for its majestic and solemn character, be ever cited as a masterpiece of harmonious eloquence. The two first parts present a noble image of the talents of the general and the virtues of the man; but as the orator draws towards the close, he seems to acquire fresh strength; he depicts with a rapid hand the final triumphs of the warrior; he shows us Germany convulsed, the enemy in confusion, the eagle already taking wing, and preparing for its flight into the mountains; the artillery thundering from either flank to cover the retreat; France and Europe awaiting in the expectation of a great event. Suddenly the orator pauses; he addresses himself to the "God of armies," who disposes alike of conquerors and victories; then he presents to our view the pale and bleeding form of the great captain, stretched upon his trophies, and points out in the distance the sorrowing images of Religion and Fatherland. "Turenne dies!" he exclaims; "all is hushed in silent sorrow; Victory droops her wearied head; Peace flees away; the courage of the troops, at one moment overcome with grief, is at the next reanimated by vengeance; the whole camp is motionless. The wounded think of the loss they have incurred, not of the wounds they have received, while dying fathers send their sons to weep over the remains of their dead general."

Yet, despite the general eloquence and beauty of this funeral oration, we must confess that we scarcely find in it the "counterfeit presentment" of the great man we seek; it may be that the tropes, and figures, and pompous trappings of rhetoric, instead of fully exhibiting, rather in some measure hide him from our view; for there are many discourses, as there are many ceremonies, wherein the object of laudation is actually eclipsed by the pomp with which he is surrounded; where the portrait is overpowered by the gorgeousness of the frame. We may, perhaps, be mistaken in our view, but, in our opinion, the few reflections bearing on the death of Turenne which we find scattered through some of the charming letters

From Chambers's Journal.

## WIFE OF THE GREAT CONDE.

THERE are few to whom the name and merits of the great Condé are unknown, and who have not heard of the great deeds performed by the victor of Rocroy at the early age of twenty-one; but there may be some who have heard little of Clémence de Maillé, his wife, save that she was the niece of Cardinal Richelieu: her virtues, her sufferings, her heroism, are unrecorded in the histories which give so pompous an account of her husband's deeds of arms.

There was a magnificent ball given in the palace of Cardinal Richelieu on the night of the 7th of February, 1641. The whole of a noble suite of rooms, extending round three sides of the courtyard, were brilliantly lighted up, and thrown open for the reception of the most noble and distinguished persons in Paris. There was every where the sweetest music swelling through the lofty rooms, and graceful bands of dancers keeping time to its strains: there were light girlish figures, and stately matronly ones; young men dressed in all the foppery of the period, whispering soft nothings to the young and beautiful; and grave politicians on the watch to observe whom the King spoke to, and Richelieu smiled on. There was Anne of Austria, and her enfeebled husband, Louis XIII., the beautiful Geneviève de Bourbon, afterwards Duchesse de Longueville, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the swarthy Italian Mazarin, and many others distinguished in the annals of their period. But why happens it that so gay and brilliant a company is this night assembled in the halls of the Cardinal de Richelieu? Do you see that young girl, apparently not more than thirteen years of age, sitting near the Queen?—she is rather pale, though extremely fair, with large, thoughtful blue eyes, and rich brown hair. That is Clairé Clémence de Maillé, niece of Richelieu: and do you see standing near the farther entrance of the room that haughty-looking young man, with piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and severe mouth? He is Louis, Duc d'Enghien, afterwards Prince de Condé; and the magnificent fête is to cele-

brate the betrothal of the first Prince of the Blood with the niece of the parvenu minister. Ill-omened engagement! From time to time the Duke throws a satirical, disdainful glance at the poor little bride, and then turns away to talk with the distinguished-looking group near him. Clémence, who has sat tolerably composed and undisturbed all the evening, is now engaged in conversation with the Queen and a splendidly-attired cavalier, who is standing with his plumed hat in his hand before them. He is saying: "Now, Mademoiselle, that her Majesty has condescended to urge my request, may I hope no longer to sue in vain for the honor of being your partner in the next *courante*?"

The color came and went in the cheeks of the child—for such, in spite of her engagement, she must be termed—and she hurriedly said: "she hoped the Queen and Monsieur de St. Valaye would excuse her—she had danced so little."

"Then it is time you should begin, *chère petite*," replied the Queen: "you must no longer be considered as a child. I much wish to have the pleasure of seeing you dance this *courante* with Monsieur de St. Valaye before I retire."

The tear which was just sparkling in Clémence's eye must, I fear, have proclaimed her a child still, when a voice behind settled the matter for her, and made her swallow her tears with the best grace she might, by saying: "My niece will have much pleasure in dancing with you, Monsieur;" and then turning to the Queen, Richelieu excused her bashfulness on account of her secluded education.

Clémence did not dream of disobeying her uncle; she rose from her seat, and M. de St. Valaye, touching the tips of the little fingers with his, led her to her place in the dance. Diamonds glittered, and rich silks rustled as she moved along, and began to dance, timidly indeed, but not ungracefully; and the Queen was in the act of expressing her admiration, in answer to some remark of Richelieu's, when, alas for poor Clémence!

in the very act of performing a deep reverence, she stumbled and fell; the cause of her disaster displayed itself at the same time in the shape of so enormously high-heeled a pair of shoes, that it was a marvel the poor child could even walk in them: they had been given her to increase her height. No motives of kindness or good-breeding could restrain the laughter of the spectators; as M. de St. Valaye raised her, the tears which had been for some time lurking near, burst forth, for she had hurt herself much, falling on the hard *parquet* floor; but her ear caught the sound of one mocking laugh high above the rest, and looking towards the place where the Duc d'Enghien stood, she saw the sharp glance of contempt and dislike he threw at her. The poor girl shuddered, and put her hands on her eyes. Then, recovering herself with a strong effort, she turned to her partner, gently apologized for her awkwardness, and insisted on finishing the dance, which she did with much grace and self-possession.

But the praises which Anne of Austria bestowed on her when she returned to her seat were unheard. That mocking laugh and that deadly look were present to her imagination, haunting her, like a frightful vision of impending evil, for many a long day.

It was two years after the marriage of the youthful Clémence and her reluctant bridegroom, that a large family-party was assembled in the Hôtel de Condé, to greet the return of the victorious Duc d'Enghien from the successful campaign of Rocroy. Clémence was there, but sitting unnoticed in one of the deep window recesses, for her powerful uncle was dead, and the proud family of Condé had no longer an inducement to treat with any distinction his orphan niece.

She was taller than when we saw her last, even when she had the aid of her high-heeled shoes, though still rather under the middle height; and her sweet intellectual countenance was animated by a more tender expression than ever, as she gazed on her child, an infant of three months old, who was lying on her lap. Her fair young cheek was tinged with a flush of excitement: she was waiting the moment when she should place her child in the arms of his father, and be able to read in his eyes the hope that for its sake he would give her the love she had so long sought in vain.

She had borne with patience his cold indifference before he left her; she was still so much a child as hardly to know or value

her rights of affection; but the birth of the little Henri had opened to her thoughts and feelings she had not before experienced. She had learned, with a heart throbbing with pride, of her husband's victories and his glory; and she now hoped to gain the affection of the hero, and to be able to offer in words the sympathy her heart felt so deeply. She longed to be to him all that he was to her, forgetting, in her inexperience, poor child, that the love which is the sole object of a woman's life makes but a very small part of the hopes and cares that throng the busy brain of a man.

A distant huzza was heard in the streets, then the sound of wheels and horses' feet; and accompanied by his father and brother, and greeted by the enthusiastic shouts of the populace, the young Duc d'Enghien rode proudly into the courtyard, and in a few moments entered the saloon.

One by one, he greeted his assembled relations; and last of all, Clémence, having placed her child in his nurse's arms, came forward alone with her dark-blue eyes gleaming through tears of joy, and endeavored to take his hand and put it to her lips. He drew it almost roughly away; and turning to his infant son, caressed him, and spoke of him with evident pleasure to his mother and sister. Still, not a word to his poor wife the whole of that long evening, not even a kindly glance.

"It was my fault," thought Clémence; "it was so silly in me to cry; he must have thought me a baby still. I will try and speak to him."

So she waited till the guests were gone, and then coming up to him, as he stood leaning against the lofty chimney-piece, she said: "Louis, I am the only one who has not congratulated you in words on your triumphant return; but, believe me, no one has felt it more than I. Every time I heard you were going to attack the enemy, how my heart trembled with anxiety—how earnestly I entreated God to preserve you unharmed; and then, when I was told of your triumphs, I was so happy, I felt so proud in being the wife of"—

"It must be a novel sensation, I should imagine," interrupted the Duc d'Enghien, "for a *bourgeoise* to have anything to be proud of; but it may diminish in some degree your triumph, Madame, to know, that had it in the least depended on me, you would never have had the smallest share in the dignities of the house of Condé—honors which have remained until now unsullied by a degrading alliance."



"It was not my fault," replied Clémence mournfully; "my inclinations were no more consulted than yours, although I must own to feeling pride in my connection with a family you have rendered doubly illustrious. Ah, Monsieur, forgive my involuntary crime; for the sake of my little Henri, cast me not altogether from your heart. You will love him at least?" she added hurriedly.

"I have no intention, Madame, of neglecting my son on account of his mother's defects. Have you any further commands for me? if not, I am wearied, and will retire;" and with a profound bow, the Duke left the apartment.

An interval of seven years elapsed before the scenes took place we are now about to sketch. The wars of the Fronde have commenced; the Duc d'Enghien, now become Prince de Condé by his father's death, at first the idol of the court, and general of the royal armies, has gradually lost favor; been accused of combining with the Frondeurs, and through the artifices of Mazarin been sent to the castle of Vincennes, together with his brother the Prince de Conti, and his brother-in-law, the Duc de Longueville.

The Princess-dowager, Madame de Longueville, and Clémence, were holding a melancholy council at the Château de Chantilly, not only respecting the best means of restoring the princes to liberty, but of providing for their own safety—for a regiment of guards had been sent towards Chantilly from Soissons, and a *lettre-de-cachet* was daily expected. Lenêt, the faithful adviser of the unfortunate princesses, proposed taking the young duke beyond the Loire, and endeavoring to raise there a party in his father's favor. Some urged submission, some resistance—none asked the opinion of Clémence, who was still treated by all as a child, when her sweet clear voice was suddenly heard in a pause of the debate. "I am not," she said, "either of an age or of an experience that should entitle me to give my advice: I have no other wish than to pay all deference to that of my mother-in-law; but I entreat her most humbly that whatever may happen, I may not be separated from my son—my only remaining hope. I will follow him every where with joy, whatever dangers I may have to encounter; and I am ready to expose myself to any thing for the service of the prince, my husband."

Tears filled the eyes of the proud daughter of Montmorency at the noble words of the despised Clémence. "Since we both," said she, "have but one object, we will both

share the same fate, and unite in bringing up your son in the fear of God and the service of his king."

But it was not so to be: the aged mother of Condé died of grief and anxiety long before her son was released from the dreary prison so fatal to his race; and Clémence and her son were compelled to fly from Chantilly in disguise almost immediately after, leaving her English maid-of-honor, Miss Gerbier, and the gardener's son, to personate her and the young duke. She retired to Montiond, in Berri, where, with the utmost skill and secrecy, she succeeded in levying a considerable force, and in exciting the neighboring gentry to her cause. When at length obliged to leave Montiond, she went to Bordeaux, reaching it after incredible danger and fatigue—all which were supported with the most unflinching heroism. The populace there received her with enthusiasm, shouting as she and her son passed down the street: "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" The parliament of Bordeaux were not equally enthusiastic; but they passed a decree, permitting her residence in the town.

To defray the expenses of the war, Clémence pawned her jewels; but as this was still insufficient, Spain was applied to for help; and Don Joseph Ouzorio was sent with three frigates, some bullion, and more promises.

The arrival of the Spaniards irritated extremely the magistrates of Bordeaux, who passed a decree expressive of their disapprobation. The populace, excited secretly by the Duc de Bouillon, a misjudging adherent of the princess, rose against the parliament, and nearly massacred the members. The Ducs de Bouillon and de Rochefoucauld refused to aid in restoring order; but Clémence never shrank from a duty which lay before her, and, attended only by a single equerry, she went to the palais, where all was confusion, every one, including the president, speaking at once.

She had a great talent for public speaking, and there was none there but felt the charm of her manner, when, falling on one knee, she implored them not to abandon her cause. "I demand justice from the King, in your persons, against the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, and place myself and my son in your hands; he is the only one of his house now at liberty: his father is in irons. Have compassion on the most unfortunate and the most unjustly persecuted family in France."

Still, they would come to no decision. Then the princess offered to go out, and en-

deavor to persuade the mob to disperse, that they might deliberate freely. But the moment she reached the door, some of the foremost rioters hurled her back, exclaiming they would not allow her to pass till she had gained all she wanted from the parliament.

"They have given me all I asked," she exclaimed; still, they would not listen to her, but shouted at the top of their lungs: "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" She returned into the assembly, hopeless of making herself understood by her self-willed friends. On the way, however, she was met by one of the officials, exclaiming: "Ah, Madame, we have just heard that one of the *jurats* has assembled a corps of well-disposed towns-people, who will soon cut down this rabble. If you will come this way, you will see them scattering like the leaves from the vines in autumn, when the mistral blows."

But Clémence had no wish to see blood flow of men whose ardor in her behalf had been their greatest crime. She presented herself again at the door. "I implore you, my friends," she cried, "disperse as quickly and quietly as possible. You will be fired on—you will be slaughtered! For the love of Heaven, go!"

"Not till you have obtained satisfaction from these traitors, Madame," said a burly vintner, shaking a huge club he held in his hand. "We will defend you against them and the scoundrel Mazarin, to the last drop of our blood;" and the everlasting cry, "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" went round; for there is nothing a mob, and a French one particularly, are so constant to as a form of words.

"Make way—make way for me!" cried Clémence: "do not let your blood be on my head."

She saw the troops of the *jurat* advancing, and exclaiming: "Let those who love me, follow!" plunged into the crowd, followed by a few gentlemen. She struggled on, regardless of the drawn swords that were every where flashing round her; two men were killed close beside her, the body of one falling across her path. Still, she pressed onwards, till she arrived at the spot where the troops of the *jurat* and the mob, who had formed themselves into some degree of order, were confronting each other. Their muskets were levelled, and the order to fire was within a moment of being given as she rushed into the space between the combatants.

"Hold—hold!" she shrieked; "do not fire. Lay down your arms, I entreat—I command

you. I am the Princesse de Condé," she continued, observing hesitation in the faces of some; "and oh, can it be for my sake that the inhabitants of so noble and generous a city are thus arrayed in deadly feud against each other? There are enough of common enemies without the walls: the troops of Mazarin will soon be upon us; direct your energies into a noble defense of your city and your rights, instead of wasting them in these miserable dissensions. Brave Bordelais!"—addressing the mob—"I thank you from my heart for your zeal in my son's and husband's behalf; but, believe me, you can best serve us now by returning to your homes; the parliament has granted me all I could ask." Then turning to the commander, she entreated him to withdraw his men, pointing to the slowly retiring mob in proof of force being no longer necessary.

Thus through the courage and presence of mind of a woman, till now unused to take a prominent part of any kind, was this dangerous insurrection quelled with scarcely any bloodshed; and she continued to be the soul of all the movements that were made in her husband's favor in the south of France. At length Condé was set at liberty, principally through the heroic exertions of his despised and neglected wife.

Surely so proved, so devoted a love, deserved to meet with some return: for the moment, even the hard heart of Condé was moved, and for a few months Clémence was treated with gentleness and respect. The sequel will appear in the following scene:—

"Any more business to be settled to-day, Le Tellier?" said Louis XIV., at the close of a long session of the council. "I think we have had a long morning's work of it."

"Only one affair more, Sire," replied the minister; "this letter, addressed to me by Monsieur le Prince de Condé, declaring his determination never to set foot in Paris so long as his wife remains there; he desires, I believe, a *lettre-de-cachet* to detain her prisoner for life."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the Grand Monarque; "after all she has done and suffered for him, that is too bad; and surely he makes her suffer enough without this. Why, I am told that when he had joined the Spaniards against us, after she crossed the sea to go to him and her son in Flanders, at the imminent peril of her life, all the physicians telling her it would kill her, he actually refused to see her; and she remained the whole winter by herself in a miserable bourgeois house at Valenciennes."

"Yes," said Le Tellier; "and for the sake of joining him, she refused the most magnificent offers made to her by Mazarin, to induce her to remain in France."

"And sold her jewels and estates, to give him money to support the war," added Fouquet.

"Well," replied the King, "I am of opinion that we should refuse this request of our worthy cousin. I see no ground for imprisoning the poor princess; and what will her son, D'Enghien, say to it?"

"Your Majesty need fear no opposition on the part of the Duc d'Enghien," said Le Tellier, with a sarcastic smile. "The memory of his mother's love and services is swallowed up in his admiration of the estates of the Maréchal de Brézé [Clémence's father]: he is most active in urging the prince's request."

"Ah, is it indeed so?" said Louis, much shocked, for his conduct to his own mother had been exemplary. "Then may Heaven help the poor woman, if her own son turns against her!"

"Her life is almost that of a prisoner already," pursued Le Tellier. "If your Majesty grants this, you will greatly oblige the Prince de Condé, whom it is important to please; and the mere change of place can make but little difference to Madame la Princesse."

A few sophistries of this sort sufficed for Louis, who was seldom very eager where his own interests were not concerned; and the *lettre-de-cachet* was signed and sealed, containing, in the usual form, the greeting of the monarch to his well-beloved subject, Claire Clémence de Maillé, and stating that, in his condescending care for her health, he considered a residence at his castle of Châteauroux would be more salutary than her present abode; commanding her to remain there until such time as his royal pleasure should be further made known to her on the subject.

The castle of Châteauroux stands perched on the summit of a gray, precipitous rock, with the town to which it gives its name clustered behind it on the more sloping side. From the summit of the gloomy donjon, the eye wanders over as lovely a scene as any that is to be found in France. The Indre winds like a band of silver studded with emeralds—for beautiful islands, covered with trees, rise here from its bosom—through the plain; and mingling in the sunny distance, lie vineyards, orchards, lowly farm-buildings, and stately châteaux, till the view is bounded

by those blue hills whence Clémence had once called together so many brave hearts in defense of her husband. And here, on a lovely spring evening in the year 1671, the first evening of her captivity, Clémence de Maillé leaned over the battlements, with eyes fixed on the scene below, but with thoughts wandering far away.

The day before, a helpless, oppressed prisoner, she had crossed that Loire which, twice before, she had passed at the head of an army, in the defense of her son and husband. She had seen that son and husband treat her with hatred and scorn, anxious only to make her sign the deed which transferred her property to them, and had fainted in her son's arms on bidding him farewell. Then the days at Bordeaux rose to her view, when her glance animated thousands, and her word was law, and she herself was filled with the blissful, buoyant hope of gaining the love and esteem of the husband for whom she would willingly have died. Now, all was gone—husband, child, friends, wealth, fame, station, liberty! How can she bear it?

"But oh, I am very, very wrong," she thought, raising her eyes to the clear blue heaven. "If God gave me strength then, when I was a mere child in experience and understanding, to plead my husband's cause before thousands, and encourage armed men to battle in his behalf, He will not fail me now, when my only task is to bear patiently what He sees fit to lay upon me. But oh, D'Enghien, my son! my son! nature should have pleaded for me in your heart. O God! give me grace, give me fortitude, to bear the heavy grief of feeling that my own son is my bitterest enemy." And strength was given to the desolate one—strength to bear *twenty-three years* of confinement; for her death, which took place in 1694, was her only deliverance.

She survived her husband eight years; but his decease was scrupulously concealed from her, lest she should endeavor to recover her liberty. They might have spared themselves the trouble. What was there in the world to tempt Clémence to return to it? Her friends were dead, her unnatural son estranged—why should she come back, like a spirit from the tomb, among the gay and thoughtless living? She died in the gray old walls of Châteauroux, worn out with infirmities and sorrows, thankful and happy that the long trial was over, and that the bright day of reward, so long looked for, had come at last.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## DR. ABERNETHY.\*

EVERY body has heard anecdotes of "the late celebrated Dr. Abernethy," and formed certain notions of a rough, blunt-spoken man, who referred all evils to the stomach; who had written a "book," to which he continually referred his patients for instruction and obedience; who occasionally gave sixpences to his lady visitors to buy skipping-ropes; and who invented the odious "Abernethy biscuits." Dr. George Macilwain, an old pupil of Abernethy's, has just issued two volumes of *Memoirs*, which will be eagerly perused by a large number of persons, all more or less opinionative with respect to the memory of the Doctor.

The volumes are disappointing. Few additions in the way of anecdotes will gratify the curious hunter-up of such veritables. We read patiently through many pages of the author's miscellaneous reflections, and become inquiringly hopeful for something more about our subject. Dr. Macilwain, however, gives us sandwich-like chapters, in which tongue is abundant, but the sacred bread of "life" very sparsely supplied. Half the 700 pages would have given ample space for the *Memoirs*, if the gossiping philosophy-made-easy had been omitted. Why *will* authors make long books out of little matter? These pages recall to one's mind the rural experiences of great hedges with little linen. A kind of lecture-room expository moralizing introduces us to all the facts of Abernethy's life, so that throughout we are kept in a gentle state of wonder, prepared to be thankful for the important events in the "next chapter."

The facts of Abernethy's life offer nothing remarkable. He was of mixed Scotch and Irish descent, born in London, on the 3d April, 1764, in the parish of St. Stephens, Coleman street. His early childhood was passed at home, but when about ten years old, he was sent to Wolverhampton Grammar School. As he stood in the sun outside

the school, carelessly but not slovenly dressed, with his hands in his pockets, fingering such boyish possessions as a little money, a pencil, a broken knife, and a sketch of "old Robertson's wig," there was an individual character about the lad indicative of no ordinary mind. He was a very sharp and a very passionate boy, too. It was the practice in those times to "knock down" the boys when they were discovered offending by such tricks as "cribbing" Latin or Greek translations. "To a boy who was naturally shy, and certainly passionate, such mechanical illustrations of his duty were likely to augment shyness into distrust, and to exacerbate an irritable temper into an excitable disposition. Abernethy, in chatting over matters, was accustomed jocularly to observe that, for his part, he thought his mind had, on some subjects, what he called a *punctum saturationis*; so that 'if you put any thing more into his head, you pushed something out.' If so, we may readily conceive that this plan of forcing in the Greek might have forced out an equivalent quantity of patience or self-possession. It is difficult to imagine any thing less appropriate to a disposition like Abernethy's than the discipline in question. It was, in fact, calculated to create those very infirmities of character which it is the object of education to correct or remove." He contrived to learn a fair share of Latin and some Greek—rose to be the head of the school, a quick, clever boy, and more than an average scholar. He left Wolverhampton for London in 1778, desirous of studying for the bar in that world of life. "Had my father let me be a lawyer," he would say, "I should have known every Act of Parliament by heart." This, though an exaggerated speech, had truth in it, for one of his most striking characteristics was a memory equally retentive and ready. "A gentleman, dining with him on a birthday of Mrs. Abernethy's, had composed a long copy of verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. 'Ah!' said Abernethy, smiling, 'that is a good job—

\* *Memoirs of John Abernethy, F. R. S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings and Character.* By George Macilwain, F. R. C. S. In 2 vols. London: Hurst & Co. 1853.

now, your pretending to have written those verses.' His friend simply rejoined that such as they were, they were certainly his own. After a little good-natured bantering, his friend began to evince something like annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity; so, thinking it was time to finish the joke, 'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I know those verses very well, and could say them by heart.' His friend declared it to be impossible; when Abernethy immediately repeated them throughout correctly, and with the greatest apparent ease."

It does not appear why the boy did not follow his own inclination, and study for the bar; perhaps it was the accident that Sir Charles Blicke, a surgeon in large practice, a near neighbor of his father's, had noticed the "sharp boy," and young Abernethy, knowing that Sir Charles rode about in a carriage, saw a good many people, and took a good many fees, determined to be apprenticed to the surgeon. So in 1779, when fifteen years old, he was bound for five years to Sir Charles. The money-making part of the profession which he here witnessed had but few charms for him, but from the first year of his apprenticeship he was diligent in noticing and experimenting, and early perceived the importance of chemistry in investigating the functions of different organs, and in aiding generally physiological researches. Attending the lectures of Mr. Pott at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and of Sir William Blizard at the London Hospital, awakened in him a real love for his profession. When lecturing at the College of Surgeons in 1814, Abernethy spoke of his old master Sir William Blizard in a characteristic way. "He was my earliest instructor in anatomy and surgery, and I am greatly indebted to him for much valuable information. My warmest thanks are also due to him for the interest he excited in my mind towards these studies, and for his excellent advice." Again, he remarked how Sir William excited enthusiasm by the *beau ideal* which he drew of the medical character, how it should never be tarnished by disingenuous conduct, or by even the semblance of dishonor.

That special qualifications were already discernible in Abernethy may be inferred from the post he obtained in the London Hospital, as anatomical demonstrator, while only the apprentice of a surgeon of St. Bartholomew's. It was not long before Mr. Pott resigned, and Sir Charles Blicke, who was assistant surgeon, succeeded him, thus "opening to Abernethy an arena in which he might

further mature that capacity for *teaching* his profession which had been, as we learn from his own testimony, an early object of his ambition." Abernethy was elected assistant surgeon of St. Bartholomew's in July, 1787. But this position was a miserably cramped one for a man of his ability. Except in the absence of his senior, he had officially nothing to do. Deriving no emolument from the hospital, he started lectures on his own account in Bartholomew Close, for at that time there was no proper school at the hospital. This was a most laborious part of Abernethy's life, and his exertions were so great and continued, that doubtless he laid the foundation of those ailments which in comparatively early life began to embitter its enjoyment. "His common practice was to rise at four in the morning. He would sometimes go away into the country that he might read more free from interruption."

The lectures were so successful that a theatre was built in the hospital, and Abernethy founded the "school" by giving courses on anatomy, physiology and surgery in October, 1791. "In 1793, Abernethy, by his writings and his lectures, seems to have created a general impression that he was a man of no ordinary talent. His papers on *Animal Matter*, and still more his *Essay on the Functions of the Skin and Lungs*, had shown that he was no longer to be regarded merely in the light of a rising surgeon, but as one laying claim to the additional distinction of a philosophical physiologist. He now moved from St. Mary Axe and took a house in St. Mildred's Court, in the Poultry." By 1795 especial value was attached to his opinion, and consultations would terminate for a time by some one observing, "Well, we will see what Mr. Abernethy says on the subject." In 1796 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1797 published the third part of the *Physiological Essays*. In 1799, his reputation having gone on rapidly increasing, he moved to Bedford Row, and never again changed his professional residence.

On the 9th January, 1800, Abernethy married, at Edmonton, Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired gentleman. He had met her at Putney, while professionally visiting. Naturally shy and sensitive, and wholly absorbed in teaching, studying and practising, he wrote the lady a note, giving her a fortnight to consider his proposal. It was successful, and he obtained a wife of considerable personal beauty and social and moral attractions.

All Abernethy had hitherto published

evidenced that he was an independent thinker, who overlaid established conventionalisms with opinions of his own. He was eliminating principles of much wider application than to the particular cases which had suggested them. In 1804 he published his matured views in a book on the *Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases*, known afterwards as the celebrated "my book." In 1813 he accepted the surgeoncy of Christ's Hospital. In 1814 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College of Surgeons. In 1816 he had raised the school of St. Bartholomew's to unrivalled eminence in its peculiar character.

Lecturing at the College of Surgeons, Abernethy got entangled in a controversy with Lawrence, of St. Bartholomew's, upon views of life. Lawrence took to himself personally a general phrase of Abernethy's, and soon there ensued a battle of words. Physiology was merged into theology. Lawrence was violent and scoffing; Abernethy temperate and dignified. Dr. Macilwain sensibly says on this subject: "Lectures on comparative anatomy do not render it necessary to impugn the historical correctness, or the inspired character, of the *Old Testament*." Years later these differences were softened down, and Abernethy gave a casting-vote, electing Lawrence into the council of the College.

After twenty-eight years of assistant surgeoncy, Abernethy, in 1815, was appointed surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is much said here about the "hospital system," into which we will not enter, as being apart from the purposes of our sketch. Although but fifty, Abernethy was complaining of feeling aged; he had led a fagging life, and had never been remarkably strong. About this time he took a house at Enfield, and used to ride home from Bedford Row and its boisterous on his favorite mare Jenny. The quiet was very grateful to him; from early life he had suffered from an irritable heart, and at various periods of life had been subjected to inflammatory sore-throat. As he grew older, rheumatism added its torture to his other troubles. In 1817 he resigned his professorship at the College; in 1827 the surgeoncy to St. Bartholomew's, after forty years' attachment; in 1829 his appointments at the College. He was now lame, and walked with two sticks; continued waning, gradually got weaker, and died on the 20th April, 1831. His death was completely tranquil. "There was no body in the room with him but his servant, to whom he

said: 'Is there any body in the room?' His servant replied: 'No, Sir.' Abernethy then laid his head back, and in a few seconds expired." His body was not examined, but valvular disease of the heart was suspected. A private funeral in Enfield Church followed.

Dr. Macilwain declares in his preface, that "to do Abernethy full justice, would require a republication of his works, with an elaborate commentary." The state of medical science in his time was very much more incomplete than at present. The hereditary system of symptomatic treatment found an able opponent in Abernethy; and since his time we have had many persevering and talented men still further breaking up the old ground. What Abernethy did throughout his life was to insist upon *combined* functions being studied. Cautious and logical in his reasonings, free from any bias, he gave no undue preference to what are usually understood by the digestive organs. He taught that we must "extend our idea of a relation which exists between *two* organs, to those which exist between *all* organs; to regard as their *combined* functions the sustentation of the life and health of the individual. \* \* \*

The absurd idea that he looked chiefly to the stomach, that he thought of nothing but blue pills or alterative doses of mercury, need scarcely detain us. His works show, and his lectures still more so, that there was no organ in the body which had not been the object of his special attention; in almost all cases in advance of his time, and not exceeded in practical value by any thing now done, his medical treatment was always very simple, and if its more salient object was to correct disorders of the liver, it was because he knew that the important relations of that organ not only rendered it very frequently the cause of many disorders, but that there could be nothing materially wrong in the animal economy, by which it must not be more or less affected. He showed that, however dissimilar, nervous disturbance was the essential element of disease; and that the removal of that disturbance was the essential element of cure." Causes, not symptoms, must have been his watchword. Trephining, aneurism, tumors, are among the surgery which he greatly reformed. Though sensible that the public appreciation was quicker gained by the fame of one amputation than by twenty saved limbs, he fagged in teaching and practising his wiser and more humane science, and *would* pay respect to the demands for consideration from all the members and organs of our bodies—pr

ring to restore a limb rather than "cut it off," lest, in cutting it off, mortal offense should be taken by some obscure though influential constituent of our little republic.

In "the book" Abernethy set forth the great fact of the reciprocal influence existing between the nervous system and the digestive organs, and the power they mutually exert in the causation and cure of diseases. He took every pains to show that the whole body sympathizes with all its parts. "That disturbance of a *part* is competent to disturb the whole system; and conversely, that disturbance of the *whole system* is competent to disturb any *part*." The nervous origin of disease, and the necessary tranquillizing treatment, were the main propositions of Abernethy's enforcement. In these days of physiological classes and people's anatomies, every schoolboy knows something true and definite about lungs and stomach, and the catechisms in every sensible school prepare him to understand the fuller information imparted by such men as Abernethy and Andrew Combe. When Abernethy published his book, few but professional men saw it, though its progress was slow and quiet. He got the reputation of being clever, but theoretical, slightly mad, and quite enthusiastic. But he and his book made way. The public "got hold of him," and his practice became greater than he could attend to. Time was invaluable; so, when patients were tedious, they were referred to "my book, and especially page 72." He got quizzed for this, of course, but it saved time, and gained health, too, if the book was obeyed.

The public stick to the Abernethy anecdotes about the stomach, and no doubt feel, as Englishmen, a gruff pleasure in hearing tales of that beloved organ. They feed it kindly and stupidly; they encourage it to misbehave, and then walk it off to the doctor, prepared to hear advice, which they mean to disobey, and to wonder (as a patient of Abernethy's did) that if they do eat or drink too much, "what the devil is it to him?"

"Abernethy would sometimes offend, not so much by the manner as by the matter, by saying what were very salutary, but very unpleasant truths, and of which the patient perhaps only felt the sting." Many anecdotes bear his spirit, whose authenticity cannot be proved. To his hospital patients he was ever kind and courteous: "Private patients, if they do not like me, can go elsewhere; but the poor devils in the hospital I am bound to take care of."

There is complete silence upon the point

of Abernethy's domestic life. His marriage is announced, an anecdote appended, and nothing further is stated. At the end of the book there is this sole paragraph:—"As a companion, Abernethy was most agreeable and social, in the true sense of the word, that is, not gregarious. Naturally shy, numbers neither suited his taste nor his ideas; but the society of his family, or a few social friends with whom he could feel unreserved, was his greatest pleasure. On such occasions, when in health, he would be the life and joy of his circle. There never was, perhaps, any one more ministered to by an enduring affection whilst living, nor in regard to whose memory the regrets of affection have been more combined with the hallowing influences of respect and veneration. At home he would sometimes be as hilarious as a boy; at other times he would lie down on the rug after dinner, and either chat or sleep away the short time that his avocations allowed him to give to that indulgence. Occasionally he would go to the theatre, which he sometimes enjoyed very much.

"One circumstance on the occasion of his marriage is very characteristic of him, namely, his not allowing it to interrupt, even for a day, a duty with which he rarely suffered any thing to interfere—namely, the lecture at the hospital. \* \* \* Many years after this, I met him coming into hospital one day, a little before two, (the hour of the lecture,) and seeing him rather smartly dressed, with a white waistcoat, I said:

"'You are very gay to-day, Sir!'

"'Ay!' said he; 'one of the girls was married this morning.'

"'Indeed, Sir,' said I. 'You should have given yourself a holiday on such an occasion, and not come down to lecture.'

"'Nay,' returned he. 'Egad! I came down to lecture the day I was married myself!'

"On another occasion, I recollect his being sent for to a case just before lecture. The case was close in the neighborhood, and it being a question of time, he hesitated a little; but being pressed to go, he started off. He had, however, hardly passed the gates of the hospital before the clock struck two, when, all at once, he said, 'No, I'll be——if I do!' and returned to the lecture-room."

Of his abilities as a lecturer we have frequent mention. By the way, on this question of lecturing our biographer comes in with quite a natural history of lecturers, and goodness knows why that was put in, or what is the use of it, in *Memoirs of John Aber-*

nethy. Upon many other subjects we are supplied with the same sort of preparatory essay. This would be passable in a lecture-room, where people pay their shillings and their patience to learn that possibly they may possess in their water-butts at home a hydra-headed animalcule like the restless object before them; but when such exuberant sentences preface the fact of a marriage, we begin to think of Gold Stick walking before Trumpery. To a natural capacity for communicating his ideas to others, Abernethy had added the practical experience of many years of study and observation. Perfectly at ease, yet without presumption; strikingly dramatic, but free from grimace or gesticulation, he was cosy with his audience, as if they were all about to investigate something together, and not as if they were going to be "lectured at" at all. Quiet liveliness lighted up his face, and as his conversational lecture proceeded, you saw gleams of mirth, archness, and benevolence; always the same quaint, unaffected humor, making things go very amusingly. "He seemed always to be telling not so much what he knew, as that which he did not know."

In consultation, Abernethy felt his superiority, but never forgot the world of knowledge beyond him, or set himself up as a standard. He had a practical penetration into facts at once, and went straight to the point with which alone he had to grapple. Of his humorous, dramatic expression, no analysis can be given. "Brilliant as his endowments were, they were graced by moral qualities of the first order."

We append two illustrative anecdotes.

"On one occasion, Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand, that on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, he, Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he had been understood to have promised; Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said, at parting: 'Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say

that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the hospital; I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!'"

"A gentleman had met with a severe accident, a compound dislocation of the ankle, an accident that Abernethy was the chief means of redeeming from habitual amputation. The accident happened near Winter-slow Hut, on the road between Andover and Salisbury; and Mr. Davis, of Andover, was called in. Mr. Davis placed the parts right, and then said to the patient: 'Now when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you: "Ah! you had a country doctor;"' so, Sir, I would advise you to send for a London surgeon to confirm or correct what I have done.' The patient consented, and sent to London for Abernethy, who reached the spot by the mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, and saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said: 'I am come a long way, Sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but as any avoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg.' He took a check for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London."

Abernethy was habitually careless of money, and though he left his family comfortably provided for, few men, we think, would have failed to make much more money where opportunity was so available.

Mystery is becoming less potent. While all other sciences are popularized and progressing, medicine and surgery are becoming less recondite. Our own bodies *ought* to be known to us and receive our care. More men like John Abernethy are wanted, and then we should have more advances towards a *science* of life. The great strides into almost a new path which Dr. Abernethy made, testify to the superiority and vigor of his intellect. One man can see in the dark about as well as another. Dr. Abernethy, however, sought to remove the conjecture and uncertainty from the practice of medicine and surgery. Knowledge has gradually risen up to approve and recognize his efforts. Quackery must decrease as the Unity of Life is better understood by the profession and by the public.



From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## CAMILLE DESMOULINS, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE LAMP-POST.

THE stigma branded on the revolutionary brow of Camille Desmoulins has been commonly held to be—not effaced indeed—far enough from that—but softened and subdued in color and depth, by the stand he finally took against the excesses of his *ultra* coöperatives. Such survivors of the Reign of Terror as were in prison during the December of 1793 and the January of 1794, have borne emphatic witness to the impression produced on them by the early numbers of his *Vieux Cordelier*, the paper in which he strove to inculcate the policy of mercy. The impression was compared by them to the first ray of the sun gleaming athwart their dungeon-bars. "The man," remarks a living French essayist, "who procured for his fellow-creatures, bound in misery and iron, so inspiring a light of hope, and who paid the penalty of that good work with his blood, deserves some measure of forgiveness. It must be added, that he prodigiously needs it."

A life of this "Attorney-General of the Lamp-post"—for such was Camille's nickname—has recently been published in France by M. Edouard Fleury. Among others, MM. Cuvillier Fleury and St. Beuve have also discussed him lately in their characteristic "studies." His eight volumes of republican polemics were appealed to by himself as containing a complete justification of the integrity of his motives and the consistency of his conduct, and as forming, to use his own words, "a pillow whereon his conscience could repose in peace, while awaiting the award of his judges and of posterity." These writings are the chief subject investigated in the recent biographies—writings of which Lord Brougham has said, that, excepting the pamphlets of Sièyes, they are the only relics of that countless progeny with which the revolutionary press swarmed, that have retained any celebrity. This exemption from the common lot, Camille owes, in his Lordship's opinion, "not merely to the remarkable crisis in which his letters [in the

*Vieux Cordelier*] appeared, the beginning of general disgust and alarm at the sanguinary reign of the Triumvirate [Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just]; for these pieces are exceedingly well written, with great vigor of thought, much happy classical allusion, and in a style far more pure than the ordinary herd of those employed who pandered for the multitude." This comparative kind of eulogy, when the objects of comparison are considered, is, after all, of equivocal value; and we fear the late ventilation of Camille's life and literature has not served to exalt the public estimate of either, or to confirm, by a recommendation to mercy, the favorable tone of Lord Brougham's summing up.

Camille Desmoulins was borne at Guise, in Picardy, in the year 1760. Of the bailiwick of that town, his father was lieutenant-general. Camille was educated at the college of Louis-le-Grand, and distinguished himself there, especially in classics. Robespierre was a fellow-student; and it was noted, that throughout his college course, the young "sea-green incorruptible" was never once seen to smile, but passed through his terms "gloomy, solitary, austere, intent upon his work, careless of relaxation, averse to amusement, without a confidant, or friend, or even companion." Camille, on the other hand, was a gay, capricious, volatile being—creature of impulse and "mixed moods"—yet a steady student of those antique Romans whom he was one day to quote so largely in pamphlet and pasquinade.

College-days over, he entered the profession of the law. Unfortunately for his ambition in that capacity, he could get no practice; so his ambition looked out for another channel. This it soon found—and a turbid, blood-red, overflowing channel it proved—in the excitement of the year 1789. The Revolution had begun, and Camille's notoriety kept pace with it—grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. He commenced, as the Revolution also commenced—

mildly. His *débat* was even in the subdued radiance of the milky-way of verse—in mawkish odes, such as that wherein he sublimely compared Necker, just then the all-popular lawgiver of France, to Moses descending from Sinai with the sacred tables in his hands. It was Camille who, on the 12th of July, 1789, two days before the taking of the Bastile, leaped on a table, a sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, and proclaimed the news of Necker's dismissal; then tore a leaf from a tree, as a cockade, and saw with delight his example followed by the multitude he harangued, until the trees around were stripped. The die was now cast, and he must stand the hazard of it.

*France Enfranchised* was his first pamphlet, breathing threatenings and slaughter against every shade of conservatism in the land. St. Beuve denounces it as both insane and atrocious. There is no foreshadowing in it of the opposition to wholesale extermination which he was at length to evince, when too late. Next came his *Discourse to the Parisians on the Lamp-post*,\* in which he sports with his subject in flippant, heartless insolence—a brochure “execrable in spirit and tendency,” but full of sallies infinitely delightful to those he addressed. In it he jumbles together, in his wonted fashion, things old and new—the Roman classics and the *sans-culotte* press; Louis XVI. and Theodosius the Great; M. Bailly and the “Mayor of Thebes,” Epaminondas. His performance has been compared to the impudent gestures of a Parisian *gamin*, boldly strutting in front of the regimental band, mimicking fife and drum, and hitting off the drum-major to the life. Such a *gamin*—merry, mischievous, malicious, was Camille. Mirabeau saw at a glance the importance of securing such a popular agitator, took him to Versailles, and employed him for a fortnight as his secretary. Danton, too, paid him marked attention, won him, and kept and used him to the last. He echoed in print what Danton shouted from the tribune. As for himself, Camille was no orator; he labored under an impediment of speech, and could take hardly any part in the public debates.

An examination of these and his other

writings—such as the *Revolutions of France and Brabant*, (1789—91,) *Brissot Unmasked*, *History of the Brissotins*, &c.—will hardly confirm Lord Brougham's opinion, that there is nothing vile or low in Camille's taste, “nothing like that most base style of extravagant figure and obscene allusion which disgusts us in the abominable writings of the Heberts and Marats;” and that neither are our feelings shocked by any thing of the same ferocity which reigned through their constant appeals to the brutal passions of the mob. What difference there is, is of degree, not of kind; Camille is more *spirituel* and piquant, more sportive and refined; but he is revoltingly cruel, notwithstanding, and offensively coarse. His *Revolutions of France* provoked a warning from André Chenier in August, 1790—an emphatic and severe protest against confounding the distinctions between patriotism and anarchy. But Camille believed himself equal to the occasion—believed himself to be part and parcel of the solid, unmovable breakwater, which could and would take up its parable against the waves, and say: “Thus far ye may come, and no farther; here, proud waves, shall ye be stayed!” This confidence in his party and in himself was soon to be shaken and plucked up by the roots. It first suffered a heavy blow and great discouragement by the execution of the Girondins.

Against them his own voice had been savagely and systematically uplifted. But when the guillotine thinned their ranks with such ominous swiftness, he became alarmed. Surely that dear Robespierre was getting a little beyond the length of his tether. Vergniaud gone, and the Rolands, and all that zealous party, whose turn would come next? Camille had been what Lamartine calls the “Aristophanes of an irritated people,” whom he had taught, day by day, and line upon line, to revile good order, moderation, and constitutional measures. “The day came when he required for himself and young wife, whom he adored, that pity which it had been his cue to extirpate from the popular heart. He found, in his turn, only the brutal derision of the multitude, and he himself then became sad and sorry for the first and last time.” It was now time for this Aristophanes to give up farce-writing. Tragedy was the order of the day, and in tragedy was his histrionic career to close.

The gay temperament of the man—so opposed to that of Robespierre or St. Just—conciliates in his favor many who will give no quarter to the memory of his fellow-rev-

\* This is not a good translation of *lanterne*—the lamp which swung in the middle of the street, suspended by a rope, extending from one side to the other. The rope was long enough to admit of the lamp being lowered when required; and the supplemental supply was a convenient resource for the Parisian revolutionary mob when they desired the excitement of an execution. Hence the ominous cry of the period—“à la lanterne!”

olutionists. "Poor Camille" is a not unfamiliar exclamation; but who says "Poor Danton," or "Poor Robespierre," or "Poor Marat?" Carlyle sketches him as "he with the long curling locks, with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius;" and after characterizing him as "a fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay, humor; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all those millions," thus apostrophizes him: "Thou, poor Camille! say what they will of thee, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man!" Mignet's account of "this brilliant and fiery young man" is, that although approving the movements of the Revolution in all its exaggerations up to this time, his heart was "tender and gentle;" that he had praised the revolutionary régime because he believed it indispensable for the establishment of a republic, and coöperated in the ruin of the Gironde, because he feared the dissensions of the republic; that for the republic he had sacrificed his scruples and wishes, even justice and humanity—giving all to his party, in the belief that his party was the republic, sole and indivisible. But the wholesale destruction of the Gironde deputies opened his eyes. He devoted his pen henceforth to more righteous ends—beginning in December, 1793, the publication of the famous *Vieux Cordelier*. That he was not violent in his reactionary measures may, however, be significantly illustrated in the fact, that in the early numbers he is civil enough to Marat to hail him as "divine!" Indeed, Robespierre was concerned in these earlier numbers, which were sent to him for revision and correction. Camille is uneasily solicitous to assure every one that he still exults in the *bonnet rouge*, and in his solicitude proclaims himself still a sound revolutionist—nay, more, a brigand—and glories in the name.

But gradually he takes a more honorable and decisive stand. To him belongs the credit of being the first, as St. Beuve remarks, in the group of oppressors and terrorists, to separate himself from the unclean herd, and to say, in so doing: "No, Liberty is not a ballet-girl, or a bonnet rouge, or foul linen, or rags and tatters. Liberty is goodness, is reason. Would you have me acknowledge Liberty, and cast myself at her feet, and pour out my blood to the last drop for her sake? Well, then, open your prisons, and set free those 200,000 prisoners whom you call suspects." Again, he thus appeals to the Convention against Hebert's vile faction: "What! while the 1,200,000 soldiers of the

French people daily face the redoubts bristling with the most murderous batteries, and fly from victory to victory, shall we, France's deputies and representatives—we, who cannot, like soldiers, fall in the shades of night, killed in the dark, and with no witness of our bravery—we, whose death in the cause of liberty cannot but be glorious, impressive, and exhibited before the whole nation, before Europe, before posterity—shall we be more timid than our troops? Shall we fear to expose ourselves, to look Bouchotte [a Hebertist] in the face? Shall we be afraid of braving the fury of *Père Duchesne*, [Hebert's literary organ,] when by so doing we may win the victory which France looks for from us—victory over ultra-revolutionists, as well as counter-revolutionists—victory over all the intriguers, all the knaves, all the ambitious, all the enemies of the country?" "Let fools and fops," he says elsewhere, "call me a 'moderate' if they will. I do not blush at not being more furious than Marcus Brutus; and observe what Brutus wrote: 'You would do better, my dear Cicero, to strain every nerve to wind up the civil wars, than to exercise your wrath and pursue your resentments against the vanquished.'"

Something must be done with this *Vieux Cordelier*; whose arrows were as hot burning coals to the objects of its assault. Hebert denounced Camille as the hiring of priests and aristocrats, and demanded his expulsion from the Jacobin Club. Barrère, Secretary of the Committee of Public Safety, thundered against him before Committee and Convention. Danton found it convenient for a while to disown him. Robespierre, that dear Robespierre, sternly said at the tribune: "His writings are dangerous. They cherish the hope of our enemies. They court public malignity. He is a child led away by bad companions. We must be severe against his writings." And the speaker ended with a motion to burn the collected numbers of the *Vieux Cordelier*. Here Camille suggested that to burn was not to answer—and reminded his old school-fellow that he had shared in the management of the doomed paper. This was adding fuel to the fire, as poor Camille found speedily enough.

Three years before, when Camille had wedded his beautiful and youthful Lucile, the marriage contract had been signed by no fewer than sixty of his political friends and allies—deputies, journalists, pamphleteers, &c. Now, at the very commencement of the *Vieux Cordelier*, there remained of these threescore publicists, two only—Danton and

Robespierre—all the rest were either in prison, or guillotined, or in exile. It is thought that Camille might have escaped the proscriptions which involved Danton and his party, so far as Robespierre was concerned—Lord Brougham holding it certain that Camille's doctrine in favor of more moderate courses was not so much dreaded by that terrible chief as by others, especially St. Just. "But a sarcastic expression in which he indulged at the expense of that vain and remorseless fanatic, sealed his doom. St. Just was always puffed up with his sense of self-importance, and showed this so plainly in his demeanor, that Camille said he 'carried his headlike the holy sacrament.' 'And I,' said St. Just, on the sneer being reported to him—'and I will make him carry his head like St. Denis'—alluding to the legend of that saint having walked from Paris to his grave carrying his head under his arm." Accordingly, by St. Just's impeachment, Camille was included with Danton and the rest in the order of arrest.

On the last night of March, 1794, he was awakened by the clatter of the butt-end of a musket against his bed-room door. A guard of soldiers had come for him. "This, then," he bitterly cried, "is the reward of the first voice of the Revolution!" For the last time he pressed his young wife to his heart, caressed his infant child, and followed his grim captors to the Luxembourg. Lucile wrote a passionate letter of supplication to Robespierre, but it was never delivered. The letters of Camille to her form a touching episode in Lamartine's prose epic of the Girondins.

At his trial, Camille rose to read the defense he had prepared, but was forbidden by the president, Hermann, who refused him liberty of speech. Camille angrily reseated himself, and tearing up his manuscript, tossed the fragments away. Then, like the impulsive trifier he was, he changed his demeanor from indignation to buffoonery, and stooping to collect again the scattered bits of paper, he rolled them into "globular pellets," and began throwing them at the head of his merciless kinsman, Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, and who owed to Camille his appointment to that office in 1793-94. Danton joined his fellow-prisoner in this petty paper-war. Of course they were found guilty, and condemned to death. The people were disposed to side with them against their judges, and raised a movement in their favor, which, for want of organization, came to naught; but it is alleged that if Lucile

had not been arrested during the night—if she had given, by her presence, one voice and one passion more to the tumult, the accused would have been saved and the Committee vanquished. When the court rose, Camille clung to his seat, and could only be removed by actual force.

The agitation of his last hours in prison was extreme. He tried to read those two dolorous English books, Young's *Night Thoughts* and Hervey's *Meditations*; but continually the volume fell from his feverish grasp—and continually, at intervals of a few minutes, he would invoke with choking voice the names of his wife and child: "O my Lucile! O my Horace! what will become of you?" When the executioner laid hands on him, to bind him previous to leaving the prison, he struggled as if for his life, and as though by such struggle life was yet a possibility. Oaths and curses showered from his lips—his fury was without bounds—it was found necessary to prostrate his writhing body, while the act of binding him and cropping his flowing locks was performed. On his way to the scaffold he kept up one wild vociferation, addressed to the multitude:—"Generous people! unhappy people! you are duped, you are undone, your best friends are sacrificed! Recognize me! Save me! I am Camille Desmoulins! It was I who called you to arms on the fourteenth of July; I it was who gave you the national cockade." His appeal was urged with convulsive gestures, with the vehemence of absolute frenzy; in his agonizing fury he so "loosened his cords, and tore and tumbled his coat and shirt, that his thin and bony chest was almost bare." Lord Brougham says, that he met death with "perfect boldness," though his "indignation at the gross perfidy and crying injustice to which he was sacrificed" enraged him so as to make his demeanor "less calm than his great courage would have prescribed." At any rate, this dismal exhibition told against him. The mob only responded with hootings. Danton reproached him for his seeming imitation of Madame du Barry, and growled impatiently in his ear: "Be quiet, and never mind this filthy rabble!"

Under the shadow of the guillotine itself, he recovered in some measure his calmness. The popular herald of the Revolution, awaiting the guillotine-stroke of the Revolution—it is a strange sight, and an instructive.

But, in these cases, We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
o our own lips.

On the scaffold, Camille pressed in his hand a lock of his wife's hair, which he had worn next his breast, and which Danton, at his entreaty, had taken thence when the bonds had restrained his own movements. It was his last consolation, this glossy curl of the bride at whose wedding that dear Robespierre had probably danced, and perhaps almost smiled. And now Camille drew near to the fatal machine, whose insatiable greed for gore he had long known so well. The blade was streaming with the blood of his associates. He eyed it with composure ; then turning towards the crowd, cried to ears that hearing heard not, and to hearts that would not understand : "Look on, and mark the end of the first apostle of liberty !" As though he had said with the babbler in the *Vision of Sin*—in bitter irony—

Greet her with applaudive breath—

*Freedom*—gaily doth she tread ;  
In her right a civic wreath,  
In her left a human head.

Let her go ! her thirst she slakes  
Where the bloody conduit runs :  
Then her sweetest meal she makes  
On the first-born of her sons.

Small acquaintance with inductive philosophy, philosophy teaching by example, sufficed to warrant Camille's prediction : "The monsters who murder me will not survive me long." He then turned to the executioner, and said : "Send this lock of hair to my mother-in-law." They were his last words. Another minute, and his head was in the basket, and Danton took his place. It was the 5th of April, 1794.

Eight days after, Lucile Desmoulins was conducted to the scaffold. She there said to a fellow-victim : "The cowards are about to kill me ; but they know not that a woman's blood excites indignation in the souls of a people. Was it not the blood of a woman which for ever expelled from Rome the Tarquins and the Decemvirs ? Let them kill me, and let tyranny fall with me." She might have looked *back*, as well as forwards, and have remembered the recent time when the execution of a woman, by name Marie Antoinette, and of another, the revolutionary Roland, had elicited from her no pity, no shame, no remorse, but a blind delirium of exultation. But it is thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges. And when the time was fully come, and that was speedily, the judges of Camille and his companions were themselves judged in their turn, and with such measure as they had measured withal, was their doom meted out.

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From the Athenæum.

## ARAGO AND AUGUSTE ST. HILAIRE.

LAST week we announced, in few words, that Dominique-François-Jean Arago is numbered with the illustrious dead. For nearly half a century he has maintained an extraordinary position in the world of science. Owing to his rare qualifications, the universality of his genius, and his remarkable industry, he placed himself in the relation of centre to a system,—and became the guiding and directing power to an extensive class of European philosophers.

It becomes our duty, when such a man has passed away from the scene of his long labors, to give a record of the work which he accomplished. It is of our office to give

"honor due" to all such manifestations of intelligence ; and while endeavoring to show the extent to which the mental prowess of M. Arago was effective in gaining for mankind new truths from Nature, we have also to examine the degree in which such a mind as his was influential, by suggestion and by example, in elevating the spirit of his age.

M. Arago was born in the village of Estagel, near Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, on the 26th of February, 1786,—and he died at the Observatory in Paris, on Sunday, the 2d of October:—consequently, he was in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Gifted by nature with powers of a higher order than

those which are ordinarily bestowed on man, he possessed, or acquired, habits of industry which enabled him to develop them in all their fulness. Like the majority of really great men, he was the architect of his own fortune. He owed little to fortuitous circumstances;—and, indeed, achieved much when serious obstacles stood in his path. Suffering no difficulty to bear him back, he rose always superior to misfortune, and with great honesty of purpose and indomitable independence he labored towards the end which he had in view. From his boyhood this appears to have been his character. When a youth in the College of Perpignan, his ambition was excited by the appearance of, and the respect paid to, an engineer *en chef*. He learned that this honor might be obtained by means of the Polytechnic School,—and that a searching examination in mathematics must be gone through to insure his admission to that institution. François Arago, then, seriously commenced mathematical studies, and in 1804 he entered the school in question with the highest honors.

In 1806, when only twenty years of age, so much had he distinguished himself, that he was appointed a Secretary of the Board of Longitude; and almost immediately afterwards, his acquirements having attracted the attention of Monge, he was recommended as the fitting assistant to Biot for undertaking the measurement of an arc of the meridian in Spain. This scientific labor was considerably advanced in 1807, when Biot returned to Paris, leaving Arago in charge of the important work. The war commencing at this time between France and Spain put an end to this scientific mission; and the young mathematician had to make his escape from an enraged and ignorant peasantry in disguise. He escaped death only to become a prisoner; and when eventually liberated by the Spaniards, he fell into the hands of an Algerine corsair, and was released from captivity by the Dey only in 1809. At the age of twenty-three, Arago returned to Paris; and as a reward for his zeal, he was elected a Member of the Institute of France—in the Astronomical Section—on the death of the great astronomer Lalande. Within a very short period, he was also appointed Professor of Analysis, Geodesy and Social Arithmetic to the Polytechnic School;—thus at so early an age achieving a scientific position of the highest order, and fairly entering on that remarkable career which, after many a subsequent trial, has just terminated.

During this period, we find that M. Arago

contributed sixty distinct Memoirs on various branches of science. With a view of showing the variety of branches which claimed his attention—and to all of which he gave the most searching investigation—we add the titles of a few of these contributions which appear of the most importance, selected from the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, the *Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences*, and the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*.

Arago's first work was read before the Institute on the 24th of March, 1806. It was an investigation in which he was assisted by Biot, "On the Affinities of Bodies for Light, and particularly on the Refracting Powers of different Gases." With M. Petit, Arago investigated "The Refractive Powers of certain Liquids, and of the Vapors formed from them." With Fresnel, he examined "The Action which the Rays of Polarized Light exercise upon each other;"—and on those subjects much valuable matter will be found in his Memoirs. Omitting from our list those astronomical notices which regularly appeared in the *Annuaire*,—and which, though forming a part of his official duty, manifest, nevertheless, the zeal of the Secretary and subsequent Director of the *Bureau des Longitudes*,—we would refer to M. Arago's memoirs "On the Comets of Short Periods,"—"On the Pendulums of MM. Breguet,"—"On Chronometers,"—"On the Double Stars,"—and on the vexed question, "Does the Moon exercise any appreciable Influence on our Atmosphere?" Passing from astronomical subjects, we find several memoirs:—"On Nocturnal Radiation,"—"The Theory of the Formation of Dew:"—and on allied subjects,—as "The Utility of the Mats with which Gardeners cover their Plants by Night,"—"On the Artificial formation of Ice,"—and "On the Fogs which form after the setting of the Sun, when the Evening is calm and serene, on the Borders of Lakes and Rivers." Indeed, the whole of the phenomena to which Dr. Wells had directed attention in his excellent work "On Dew" was thoroughly investigated by M. Arago.

When we add the memoirs on "The Ancient Relation of the different Chains of Mountains in Europe," "The Absolute Height of the most Remarkable Ridges of the Cordilleras of the Andes," "Historical Notices of the Steam Engine," "On Explosions of Steam Boilers," "Historical Notices of the Voltaic Pile,"—those which are connected with the Polarization of Light, the phenom-

ena of Magnetic Rotation, and on the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, we think we indicate labors of a most varied and important character.

The French nation may be justly proud of such a man as Arago; but in their eagerness to do honor to his name they have claimed for their philosopher discoveries to which his title may be disputed. Amongst these, we may name the electro-magnet, which common consent has allowed to be the invention of poor Sturgeon;—and again, although Arago extended the inquiry into the remarkable phenomena of magnetic rotation, the preliminary researches of Sir W. Snow Harris should not be forgotten. The weakness here indicated is one common to our French neighbors, and from which the distinguished man of whom we write was himself far from free. On several occasions, M. Arago endeavored to claim for his countrymen discoveries which had long previously been made in England and elsewhere. On one of these, when discussing the merits of the discovery of a Frenchman, he was reminded that an Englishman had already, through M. Biot, made his invention known in France by a communication to the Academy of Sciences;—he declined, however, to withdraw the claim, on the expressed ground that it was for the honor of France that he should maintain it. The same feeling was shown in M. Arago's "Historical Eloge of James Watt,"—in which he claimed for Papin a position certainly due to Savery, Newcomen and Watt. With his usual force of language, he prefaced his *éloge* by the following words:—

"I approach this inquiry with the firm determination of being impartial—with the most earnest solicitude to bestow on every improver the credit which is his due—and with the fullest conviction that I am a stranger to every consideration unworthy of the commission that you have conferred on me, or beneath the dignity of science, originating in national prejudices. I declare, on the other hand, that I esteem very lightly the innumerable decisions which have already emanated from such prejudiced sources; and that I care, if possible, still less for the bitter criticisms which undoubtedly await me, for the past is but the mirror of the future."

After this, we find a constant effort to increase the value of each invention of Papin, and to lower the several improvements of Savery, Newcomen and Watt. We have no desire to depreciate the labors of Papin. His inventions were important steps in the progress of the steam-engine; but it must not be forgotten that Papin abandoned his

own engine as useless. Papin saw the power of steam, but he could not apply it: Watt diligently sought out the laws regulating the formation and condensation of steam, and left the steam-engine perfect. M. Arago could not deny the high claims of Watt: yet his national prejudices led him to place Papin and Watt on the same pedestal. Having said what was fitting at the time, and in the fitting tone, it is not over the grave of Arago that we will renew our quarrel with him for the part which he took in the discussion respecting the rival claims of Adams and Leverrier. We allude to these subjects only because, as honest chroniclers and critics, we are bound to exhibit the unphilosophic side in the character of a great philosopher, to whatever nation he may belong.

In surveying the results of such a life as that of M. Arago, we cannot overlook his earnest desire to give to the public all the advantages of the discoveries of science with the least possible delay, and with the utmost freedom from mere technicalities. In 1816, he established, in connection with M. Gay-Lussac, the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*:—and, on his pressing representation, on the 13th of July, 1835, the Academy commenced, in charge of its Perpetual Secretaries, *Les Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires*.

In 1830, Arago was made Director of the Observatory,—and he succeeded Fourier as a Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. His remarkable activity of mind and unwearying industry led him without difficulty through an amount of labor which would have overwhelmed an ordinary man. There was a remarkable clearness in his perception of those matters to which his attention was directed. He readily stripped them of any adventitious clouding or mystery by which they might be surrounded, and fearlessly and energetically expressed his convictions. As a writer, we may remark the strong evidences of the latter in his firmness of style,—and the clearness of his perceptive faculties is shown in its lucid elegance. It is not easy to render the delicate beauties of one language into another; but the sentiment expressed in the following passage from M. Arago's "Eloge on Watt" will find its response in every earnest mind:—

"We have long been in the habit of talking of the age of Augustus and of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Eminent individuals amongst us have likewise held that we might with propriety speak of the age of Voltaire, of Rousseau and of

Montesquien. I do not hesitate to declare my conviction, that, when the immense services already rendered by the steam-engine shall be added to all the marvels which it holds out to promise, a grateful population will familiarly talk of the age of Papin and of Watt.

We have, of course, little to say on the political life of M. Arago. He was a consistent philosophical republican; and we find in his "Lettre à MM. les Electeurs de l'Arrondissement de Perpignan" in 1831, his "Lettre sur les Forts détachés," and his "Lettre sur l'Embastillement de Paris," in 1833, evidences of a bold and liberal mind, ever alive to the social interests of his fellow-men. As a deputy, M. Arago delivered a great number of speeches to the Chamber. Speaking of these, M. Normenin says—"There is something perfectly lucid in his demonstrations. His manner is so expressive that light seems to issue from his eyes, from his lips, from his very fingers. He interweaves in his discourses the most caustic appeals to ministers—appeals which defy all answer—the most piquant anecdotes, which seem to belong naturally to the subject, and which adorn without overloading it.

A mind so active as that of M. Arago could not be idle during the political convulsions of France. In 1840 he was elected a member of the Council-General of the Seine. He was named a member of the Provisional Government, and Minister of War and Marine *ad interim*. He labored with all honesty to subdue the tempest. He displayed his courage in the sad days of July, in the streets of Paris—endeavoring, but in vain, to stay the hand of the slayer;—but the result put an end to the political career of the philosopher. Another strong evidence of moral and political courage was given by M. Arago in his refusal when summoned as a public officer to take the oaths to the Government of Louis Napoleon. Rather than sacrifice his principles, he resolved to quit the Observatory, and, in his old age, cast himself upon the world. This resistance was made the more remarkable by its result. Before his attitude the spirit of menace retreated. Government made an exception in his favor: and at his death he still held the public offices which he filled so well, and which he so highly illustrated.

The troubles of his latter days—or rather those of his country—deeply afflicted M. Arago, and did their work in undermining his robust frame. General debility gave rise to slow disorganization of his system,—his vital powers became gradually exhausted,—

and under the influence of a general dropsy, his life was extinguished.

We have spoken freely of the high claims of M. Arago as a man of science: yet we must add that, when the world shall ask hereafter what great discovery Arago made, it will be difficult to give an answer to the question. His was one of those minds which could not bind itself to that minute analysis which led a Newton to the discovery of the laws of gravitation, or that investigation which conducted a Davy to the invention of the Safety Lamp. He stood the busiest man in a busy age—the great expositor of Nature's truths as they were developed by the labors of experimentalists. The idea given, Arago saw at once its entire bearing, and advanced himself by rapid strides to the elucidation of the *fact*. His suggestions were the guiding stars of science in France,—his experiments were the foundations on which new sciences were to be built. Arago never allowed his thoughts to be involved in a theory; he accepted a theory as a means of advancing, but was ever ready to abandon it when it was found that facts favored a contrary view. In the History of Philosophy his name will have enduring fame, not from the discoveries which he made, but from the aid which he gave to science in all its departments by his prompt and unflinching penetration. A member of nearly all the scientific Societies of Europe, he was the point uniting them in a common bond. In every part of the civilized world his name was regarded with reverence,—and all scientific communities felt that they had lost a friend when they heard of the death of the Astronomer of France.

We announced last week the loss which the circle of French botanists had experienced in the death of M. Auguste St. Hilaire. He was a member of the Botanical Section of the Academy of Sciences. His first botanical publications were on the local vegetation of France. In 1812 he published a notice of seventy species of phænogamous plants discovered in the department of the Loiret. In the same year he published observations on the new Flora of Paris. In 1816 his memoir appeared on those plants which have a free central placenta. At this time he went to South America for the purpose of investigating the vegetation of this vast continent. He remained there till 1822; and during the time of his residence in America and since, he published a number of valuable memoirs and papers on the plants of South America. The most important of these were:—1. A



History of the most remarkable Plants of Brazil and Paraguay. It contained figures of the plants, and was published in Paris in 1824. 2. The Plants used economically by the Brazilians; also published in 1824, with plates. 3. From 1825 to 1832 appeared in parts, illustrated with folio plates, his "Flora Brazilæ Meridionalis." In this and in the foregoing works M. Saint-Hilaire was assisted by MM. A. de Jussieu and J. Cambepedes. They comprise by far the most complete account extant of the exuberant vegetation of

the Brazils. M. Saint-Hilaire has also published accounts of his various travels in South America. In 1830 appeared his travels in the provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes. In 1833 he published an account of his travels in the diamond districts and on the shores of Brazil. On his return from the Brazils, his herbarium contained seven thousand species of plants which he had collected during his travels in South America. M. Saint-Hilaire died in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The principal issues of the London press during the past month are embraced in the following list:

Among books of travel, which constitute the much larger share of the new works, are the following:—

Alfred Bunn in America. Old England and New England. By Alfred Bunn, the dramatist.

English Notes; or Impressions of Europe. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. These two works have been published too recently for any critical notices.

A Walk across the French Frontier. By Lieut. March, R.M.

Traits of American-Indian Life and Character. By a Fur Trader.

Rough Notes of a Trip to Reunion, the Mauritius, and Ceylon. By Frederick J. Mouat, M.D.

A Cruise in the Ægean. By Walter Watson.

Wanderings through the Cities of Italy in 1850 and 1851. By A. L. Von Rochau.

Sea Nile, the Desert, and Nigritia; Travels in Company with Captain Peel, R.N. 1851-2. Described by Joseph H. Churil.

Narrative of a Religious Journey in the East in 1850 and 1851. By the Abbé de St. Michon.

This work the *Athenæum* regards but little better than the printed pocket-book of a railway traveller from London to St. Jean d'Acre. It does not sustain the interest which its title will awaken in many. The writer seems to be an amiable enthusiast, without perception of character, and with that *niaiserie* which results from indulging in the sentimental egotism peculiar to certain French travellers who take Chateaubriand for their model in style. The favorite idea of the Abbé de St. Michon is, the reconciliation of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches; and it appears that he addressed a long memorial to the present Pope on the subject. He gives us in several pages the contents of this memorial:—which we need not further notice than by saying that it is composed in a kindly spirit, but apparently without any deep knowledge of the innumerable political and theological obstacles in the way of its realization.

A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia in 1852-3. By Mrs. Charles Clacy.

Of all the books that have been written on the Gold Diggings of Australia, the *Literary Gazette* says, this single light volume by a lady, "belonging to the pocket-edition of the feminine sex," is the most pithy and entertaining. The authoress went out as Miss E—, a sprightly Amazon, in a wide-awake,—lolling on a dray, however, instead of riding on horseback,—and after a successful routine of adventures, along with a brother and party of friends, at Bendigo, the Black Forest, Eagle Hawk Gully, Iron Bark Gully, Forest Creek, and Ballarat, came home (after a change, purely personal, which made the brother's protection no longer needed) Mrs. Charles Clacy, full of pleasing and congenial feelings.

Adventures in Australia in 1852 and 1853. By the Rev. H. B. Jones.

The *Critic* says, the Rev. Mr. Berkeley Jones aims rather at usefulness than at brilliancy. He looks at facts as they are, and reports them with a sort of photographic truth. His outlines are good,—his details accurate, we have no doubt; but the scene, as he presents it, is wanting in light and play, color and motion. The artist, the man of fancy, will learn nothing from Mr. Jones's adventures. Indeed, it is an abuse of terms to call such commonplace experiences of men and things, "adventures." The emigrant, however, will find in this record of personal observation hints for his guidance of no small value.

London Homes, a new work by Miss Catherine Sinclair, gets the following "first-rate" notice from the *Athenæum*:

"The publisher's advertisement, intended to recommend this book, states that the reception given in America to 'Beatrice,' Miss C. Sinclair's last novel, 'has, in fact, exceeded that of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in England. Above one hundred thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. A pamphlet was published by twenty-eight clergymen of New York, advising that each of their congregation should possess a copy.' Recollecting the opinion expressed of 'Beatrice' on its publication, [*Athen.* No. 1801,]

we can only regret that New York possesses so large a congregation of foolish clergymen. Next comes Miss Sinclair's own preface, preparing us (as indeed the title of her new book had in part done) for a new exposition of the case of *Palace versus Garret, St. James versus St. Giles*,—and assuring us that a 'fervent desire for usefulness is her sole motive for writing.' Thirdly, we have the book itself, which proves to be an *olla*, made up of many things old and new. Among others, there are 'a legend belonging to a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassilis, betwixt Ayrshire and Galloway,'—an absurd scene in dialogue, with a sort of 'run-ti-iddity' chorus, by way of quiz on the Humane Society,—and such of Miss Sinclair's 'Common-Sense Tracts' against papistry as had already appeared:—the success of said common-sense apparently not having warranted the fulfilment of the original scheme, which contemplated the publication of twelve tracts. What all this may have to do with 'the condition of the London poor,' or with 'the excellent Secretary to the Mendicity Society'—in other words, with the business and motives announced in Miss Sinclair's preface—we leave to the twenty-eight reverend gentlemen in New York to discover."

**The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.** By Prof. Creasy, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

**Memoirs of the Life of the Princess Palatine, (Princess of Bohemia.)** Together with her Correspondence with the Great Men of her Day. By the Baroness Blaise De Bury, Author of "Germania, its Courts and Camps."

**Civil Liberty and Self-Government.** By Francis Lieber, LL.D., author of "Political Ethics," "Reminiscences of Niebuhr," &c.

The *British Quarterly Review* thus commends Miss Bremer's *Homes of the New World*, which, as contrasting with the generally unfavorable notices of the press, deserves to be quoted: "Miss Bremer is a genial soul, rich in good-sense and good-nature. Wherever agreeable companionships are to be found, she is sure to find them. She is not blind to the foibles or faults of the human beings who come in her way, but she has the happy secret of guarding against one-sidedness, of placing the good over against the evil, the wise over against the foolish, and thus finds the world to be much more full of people to be interested about and to like, than persons of a less humanized intelligence can give our planet the credit of containing. They give us a better idea of the 'Homes of the New World' than could have been conveyed by any novel or treatise wrought up from them. We accompany Miss Bremer through North and South, through free States and slave States; we hear her talk with and about politicians of all grades, and we are with her in her intercourse with the almost endless variety of religionists to be found in those regions, from Mr. Waldo Emerson to the Shakers and the Mormons. In politics, Miss Bremer's sympathies are strongly on the side of freedom and humanity. In religion she is tolerant of wide differences, if only allied with honest conviction and real feeling. We know of no book that does really give you so much of the 'homes'—that is, of the home manners, talkings, and feelings of the people in the New World."

The *Athenæum* thus describes our Mr. Hoffman's new work:—

"Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew: embracing a period of nearly Nineteen Centuries. Now first revealed to, and edited by, David Hoffman, Hon. J.U.D. of Göttingen."

"Mr. Hoffman is clearly one of those transcendental philosophers now beginning to abound both in England and in the United States, who, full of great notions about the past, present, and the future, and especially adverse to the progress of the so-called materialism between which and transcendentalism the age is divided, are not satisfied with literary attempts on the ordinary duodecimo or octavo scale,—but desire to put forth 'revelations of truths,' in which the '*totum scibile*,' or whole round of knowledge, is metaphysically reorganized and adapted to the speculation of the time. The appearance of such works, under such names as 'Alpha,' the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' and the like, is among the most curious of the intellectual signs of the times—partly hopeful, partly sad enough. Mr. Hoffman is far more rational and orderly in his views than most of these philosophers of the '*totum scibile*.' He seems to be a very orthodox Christian gentleman, with a system of theologico-metaphysical tenets which he has worked out for himself in connection with the doctrines of the Trinity, Free Will, Original Sin, and the like;—entertaining, moreover, a dread of the progress of Romanism at the present time, and a faith in the speedy advent of a millennarian epoch, when one pure form of universal belief will irradiate the world. With all this there is very considerable intellectual power, some originality, no small amount of learning, and much candor and fine feeling."

The *Athenæum* also thus disposes of another American work, 'Mark Sutherland' by Mrs Southworth:

"Mark Sutherland is one of those common-place American tales which are not worth reprinting. It in no page or paragraph tempts us to mitigate or modify the character of its authoress offered not long ago in the *Athenæum*."

Mr. Saunders' genial little work, "Salad for the Solitary," elicits the following notice from the *Literary Gazette*:

"An American book, 'Salad for the Solitary,' by an Epicure, contains under this figurative title a medley of light literary reading, under such headings as 'Facts and Fancies about Flowers,' 'The Shrines of Genius,' 'Dying Words of Distinguished Men,' 'Pleasures of the Pen,' 'Citations from the Cemeteries,' 'Sleep and its Mysteries.' The subjects are varied and interesting, but the author's style is not good, and the frequent efforts at smartness and pun-making are offensive to good taste. He has, however, collected and arranged a large amount of curious literary matter, while some parts of the book, as the chapter on 'The Talkative and Taciturn,' display acute observation of character as well as learned research."

The *Literary Gazette* thus compliments Mr. Tuckerman's work, "Mental Portraits; or, Studies of Character:—"

"This volume contains a series of literary portraits of what Mr. Tuckerman's countryman, Emerson, would call representative men. Southey, the

man of letters; Savage, the literary adventurer; D'Azelegio, the literary statesman; Lord Jeffrey, the Reviewer; Sir David Wilkie, the painter of character; Audubon, the ornithologist; Washington Irving, the humorist; Jacques Lafitte, the financier; and eight or ten other equally marked characters, are delineated. In these biographical essays Mr. Tuckerman displays much acuteness of observation and soundness of judgment. In so great a range of subjects there is room for diversity of opinion, and there is inequality of merit in the several sketches, but on the whole the book may be commended for the faithfulness and spirit of the mental portraits."

The *British Quarterly Review* thus notices Fanny Fern:

"The book consists of a series of short articles, having little or no connection with each other, but all are more or less interesting, and out of the grave and the gay some useful lesson generally issues. The pieces have appeared for the most part in American periodicals, and there is enough in the substance and literary workmanship of them to betray their transatlantic origin. We say to our young readers, get Fanny's Portfolio; it will be pleasant and useful reading as snatched in a railway, or upon a rainy day."

#### ITEMS.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist, is giving, in the "*Edinburgh Witness*" newspaper, of which he is editor, the story of his early life, under the title of "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of my Education." The series of papers is not yet half completed; but the work is already announced for publication in a separate volume by one of the chief houses in Boston.

The "*Edinburgh Review*," the oldest of the existing quarterlies, has in its last number, the 200th, commenced its second half-century. Jeffrey gave up the editorship after the first hundred numbers were published. His successors have been Professor Napier, Professor Empey, and Lord Monteagle temporarily, till the appointment of the present editor.

Mr. Petermann is preparing for publication, by authority of her Majesty's Government, a set of maps and views, with descriptive letter-press, illustrating the progress of the expedition to Central Africa, from 1849 to 1853.

A manuscript work "On the Natural History of Balmoral and its Neighborhood," from the pen of the late Dr. Macgillivray, Professor of Natural History in Marischall College of Aberdeen, has been purchased from the executors by Prince Albert.

The Earl of Ellesmere has become possessed of a complete copy of an important English work relating to the discovery of America. It is entitled, "Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, &c." and was printed by Thomas Dawson for Thomas Woodcocke, in 1582, 4to. It was compiled and prepared by the celebrated Richard Hakluyt, who dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney.

A French paper states that Lord Brougham has placed the following inscription over the entrance-door of his château at Cannes:

"Inveni portum; spes et fortuna, valet;  
Sed me lusiatis ludite nunc alios."

The noble and learned Lord's neighbors construe

this as an announcement of his intention to retire from public life, and to pass the remainder of his days amongst them in the genial climate of the Var.

The French Government has just granted £6000 sterling towards the expenses of purchasing and demolishing houses at Vienne, department of the Isère, for the purpose of exposing to public view an ancient temple of Augustus and Livia. Yet though thus liberal—and this is no isolated case—it allows a large sum annually for the restoration of historical monuments.

A Russian *savant*, M. Jacobi, has invented an apparatus for employing electricity in attacking whales. By means of it, several successive shocks can be given to the huge leviathan, and it is assumed that it will thereby be rendered powerless.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, has, say the German papers, written to friends in Berlin and Vienna to say that she intends to abandon the prosecution of her voyages in the Indian Archipelago, and to return to Europe forthwith.

M. Lamartine is again unwell, owing to the severity of his literary labors. M. Michelet, the celebrated professor and historian, who had returned to Paris after a year's residence in Brittany, is recommended to pass the winter at Nice, on account of the state of his health.

The *Presse* publishes a letter illustrating the last *tour de force* of Alexandre Dumas. It is addressed to M. Houssaye, director of the Théâtre Français. "Mon cher Directeur: I have just travelled from Brussels, having heard that the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* has been interdicted by the censorship. This is Tuesday: be good enough to be ready for the reading of a new play on Monday next. I'll read five acts. What it will be like, I do not know, for I have just heard of the interdict; however, we'll call it the *Jeunesse de Louis XV.* I will manage to bring in the scenery, which I understand you have prepared. I need not say that this play will not contain a word of the other, which will be ready for use, should the censorship be one day more placable.—Yours entirely, A. Dumas."

The scheme for erecting a statue to Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, on the site of the building of the Great Exhibition, is progressing rapidly towards completion. The subscribers are of all ranks, and the subscriptions of various figures. Dukes, bankers, men of letters and men of business, painters and poets, brewers and botanists, marquises and machinists, crowd the list already.

M. Scribe, the dramatic writer, has purchased the estate of Courbetire, in the neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry, for 260,000fr. Dr. William Freund, the lexicographer, has returned to England from a scientific tour through the Grisons and Tyrol, the ancient Rætia, where he sojourned during the summer by order of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. The results of his researches, ethnographic and linguistic, he will embody in a volume which he is now preparing for the press.

The first Congress of Statists, which met in Brussels, has been brought to a close. The meetings have been well attended by English, French, Germans, and others, and considerable interest has been excited by their proceedings among the inhabitants of that gay and picturesque capital.







